

*the*  
**Woman Today**



AUGUST 1936

10 Cents



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AUGUST, 1936

**SPECIAL FEATURES:**

STEEL . . . . .	John L. Lewis . . . . .	4
AUGUST 1914-1936 . . . . .	Analy Wax . . . . .	5
BUILDING A NEW AMERICA . . . . .	Joseph P. Selly . . . . .	6
A STORY OF COURAGE . . . . .	Gudrun Borg . . . . .	7
WE, THE YOUNG PEOPLE . . . . .	Nancy Bedford-Jones . . . . .	9
PROTECTIVE LAWS FOR WOMEN AND EQUAL RIGHTS . . . . .	An Exchange of Letters with the National Woman's Party	12
I MARRIED A DEPORTEE . . . . .	Bertha Richter . . . . .	15

**FICTION:**

A STONE CAME ROLLING . . . . .	Fielding Burke . . . . .	10
SLAVE WIFE . . . . .	Jou Shih . . . . .	16

**TRADE UNIONS:**

WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES . . . . .	Agnes Burns Wieck . . . . .	19
ANYTHIN'S BETTER THAN WORKIN' IN A LAUNDRY . . . . .	Jane Filley and Theresa Mitchell . . . . .	21

HOUSEWIVES GET TOGETHER . . . . .	Rose Nelson . . . . .	25
VIEWS ON NEWS . . . . .	Margaret Cowl . . . . .	14
LISTENING IN . . . . .	George Scott . . . . .	3
FILM CORNER . . . . .	. . . . .	3
OUR READERS WRITE . . . . .	Edited by Bessie Byrd . . . . .	22
FASHION LETTER . . . . .	Gwen Barde . . . . .	23
TAKING YOUR FACE IN HAND . . . . .	Leona Howard . . . . .	27
SAVE YOUR SKIN . . . . .	Dr. Sadie Zaidens . . . . .	29
FOOD TO PLEASE THE EYE . . . . .	Martha Grenner . . . . .	31



● The interest aroused by the Republican and Democratic conventions can be gauged fairly well from the fact that only 22 per cent of the American radio audience tuned in on the various sessions. Fifty-seven per cent of the same audience listened to the Louis-

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It was said in Cleveland that Frank Phillips, president of the Phillips Petroleum Co. and red-baiting Charles Rudolph Walgreen, the drugstore king, did a lot of the spade work on the latter's sea-going yacht, the "Dixonia" which was anchored in Lake Erie, a stone's throw from the Auditorium. Frank, a self-made man of the old school, claims credit jointly with William Randolph Hearst for "discovering" Gov. Alf M. Landon. He is confident the Republicans can bring back prosperity merely by forcing all married women to give up their jobs, eliminating relief payments so that "lazy people" will go out and find work, and deporting all the foreign born.

● When the newspaper and radio men left Cleveland they swore it was impossible for the Democrats to put on a worse show than the Republicans had done. Yet this feat was accomplished in Philadelphia. Demonstrations were as routine as job-holders could make them without getting fired. Eddie Dowling's efforts as master-of-ceremonies were pathetic. Again and again he yearned for the help of the late Will Rogers. There were no yachts apparent in the offing although Vincent Astor's "Nourmahal" may have been hovering somewhere close by. But Jim Farley ran his steam roller with precision and got the delegates to approve a platform allowing the administration to do just as it pleased for the next four years.

The only peep behind the scenes was given when, by some fluke, a session of the Democratic platform committee was thrown open to the microphones. Whereupon Heywood Brown got up and made the only fighting speech heard in Philadelphia. His two-minute extemporaneous defense of the rights of organized labor in general and the Newspaper Guild in particular turned the professional politicians present green with envy.

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Apparently all this talk about poor housing conditions in America is just some more misleading propaganda. Bing Crosby, we hear, is rushing the completion of his twenty room house with seven baths and five fireplaces. He expects to move in at the end of the month. . . .

We've gone into the business of collecting items about the movies. We want you to help us. Here's the way it works. Frequently you see a movie where a \$12 a week clerk wears a coat that costs at least \$500. Or, where a couple making \$22.50 a week is installed in an apartment which would rent for ten times that much a month. The woods are full of such tid-bits. Whenever you come across one, drop the editors of the New Film Alliance a card in care of this publication, giving the name of the picture and a brief description of the incident. O.K.? Thanks.

**FURY.** A thrilling picture about lynching. By all means, see it.

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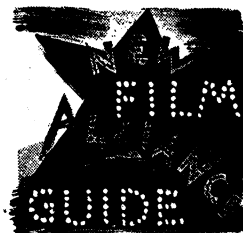
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Florence Nightingale gives a good performance in the slightly too sentimental story of her struggle to combat prejudice against women in the professional world.

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GO TO SEE "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Ballots or Bullets," "We Are From Kronstadt," "The Plow That Broke the Plains," and, if you get a chance, "Desire" and "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" are amusing.





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# STEEL

THE WIVES OF THE STEEL WORKERS WILL HELP MAKE LABOR HISTORY IN THE GREAT STEEL ORGANIZATION DRIVE. THROUGH THE ORGANIZATION OF THEIR WOMEN INTO AUXILIARIES OF THE UNION, THE STEEL WORKERS WILL GAIN ENCOURAGEMENT, SUPPORT AND STRENGTH.

A ringing challenge to the steel trust was delivered by John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers and chairman of the Committee on Industrial Organization, when he spoke over the radio on July 6 at the opening of the drive to organize the steel workers. The following are excerpts of his momentous speech:

The American Iron and Steel Institute last week published a full-page advertisement in 375 newspapers, at an estimated cost of \$500,000. Its purpose was to justify the outmoded labor policy of the Institute and to announce the determination of the steel corporations to oppose the campaign now in progress for the organization of the workers in the iron and steel industry. . . .

That statement amounts to a declaration of industrial and civil war. It contravenes the law. It pledges the vast resources of the industry against the right of its workers to engage in self-organization or modern collective bargaining. . . .

#### Coercion through company unions

Interference and coercion of employes trying to organize come from the economic advantages held by the employer. In the steel industry it is manifested in an elaborate system of spies, and in a studied discharge of those who advocate any form of organization displeasing to the management. It is shown by confining all yearning for organization to make-believe company unions, controlled and dominated by the management itself. This coercion is finally shown in the implied threat of a black-list. . . . What chance have the steel workers to form a free and independent organization without the aid of organized labor? What opportunity will they have to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing except by the formation of an organization free from management control? . . .

I wish solemnly to warn those who represent the steel industry, that their unlawful, ruthless tactics of former years will not be tolerated by our committee. . . .

We have also taken measures to protect our people. We shall also bring to justice any one in the steel industry who is guilty of lawlessness. . . .

I mean that we shall hold to accountability those who are really responsible—bankers, directors and officials of the steel corporations, those who really formulate policies and methods, from J. P. Morgan & Co., which controls the United States Steel Corporation, down through other bankers, directors and officials of less powerful, but important, steel corporations, to the lowest member of the hierarchy. . . .

#### Millions to bankers Pennies to workers

Although the industry has produced thousands of millionaires and hundreds of multi-millionaires among bankers, promoters, so-called financiers and steel executives, it has never throughout the past thirty-five years paid a bare subsistence wage, not to mention a living wage, to the great mass of its workers. . . .

On the other hand, the profits of the industry have been relatively as enormous as its wage payments have been small.

Greater payments have not been made to wage and salary workers because the large monopoly earnings realized have been used to pay dividends on fictitious capital stock, to add physical value in the way of plant extensions, and to multiply the machines that displace human labor. . . .

Organized labor in America accepts the challenge of the omnipresent overlords of steel to fight for the prize of economic freedom and industrial democracy.

#### Call to steel labor

The issue involves the security of every man or woman who works for a living by hand or by brain. The issue cuts across every major economic, social and political problem now pressing with incalculable weight upon the 130 millions of people of this nation.

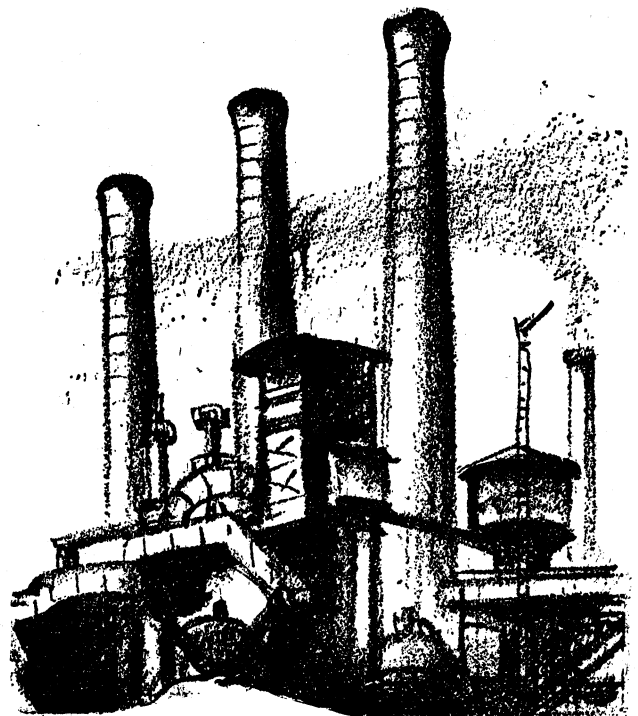
It is an issue of whether the working population of this country shall have a vote in determining their destiny or whether they shall serve as indentured servants for a financial and economic dictatorship which would shamelessly exploit our natural resources and debase the soul and destroy the pride of a free people.

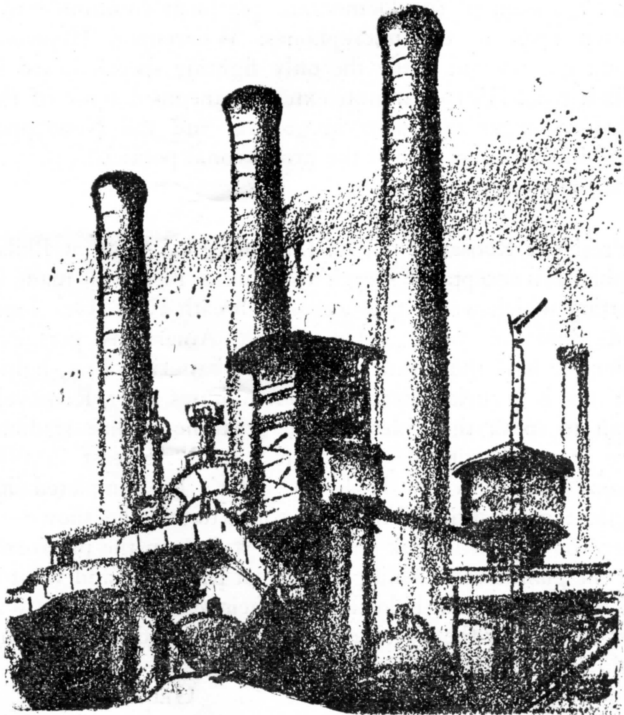
On such an issue there can be no compromise for labor or for a thoughtful citizenship. I call upon the workers in the iron and steel industry who are listening to me tonight to throw off their shackles of servitude and join the union of their industry.

I call upon the workers in textile, lumber, rubber, automotive and other unorganized industries to join with their comrades in the steel industry and forge for themselves the modern instruments of labor wherewith to demand and secure participation in the increased wealth and increased productive efficiency of modern industrial America.

The more than a million members of the twelve great national and international unions associated with the Committee for Industrial Organization will counsel you and aid you in your individual and collective efforts to establish yourselves as free men and women in every economic, social and political sense.

I unhesitatingly place the values represented by 30,000,000 human beings engaged in industry and their 60,000,000





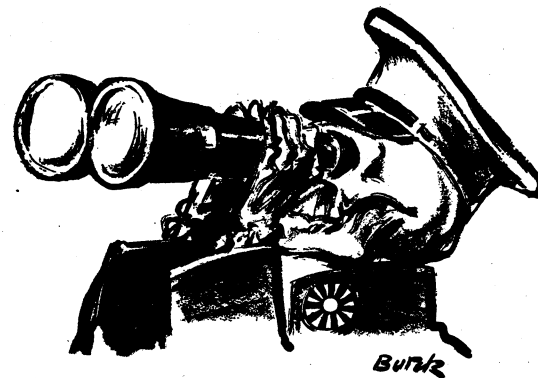
THE WOMAN TODAY



by Analy Wax

# AUGUST

## 1914-1936



Courtesy of the New Masses

August—grim reminder of the millions sacrificed to profits in the last world war—will be dedicated to the fight for peace in the United States and in every country where civil rights exist. Women will participate in large numbers in mass meetings, peace parades, and other activities held to challenge the fascist war makers. They represent a mighty force to keep war out of the world.

● The feverish haste with which the powers are preparing for another war is reminiscent of 1914-1918 which brought death to 21,000,000 humans, and starvation and misery to almost the entire world.

It was during the 1914 woman suffrage campaign that the World War burst upon us in all its fury. Annie E. Grey, now a member of the National Executive Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, was addressing a meeting when a telegram was handed to her announcing that Jeannette Rankin had refused to vote her country into war. Miss Grey says: "I read the telegram to the audience and said, 'Thank God! The only woman who can speak for me has proved true blue.' I started to sing Glory, Glory Hallelujah! God's truth goes marching on—when a burly policeman put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Madam, you will have to close your meeting. The United States is at war!' Free speech was dead, the first casualty of the war."

August, 1936, finds the women of America again face to face with the threat of war—face to face with a growing fascist movement—face to face with the heartbreak of seeing their loved ones slaughtered and maimed.

Who, if not the mothers of our youth and the wives of our men, must give leadership to the peace movement? What mother can read the words of J. B. Priestley in the "Lost Generation" without feeling the necessity of doing something to maintain peace? He says: "There was a generation that grew to manhood in the trenches, and now it is a remnant. This is the generation to which I belong, for I celebrated my 21st birthday in the front line in 1915. I have a few good friends and many acquaintances, but sometimes I feel like an old man, for I seem to know intimately more dead men than living ones. I doubt if you can grow to manhood under such circumstances, if you can spend the most impressionable years of your life among shells and blood-stained barbed wire and be quite normal. There are wounds of the soul as well as wounds of the body. In the life of a

young man there is a period, say between the ages of 19 and 23, when, though he may be working hard at a university or learning a business, he can lead what is on the whole a care-free existence. My generation missed that. It spent that period watching its dearest friends being killed. And when after the war it came back, blinking and bewildered, it had to grab a livelihood and do it when everybody else seemed to be greedy and grabbing."

Women, you are definitely affected by the frantic preparations for war. During the World War a general of the Allied armies said: "If the women of either side should stop their war work that side would lose." Women have already been drawn directly into war preparations in Germany and Japan. In the United States there are some 400,000 women engaged in plants which can, within twenty four hours, be turned into factories producing war materials. The munitions industry cannot get along without women. During a war the woman fills a man's job. The woman can be a warrior or she can be the main instrument in the stalling of the war machine in its tracks. She can organize in the factories and stop the wheels of the munitions industry.

John Strachey, the great British economist, said: "Even if we do not see eye to eye in our economic theories, in our philosophy—even if there are still grave differences between us; in view of the present attack on human liberty, on freedom of speech and thought, on human culture and civilization and, above all, in view of the ever growing danger of war, cannot we unite? For I have not the slightest doubt that we have only to achieve the unity in order to triumph."

Women, silence is a crime! Let your voices be heard! Pledge your solidarity with your husbands and sons in the fight against war. The women of America must share in the struggle to preserve our democratic and civil rights, and to make this country a happier place in which to live, and a place which is free from the black clouds of war.

## Unbecoming Conduct

PRESS DISPATCH SHANGHAI CHINA  
"Strike of Singsong Girls and Prostitutes  
of Hoihow City  
against increased taxation  
threatens  
to cause collapse of government."

The schoolteachers of Hoihow  
receive no pay  
the children no schooling  
because the prostitutes rebel

the singsong girls rebel  
the girlslaves rebel  
against  
merciless taxation and extortion  
imposed by corrupt Kuomintang officials

In the same day's news  
there is a dispatch  
about the New Life Movement  
launched by virtuous Chiang Kai-shek to  
promote

courtesy chivalry and clean lavatories  
in all of China.

The city fathers of Hoihow greet  
the New Life Movement with acclaim  
arrange picturesque lantern-processions  
make speeches pose for cameramen  
and sternly warn  
the striking prostitutes and singsong girls  
that their conduct in refusing to pay new taxes  
is unbecoming  
the lofty ideals of the New Life Movement.

By MIKE PELL

## STEEL

dependents as being above and superior in every moral consideration to the five billions of inanimate dollars represented by the resources of the American Iron and Steel Institute or to the additional billions of inanimate dollars that perforce

may be allied with the empire of steel in the impending struggle which the institute, in the brutality of its arrogance, seeks to make inevitable.



*Courtesy of the New Masses*



# Building a New America

## Joseph P. Selly

At last an adequate and realistic solution to the housing problem for low-income groups: the Scott Bill

● On the closing day of the 74th Congress of the United States, an attenuated shadow was seen slowly to slink into a corner, settle itself comfortably, and peacefully expire. That shadow was the pitiful remainder of the Wagner-Ellenbogen Housing Bill after it had been killed in committee.

Senator Wagner, a man who has spoken much about slums and the necessity for removing them, introduced this admittedly inadequate bill in the Senate. He defended its shortcomings on the ground that these were necessary practical political compromises.

There are increasing evidences that honest friends of low rental housing who supported the Wagner-Ellenbogen Housing Bill, will not again so easily be led astray. Having learned that capitulation to the reactionary real estate lobby in the name of "practical politics" availed them nothing, we can expect a bolder and more realistic campaign before the next session of Congress.

The basis for such a campaign was laid in the closing days of the last session of Congress. The Inter-Professional Association in cooperation with the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians formulated the principles of a bill for housing which took into account the total need and all social factors immediately related to the housing question. This bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Representative Byron W. Scott, Democrat of California, on May 22nd.

On introducing the bill Representative Scott said that this housing bill, in answering the needs of the American people, takes its place beside the Workers' Social Insurance Bill introduced by Senator Frazier and Representative Lundeen, and the Federal Relief and Works Project Standards Bill introduced by Congressman Marcan-tonio. "This bill and others to come, such as health bills, will form future political platforms which will gain the adherence of the workers and farmers of America," he said.

The following is a description of the Scott Bill as outlined in the June issue of the Inter-Professional Association News Bulletin.

The Scott Housing Bill today represents the

only realistic and adequate solution of the housing problem of the low income groups. The following are the basic concepts and provisions of this bill:

(1) Private enterprise in establishing rental charges of necessity including the items of (a) the repayment of the land and construction cost together with interest or profit thereon; (b) the cost of maintenance and (c) taxes. Experience has demonstrated that the rental charge for new, adequate housing which is based on all of these items is beyond the means of the majority of American families. Three-quarters of the families in the United States have annual incomes of less than \$1,500 and can safely pay for rent no more than about \$5 per room per month. Because of this the Scott Bill is founded on the concept that low-rental housing can be achieved only where there is an outright grant of the total land and construction cost and where the rental charge is based only upon the cost of maintenance and the payment of local taxes. Under present conditions such a charge would not exceed \$5 per room per month in large cities like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and would be less elsewhere.

(2) The creation of a Housing Fund out of the United States Treasury. Outright grants to Public Housing Agencies of 85 per cent of the land and construction cost will be made out of this Fund for the purpose of providing modern housing for families of low income at a rental charge not exceeding \$5 per room per month.

(3) The creation of a Housing Authority to disburse the Housing Fund. Federal grants will be made only to Public Housing Agencies who agree to certain conditions under which the housing will be constructed and operated. These conditions are:

(a) That the Public Housing Agency contribute the balance of 15 per cent of the land and construction cost in the form of a local outright grant.

(b) That the rental charge shall not be more than \$5 per room per month and less where possible.

(c) That no family shall be eligible for this housing whose income exceeds \$1,000 plus \$250 for each dependent in excess of two. This means that the maximum annual income of the average family of four would be \$1,500.

(d) That priority of application shall determine the right of occupancy.

(e) That union wages be paid to all employees in any way connected with the construction and operation of the housing.

(f) That tenants shall have adequate tenure rights and that there shall be no discrimination by reason of religion, political opinion, etc.

(g) That construction standards of the Research and Planning Division created under the Act be followed.

(4) The establishing of a schedule of annual construction under which the Housing Authority will be required to make outright grants to qualified local agencies for the construction of a total of 10,000,000 dwelling units within a period of ten years.

It takes no more than a cursory examination of this bill to recognize its infinite superiority to the defunct Wagner-Ellenbogen Bill.

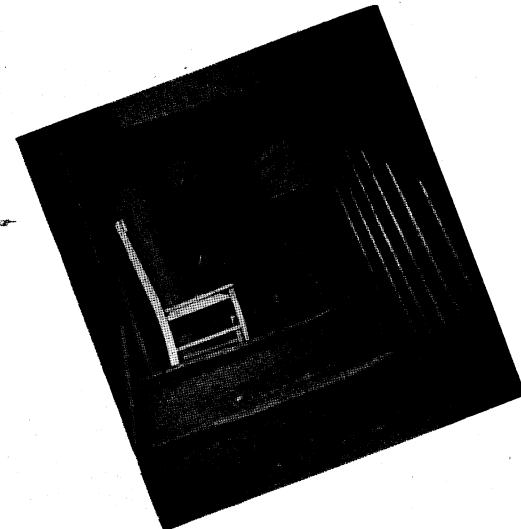
No presentation of the housing question would be complete without pointing out the necessity for an immediate fight for

the enforcement of the multiple dwelling law pending the erection of new low rental housing. Here in New York City (and there are analogous conditions in almost every large urban area in the United States) we have 66,000 old law tenements, housing almost one-third of the city's population. The fight for the enforcement of the multiple dwelling law to provide minimum standards of safety against fire and health hazards in these old law tenements is the opening gun in the fight for low rental housing.

That these two questions, i.e., the immediate enforcement of the law and a long range program of low rental housing, cannot be separated has been recognized by such organizations as the City-Wide Housing Conference and the City-Wide Tenants League. This latter organization which grew up spontaneously in support of the Building Service Employees Union against the attacks of the Realty Advisory Board owes much of its vitality to the fact that many women are among the most active forces in it.

The fight for decent housing is a cause which should and must attract the organized support of women if it is to get results. America is facing the birth and growth of movements similar to the City-Wide Tenants League from coast to coast. These movements will be the best guarantee for an honest and adequate housing program.

It is a heartening sign that the American Federation of Labor at its last convention at Atlantic City went on record for the establishment of local labor housing conferences. This program must be pushed from every front and these combined efforts of trade unions, tenant organizations and other interested parties can result in the building of a New America.



# A STORY OF COURAGE

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That these two questions, i.e., the immediate enforcement of the law and a long range program of low rental housing, cannot be separated has been recognized by such organizations as the City-Wide Housing Conference and the City-Wide Tenants League. This latter organization which grew up spontaneously in support of the Building Service Employees Union against the attacks of the Realty Advisory Board owes much of its vitality to the fact that many women are among the most active forces in it.

The fight for decent housing is a cause which should and must attract the organized support of women if it is to get results. America is facing the birth and growth of movements similar to the City-Wide Tenants League from coast to coast. These movements will be the best guarantee for an honest and adequate housing program.

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● THE WOMAN TODAY sent me to the slums of New York City to dig this story out—to find what incredible outrage have finally driven to action the Jews and Negroes and Irish and Italians who have meekly lived in squalor for so long. To learn from their own lips their dramas and problems and what they felt was the way out.

Something grand is happening in the slums of New York. The lowest paid workers and families living on the pitiful funds of relief are organizing to demand homes fit for happy living and the bringing up of healthy children.

In a flat on Lewis Street I talked with the wife of an active member of a tenants' league. It didn't take me many minutes to understand that she was slowly but surely going insane. Her family of six children, her husband and herself lived in four small, dark rooms.

The kitchen where we talked was also the living room. "And the bath!" the husband told me with bitter humor, pointing to a double wash tub.

Curled up on the mother's lap was a little cat, which she constantly stroked. "It is another mouth to feed," she said guiltily, "but she lives mostly on rats. Roaches and ants too. I don't know how I could stand it without her!"

The only space between this tenement

and the next was what the East Side calls a skylight. This is a narrow, stone-paved yard. You hear all your neighbors' troubles whether you want to or not. Unless you whisper and go on tiptoe the family across the skylight knows all about you.

"I try to keep it clean," the woman worried, "but the floors are so bad. And the walls so old and grimy. The toilet in the hall, which four families use, is just crumbling to pieces. Sometimes the plaster hits us on the head."

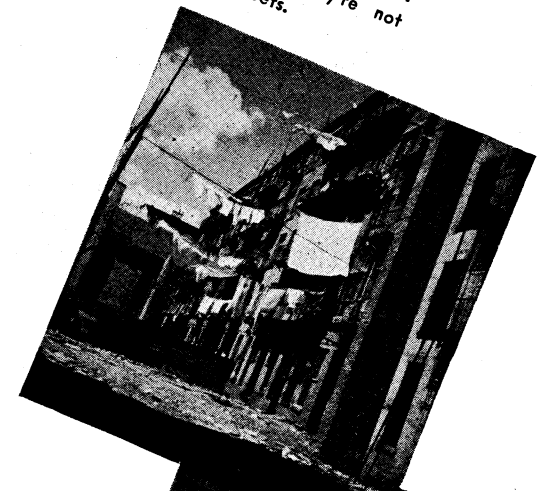
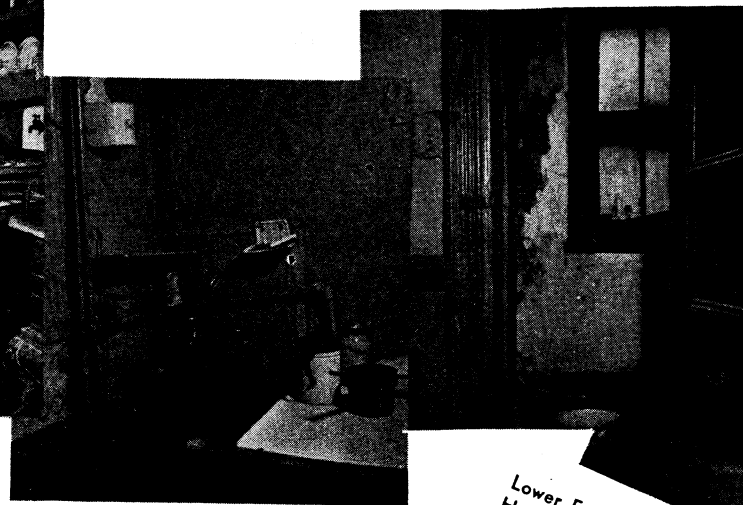
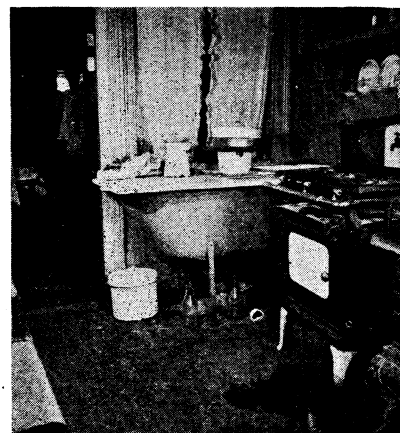
For three years this family has been on relief. Even in this flat their rent is higher than its allotment, and some of their food money must be given to it. Living in the semi-darkness of the crowded rooms with no privacy, her housekeeping always foiled by the ancient building, figuring and figuring how to make the food money keep the family alive, even feeling guilty about the scraps she gives her loved exterminator-kitten, this woman's mind is coming to resemble the tenement she lives in.

She cannot distinguish the nightmare fancies that come to her from the nightmare realities about her. Now often when she goes out into the street, she gets lost. She can't find her way home. Her five-year-old son, who acts as her protector, won't let her walk through the markets. "Mother," he says, "it makes you loster."

Another of her children "can't learn." Reality is too terrible for him to face so he has become "a dope,"—a delinquent. What chance have these children, with burdens so far beyond the strength of childhood, for healthy minds?

Lewis Street lies alongside the East River. As I stepped out of the tenement,

Extreme lower left: 1. The furniture from the small apartment runs over onto the wooden hall stairs. 2. Kitchen with bathtub—washtub combination; also used as a table. 3. Broken plaster and iron sink—a problem of cleanliness. 4. This hall toilet serves four families. 5. Faulty plumbing—the steady drip of water and continuous pool on the floor. 6. This room has a window—opening on another room. 7. Garbage-cluttered back yards. The kids play here when they're not dodging autos on the streets.



Lower East Side Housing Conference.



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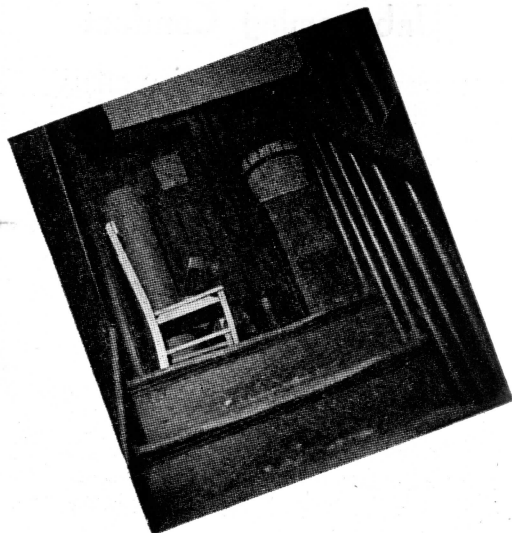
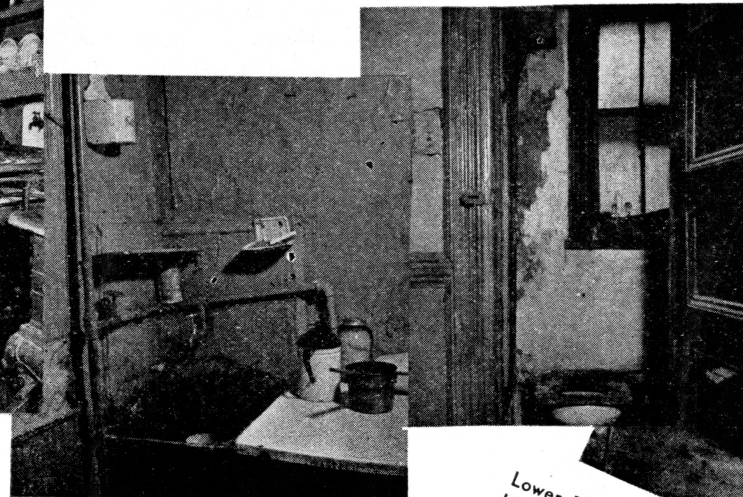
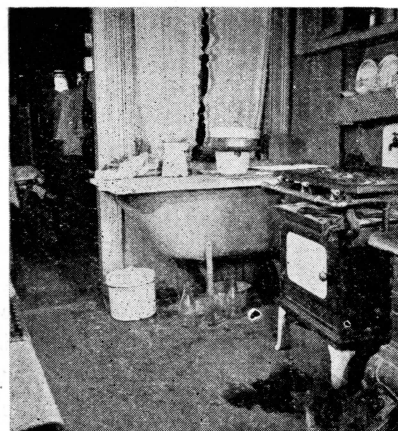
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Lower East Side Housing Conference.

## A STORY OF COURAGE

(Continued from page 7)

I saw the littered ugly waterfront blocking the view of the spacious, beautiful river. I thought of Sutton Place. I thought how this, too, might become one of the city's garden spots. There were certainly men eager to get jobs at the construction and the manufacturing of building materials. The husband of that mind-sick family across the way had been a bricklayer before the depression.

They "take" Negroes in a few of the East Side tenements. In this way the landlord can get a dollar or two more a room for the very worst apartments. From Lewis Street I went to such a building on Delancey Street.

It was a hot day, but since wood-burning stoves are used in this house for both cooking and heating I found one in full blast at the apartment I visited. Open garbage pails stood uncollected in the halls and the stench was nauseating. There is no hot water, gas, or electricity in this building. Kerosene lamps are used for light. Many of the bedrooms are windowless alcoves.

I talked with a dragged-out Negro woman, who asked me not to tell her name. She'd had enough trouble!

Once, she said, she'd made a fight to keep her three rooms clean. That was before her little girl had died of tuberculosis. Amazingly, she remembered a statistic. It must have comforted her. She'd done better than lots of mothers, she told me. Sixty-seven out of every thousand babies of this section died before they were a year old!

● On the evening of Monday, June 22, I attended a meeting of the Lower East Side Housing Conference at the Henry Street Settlement House. Among the members of this conference is a mother whose talented young son is now in a sanatorium as the result of years of living in a damp tenement room. Another mother had to watch her small daughter die of pneumonia in a room without windows. There was a mother whose child was killed by a truck while playing in a gutter, because the parks and playgrounds of the slums are few and far between.

The suffering of these slum dwellers has not broken them. But it has taught them that a single family, no matter how loyal and loving, cannot win happiness alone. They are powerful with the suffering that has taught them to organize and fight together.

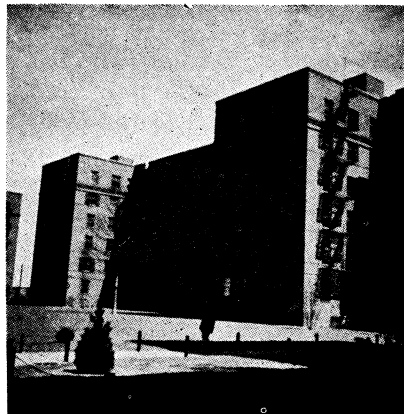
Before the meeting, I met Abe Sanders whose wife and five children were burned alive when their old-law tenement caught fire.

Mr. Sanders is a short, stocky man, very neatly dressed. "It's hard to keep thinking about it, telling it over and over," he said,

"but I must. My experience may help save other children. We must organize like a union and demand better housing!"

"I lost my job in 1930," he began his story. "Then I had a wife and six kids. The youngest who died in the fire was four, the oldest fifteen."

He had to pause a few seconds before he could go on. "The worst of it," he con-



An apartment for workers in the Soviet Union. A good housing bill would insure homes like this for low-income families in America.

tinued in the flat voice of tight control, "is that I knew better than to rent an apartment on the top floor, with vertical fire-escapes and rickety, winding wooden stairs. But what could I do? The eight of us were on relief. Fifteen dollars a week—that top-floor firetrap at 57 Lewis Street was cheap!

"One night when I came home from looking for work, fire engines were in the street. A neighbor grabbed me quickly and dragged me into a store. My oldest daughter was crying. Together we had to identify the six bodies."

Again there was that little pause. "Later from stories of the neighbors and thinking about it, I could figure what had happened. The fire-escape ladder was clamped close to the wall, which must have been very hot. It would have been impossible to get down it carrying a child. The wooden staircase was a mass of flames.

"Yes, they renovated the building. There was another fire six months later. I hear it's been renovated again!"

As Mr. Sanders finished his story the meeting was called to order. Many of the members had just returned from Washington, where they had been fighting for the Wagner-Ellenbogen Housing Bill. The Bill had been tabled in the House, and they were discouraged. All of them had worked so hard! Still, it had passed the Senate—!

And despite this discouragement, I think this meeting of June 22 will be one of the most important in the history of the Conference. For the Lower East Side Committee on Employment and Relief had sent a representative to offer affiliation. This

Committee has welded together the strength of seventy East Side organizations. Thousands and thousands strong, these workers will reinforce each other—for employment, for relief, for better housing.

The City-Wide Tenants League, the Consolidated Tenants League, the Lower East Side Housing Conference which meets at the Henry Street Settlement, and the conference being planned by Greenwich House—all these express the ferment among those who live in city slums which impels them to get together and fight for decent homes.

The people of Harlem were not nearly so friendly as those of the East Side. Harlem slum dwellers are suspicious of white visitors. They were sure I was from the City Housing Authority, and they would tell me nothing.

It was only through the efforts of Donelan Phillips, president of the Consolidated Tenants' League, that I was able to pierce their distrust.

When I saw a fire-trap building with two families living in its dank cellar, I cried, "But this must be an exception! Even in New York slums, people can't live this way!"

Mr. Phillips smiled sadly. "Eleven hundred and sixty-three families live in cellars as bad as this," he told me. "Of course it's illegal, but such quarters are cheap. They are all you can get for less than five dollars a room in Harlem!"

He showed me a big heap of garbage dumped into a courtyard. "There are hundreds like this in Harlem," he went on. Children die in fires up here month after month. Many of our schools are fire-traps. I send stories about all these things to the papers. Few of them are printed!"

The progressive Multiple Housing Law with its provisions for adequate fire prevention, a toilet for every family, exterminator service, etc., is enforced in only a fraction of the slum houses. Such enforcement as has been effected has actually managed to work further hardship on the slum dwellers, by raising their rents. In a recent issue *The Real Estate Record* boasts that by an investment of \$7,000, a tenement owner was able to raise the collective rent of his building from \$145 to \$700 a month.

The stories I have told here are true, but they are also symbols. There are hundreds and thousands of similar true stories. One-fifth of the children of New York live in these tragic slums. In their tenements 516,000 families are condemned to squalor and degradation.

This movement for slum clearance—for homes with some possibility for happy living—is essentially a woman's movement. Good housing legislation is the direct, practical concern of every woman who lives in the cities of our country.





An apartment for workers in the Soviet Union. A good housing bill would insure homes like this for low-income families in America.

# WE, THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Women of today cannot, in their prison of economic distress, wait confidently for rescue at the hands of some vague solution comparable to a knight on a galloping horse—or, this being an election year, perhaps we should say on a lumbering elephant or balking donkey. The problems facing younger women are so acute as to require immediate and far-going action.

The establishment of the National Youth Administration was a public admission by the present administration of the seriousness of the youth problem. Today the campaign speeches of political leaders deal with the youth problem. Yet with all the attention now being given the younger generation as a whole, there is little attention to the most needy and most forgotten—the girls and young women who are America's future mothers.

Not only do we confront the general problems of economic insecurity, but we must cope with the facts of sex discrimination in seeking jobs and relief. From five to eight million young people between the ages of 15 and 25, according to Morris B. Schnapper, former economic analyst for the Federal government and the National Youth Administration, are not in school and not at work—wholly without occupation. Millions of girls have no future to contemplate save one of misery and anguish. We are being used as a weapon against regularly employed workers; vast hordes of us eager for work of any sort, willing to accept the most unequal wages for equal work, drive down wages as a whole. The pittance authorized for the National Youth Administration reaches only a few hundreds, and even that is taken from the general relief appropriation at the expense of other relief agencies.

If we are in school, we find that the depression has limited the professions we may prepare to enter with any sort of success, since the insane idea of giving work to men and letting women starve has become a widely accepted economic cure; a mass of unemployed girls is less dangerous than one of men, and men can be forced to

accept wages as low as those paid to women.

We are lucky to finish school at all. Last year two million young people left high school and college, but 800,000 were without diplomas, forced by economic conditions to leave. Forty per cent of our youth of high school age are not in school, and in southern states as high as 95 per cent of Negro youth are not in the schools.

Employers demand workers under thirty, and the younger the better. They are fresher, faster, and willing to work for less because they must. Today it is actually difficult for a woman of more than thirty years to get an industrial job of any sort. Unionization, of course, has favorably altered conditions in some industries. But new means of unionization and organization, not always adopted by our trade unions, are needed for women.

Conditions of girl workers in the richest city in the world are so bad that a recent survey was devoted to the budget of girls earning from \$8 to \$10 a week. Together with a columnist's comment, it deserves wide attention for the general situation it reflects:

## The Extravagant \$8.95 Budget of Thrifless Margaret

By ERNEST L. MYER

The Church Mission of Help, an Episcopal agency in New York serving girls in difficulties, recently published the results of a study on "How does a working girl in New York exist on an income of \$8 to \$10 a week?"

The results are comforting. It appears that a girl can live a life of riotous luxury on a mere \$8.95 a week, provided she is never sick, never needs dental care, never goes to the movies, or theaters, or Coney Island, never puts a cent in the bank, never buys an ice cream soda, or a book, or a poodle dog, or a nickel's worth of fudge, and never buys clothing, shoes or stockings.

As a sample budget discovered by the mission survey the following is included in the report:

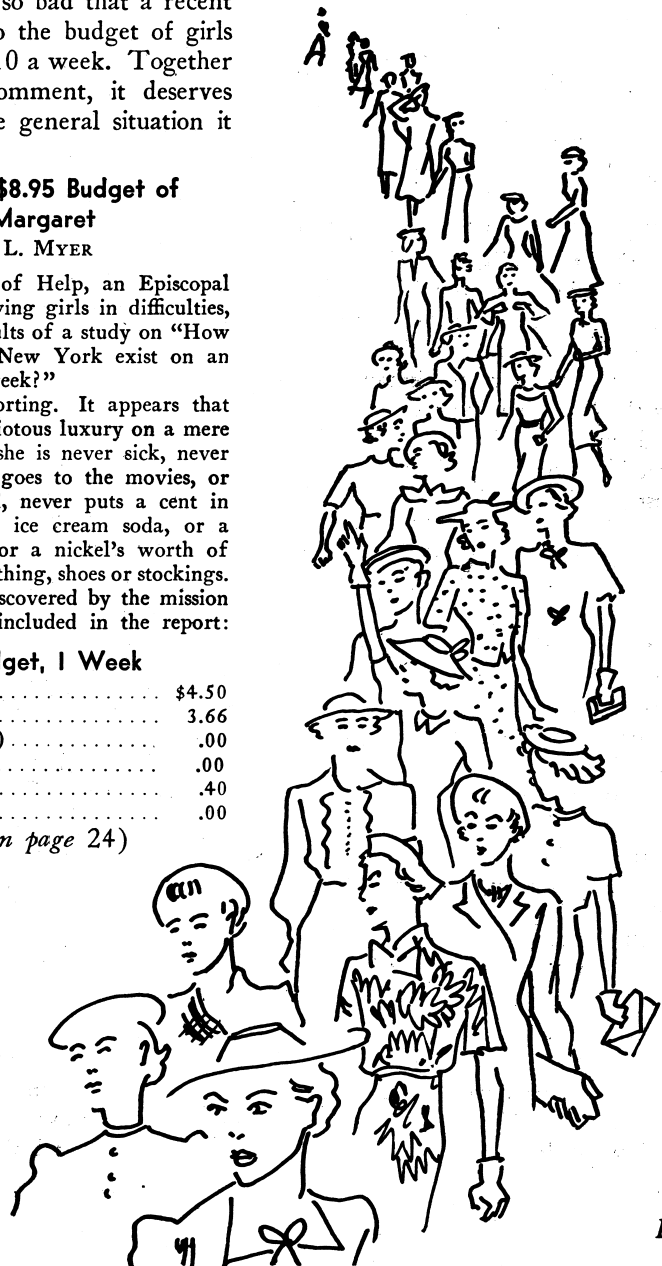
### Margaret's Budget, 1 Week

Room (with gas plate) .....	\$4.50
Food .....	3.66
Clothing (new or repairs) .....	.00
Laundry and cleaning .....	.00
Carfare .....	.40
Medical and dental care .....	.00

(Continued on page 24)

Nancy Bedford-Jones

"We, the young people of America, reaffirm our right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. With confidence we look forward to a better life, a larger liberty and freedom. To these ends we dedicate our lives, our intelligence and our unified strength."—From the Declaration of Rights adopted, American Youth Congress, 1935.



**Ed Note:** The American Youth Congress has met since this was written. About 1,500,000 persons were represented at the Congress by over 1,275 delegates who came from some 335 organizations. The delegates reaffirmed the Declaration of Rights adopted at the 1935 Congress. Resolutions adopted included petitioning the President for enactment of the American Youth Act, support of the World Youth Congress on August 31 in Geneva, protesting Columbia University's expulsion of Robert Burke and support of the campaign for the freedom of Angelo Herndon.

The Story thus far:

● Something new was happening in the factories in Dunmow. It began on July Fourth, when the unemployed, led by Ishma Hensley and Jim Conover entered the park where an Independence Day celebration was taking place. The city fathers and the smug citizens of the industrial town were shocked to see Negroes and whites marching and singing side by side. Not even the scandal which someone revealed about Ishma stirred them so deeply as this spectacle. It was as if they sensed that something was going to happen. Indeed, their peace and serenity were threatened.

Troublesome times were ahead. The mill owners saw the storm clouds gathering, but refused to heed the warning. Britt Hensley, who had replied with a tolerant smile to gossip concerning Ishma, his wife, read the faces of the workers and set about organizing the farmers. The coming strike must not fail because of food.

To Ishma, who had organized labor in other cities—and who felt the stirring of the disgruntled workers in Dunmow—the future was rich with hope.

V.

● The flint was struck. Dunmow was deaf to the sound, blind to the swift, sudden gleam. On that July Monday, which was to become historic, the boarders walked out. "Boarders" were the men who operated in the large rooms where hose were shaped and dried over thousands of upright "boards." At nine o'clock on this Monday morning the tropically heated boarding rooms of six plants were without an inmate, except here and there an incredulous foreman gazing about as if his eyes had power to reinstate every workman, so that presently the big, steaming room would be buzzing again. The thousands of pair of hose, stretched over the upright forms, toes uppermost, symbolized his inverted world.

How could it be true? Men wouldn't throw away their children's bread. Not enough bread, of course, but all they could get. The unbelieving foremen guardedly glanced through the big windows. There stood the workers, undoubtedly on the outside, across the street, circling in little groups, or standing in conversational pause watching the mill, so strangely empty after the commanding whistle had been blown.

The strikers instinctively kept off mill property. They were not going to be trespassers. They had been cradled and fed on "law." They would secure their rights peacefully. "Quiet and firm. That's our slogan," said Kik Kearns, moving from group to group and repeating the words encouragingly.

Kepton Ira Kearns was a man whom his work-mates were obliged to respect. At the age of twelve he had been forced out of

grammar school to help his mother support his younger brothers and sisters. He had thirsted for schooling, and the canker of sacrifice still ate into him, though he was now twenty-nine, satisfactorily married, and the father of two children whom he managed to feed, clothe, school, and—until the past year of impossible effort—keep reasonably happy. He was modestly ambitious, aspiring to become some day the superintendent of a hosiery mill. Night after night he took up his technical studies after twelve hours of work in the depleting steam of the boarding room. Mild of manner, gentle of heart, the nickname "Kik" had no meaning connected with robust rebellion.

"Quiet and firm," he kept repeating. Jim Conover, big and restless, began to urge action. "We can't do a blame thing unless all the hosiery workers come out. They can keep the mills for a week without taking the socks off the boards. We're only a handful. We've got to get 'em all out, knitters, loopers, and all."

Kik cautiously admitted it. "Well, we can't do it standing here, with our heels borin' holes in the concrete. We've got to get in line and march to every mill. Let them that are inside see that we are outside and mean business. Not Lafe Stearns'—not Obe Stinson's—but our business. Workers' business! We've got to show ourselves to the rest of 'em. They like to eat, same as we do. They like to keep the gnaw out of their stomachs, same as us. When they see we've started, they'll hop up and come. They're wantin' to come."

Faces turned from Jim to question Kik, the reliable. "Yes," he said, "we'll march to the mills. But no boos, no yells, no violence. Quiet and firm. We'll send our committee to round up all the scattered strikers."

Kik had the first requisite of a leader. He could launch committees. "Bring 'em all to Garden Street," was his final instruction. "We'll meet before the Baptist church. We'll start from there."

Action was immediate as soon as Kik gave the word. The hottest heads among them depended upon him to make no mistakes. They were on strange, new ground, and they would be careful. But they would act.

And action bore liberal fruit. At more than half the mills where they marched before the big windows, drawing all eyes from within, the operatives ceased work and poured out without hesitation. The sight of fellow workers on the march was enough to make their long-smouldering courage blaze forth. Boarders, loopers, twisters, knitters, came out to lengthen the line. By noon the two hundred and fifty had increased to fifteen hundred.

Dunmow began to quiver with interest. Manufacturers were interviewed. No, they didn't understand the trouble. It was an

# A STONE CAME ROLLING

The Fifth  
Chapter  
of this  
Stirring  
Novel

By  
FIELDING  
BURKE

utter surprise. The employees had given no intimation of their intention to strike. The mills, certainly, would be kept open for the sake of the loyal hands. They could go on with a reduced force. It was their duty to stand by their employees who were faithful to them. They wanted to assure all loyal workers that their jobs were safe. No, they had no statement to make. They would, however, take the occasion to assure the public that there need be no fear as to the outcome. Dunmow workers were of a high type who needed no union or organization to take care of them. They had learned to trust their employers for a fair deal. The few disaffected hands were no doubt influenced by outsiders. It had been rumored, and they were reluctantly inclined to believe it, that Communists had been slipping into the town from Charlotte, and while Dunmow workers were mostly native, there were a few recruits from other sections who might listen to vicious teaching. But the native element would take care of the situation. The public could rest easy.

Plans were made for a meeting on the green in front of Garden Street Church at three o'clock. But there was an unex-



"... they were starting to THINK," said Ishma, "to think together. . . ."

plainable delay in getting a permit. They would make no illegal move. But they had a right to talk over their troubles and plan a way out of them. If they didn't get a permit, they would have an actual and obvious grievance against the city. Kik went to the editor of the Dunmow News, Stanton Renfrow, and told him so. The strikers waited.

While Kik was gone, signs of resentment began to break through the calm of patience that he had built up. The boarders from the Ruggs-Gowan mill were especially incensed by the refusal of the workers in other departments of the big plant to come out.

"We ought to have pulled the switches on 'em," said Jim Conover, with grim regret.

"What about now?" called Red Ewing. Other voices took it up. "What about now? Now! Now!"

"Okay!" shouted Jim. "Come on!" They swarmed after him and were soon at the mill doors.

"Who'll go in?" they began to ask. "Watch us!" said Jim. "Come on, Red! Come on, about twenty of you!"

The strikers watched the score of them

go through the doors, and waited, stricken with sudden silence. What were they about to do? Not a hand among them had ever been lifted against authority. The mills that fed them had always been invested with sanctity hardly second to that which enveloped their churches. But it wasn't fear that now kept them silent. In three hours they had advanced from a feeling of puzzled helplessness to a sense of their own importance. They too had a place in life, and the right to hold it. United in their grievance, they were now united in power. This daring moment proved that they were unafraid. Just what would follow they didn't know, but the triumph of that instant took their breath and stilled their voices. They could not know that it was a moment of generation, that when those switches were pulled, the "flying squadrons" of the South were born.

The mill stopped whirring, there was silence within as without. Then a rush of feet. All over the great building there was talking and hurrying. Another minute and the workers were pouring out the doors. Every man, woman, girl and boy, in every department of the far-spreading Ruggs-Gowan plant was out. And wasn't it easy?

The tinder had only waited the match. Jonathan Ruggs and Henry Gowan were at the mill in their private office. They had repaired there from their country houses, with the intention of showing themselves to their employees and giving them a paternal talk. A gesture of that sort, in its own nick of time, would surely have effect. They were modest, amiable men, who did not like to use their superiority as a defense, but they had to recognize facts in conducting business. Take care of a Southern worker's feelings, and his labor was yours for what you pleased. If employers attempted to milk him of wages without working the pump of sentiment, they needn't expect anything but trouble. If you operated strictly on a master and man basis, as some of them were doing, you deserved what you got.

Through the office window they saw the score of men enter the mill, and waited for their loyal hands to throw them out. The mill became silent. Startled, they summoned the superintendent.

"What does this mean, Edwards?" "The switches are pulled, Mr. Gowan." "The dastards! Did they—"

"Yes, sir." "And my workers let them do it! Not a hand was raised? Go to the foremen. Put the switches on again. Start up the mill, I tell you!"

For answer the superintendent moved to the window and looked out. "You see, sir?"

"But those are the invaders! My workers are not with them."

"They are not in the plant, sir."

It was true. Their loyal hands had joined the assaulting army. The superintendent went back to rooms emptied of their bee-like humanity. Ruggs and Gowan sat in their office, considering deeply, and feeling not so amiable, not quite so sure of their modesty.

The workers returned to Garden Street, their feet pounding the pavement triumphantly. They had done it, and the sky was still blue above them, the ground held up.

They didn't find Kik. Nothing had been heard of him or the permit. Temper stirred. Kik had better come back with good news. Dunmow citizens were not going to be treated like wops and such. They were descendants of men who started the American Revolution at Alamance and won it at King's Mountain. They'd get the world told.

They began moving around the long block, coming back to their starting point every twenty minutes. With each return to the church they grew madder and hungrier. It was nearing supper time, and not a dozen of the two thousand had eaten lunch. Would they get any supper? That question began to loom as important as the permit.

Kik came at sundown. He had the per-

(Continued on page 26)



# A STONE CAME ROLLING

The Fifth  
Chapter  
of this  
Stirring  
Novel

By  
*FIELDING  
BURKE*



" . . . they were starting to  
THINK," said Ishma, "to think  
together. . . ."

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# PROTECTIVE LAWS FOR

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Editor of THE WOMAN TODAY  
112 East 19th Street  
New York, N. Y.

April 21, 1936

Dear Madam Editor:

The National Woman's Party, whose official organ is *Equal Rights*, a copy of which we enclose, will be very grateful if you would publish in the near future in your paper, THE WOMAN TODAY, this letter. We would also be glad if you would put us on your exchange list for future copies.

THE WOMAN TODAY is an intensely interesting paper which promises to be of great value in its field. To make working women conscious of their need of organization, and of the mass power of trade unions as contrasted with the impotence of the individual worker, is an important task to which this paper may make a great contribution.

There seems to us one fundamental error in its viewpoint, a viewpoint with which we agree enthusiastically except for this single question. We refer to the rejection of the principle of equal rights for men and women, and the support of "protective" labor legislation for women.

This attitude seems to us inconsistent with the demand that working women shall join trade unions and seek through the unions to obtain equal pay for equal work. If the employer is compelled by law to provide sanitary equipment or safety devices for women, which are not required for men doing the same work, how can he afford to employ women, or if he does employ them, how can he afford to pay them a wage equal to that of the man? If he is compelled to send the women home at the end of a forty-hour week, how can he pay them the same wages that he pays men who work forty-four hours? He may possibly pay the same rate per hour, but this means a lower weekly wage for women, due to "protective" legislation.

We are not arguing for long hours of labor. We are merely saying that *everyone benefits* when men and women are treated equally—for the employer can no longer dismiss women and hire men because the law fixes shorter hours for women than the union standard, or dismiss men and hire women because the law fixes a minimum wage for them below the union standard. Since "protective" legislation invariably makes hours of labor for women shorter, and minimum wages lower than the union standard, the laws on hours exploit women and the laws on wages injure both sexes.

Yours very sincerely,

DR. MIRIAM OATMAN,  
*Chairman, District Branch*  
BETTY GRAM SWING,  
*Member, National Council*

## An Exchange of Letters

THE WOMAN TODAY  
112 East 19th Street  
New York City

Mrs. Betty Gram Swing,  
Dr. Miriam Oatman,

The National Woman's Party,  
Belmont House, Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C.

Dear Friends:

We are glad to have your letter of April 21, with its greetings to THE WOMAN TODAY. We should like to be able to regard members of the National Woman's Party as potential allies in the struggle against fascist trends in the United States. We welcome your support of trade union organization as the surest guarantee of better working conditions for women who work.

When, however, you attack the minimum wage and other labor legislation that applies to certain groups of women and not to men, do you not ally yourselves with reactionary employers against progressive forces in the United States today? The recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court against the New York minimum wage affects more than 3,000,000 women in 17 states where such wage laws exist. Already since this decision was announced, many of the laundry and hotel workers in New York have seen their wages cut to rates below even the extremely low minimum rates established under the law.

You ask, if an employer "is compelled to send the women home at the end of a forty-hour week, how can he pay the same wages that he pays men who work forty-four hours?" There is no state in the country that limits women's working hours to forty a week. Oregon limits the week to forty-four hours in certain occupations, but the shortest work week in any other state is forty-eight hours on the basis of an eight-hour day for six days a week.

Only one scientific study has been made of the problem you raise and that is set forth in the report on *The Effects of Labor Legislation on the Employment Opportunities of Women*, Bulletin No. 65 of the U. S. Women's Bureau. This investigation covered 660,000 men and women in 1,600 establishments in five manufacturing industries and seven other occupations. On the basis of this extensive study, presented in a volume of 495 pages, with 130 pages of basic tables, the conclusion is definite and inescapable. We quote its main points:

1. "The outstanding conclusion that can be drawn from the data presented is that legislative restriction of women's working hours has not limited their opportunity in the industries studied."
2. "There is no doubt that legislation limiting women's hours of work has reacted to establish shorter

# WOMEN AND EQUAL RIGHTS

## with the National Woman's Party - on a Burning Question

hour standards generally and to eliminate isolated examples of long hours. *Also in a large majority of cases, when hours were shortened for women because of law they were shortened also for men.*" (Our emphasis.—The Editors.)

3. "Legislation is . . . only one of the influences that are operating to reduce hours in manufacturing establishments." Other factors have the same effect and operate to a greater or less degree according to the locality and type of industry.

4. "Legislation limiting women's hours to forty-eight and fifty a week practically eliminates overtime for women and *reduces the number of plants requiring overtime for men.*" (Our emphasis.)

5. "Aside from the shortening of hours and the eliminating of overtime, the most important effect of legislation limiting women's hours of work is *the increased employment of women that accompanies such legislation . . . A larger force of women is hired than would be the case if it were legally possible to employ women overtime to take care of rush work.*" (Our emphasis.)

6. "The legal reduction of women's hours had not resulted in any general decrease in their wages."

When you state that protective legislation "invariably makes hours of women shorter . . . than the union standard," you are making a statement that is contrary to the facts. No state has ever shortened hours for women below eight a day, which has been for many years the union standard. By the end of 1935, 2,035,794 workers in the United States had secured a work week of forty hours or less by union agreements. Of these 603,909 had work hours of less than forty a week (chiefly thirty-five and thirty-six hours), and 13,806 had won the thirty-hour week by agreement. As we have stated above, no state in the country has legislation limiting the working week to less than forty-four hours.

On the subject of the *minimum wage* and your approval of the U. S. Supreme Court decision against the New York minimum wage law, we find that you are in agreement with employers of the hotel and laundry associations, and against the trade unions and other progressive organizations in the United States.

We have before us two issues of the *Service Bulletin*, put out by the Ohio Hotels Association, dated May 26 and June 1, 1936. We quote from the hotel employers on the New York minimum wage case:

"We have had a part in the New York case. Our minimum wage attorney assisted in preparation of the brief that Mr. Nathan Miller, former governor of New York and counsel for the accused in the New York case, presented. Our association inspired the two cases now pending in district federal courts in Ohio. . . .

"Our association not only inspired these cases. It prepared

them. It brought about the filing of them. It had just everything it could have to do with them, in effort, time, talent and expense. It hasn't left a stone unturned to prevent this government regulation being inflicted on hotels. . . .

"Our association has been much concerned about the New York minimum wage case and now that it is decided, the way we hoped it would be, we naturally, are a bit proud of the part we had in it."

Why are the hotel employers so enthusiastic about the court decision against the New York minimum wage law? Because the minimum wages, low as they were—ranging from 16 cents an hour up to 27 cents an hour!—were higher than women had been getting in hotels and restaurants of New York. Women in hotels, restaurants and laundries are largely unorganized and therefore not able to demand for themselves, through trade unions, the higher wages that only organized workers can secure. It is especially unorganized women workers who are benefited by minimum wage legislation.

The trade union movement in this country has been notably lax in organizing semi-skilled and unskilled workers in general and it is in these groups that the great masses of women workers are found. For many of these women workers, to whom the American Federation of Labor has paid little or no attention, labor legislation provides at least somewhat shorter hours and better wages—although not equal to union standards. The minimum wage by legislation has never been a standard wage, but literally a *minimum* which raised wages for the lowest paid groups.

Women lawyers, physicians, teachers and other women professional workers are still subjected to sex discrimination in their professions, but it is not because of any law that limits their working hours. A woman lawyer in New York may work all night and every night, if she chooses, but she is not admitted to the New York Bar Association which does not admit women lawyers.

Sex discrimination of this kind is even more marked in such states as Alabama and Florida, although there is no legislation at all in these states to limit the hours of labor for women workers. In southern states where women are "free" to work double shifts in the textile mills, this fact does not assure them equal pay for equal work of any equality of opportunity with men. In fact, discrimination against women is worse in southern states than in the northern states which have more labor legislation on their books.

Of course we do not maintain that legislation alone can adequately protect women workers. A strong union and the independent action of organized women, supported by labor, can gain equal pay for equal work and improvements in working conditions, and can *enforce* them better than any amount of legislation. But we are in favor of any law that will offer any measure of necessary protection to the workers or to any group of workers.

Editors of THE WOMAN TODAY



**"FOR THE LIBERTY OF ALL"**

● "Remember, Dante, remember always these things; we are not criminals; they convicted us on a frame-up; they denied us a new trial; and if we will be executed after seven years, four months and seventeen days of unspeakable tortures and wrong, it is for what I have already told you; because we were for the poor and against the exploitation and oppression of the man by the man. . . .

" . . . I assure you that I have been no criminal, that I have committed no robbery and no murder, but only fought modestly to abolish crimes from among mankind and for the liberty of all."

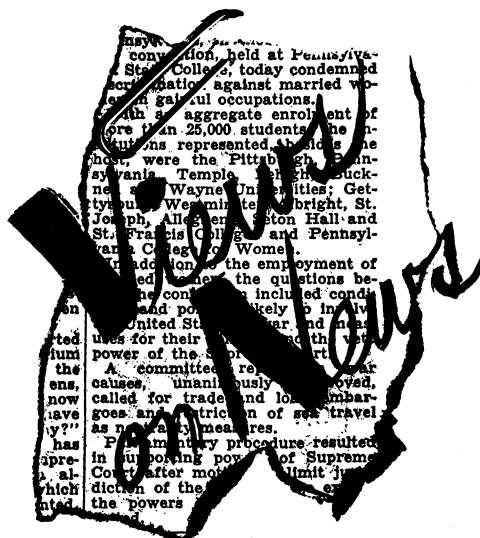
Thus wrote Bartolomeo Vanzetti to the son of his dear friend, Nicola Sacco, with whom he was to be executed on the following day, August 22, 1927.

The story of this infamous trial and execution of two innocent men is today well known; volumes have been written on the subject. Arrested on an unfounded charge of murder, Sacco and Vanzetti were executed for beliefs they held, despite the efforts of liberals the world over to secure their release.

This struggle for two lives, lasting more than seven years, was begun in the midst of the post-war hysteria when the Palmer raids and wholesale deportations of persons for no other crime than that of holding progressive beliefs, were the order of the day. The lawlessness and brutality of the Department of Justice knew no bounds.

Today, too, men and women are being arrested for exercising their constitutional rights of free speech, press and assemblage. Thirty-two states have laws which make it a crime to advocate change in government—a right which was won on the battlefields of the Revolutionary War.

Eight men and women are languishing in jail in California because they dared organize the agricultural workers. The



**By Margaret Cowl**

charge? Criminal syndicalism! One hundred persons in sixteen states are serving sentences varying from one year to life, and countless thousands are imprisoned for terms up to one year for no other reason than that they acted in the interests of labor. However, the charges on which they have been imprisoned do not state that they have tried to help their fellow men and women; their charges vary from disorderly conduct to murder and rape. During 1935 there were 18,000 such arrests, and of these 11,000 were arrested for strike and union activity. The numbers increase year by year.

How long will the American people permit the Tom Mooneys to remain in jail, the Angelo Herndons to be faced with living death and torture, the Joseph Shoemakers to be lynched? These and thousands of others, now behind bars, have been guilty of no crime but the exercise of those rights which are guaranteed by the first amendment to the Constitution.

**LABOR'S REPLY TO THE SUPREME COURT**

● The drive to organize the steel workers by the Committee on Industrial Organization headed by John L. Lewis and supported by twelve large trade unions

comprising over a million members, has spurred on workers in other industries to organize. In New York City a drive to organize 40,000 laundry workers has been started. The initiative in this drive has been taken by the New York body of the Central Trades and Labor Council. The laundry workers drive—is labor's reply to the Supreme Court which declared unconstitutional the minimum wage law for women.

A great number, probably the majority of the workers in the laundry industry are women. The drive to organize the laundry workers would be even more successful if the branches of the Women's Trade Union League, in cities employing laundry workers, would assist in this drive. Ofttimes, women organizers can do a better job where women workers are involved.

**WOMEN IN THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN**

● The steel trusts have already spent half a million dollars in the attempt to keep the steel workers from organizing their own trade union. This is in conformity with the labor plank of "no interference from any source" in the platform of the Republican Party, adopted at its Cleveland convention.

No interference from the bona fide organized labor movement is what that means. Company unions, a pretense of permitting labor the right to organize and a means of preventing the fight for a decent standard of living—that is its real essence.

Among the most influential backers of the Republican Party candidates who voted for the abolition of sweatshops, and for protection of women and children by minimum wage laws are those who were responsible for throwing women textile strikers into a concentration camp when they fought for better living conditions in 1934. These men are now setting armed thugs against men and women striking for decent conditions in the Remington-Rand plants in a number of cities.

It means that the women who are out to root for Landon are supporting the fresh attack upon the rights of labor.

Mrs. Vesta Cornish Armstrong of Vernon Center, Minnesota who is entering the lists of the Democratic Party to speak for Roosevelt says she is doing so because of the "successful efforts" of Roosevelt on behalf of the youth of this country.

But who does not know that the beautifully worded speech and the professional smile of Roosevelt did not improve the conditions of the youth. The Roosevelt National Youth Administration provides  
*(Continued on page 30)*



Women textile workers of the Trekhgorny factory in Moscow discussing the new family law.



Women textile workers of the Trekhgorny factory in Moscow discussing the new family law.



# I MARRIED A DEPORTEE

BERTHA RICHTER

● I have no right to the man I married!

They are trying to tell me there is a prior claim to his life, something which, the Labor Department says, is stronger than all human feeling and every human right. That something is a "law" directing that Otto Richter, my husband and my sweetheart, must be taken away from me and sent to Hitler Germany to be murdered.

I know the story so well by this time. It keeps beating away some place inside my head, repeating itself constantly in the bustle of a day's activities and shouting its history in the quiet of the night. And the American government won't let me forget what did happen to my husband once, a long time ago, by threatening to return him to Nazi Germany where it will happen again.

Otto had to run away from Germany in 1933. On the night of the Reichstag fire he had been beaten up by Nazi Storm Troopers who tried to make him confess to having taken part in the burning of the Reichstag. Working on a German ship, the S.S. "Esta" as a seaman, Otto had to jump ship in Seattle when he was recognized as an anti-Nazi and told he would be put in jail when the ship got back to Germany. This would mean torture and death.

From Seattle, Otto hitch-hiked his way down to San Francisco, where he was picked up during the General Strike of 1934. He was serving soup to striking marine workers when vigilantes broke into the soup kitchen and smashed everything in sight. The police followed and arrested everyone (none of the vigilantes, though) including Otto.

These are the facts. But the hardest fact of all is that they should try to send Otto Richter back to Nazi Germany because he didn't pay an eight dollar head-tax, because he didn't stop to find out the "correct" method of entering the country while fleeing for his life and because he was discovered helping striking workers.

A few months after Otto was brought east from San Francisco to New York on the deportation train and after he had been bailed out of Ellis Island by the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born, which is carrying on his defense, I met him at a friend's home in Yorkville.

I liked him right away. There was something young and healthy about Otto. He would laugh and joke about everything. No matter what happened he never got angry, never raised his voice. I used to walk for hours next to him, feeling happy just being with him.

I fell in love with Otto and didn't realize it until I happened to read a letter from the Labor Department saying he was going to be sent back to Germany.

I had known all along that Otto faced deportation, but it hadn't really meant anything much. I have come to know only too well what it means—and it is horrible.

Otto and I were married about six months after we met. I loved him, he loved me, there was every possible chance in the world we might be happy together. We took an apartment on East 128th Street and settled down.

I married a human being. The Labor Department, though, doesn't think so. I found Otto Richter, the human being, was, in their eyes, an "alien," a deportee, a person who isn't supposed to have feelings, isn't allowed any rights, isn't entitled to any consideration. And whatever is denied Otto is denied me as well, despite the fact that he is an "alien" and I am a native American citizen.

"Wouldn't it be swell if only things would straighten

out?" he used to say to me. "I could get a job, we'd settle down and be really happy."

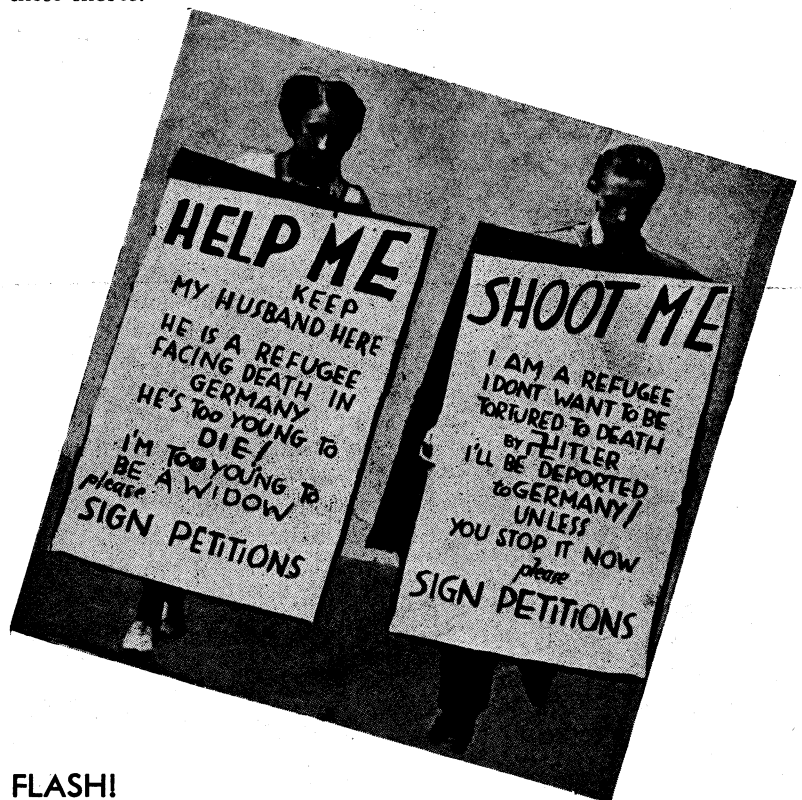
That is all we are asking, the right to live as human beings, the right to be happy.

Otto was always talking about how things might be and how much he wanted to make me happy. Even the other day, when he could barely stand on his feet, weak and sick on the tenth day of his protest hunger strike, with an Ellis Island guard watching us from the door he told me not to worry, that when he got out maybe everything would be all right.

That is what he has always told me, not to worry, that the American people would never let him be deported. But I can't help it. It gets so sometimes I begin to feel sick wondering what is going to happen to Otto and myself. What can happen? We are two young people, two human beings trying very hard to be happy, trying to make things straight that are all twisted underneath. But not in any way made twisted by anything we have done.

Both our lives and all our struggling efforts have been falsified by this "law" which, they say, is greater than our rights as human being, our right to be happy. This has been denied us by the American government. I appeal, therefore, to the American people to help me keep my husband here where he will be safe from the Nazi terror.

This terrible fate threatens not only my husband, Otto Richter, but also sixteen other men who are being held for deportation to Germany. The American people must exert pressure to compel the federal government and especially the Secretary of Labor to grant the right of political asylum on these shores.



## FLASH!

Hitler has been cheated! The Labor Department has yielded to protest and Otto Richter has been permitted to choose the country to which he will be deported. Richter and his wife will go to Belgium. But the fight to stop deportations goes on. The U. S. must become once again a safe haven for political refugees and for all workers from foreign shores.




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# L A V E W I



her husband dealt in skins; that is to collect cowhides and the skins of animals from hunters all over the countryside and took them to the larger towns to sell. Sometimes he supplemented his occupation with a little farm labor. During the busy planting season he used to assist the farmers in transplanting the young rice seedlings. He knew just how to set out each row perfectly straight, and for that reason if there were five working together in a paddock, he was always put in the head position to act as a marker.

Circumstances were against him, nevertheless, and his debts mounted year after year. Probably it was the hard times that made him take to smoking, drinking and gambling. Soon he had become a surly, hot-tempered fellow, continuing to grow poorer and poorer until people were afraid to ask him even the smallest loans.

Illness followed in the wake of poverty, and his body turned a withered yellow color. His face grew as yellow as a small brass drum. Even the whites of his eyes changed color. People said that he had the yellow fever, and children began calling him "Yellow-belly." One day he said to his wife,

"There's nothing more I can do. If we don't get rich we'll soon have to part with the kettle. It would be better to let you save us with your body. If you stay and go hungry with me, what can I do for you?"

"With my body?"

His wife sat behind the cooking range, holding her three-year-old son in her lap.

"Yes, yours!" replied her husband, his voice weak from illness. "I've already leased you. . . ."

"What's that?" she asked, seeming almost to faint.

The room was silent for a moment, and then he spoke, breathing hard:

"Three days ago Wolf Wang sat here for hours demanding his money. When he left, I went out too. When I got to Nine-Acre Pool, I felt as if I didn't want to live any longer. I sat down under a tree. All I needed to do was to climb it and let myself drop off into the pool. It turned my heart cold and I came away. But on the road I met the Sun woman. She asked me what I was doing out so late, and I told her. I asked her to try and raise a loan, or to borrow some girl's clothes or jewelry that I could pawn, so that I wouldn't have to see Wolf Wang's green

eyes glittering in my house every day. But the Sun woman laughed at me, and said:

"Why do you keep on, then, supporting that wife of yours at home, and you as yellow as you are? Of course you can't spare the son," she said, "having only one. But the wife—"

"I said to myself, 'Surely she isn't telling me to sell my wife!' 'But the wife,' she went on, 'even though she is your proper wife—you're poor, you can't help it. What's the use in keeping her at home?'"

"Then she came straight to the point, and said: 'There's a suitsai, a man with a literary degree, who has no son, although he's already fifty. He has had in mind to buy himself a secondary wife, but his first wife won't let him. She'll allow him only to lease one for three years or five years, and he has asked me to look out for a woman who might suit him: one somewhere around thirty, who is quiet and honest and willing to work, and who will be submissive to his major wife.'

"Then she said that as soon as she met me she thought of you, and that you were just the right one. So she asked me straight away what I thought, and after I had cried a little I let myself be persuaded."

At this point his head dropped, while his voice trailed off until it stopped completely. His wife said not a word. She seemed wholly stupefied. After a moment's silence he went on.

"Yesterday the Sun woman went to the suitsai's house, and she says the suitsai is quite keen, and that his wife is pleased, too. The price is a hundred dollars, and the lease is for three years if there is a son in that time; if not, for five years. The Sun woman has set the date, too. It's the eighteenth—five days yet. Today she's sending the lease agreement."

"You've decided on it?" his wife asked with trembling lips.

"Just waiting for the agreement to be written out."

"Oh, what a shameful thing! Isn't there any other way at all, my own Spring Treasure's father?" That was the name of the boy in her arms.

"Shameful? Yes, I've thought about it. But we're poor, and we don't want to die. What else can we do?"

"Have you thought about Spring Treasure? He's only three. What will he do without a mother?"

"I can look after him, can't I?"

Little by little he seemed to have grown

angry; he now strode out through the door. And she—she began to sob, brokenly.

On the evening before her departure she chose the darkest corner of the house to sit in. An oil lamp was burning in front of the range, giving out a firefly-like illumination. She held Spring Treasure in her arms, and let her head rest on his hair. Her thoughts seemed to have floated very far away, to what far place she could not tell. Slowly they traveled back, back to the immediate present, back to the child. She called to him in a low voice,

"Spring Treasure, my precious!"

"Mama!" he answered.

"Mama is going away tomorrow. . . ."

"Hm," he replied, only half comprehending.

"Mama's not coming back. She can't come back, not for three years!" She wiped her eyes.

"Where's mama going?" asked the child. "To the temple?"

"No, she going ten miles away, to a family named Li."

"I'm going, too!"

"Precious can't go."

"No!" he grunted rebelliously.

"You stay at home with daddy. Daddy will look after my Precious. He'll sleep with Precious, and take Precious out to play. You do what daddy tells you, that's all. And after three years. . . ."

"Daddy will beat me!" the child interrupted in a tearful voice.

"Daddy won't beat you any more," she said, at the same time stroking his right cheek, where a scar was left by the blow from a hoe-handle that his father had given him.

She seemed to have had something more to say to the child, but just then her husband came stalking in through the door. He walked over to her and, reaching in his pocket with one hand, said:

"I've got seventy dollars of the money already. The other thirty will be paid ten days after you arrive there."

There was a pause. "And then we agreed that the chair-bearers will come directly after breakfast."

With that he left her, and went out through the door again.

That evening neither her husband nor herself ate any supper.

● The next day there was a drizzle of spring rain. On a bench near the door sat



# S L A V E W I F E

● Her husband dealt in skins; that is to say, he collected cowhides and the skins of wild animals from hunters all over the countryside and took them to the larger towns to sell. Sometimes he supplemented this occupation with a little farm labor. During the busy planting season he used to assist the farmers in transplanting the young sprouts. He knew just how to set out each row perfectly straight, and for that reason if there were five working together in a paddy-field, he was always put in the head position to act as a marker.

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"Then she came straight to the point, and said: 'There's a suitsai, a man with a literary degree, who has no son, although he's already fifty. He has had in mind to buy himself a secondary wife, but his first wife won't let him. She'll allow him only to lease one for three years or five years, and he has asked me to look out for a woman who might suit him: one somewhere around thirty, who is quiet and honest and willing to work, and who will be submissive to his major wife.'"

"Then she said that as soon as she met me she thought of you, and that you were just the right one. So she asked me straight away what I thought, and after I had cried a little I let myself be persuaded."

At this point his head dropped, while his voice trailed off until it stopped completely. His wife said not a word. She seemed wholly stupefied. After a moment's silence he went on.

"Yesterday the Sun woman went to the suitsai's house, and she says the suitsai is quite keen, and that his wife is pleased, too. The price is a hundred dollars, and the lease is for three years if there is a son in that time; if not, for five years. The Sun woman has set the date, too. It's the eighteenth—five days yet. Today she's sending the lease agreement."

"You've decided on it?" his wife asked with trembling lips.

"Just waiting for the agreement to be written out."

"Oh, what a shameful thing! Isn't there any other way at all, my own Spring Treasure's father?" That was the name of the boy in her arms.

"Shameful? Yes, I've thought about it. But we're poor, and we don't want to die. What else can we do?"

"Have you thought about Spring Treasure? He's only three. What will he do without a mother?"

"I can look after him, can't I?"

Little by little he seemed to have grown

angry; he now strode out through the door. And she—she began to sob, brokenly.

On the evening before her departure she chose the darkest corner of the house to sit in. An oil lamp was burning in front of the range, giving out a firefly-like illumination. She held Spring Treasure in her arms, and let her head rest on his hair. Her thoughts seemed to have floated very far away, to what far place she could not tell. Slowly they traveled back, back to the immediate present, back to the child. She called to him in a low voice,

"Spring Treasure, my precious!"

"Mama!" he answered.

"Mama is going away tomorrow. . . ."

"Hm," he replied, only half comprehending.

"Mama's not coming back. She can't come back, not for three years!" She wiped her eyes.

"Where's mama going?" asked the child. "To the temple?"

"No, she going ten miles away, to a family named Li."

"I'm going, too!"

"Precious can't go."

"No!" he grunted rebelliously.

"You stay at home with daddy. Daddy will look after my Precious. He'll sleep with Precious, and take Precious out to play. You do what daddy tells you, that's all. And after three years. . . ."

"Daddy will beat me!" the child interrupted in a tearful voice.

"Daddy won't beat you any more," she said, at the same time stroking his right cheek, where a scar was left by the blow from a hoe-handle that his father had given him.

She seemed to have had something more to say to the child, but just then her husband came stalking in through the door. He walked over to her and, reaching in his pocket with one hand, said:

"I've got seventy dollars of the money already. The other thirty will be paid ten days after you arrive there."

There was a pause. "And they've agreed that the chair-bearers will come directly after breakfast."

With that he left her, and went out through the door again.

That evening neither her husband nor herself ate any supper.

● The next day there was a drizzle of spring rain. On a bench near the door sat

the chair-bearers, telling each other the Sun woman arrived in the village. She was a maker, with a fine face. On entering the drops from her

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That evening neither her husband nor herself ate any supper.

• The next day there was a drizzle of spring rain. On a bench near the door sat

the chair-bearers, smoking long pipes and telling each other stories. Shortly after, the Sun woman arrived from the neighboring village. She was an old woman, a match-maker, with a wealth of worldly experience. On entering she brushed the rain-drops from her cloak and said to them:

"It's raining! It's raining! That's a sign that there will be growth after this in your home."

The wife looked at her as though saying, "Really I don't want to go! Let me stay here and starve!"

The match-maker understood what was on her lips. She went over to her and gave her an encouraging smile.



"You are a simple wench, right enough. What more has Yellow-belly to give you? Over there is a family that has enough to eat and to spare, two hundred acres of fields, enough money, their own house, hired men and cattle. As to the old fellow—he isn't really old; he has a white face and no beard at all. From so much studying he has grown round-shouldered in an elegant way. But there's no need for me to tell you. As soon as you step down from the sedan-chair you will realize that I never tell lies in my match-making."

The woman brushed away the tears.

"Spring Treasure," she said softly. "How can I give him up this way?"

The old woman took Spring Treasure out of her arms.

"I'll take him with me," she said.

The child cried and struggled, but was finally bundled out through the side door.

The husband sat resting his head on his hand, and never moved nor spoke.

• It was ten miles from the village to the other, but the second time the chair was set down they were there. The fine spring rain had blown in through the cloth curtain of the sedan-chair and soaked her coat. She was welcomed by a plump-faced lady of fifty-four or five, with crafty eyes. "That must be his wife," she said to herself, and looked at her in silence, full of embarrassment. The other conducted her in a friendly way to the steps, while a tall thin man with a delicate round face came out from the house. After carefully scrutinizing the new arrival, he smiled broadly, and said:

"You arrived very early, didn't you? Are your clothes wet?"

The older woman paid no attention to his presence.

"Do you have any things in the chair?" she asked.

"No, I have nothing."

A number of women from the neighborhood had gathered outside the door and were peeping in as they passed into the house.

She did not understand why it was that she should keep thinking of her old home, and why she could not forget Spring Treasure. Certainly it was obvious that she ought to be congratulating herself on the



Drawings by Delle

BY JOU SHIH



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three years of life that were commencing. Both this house and the husband to whom she had been leased were better than the ones she had left. The siutsai was unquestionably a kind and good man, with a quiet way of speaking, while even the wife was unexpectedly pleasant, with her attentiveness and her unceasing flow of chatter. She related the whole history of her life with her husband, from the time of her beautiful and happy marriage down to the present—a period of thirty years. She had borne one child, she said, fifteen or sixteen years previously. It was a son, and according to her, a very beautiful and clever child, but it had died of smallpox before it was ten months old. She had never had a second child. Apparently she had wanted her husband to marry a concubine, but whether he had not done so through love of her or through not having met a suitable person, she did not explain. Thus they had continued up to the present. As she listened to her the simple-natured young woman felt alternately cheered and pained, elated and depressed. Finally the old lady referred to their expectations. This brought a blush to her face, but the old lady said:

"You have raised several children already. Of course you know all about it. I am sure you know more than I do." And with this she left her.

That evening the siutsai also talked a great deal about family affairs, partly in a boastful way, to be sure, and partly to be attractive to her. She was sitting beside a chest of drawers, a red wooden one, such as she had never possessed in her own home. She was looking at it wide-eyed when the siutsai came and sat down in front of it.

"What is your name?" he asked her.

She did not return an answer or a smile.

"Are you shy? Ha! You're thinking about your husband, aren't you? Ha! Ha! I'm your husband now." His voice was gentle. He put out a hand and pulled at her sleeve. "Don't be sad. I suppose you're thinking about your child too. But—"

He did not finish what he was going to say. With another laugh he began to remove his outer gown.

She could hear the wife's voice outside roundly cursing someone. She could not make out who it was. It might be the cook, or it might be herself. Somehow she appeared to be the cause of it.

"Come to sleep," called the siutsai from the bed. "She is always carrying on like that. She used to be very fond of the hired man, and so always scolds Mrs. Wang, the cook, because the hired man likes her."

After eight months, in the winter, her appetite underwent a change. She did not care to eat rice, only fresh noodles or sweet potatoes. After a few meals she was tired of these too. If she ate much, it would not stay down. She had a desire for squash and plums, but these grew in the sixth month. Where could one get them now? The

siutsai appreciated the message that these signs conveyed, and smiled the whole day long. Whatever it was possible to buy, he procured for her. He went personally on the street to get her oranges, and ordered little golden oranges to be bought for her. He would walk up and down the porch, muttering things to himself that no one heard. Once he saw her helping Mrs. Wang to grind flour for the new year cakes, and called to her before she had finished as much as three pints, "Take a rest. The hired man can do the grinding. They all share in the cakes, anyhow."

The old lady finally made arrangements for a midwife. She even went to the



length, while other people were looking, of getting out brightly colored cloth and sewing clothes for the baby.

The cruel hot summer had come to an end, and the whole family had passed the sixth moon in an attitude of expectancy. At the start of the autumn, cooler breezes began to caress the village. Then, one day, the hopes of the household rose to a high water mark. The atmosphere in the home was one of thrills, and the siutsai especially was in tense state. He walked back and forth continuously in the courtyard.

"How is it now?" he asked of Mrs. Wang, who stood inside the door of the room.

Mrs. Wang nodded silently at him several times, adding after a moment.

"It will be here soon! It will be here soon!"

This went on until twilight haze had commenced to rise from the ground, and the lamps blossomed out here and there like flowers in spring. Then the child—a boy—was born. One could hear his voice as he was crying lustily from the room, and the siutsai sat in a corner ready to cry with happiness. No one in the house had any desire to eat, but they gathered about the plain supper table. There the siutsai's wife said to the servants:

"Keep the matter hidden for a while, so that the little baby may escape noxious influences. If anyone asks, say that it is a girl that has been born."

Then they all nodded and smiled knowingly.

After a month the baby's soft white face appeared in the autumn sunshine. He was being nursed by the young woman, surrounded by curious women from the neighborhood. Some of these praised the child's nose, some his mouth, and some his two ears. Others remarked that the mother was looking well, better than before; she had grown fairer and put on flesh. But the old

lady was about, giving commands and dispensing care in the manner of an old grandmother, and she now said:

"That's enough! Don't start the child crying!"

Regarding a name for the baby the old lady's notion was to select a name from the phrase "Long life, Riches and Honor," or "Happiness, Prosperity, Joy and Old Age." The mother was sitting idle at one side of the room, with her thoughts far away. Suddenly she spoke up:

"I think it would be nice to call him Autumn Treasure." All who were in the room turned eyes towards her and listened. "He was born in the autumn, wasn't he? A precious gift from the autumn! Call him Autumn Treasure."

"Excellent!" The siutsai took her up immediately. "Yes. I have reached the autumn of life. I'm over fifty. Then, the child was born in autumn, and autumn is the ripening season for all nature. 'Autumn Treasure' is a perfect name!"

These remarks made the woman feel very uncomfortable. She dropped her eyes, and mused bitterly and tearfully:

"It was only that I was thinking of Spring Treasure!"

On the occasion of Autumn Treasure's first birthday, there was a busy celebration all day long, to which thirty or forty guests came. Some brought gifts of clothing, some brought noodles; some brought silver lions to be hung about the baby's neck; others brought gilded images of the God of Long Life to be sewn on the baby's cap.

Towards evening of that day, just as the feast was beginning, there came a guest into the courtyard, walking through the twilight mist. The people staring at him saw a frightfully haggard country yokel, with clothes all patched and with very long hair, carrying a paper package under his arm. The host went over in surprise to receive him, and asked him where he came from. The tongue-tied response conveyed nothing to the host until of a sudden he understood: this must be that trader in skins!

"Why have you brought a present?" he asked in an undertone. "You really didn't need to do that!"

The guest looked timidly about him before answering.

"I want—I wanted to—I came to wish the lady long life and a thousand . . ."

He broke off to pull out the paper package and with trembling fingers removed two or three layers of paper. Then he produced four characters each about an inch square, made of brass and coated with silver. The characters read: "Longevity Rivalling Southern Mountain." The siutsai conducted the visitor to the festal board, where the guests were already whispering to one another.

The skin-trader ate till the last and  
(Continued on page 20)



# Women's Auxiliaries

Agnes Burns Wieck

● "When we women say that we intend to organize women's auxiliaries in steel and all the basic industries, we don't mean just the kind of auxiliary that cooks for the men and jollies them along. We mean militant auxiliaries to educate the women on labor and to march shoulder to shoulder with the men on the picket line! Now that's what we mean by women's auxiliaries.

"We women are not whining about our rights. We'll take our rights—we always have. It's our responsibilities we're talking about now. And the job of organizing steel and coal and all the basic industries is the joint responsibility of the workers and the wives of workers."

Thus does Mother Ella Reeve Bloor speak on the importance of women's auxiliaries.

The struggle in steel against company unionism and for genuine collective bargaining, under the control of the workers

tion, and of many other unions can be rightly proud of the fact that their women-folk have organized into women's auxiliaries of these unions.

More auxiliaries and more power to them!

## MILITANT TRANSPORT AUXILIARY

● The day was cold and dreary, with a snow storm threatening. Brooklyn's streets were crowded with excited Christmas shoppers. Yet one woman stood out amid this hurrying throng. With two children she was picketing a big office building. A sign bespoke her family's grievance against a huge corporation. To the curious and sympathetic who gathered round, this militant mother told her story.

"After my husband has given fourteen years of faithful service to the Brooklyn Manhattan Transit Corporation, he is fired for joining a union of his own choosing. In spite of the fact that he worked faithfully for so many years for this company, his wages were small and I had to leave my children with neighbors and go to work myself to support my home and family. His being fired takes away our main support and we intend to picket until my husband is put back on the job!"

This courageous example was the forerunner of an Auxiliary that commands the admiration of the Transport Workers' Lodge No. 1547, an American Federation of Labor affiliate through the International Association of Machinists. A tremendous undertaking, our men launching this union in the face of a vicious spy system. To do it in the face of strife at home, due to the men's constant union activities, was indeed disheartening. Union spirit rose when a handful of militant women pledged themselves to match the bravery of the Brooklyn mother and to organize an Auxiliary for the education of the women.

Grievances kept coming to the fore as revealed by many letters sent to the union.

From a group of six, this Auxiliary divided into two locals, has grown to nearly a hundred members in a year's time. Through visiting the men's meetings, through visiting homes, we spread the Auxiliary idea. A well functioning social committee brought increased membership through house parties, bunco, theater and dinner parties, an annual picnic and a children's Christmas party.

We have carried on a series of interesting lectures on health, the high cost of liv-

ing, journalism and various political subjects. After thorough discussions we have endorsed workers' legislation, such as the Frazier-Lundeen Bill for Social and Old Age Insurance. We are supporting our men's fight for the McCaffrey Bill, for collective bargaining and for the right to join a union of their own choosing.

When Grace Hutchins of the Labor Research Association addressed us and presented us with one of her books, "Women Who Work," we were inspired to start a labor library. Response to our appeal for books brought the problem of where to put them, when along came a book case! Auxiliary and union members are proud of our library lending system.

We do not stop with social affairs, nor even with education. We swing into action to support our men's struggles. Right on the picket line we go with our men, greatly impressing the public.

We help exterminate the vicious stool pigeons who terrorize active unionists. A committee christened "The Kittens" set out one morning at five o'clock to chase a big company "Rat." Pursuing him the length of the train, they cornered him and in forceful language gave their opinion of anyone stooping so low as to hound honest workingmen. Before the derision of the aroused passengers, the big "Rat" fled.

When a committee of fourteen women visited company headquarters to protest this detestable spy system, the superintendent was not man enough to meet the issue and had himself locked in his private office. The women refused to be budged, even at closing time. Finally emerging, protected by bodyguards, a very undignified superintendent dashed down the hall, with the women flinging their protests as he escaped through a secret exit.

Not only do we aid our own men but we give moral and financial support to other organizations in struggle. We further broaden our view by belonging to the League of Women Shoppers. We value highly the League enlistment of public support in time of strike, and their informative monthly bulletin.

Our men's union has far to go, opposed by powerful forces. But our homes have much to gain. The grievance of one family has become the fight of all. We consider it a joint responsibility of men and women, this building a strong union to protect our homes.

Lillian M. Abbott, Chairman  
Committee of Four, elected  
at a meeting of the  
Women's Auxiliary,  
Transport Workers Lodge No. 1547



Drawing by Arturo

themselves, can be strengthened by women's auxiliaries of the fighting kind. On a hundred battle fronts these recent years, workers' wives have proved their mettle. Coming forward by the thousands, women of the Illinois and Pennsylvania coal fields have set examples of heroism that will be matched by the women of the steel regions.

Experience everywhere has shown that strong women's auxiliaries give added strength to the men in their unions. The men of the Typographical Union, of the International Association of Machinists, of the International Longshoremen's Associa-

BROOKLYN-LEHIGH AVENUE  
TRAVEL 601

MEGAN of BMT  
FIRED MY HUSBAND  
FATHER of 3 CHILDREN  
AFTER 14 YEARS SERVICE  
for belonging  
to the  
TRANSPORT  
WORKERS UNION  
THE UNION  
HAS CHOICE



*Drawing by Arturo*

## SLAVE WIFE

(Continued from page 18)

only when the servants came to clear away the dishes did he finally leave the table. He sought a dark corner of the porch, and there met his leased wife.

"Why did you have to come?" she asked in a melancholy tone.

"You don't think I wanted to come. I couldn't help it!"

"Then why did you come so late?"

"How do you think I got the money to buy a gift? I tramped about the whole morning, begged and pleaded the whole morning. Then I had to go to the city for the birthday present. The walking made me tired, and hungry—and it made me late."

"And Spring Treasure?" asked the woman quickly.

The man heaved a sigh. "It's about Spring Treasure that I came."

"About Spring Treasure?" she echoed in alarm.

"All summer," he said slowly, "Spring Treasure grew terribly thin, and with the autumn he has fallen sick. I hadn't the money, of course, to get a doctor or medicines for him, so now he is worse. If we don't do something for him, it looks as if he will die." He paused a moment. "And so—I came to borrow some money from you. . . ."

It seemed to the woman as though there were cats clawing and biting her breast and gnawing at her vitals. She wanted to weep, but on a day like this when all had been voicing happy wishes for Autumn Treasure, how could she follow with sobs? Restraining her tears, she said:

"I have no money, either. Here they allow me only a few coppers a month for spending money. As a matter of fact I have no use for it, so that it all goes for the baby. What can I do?"

They were both silent for a while.

"Who is looking after Spring Treasure now?" the woman asked.

"I left him in charge of a neighbor. I expected to be back again by this evening. I had better start now." He wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Wait a moment," said the woman, a lump rising in her throat. "I'll see if I can borrow from him." And she went.

The woman grew paler and thinner day by day, and a dull look crept into her eyes. She thought constantly of Spring Treasure and his sickness, and kept on the watch for friends from her village, or travellers who might be going to it. She waited anxiously for the news that the boy had recovered completely, but no news came. She also sought to borrow a dollar or two and to buy delicacies to send him, but there was no one to take the things. Much of the time she sat holding Autumn Treasure at the side of the highway that ran past the door, watching those who came and went. This situation was very annoying to the old lady, and

she constantly said to the siutsai:

"Don't you see she doesn't like being here at all? She wants nothing better than to fly home as soon as possible."

On several nights, dreaming with Autumn Treasure in her arms, she cried out suddenly, waking the baby and making him cry. The siutsai persecuted her with questions, "What's the matter? What's the matter?"

There was no reply from the woman, who was patting and crooning to Autumn Treasure.

"Did you dream that your other son was dead? How you yelled! You have wakened me!"

"No, no!" she said hastily, "I thought I saw a tomb in front of me."

Winter drew to an end, and the little birds that were sending her away had begun to sing uninterruptedly beneath her window. First the child was weaned, Taoist priests being called in to assist the baby over this crisis in his life. Then the separation—the separation forever of the child from its natural mother—was decided on.

On that day, Mrs. Wang asked the siutsai's wife quietly,

"Shall I call a sedan-chair for her?"

"Let her walk," said the old lady, still counting over the beads of her rosary. "The fare would have to be paid at that end, and what money does she have? I understand her husband hasn't even food to eat, so she needn't be asking for luxuries. It isn't so far, anyway. I have walked ten to fifteen miles myself in my time, and her feet are larger than mine. She can do it in half a day."

As she dressed Autumn Treasure that morning, the mother's tears flowed in a torrent. The child kept saying "Auntie, Auntie!" This was the name that the siutsai's wife had ordered should be used, as she wished the baby to call her "mama." The mother answered the baby with sobs. She would have liked to have said something to him, something like, "We are leaving each other, my darling baby. 'Mama' will be good to you. Be kind to her in return and never think of me again." The words would not come out. In any case a baby only a year and a half old would understand nothing.

The siutsai came sadly up to her, and slipped his arm through hers. In his hand were ten twenty cent coins. "Take them," he said gently, "these two dollars." She finished fastening the buttons on the child's clothes, and dropped the coins into her own inner pocket.

"Let me have Autumn Treasure, so that he won't cry when you leave."

The woman said nothing, but the baby refused and slapped the old lady repeatedly on the face, making her very angry.

"Well, take him and have breakfast with him, but turn him over to me afterwards."

The sun had risen very high and the weather was splendid. Autumn Treasure

still would not leave his mother, until the old lady dragged him violently from her arms. He kicked her in the stomach with his little feet, and pulled her hair with his tiny hands, yelling loudly. The mother, standing behind him, said, "Let me stay till after the noon meal."

The old lady turned on her savagely. "You make up your bundle in a hurry and get out. You have to leave sometime."

Finally the woman set out, the old bundle under her arm. As she went through the front door she heard Autumn Treasure again, and even after a mile of slow, weary walking, the cries seemed still there. The road stretched away before her under the burning sun, endless as the sky.

An old peasant in one of the hamlets told her that five miles of the journey remained.

"Uncle," she said to him, "would you be kind enough to get me a sedan-chair from the neighborhood. I can't walk home."

"Are you sick?"

"Yes." She was sitting on the pavillion at the entrance to the village.

"Where did you come from?"

She hesitated before replying.

"I'm just going in that direction. I thought this morning that I could walk it."

The old man said a few words to her and found her two bearers and a chair, one without a canopy, because it was the planting season.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a chair with no canopy was borne down the dirty, narrow street of the village. In the chair lay a middle-aged woman with a face withered and faded as a dry leaf of yellow cabbage. Her eyes were closed and her breath came feebly. The people on the street stared at her in surprise and pity, while a group of children ran noisily after the chair as though some wonder had descended on the village.

Spring Treasure was among the children who followed the chair. He hooted behind it as though he were driving a herd of pigs, but when the chair turned a corner down the street which led to his home he stretched out his arms in amazement. He watched it stop at his own door, and stood stupefied, leaning against a post, while the other children gathered timidly around it. The woman got out but she was too dazed to see that Spring Treasure was there, dressed in rags, his hair unkempt, and hardly larger or taller than he had been three years before. Suddenly she called out with a sob.

"Spring Treasure!"

The other children were startled. As for Spring Treasure, he fled in terror to his father in the house.

In the dirty, gloomy room the woman sat a long time, but not a word passed between her and her husband. When twilight fell on them he lifted her bowed head and said to her:

"You had better get supper ready."

(Continued on page 24)



# Anythin's Better Than Workin' in a Laundry

by Jane Filley and Therese Mitchell

"Our experience has demonstrated that labor must look to its own strength for its salvation," says Mr. Burt, general secretary of the International Laundry Workers' Union. The union is launching an organization campaign to fight to abolish the sweat shop evils of the industry.

● "Is this gonna be printed in the newspapers? 'Cause this job is mighty small, but—"

"Don't worry, we will conceal your name and the laundry where you work."

"Well, anythin's better than workin' in a laundry."

With a carefully prepared list of questions in their handbags, members of the League of Women Shoppers have gone at night to the homes of laundry workers in Harlem, in adjoining Spanish-speaking neighborhoods and in East Side tenement districts. The League is making an investigation of that industry to get an accurate picture of existing conditions and their effect on the home lives of the workers.

The following interview was selected as being typical of the majority of those obtained so far by the League.

We present here a woman who considers herself one of the best in her trade. One might assume that such a competent worker would not be affected by the Supreme Court's decision. Yet, she is living in fear of what her employer may do now that he is free to cut wages. Struggling as she has been even with the guaranteed wage, a cut in salary means catastrophe.

● "I'm a press operator and I gets \$13.02 a week. I works 9 hours a day on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 6 hours on Monday, and 10 hours on Friday. But those 10 hours on Friday is worth more than a day and a half's work. When I come home all I can do is fall down. The boss makes us work like hell so that he won't have to pay us overtime for comin' in on Saturday.

"It's a rush all the time—they never think you do enough for what they pay you. Ever since the N.R.A. there's been a terrible speed-up. Instead of takin' on more girls, he left off some and made the rest of us work twice as fast to make up for it. Anythin's better than workin' in a laundry—you gotta be a horse to stand it.

"Before the N.R.A. I was makin' \$9 a

week wages and the mangle girls only \$7 or \$8 a week. The mangle girls is the lowest. There's no special training needed for that. The N.R.A. raised those wages to 12.40 a week but the speed-up is somethin' awful. The shirt girls make \$1.25 for 100 shirts and it's just like fightin' a war—they're wet from here down [she motions from her neck to below her waist] runnin' to make money. The blouse girls gets a penny a blouse for foldin' and pressin' a blouse and that's a lot of work!

"The minimum wage law did help. Now that it's repealed we haven't feel any of it yet, but we'se expectin' it. They're talkin' like they might cut wages. Some men who were walkin' around the boss heard tell of it. The bosses expect so much out of a girl—it's so unjust! He would cut now if he weren't afraid but he don't know how strong we are.

"You see, we had a union. We had about 60 head signed up. But one fellow signed up and went and told the boss about us. The boss kept throwin' threats and then he fired three fellows. He's against the union! He told us before he'd have a union he'd close the doors. That's what scared the girls and they started droppin' out. Girls who've been workin' there so long have lost all hope. When we approached some of them about our union they just says, 'I wouldn't do nothin'.' I told him he could fire me—I could get another job because I'm a good worker. It would help us so if we could get all the girls! He wouldn't fire me if all the other girls would walk out, but some of them wouldn't see that women work like horses in a laundry—you gotta be strong to stand it.

"Some customers wouldn't send their clothes to the laundry if they knew what it was like there. I've been there four years and it has never been washed up since I been there. The floors and windows haven't been washed since I know of. If you drop somethin' on the floor it has to be washed all over again. It's a terrible dump, I'm

tellin' you. The ladies' toilet is clean now since the Board of Health got after the boss. Workin' conditions is unhealthy, too. When I'm pressin' it's so hot, sometimes I don't smell nothin' but steam. *Is it hot!*

"But my health's purty fair from all I do. Last year I was sick 5 weeks from overwork. I just felt weak and collapsed at the press. I was run down and needed rest. I found out for myself that it was from overwork, for after the first week out I felt like a different person. Pay-me? Pay me ne' mind! He didn't even send me an orange! He kept sendin' for me to come back to work all the time. They don't like to get rid of good peoples. The only way to get a vacation is to just stay home, 'cause if you don't feel good it doesn't matter to the boss. You work for them till you fall down and what credit do you get? They don't care what happens to you.

"My daughter works in my laundry and gets \$15 a week, but she can't help me none 'cause she has a kid to support. First she did housework in 1931, but she didn't like the company she had to keep so I kept her home. I wish she would change from workin' in a laundry. She has a much better education than me. She went through one and a half years of high school. I tried to get her to change but she won't—I guess because she likes to be around me.

"We spend every penny. There's nothin' left. I can't afford a savings account 'cause I have to take care of my mother. I send her \$2 or \$3 a week dependin' on what I can spare. Mother is down South now. I miss her so much 'cause she used to do the cookin' for us and I'm too tired to do it at night, though I got to do it now. I'm even too tired to go to the movies and when I read I just falls asleep.

"Yes, sir! I spends every bit of my \$13 a week. Besides helpin' mother, I spend \$3.50 for rent, \$.50 for fuel and electricity, \$4 for food (and that's not much), \$.50 for carfare goin' back and forth, \$.45 for insurance and I have \$1.00 left for clothes, little odd things and recreation. So, you see how can there be anythin' left—not even for doctors. And now if they're gonna cut wages as I hears, what are we gonna do? It's so unjust. Things has got to get better!"



● At least one organization took me literally last month when I asked you all to leave no stone or pebble unturned in getting us new readers. The Women's League Against the High Cost of Living, in Detroit, Michigan, seems to have turned over enough pebbles to have caused an avalanche. They not only sold 500 copies of the July issue but spread circulars all over the city announcing its arrival. They are just a little ahead of their sister league in Minneapolis, which takes 300 copies each month but who is a little more spry as far as subscriptions are concerned.

That reminds me to remind you that the contest is still on in full force. A good way to keep cool these hot days is to get into the swim of our contest. The water is fine and it's still anybody's race, so if you haven't as yet started, plunge right in and no back-strokes allowed.

The following letter from Chicago, Illinois, warms the cockles of our heart. It very definitely proves to doubters and shoulder shruggers, that THE WOMAN TODAY is an inspiration to women who want to get together and organize, be it clubs, unions, peace organizations, or what have you.

Dear Editors: We fully agree with Mrs. Burnette of Marissa, Illinois, when she says that it is like going to college in your own kitchen, for housewives to read so educational a magazine as THE WOMAN TODAY. It was given to me by a friend and in that issue there was an article about building Woman Today Clubs.

I belonged to a sewing club which was a get-together affair once a week, darning socks, mending, cake and coffee, etc. I took THE WOMAN TODAY to the sewing club and passed it around. The following month fourteen copies were sold. A change took place in our get-together club which is now called The Woman Today Club. In that month's issue appeared an announcement that the American League Against War and Fascism decided to call a meeting and social in our neighborhood for Mother's Day. The attendance at this meeting was about forty. It was not a large meeting but it held much inspiration to fight against wars. It was decided at this meeting that a resolution be sent to the President and the Governor, saying that the greatest tribute to all Mothers would be Peace and that we endorse the People's Mandate to Governments circulated by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Through this meeting a Mother's Club in a vicinity close by asked if we would give them assistance in arranging a similar meeting. To this meeting I invited several of our parent and teacher members who did not attend our first meeting and through them I was approached by a representative of the American Legion Woman's Auxiliary to take part in a Peace Sketch

## Our Readers Write



Edited by Bessie Byrd

for their FIDAC Program. FIDAC means "Federation of Allied Former Combatants" and this organization embraces ten European Countries and the United States. FIDAC was organized on July 4th, 1920 in Paris. The program of the organization includes: To work for peace, to defend the rights of ex-service men and their dependents as well as those of the victims of the war. The American Legion and its women's auxiliaries belong to the FIDAC. The women of the Legion auxiliary are working very hard in promoting their auxiliary for the sake of preserving peace as many of them still hold fresh in their minds the horrors of the last war and do not want to see another. We women can work jointly with all organizations that are for peace. We must make our voices heard and also inform other organizations of the dangers of war and fascism. THE WOMAN TODAY is doing much in helping us in this work. It has given us a different outlook on life.

I have related the experience learned through THE WOMAN TODAY and hope others will relate theirs through its columns. I am sending \$1.00 for a yearly subscription to our magazine.

C. B. G.  
Woman Today Club  
Chicago, Ill.

Now doesn't that want to make you go out and start a Woman Today Club in your own neighborhood? It isn't enough just to get together to sew and talk, there must be something bigger and more binding, like working towards peace, for W. P.A. day nurseries, as has already been established in New York City, for more schools and low cost government housing. These issues you will admit are important to all women and if only they would get together and demand these things collectively, they certainly would bring about results.

From the much talked of city of Minneapolis (see page 30) comes a letter of sincere praise, sent by Mrs. Jean W. Wittich.

Dear Editors: Several issues of THE WOMAN TODAY with its array of brilliant contributors, have reached me through my friend, Mrs. Charles Lundquist of Minneapolis.

You have embarked upon an interesting

adventure which I sincerely hope will prove successful. When *The Woman Citizen* had to discontinue publication some years ago, I was extremely sorry. Undoubtedly you are profiting by some of its mistakes as evidenced by your attempt to supply material of interest to all women, making a universal appeal.

As I contemplate upon the present status of women from my years of experience and training in the political, the social welfare, and the business worlds, I find many points of encouragement in a picture rather generally discouraging, one of which is THE WOMAN TODAY.

There is every reason to predict that your publication will be one of the greatest factors in arousing women to the realization that this country needs their contribution and that they need its protection. Not until women learn how to work together effectively, will they command the recognition their ability deserves.

With very best wishes for an ever increasing circulation, I am,

*Another well wisher*

It is much too warm to eulogize but letters like these certainly make me generate heat, which makes energy, which makes a better magazine.

Speaking of heat, here comes a letter from the deep South:

To the Editors: I wish to express my appreciation for the wonderful work you have begun with the editing of THE WOMAN TODAY.

A friend of mine sent me the June issue and I want to tell you how splendid I think it is. But, the women of today really need to read and think along the lines which your publication is following. It is time for women to become acquainted with the social and economic problems of the nation, and the world, and if you can build up your circulation enough they will.

I don't know whether you have an exchange column or not but I think it might be a good idea to have one column devoted to what women are doing in the other nations in order to give us an inspiration and bind us all closer together.

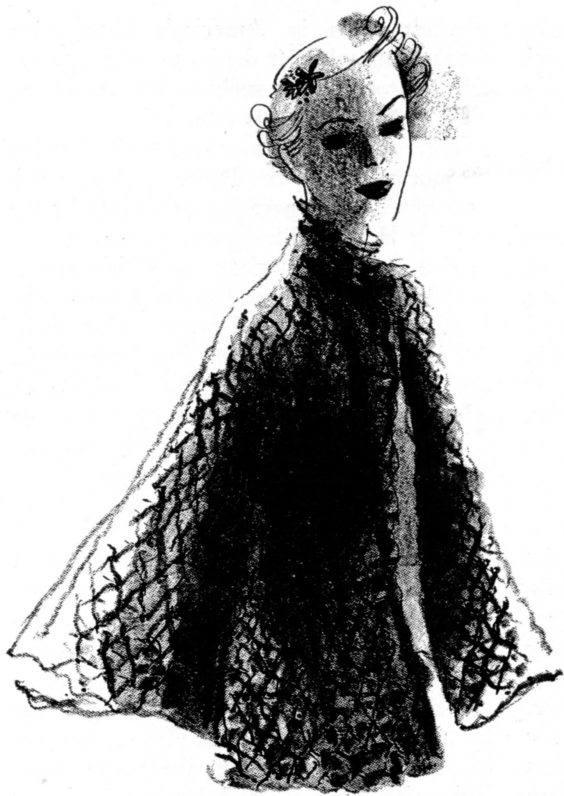
Yours very truly,

ALFA HULSEY

A timely suggestion and one that will be put into practice. Not enough is heard about women in European and Colonial countries and how bravely they are struggling against adverse conditions. Particularly in fascist Germany, where women are relegated to a plane that one would expect to find only in the Dark Ages, are they carrying on a constant and persistent campaign with their men, against this unbelievably bestial regime.

*(Continued on page 28)*

THE WOMAN TODAY



# FASHION LETTER

● Ah, Paris. . . . Paris has discovered smocking. And some evening dresses are now being shown with the skirts smocked *all over*. Wouldn't it be funny if those smocking directions we printed a couple of months ago—oh well, I guess not.

Anyway, all over smocking makes a glamorous if rococo-looking fabric, though I'd prefer it in smaller doses. A short circular summer evening cape of it would be about right floating smartly over a plain dress.

Do your smocking over all before you cut. May I add that this is a garment to be worn with a certain amount of giddyap and a twinkle in the eye.

I think right here I might mention my old obsession, the scarf. A tidy little rectangle of smocked chiffon tucked into the neck of your dress would be new, ducky, beautiful, interesting. If it's oriental gorgeousness you crave, sew on a pearl bead each time you fasten the thread, thus accenting each little smock. The edges can be bound—or if you prefer, make a tiny rolled hem, first undoing the smocking nearest the edge, in order to turn under. After hemming, resmock if necessary. Attach a scarf to the neck.

## Our readers write

● “If we make our own clothes and don't wear bras was can make our waist fronts double, thus eliminating the necessity of top underwear in hot weather as well as the waste of nervous energy consumed in dragging up straps.

“Your column is as good as the other articles of your excellent publication. Your magazine is much needed and I will do all I can to increase its circulation. Very truly yours, M. W.”

Excerpt from another letter: “As for the contents of the magazine—is it really necessary to lure women readers with cooking recipes and style and beauty notes? We are rather overwhelmed with that sort of thing already, it seems to us. But the really important thing about your publication, we feel, is that it does tend to perpetuate that most evil segregation of the sexes, in the matter of working-class organization and solidarity. Regretfully, L. O. and E. McN.”

We wonder if these opposing points of view are fairly representative of our readers.



## Do you want patterns?

● It is, shortly, going to be possible for us to show three or four dress patterns each month together with detailed suggestions by fashion experts for their most effective use. Also there will be available a shopping service, through which the suggested fabrics and accessories may be purchased, if desired.

We have spent a desperate hour making a questionnaire to lure you. Will you fill it out and send by return mail?

*This is what we need to know*

Please check squares:

1. Would you be interested in patterns with color, fabric and style suggestions?
2. Do you make your own clothes?  Always  Sometimes
3. Do you make your children's clothes?  Sometimes  Always
4. Would you use a shopping service?
- Remarks:
5. In what age group are you most interested—patternly speaking? Infants  Children  Juniors  Matrons
6. Are you often able to use the suggestions on this page?

*Thank You  
Every One*

## WE, THE YOUNG PEOPLE

(Continued from page 9)

Recreation .....	.00
Insurance and savings .....	.00
Incidentals .....	.39

Total \$8.95

One day investigators may find Margaret's budget greatly reduced, to the glory of economy and the thrifty life. One day they may find lying on her rickety table in her \$4.50 room (with gas plate) this notation:

### Margaret's Budget, Last Day

Food .....	\$ .00
Clothing (new and repairs) .....	.00
Laundry and cleaning .....	.00
Carfare .....	.00
Medical and dental care .....	.00
Recreation .....	.00
Insurance and savings .....	.00
Incidentals .....	.10

Total .10

And a footnote will explain apologetically to the investigators that the 10 cents squandered on "incidentals" went for the luxurious purchase of a rope with which to hang herself.

Extravagant, thriftless Margaret! She might have dived, free, from the Brooklyn Bridge.

Much has been said of the havoc wrought by the World War on the world of today. More or less realistic writers have pointed out that among the millions of slain were those then young people who, alive today, might have become our leaders or foremost citizens, that with them alive we perhaps should not have reached the chaos in which we are today. How much more true this is of what will happen in the future because of the present condition of our own generation! Unless another generation descends from the stars, it is we who are the America of tomorrow; yet we are undergoing an economic catastrophe whose results are bound to be more disastrous than those of any war. Our generation of women is responsible for a future generation of American citizens. Broken in health from unemployment or cruel working conditions, miserable and uncertain of the future from day to day, prevented from working or driven into jobs at intolerable wages and hours—of what unhappy kind of generation can we become the mothers?

If we are unemployed, thousands of us cannot marry for economic reasons. If we are working, we cannot marry for fear of losing our jobs. In at least one major city some time ago, official attention was called to the fact that hundreds of women in teaching and government jobs, which cannot be held by married women in many places, were in fact married but without

## SLAVE WIFE

(Continued from page 20)

She forced herself to rise, and went to a corner of the room. After a moment she said weakly:

"The rice bin is empty."

The man gave a sardonic smile.

"You have been living in the house of

benefit of the law's sanction. If we do marry, as thousands do regardless of lack of guarantee for the future, the law's denial to us of common sense birth control information, readily available to such women as can afford private physicians, is only too apt to wreck our lives.

To its own eventual damnation, our country is doing little for us. Legislation for the welfare of women, if passed at all, is unenforced or voided by court decisions. Relief is sparse. Provisions for maternity insurance, for minimum wages, for decent conditions are in most places non-existent. Yet this problem is one of vital concern to the future of our entire nation.

### Young People Moving

But whatever the government may not be doing, girls and young women in schools, in factories, and on the relief rolls are beginning to do for themselves. Gradually a youth movement of tremendous proportions is spreading throughout the country. Not yet do we have groups organized for the interests of all young women, unless it be the Gold Star Mothers of Future Wars, but we do have hundreds and thousands of girls active in the struggle for the objective which is the solution to immediate problems—peace, freedom and progress.

That young women and men from churches, schools, relief rolls, homes, settlement houses—from Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Communist, Socialist, unemployed, Republican, Democratic and other groups—could band together in active struggle for a single program would have been unbelievable three or four years ago. Today it is a fact. The American Youth Congress was just such a banding together, for the primary, elemental rights to life, liberty and happiness, as against the war, fascism and continued insecurity in store for us unless we act today.

For the economic problem is not the only one of vital concern. Just as women were used in basic industries during the world war, so are plans being made to mobilize them during the next—according to our own War Department's Industrial Mobilization Plan. A period of intensive apprentice training, then into the war industries with American womanhood. It is no longer enough that we supply the sons, husbands, and brothers who are soldiers. Certainly we hate war with all the hate women can muster; we know that we have a right to life. But we see our government spending the

the great. Rice? It's in that cigarette box."

That night the man said to his son.

"Spring Treasure, you sleep with your mother."

She lay with wide open eyes on the dirty narrow cot. Spring Treasure lay beside her, strange and unfamiliar. Into her dull brain came the impression that it was Autumn Treasure, fat and lovable, at her

greatest sums in America's history for armaments while it denies us adequate relief appropriations, such as the American Youth Act would provide.

Increasing curtailment of civil liberties, the unearthing of the Black Legion, which undoubtedly was partially originated by the inciting Hearst editorials, are ominous predictions of an American fascist movement already typified by the Liberty League and Hearst. Hitler's proud boast is that without German womanhood's support he could not have risen to power. So it will be in our country; women, and especially we who are young and responsible for the future, can make or break fascism.

### Youth Congress Gives Hope

Hundreds of thousands of young women are awaking to the importance of action—and are acting. The most deeply significant instance, with little doubt, is a very recent one. At Colorado Springs two months ago, the national convention of the Young Women's Christian Association was held, and at the same time the Y's National Industrial Assembly and National Business and Professional Assembly met. In spite of tactful opposition from older national officials, in spite of opposition from the millionaires' wives who contribute large sums to the organization, in spite of the tradition responsible for partially justified attacks on the Y a few years ago as an organization diverting young women's attention from social conditions—in spite of all this, the two national assemblies voted affiliation to the American Youth Congress. The action required courage—the courage which is typical of what our generation of women is capable of displaying.

Young women such as these are learning the vital necessity for unity of action if our own groups are to accomplish their ends. In a broader sense we are learning the importance of uniting Negro and white, workers and unemployed and students, for action on the problems confronting us all.

The American Youth Congress has set itself the task for solving this problem.

With a million and a half young people already behind it, and uncounted new thousands to rally to it—it can well be termed the most important of our youth movements, especially since it includes the other outstanding ones. If we do our part, we may well change the meaning of the old saying, proving—for the young women at least—that there is no fury like that of a scorned and slighted generation of women.

side. She put out her arms to take him without recognizing who he was. In his sleep he had turned over, and she clasped him tight, the boy snoring gently, buried his face in her breast.

Quiet and cold as death the long interminable night dragged on . . . dragged on . . .

By Rose Nelson

# Housewives Get Together...

## We Learn Our Lesson

● Now's the time we feel grateful to the housewives of Detroit, Minneapolis, Chicago, New York and other cities for lessons they have taught. The present drought will make us draw heavily on those lessons.

The *New York Times* of July 7 reports, "On the Chicago Board of Trade all grains bounded to the trading ceiling at the opening sessions. . . . Closing quotations were at the top, new seasonal highs for all cereals. . . . The feverish speculative buying stimulated by the drought shot corn up 4 cents, oats 3 cents and rye 5 cents in the leading markets."

A United Press dispatch from Washington, dated July 8, states that "the drought drove food prices upward throughout the nation. . . . housewives' purses will be hit still harder." And Commissioner Isador Lubin of the Labor Statistics Bureau announced that at the beginning of July the housewife had to pay the most to feed her family since April, 1931.

Of course, we don't need the newspapers to tell us that the cost of living is going up, but these reports do indicate that the emergency is nation-wide. Which gives the housewives of the nation an opportunity to get together.

And get together we must. We have seen how, in the drought years of 1930 and 1934, the food monopolies not only raised prices, but raised them out of all proportion to actual necessity. Like the war profiteers, these food monopolists tried to make as much money as possible out of the misery and poverty of millions of farmers and city dwellers. And they'll try it again, and it's up to us to stop them.

One more quote—this from the *World-Telegram* of July 9: Sugar has shown an increase of a few cents on ten-pound lots . . . but grocers said there was no cause for a rise of sugar prices except *in sympathy with a general trend.*"

It was a situation such as this that caused housewives to organize in many cities. In Minneapolis there was a three-day meat boycott that made prices come down. Chicago housewives directed their activities against the packing houses who

had taken advantage of the situation to raise meat prices sky-high. In Los Angeles 10,000 women and men took part in the fight against the high cost of living, and in Detroit the organization of housewives resulted in the election of one of their number, Mrs. Mary Zuk, to the Hamtramck City Council, where she can better protect their interests.

Chicago, Detroit and New York housewives sent a delegation to President Roosevelt last year to protest against rising living costs. Minneapolis women secured the cooperation and support of the small storekeepers and farmers, who themselves are at the mercy of the food monopolies. Wilkes Barre, Paterson, St. Louis and many other cities can report similar actions.

Thanks, again, to the housewives of those cities for what they have taught. We shall act on those lessons! Let us pledge that, where no organization exists, we will organize block and neighborhood committees to combat these high prices. Let us get our neighbors to send petitions and delegations to wholesale markets, offices of food trusts, market commissioners and government bodies to stop these increases.

## This Proves It

● D. G. writes from Chicago: "Now about the Committee Against the High Cost of Living. Since our last campaign, as a result of which meat prices came down here, we have not been very active. However, last week we were able to prevent a 3 per cent increase in electric rates. One Wednesday in June, the papers here announced that the rates would go up on Saturday of that same week. In two days we succeeded in getting the support of Mr. Knuckles of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and also an announcement over the radio addressed to the consumers of Chicago. A delegation was formed and we got a hearing on Friday, even though the case had been closed on Tuesday. We met with the Illinois Commerce Commission, which promised that the increase would not take place *for at least ten months.*"

## A Lower Class Than Horses

● Is your family on relief? If so, you've no rights, according to Judge Wayne G. Borah of the Federal District Court of Louisiana. Judge Borah denied citizenship to four applicants, whose papers were otherwise in order, because they were on the New Orleans relief rolls. This decision has been described by Ernest L. Meyer as "a



Lucille Corcos

decision that puts humans in a lower class than horses," and by David Lasser of the Workers Alliance as a "fascistic measure."

## On the Job

● The League of Women Shoppers of N.Y.C., has been continuing its vigorous campaign against the Borden Farm Products Co. for denying their workers the right to belong to a union of their own choosing.

League members staged a "Fashion Parade" Picket Line in front of Ohrbach's one day last month to protest against the lockout of forty-five Ohrbach employees for their activities in Local 1250 of the Department Store Employees Union. Dressed in riding habits, culottes, beach apparel and formal afternoon clothes, they carried placards bearing slogans "these clothes were not bought at Ohrbach's," "I am free for afternoon tea, Ohrbach workers are not free to organize," etc. This picket line was a novel departure from the regular picketing of League members at Ohrbach's.

The New Jersey League of Women Shoppers, organized just four months ago, is using consumer pressure against Ohrbach's in Newark, and is investigating the strike of the Borden Company in Elizabeth.

The San Francisco League of Women Shoppers is organizing women against high food prices. They state: "Too long have we sat at home and hoped that someone else would improve the situation. Members of labor unions raised their wages by organizing; but the prices of food have risen higher than the increase in wages. We, the consumers, can also do something about high prices by organizing."

The hot summer months are a critical time for very young babies and new magazines. The latter have an especially thin time of it.

The WOMAN TODAY deserves better because she is YOUR BABY. Go after that possible subscriber TODAY and show her the handsome dotted line, page 32.





her . .



Lucille Corcos

## A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 11)

mit, and at his side, a ready brother, walked the editor of the *Dunmow News*, Stanton Renfrow.

Renfrow was of that blessed tribe, the born conciliators. He had come to reassure the strikers. His paper would open its columns freely to them. They could get their cause before the public. Of course, the operators would be given the same opportunity. But there would be no discrimination. The strike news would be printed, as it was never printed in other centers of trouble, and no statements unfair to the workers would be given out, except as individual opinions. All he asked of them was to keep within the law and do no violence. To trust to the justice, the fairness, the sanity, of the fine people of Dunmow. And he would add this. They couldn't do better than to choose Mr. Kearns as their spokesman and mediator. He had been talking with Mr. Kearns for the last three hours, and he was certain that any policy advanced by him would accord with citizenship in its highest meaning. And so, the best of luck!

They watched him depart, with murmurs that were mostly approval. The permit proved to be generous, a blanket affair giving them permission to assemble and discuss their problems for the period of the strike. Kik explained that the generous provisions were due to the mediation of Mr. Renfrow. It was hastily decided to meet in the auditorium of the Francis Marion High School that evening at seven o'clock. This would barely give them time to spread the word, and, if fortune was with them, to find supper.

● At seven they met. The auditorium was jammed with workers. Workers sat on the steps and flowed into the yard. A large group collected on the playground. Within the building, Chairman Kik Kearns sat on the platform. At his left was Stanton Renfrow, at his right sat Barnes, the city manager. Thus propped and pillared, Kik would certainly be able to keep the meeting in hand. Precaution was necessary. All Dunmow had heard of the Ruggs-Gowan incident. But there was no hint from the platform that the incredible thing had happened. It must be ignored; and if this did not obliterate it as a fact, it would at least mitigate its effect.

Kik introduced Mr. Barnes, who expressed his faith in the strong, substantial working population of the city, of which the community was so justly proud. Dunmow had always stood before the world as an example of harmony between capital and labor. Fairness on both sides had persisted since the beginning of their industrial era. Here was Mr. Renfrow, the brilliant editor of their reliable daily, ready to act as their negotiator. No one would give them

fairer consideration, no one had their well-being more at heart. He introduced Mr. Renfrow.

Mr. Renfrow talked for some time, in the well-chosen phrases that he always used. He complimented the workers, and was fair to their antagonists. "You, my friends, are well aware that some of the mills have been making barely enough to warrant continued operation. The owners have realized what it would mean to you if they should close down. That has been borne on their heart," etcetera, etcetera. . . .

The speaker was handed a glass of water, which gave opportunity for applause. This was not forthcoming, but the silence was friendly. It seemed mingled with an apology to the speaker for not conveying the admiration they had for him personally. Renfrow, handsome, charming and undoubtedly sincere, was the most popular man in the city's public life. He now had the pleasure, he said, of putting before them one from their own ranks, one whom both sides in this unfortunate controversy could implicitly trust. Through his prudence and sagacity there was no doubt that a speedy settlement could be obtained. Mr. Kapton Ira Kearns.

Kik began his first platform speech. His inexperienced knees shook a little, but his voice was unhesitating. Sincerity oozed from it. Ishma, in the audience, watched him anxiously. Nothing in Kik indicated his undefeatable qualities that their leader must have. The forehead was narrow, the



temples pinched-in, the mouth undetermined. The eyes, however, were piercing, and steady with conviction. With those eyes, and that high, narrow forehead, he might easily be a fanatic. A fanatic without depth of thought or broad plan of action, holding destructively to his little mapped-out road.

He began gently, telling his fellow workers that he would try not to disappoint them. "We understand our troubles, and we believe it is only necessary to have others understand them. Then the Golden Rule will take care of them. We know that all is not easy with our employers. We appreciate their difficulties in the market, and will make no unreasonable demands. All we ask for is a wage on which we can live with decency. We will make that clear to the public. We walked off our jobs without organization, and only after wage cuts had reduced our living below a survival rate. We wish to work in harmony with the other half of the industrial whole—capi-

tal. We want it known that we sponsor no unlawful conduct."

Here an undulating flutter in the audience brought the Ruggs-Gowan incident vividly to the collective mind. Kik felt it, and hastened on. "We appeal to all sober-minded strikers—and I hope that includes every one of us—to discourage every instance of disorder. We want to make our street demonstrations with dignity, and keep away from mills not interested in our dispute.

"Now about our demands. Up to April first we enjoyed a wage scale on which we could at least live. We are going to ask for a restoration of that scale.

"Mr. Renfrow has assured me that several of the owners have intimated that they will meet this scale if all other mills will meet it. And that promises an early rescue for us. We know that boarding one hundred dozen half-hose is a full day's work. For that work we have been cut to \$1.50 a day. No family can live on it. In addition, we get only part-time work, which further reduces our income. This means starvation, or living on relief which is semi-starvation and mental torture. We are men and women who respect ourselves and love our families. We cannot accept this wage. Our committees will go into session tonight and prepare our statement. The operators have kindly agreed to wait up all night. Our demands will be presented to them by no less a person than Mr. Stanton Renfrow. By tomorrow morning we shall have our answer. We must work for a rapid adjustment, for on that depend profits, on profits depend wages, and on wages depend our lives."

The moment of pause which followed was ended by a woman's voice, the voice of Ishma. "Some of the owners claim that they are making no profits. If that is true, are we to starve?"

The question was like a tongue of fire springing suddenly on a dark hearth. Kik took a small hurried step backwards. Barnes cleared his throat. The woman had risen and was waiting for her answer. Renfrow rose and spoke with the perfected voice of a mediator.

"Many questions will occur to us as we struggle with our difficulties. But it will be best to set another time for their consideration. Action is the word for us now. We must proceed with our plan as announced by Chairman Kearns if we are to have an answer from the manufacturers tomorrow."

Jim Conover was on his feet. "All right, friend. But can't we try to answer one question? Where there are no profits, what are we to do? That's bothering us a lot. What are we to do?"

Kik got his balance. "In that case it seems to me that God alone can direct us. We will ask Him for guidance. And I am

(Continued on page 28)



# Taking your face in hand

by Leona Howard

Drawings by Horté

● In these articles we propose to deal with self-improvement, item by item, month by month. Already hair and scalp conditions and superfluous hips have been disposed of, editorially at least, and we proceed to the face which so often is a secret sorrow.

Show us the woman entirely devoid of interest in her appearance and we'll show you the woman who considers herself hopelessly unattractive. This is a defeatist attitude no one should hold, for there is no such thing as a woman whose appearance can't be improved to some extent. We have the word of all the higher-ups in the beauty business and our own experience to substantiate that, and what we are here to say is that the methods that cost nothing are often the methods that achieve the most. Maybe beauty is as beauty does, but it's a lot easier to look at a fair maiden than a fowl.

Did you know that there are exercises to re-shape your face as well as your figure? One of the most celebrated of the beauty specialists teaches you (at great expense) how to keep the contour of your face young and smooth, and the following are routines culled from her method. True, you look foolish enough executing these facial maneuvers, but twenty times a day, after a few months, will convince you that you're not looking half-witted to no purpose. They really work, and they cost nothing, no gadgets or beauty balms being necessary.

1. Muscles that sag and give your face an aged, defeated look can be dealt with in one manner by filling the mouth with air and puffing jerkily against the innards of the cheeks and upper lip, with the lips slightly parted. A trumpet player does this every time he plays his little trumpet, so it's probably very difficult to find a wrinkled trumpeter.

2. For double chin and droopy jowls: Tip back the head, open wide the mouth, then close it by slowly pulling up the lower jaw to

meet the upper. You can feel the pull on your neck muscles when you do this, and so can they, for they become less flabby every time they re exercisid properly.

3. Another exercise for neck and chin: Do the trumpet player (No. 1) while rotating the head. This makes for a slight dizziness until you get the hang of it, but the results are worth the trouble.

4. Pinching, but nothing vicious: Between the thumb and index finger make gentle little plucking motions at the flesh of the face and neck. Starting from the chin, go along the jawbone to the ear lobe. Then start again at the nose and make a complete circle around the eye, using a gentler technique. Smooth the frown (some people call them concentration) lines between your eyes with this same pinching motion, commencing at the nose and going straight up the forehead to the hair line. Pinch all over the forehead too, it helps circulation.

5. This is a fine preventive as well as corrective measure used by many of the current cinema beauties to keep their chins from multiplying and their facial contours young. It's known as kneading the face, which is just what you do when you place the second joints of your half-closed fists at the base of your neck and walk each bent finger separately up the throat to the chin. The knuckles, instead of the customary fingertips, do the work. Knead under the jawbone to the ear lobe. Knead from the center of the chin to the depression lines that run from the mouth to the corner of the nose, then up to the temples. Knead over to the frown lines again, and give them extra time because they're stubborn.

If you are dry-skinned you can smooth a little plain cold cream on your skin before doing these exercises—it kills two birds, for the cream has a chance to lubricate the skin while the muscles are being exercised.

After you've put the face through its paces, it's a good idea to further jerk up circulation by an astringent. By now it is no secret that ice water is the best astringent available, and the only drawback to this, as seen by the cosmetic manufacturers, is the fact that they can't bottle it prettily and sell it for a dollar for eight ounces.

If you have an oily skin, with a tendency toward large pores, add alcohol to cold water for an especially effective astringent. Follow this method:

Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with ice water, wring it out and make a roll of it. Pour some alcohol on the end, and slap your face and neck with it, working always upward, never down. It's the downward lines that you're trying to eradicate or prevent, and the best way to do it is to work in the opposite direction. Slap the little wet cushion back and forth over the forehead and cheeks, and upward from the mouth corners to the nose. Then pat it, less enthusiastically, under the eyes, an area which should never receive strenuous massage, for the muscles there are very delicate.



Next month there will be an article on the gentle art of make-up, which, without looking theatrical, can often rearrange an entire set of unsatisfactorily placed features, minimizing a too aggressive nose, closely set eyes, an over-wide face, thin lips and other remediable faults. Are you listening?



## A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 26)

reminded that so far this meeting has proceeded without once calling our great Helper for blessing and direction. That I do solemnly, here and now. May we feel Him at our side with every step we take."

"Yeah!" called a voice, "but He don't have to eat!"

"Shut up!" shouted some one near the irreverent voice. "Shut up, Eph Clarkson!" All the room was billowing in choppy waves

"Who is the woman?" asked Barnes of Renfrow, under the commotion. "She started this intentionally."

"I don't know," Renfrow answered. "But such elements must be eliminated. A hot-head could start a fire any time now. We must protect the strikers from themselves," he added, with generous concern.

Kik was speaking again. "I think that what we need before dismissal for our business session, and the choosing of our committees, is a stirring hymn. Will some friend or brother kindly lead with a song familiar to us all?"

"Isn't this a time for thought, not song?" protested Ishma, as the meeting pulled into Kik's side-track.

But the chairman had begun to feel the strikers under his hand. "We have no place in our ranks," he cried, "for doubters and blasphemers and stirrers-up of strife! We know where our real help lies. We will seek it from the hand of the Almighty. Will some good brother—"

He had no need to finish the request. A strong voice began rolling like a tide. "Guide me, I thou great Jehovah!" Ishma felt her blood coursing like a stream of chilling water as she recognized the voice of Britt. The next moment the building was ringing with the hymn. Men and women took it up as if they were seizing a life-line. Hearts swelled and warmed. Courage was renewed. Renewed for what? They didn't quite know. What were they to do? They didn't quite know. But their hearts were swollen and warm. They would follow their leader.

When the different groups began to choose spokesmen, Ishma was ignored. Ten minutes before, she would certainly have been chosen. Now eyes fell, or turned away. When all but the committees were dismissed, she and Britt found each other and started for home.

"I thought you were too busy with the rye to get into town, Britt?"

"I thought so too until you got away. Then it wasn't important. I didn't know what might happen in here."

"You needn't have been afraid." Her voice was heavy and sad. "This is a place where nothing will ever happen. They will spurt up, like pulling the Ruggs-Gowan switches, then drop back deeper than ever."

"You didn't like it 'cause I started that song."

"I guess it didn't matter much."

"It quieted things down."

"Yes. I believe they were starting to think. To think together. Jim Conover had got it started."

"Startin' to fight, more likely. I couldn't have you gettin' into it like that. I'm glad if I stopped 'em. You can take keer of the world if you want to, but I'm takin' keer of you."

"Oh, Britt, I can't talk to you."

"No, but you can kiss me, kain't you?"

She leaned her face to his, but her heart was sore, and her mind jangled like a live but broken bell.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when Ishma reached Dunmow. She entered the room with her heart in her shoes. What was the use? But within the town she felt something different in the air. As she turned the corners she could see, down every street, groups of strikers apparently in eager conference. All was animation. No drooping, no dejection. In fact, there were hints of splendid anger in the toss of a head here and there, the gesture of an uplifted arm, or the sharp ring of a voice.

On Wrenn Street, as soon as she was out of her car, three strikers hurried to her—Red Ewing, Jim Conover and Margaret Stacey.

"We want you," they called. And Margaret ran up to her. "The committee didn't get our proposal to the bosses last night. They were talked out of it. Persuaded that it would look better to wait until the bosses made an offer. What we asked for would turn them purple. It wouldn't do to get them mad right at the start. They'd stiffen up and then we wouldn't get anything. We've got to act like ladies and gentlemen even if we starve like flies! We've got to pretend that eat-



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## OUR READERS WRITE

(Continued from page 22)

Let us not allow that to happen here. Our readers' suggestions towards organizing women to demand rights that are due them and theirs, to maintain peace, are concrete means of keeping such un-American forms of government out of America. You women are a powerful force for peace. Realize your power and use it. Women all over the world feel exactly as you do toward war. Help keep war out of America by working with them to keep war out of the world.

ing and starving is all the same to us and stand around and wait!"

"Didn't send our proposal! And Kik stood for that?" Ishma turned to Red and Jim. "Did he?"

"Well, he didn't stand up against it. But I think it was that feller Hickman that did most of the persuadin'. He's Kik's shadder now."

"And we're waiting for an offer from the bosses?"

"No, we've got it. They've made us mad all right."

"That's something. What did they say?"

"They say they'll take us back again just where we were when we walked out. They'll forgive us and let us work for 'em as if nothing had happened. We'll be their good little boys and girls again."

"It's true," said Margaret, as Ishma stared. "You needn't stand there trying to swallow all the air in the street. They actually did the thing."

"Offered us nothing?"

"They don't know that anything has happened," said Jim. "We've got to show 'em. That's what we're all talkin' about now. We're mad enough to start anything. Only we don't know what to start. That's where we need you."

Ishma asked if any of the strikers wanted to give up and go back. "Well, a few of 'em did," Red admitted. "But we've got 'em shut up."

Ishma looked up and down the street, her darkened eyes showing rapid thought. The curb on both sides was lined with cars. Worn cars, patched cars—five, seven, ten years old—safe, unsafe, and dubious.

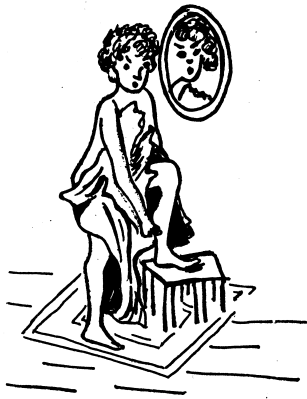
"What are all these cars for? Is the whole countryside in town?"

"Just about it. And we've borrowed ever' car we could get hold of. The farmers are helping out with trucks, and some of the shopkeepers too. We're all goin' to pile into them and drive about town. We're goin' over to Blairwood section and howl under the windows of prosperity. We'll let Dunmow see us. We've decided on that much. But it's not enough."

"No. It's not enough. We'll do better than that. We'll mobilize for a purpose, not just a show. We can't waste all this good anger. The workers will flow together now. We'll go to every plant in the two counties—Whitlow and Camberston—and stop every wheel. We'll do to every plant exactly what was done to Ruggs--Gowan," Ishma spoke defiantly.

Jim's eyes were flashing. Red struck his hands together. "Sure! That will tell the public something. They'll know a strike's on. We'll do something the operators can't pretend didn't happen. Something they can't hide. And we must get started right away, before anybody cools off."

(Continued in next issue)



# SAVE YOUR SKIN

DR. SADIE ZAIENS

● At this time of the year when most of us are out in the open, be it the beach, mountain or ocean, skin rashes are prone to make their appearance. Exposure of the body to the various elements partially accounts for this seasonal occurrence.

Skin rashes may either be generalized, covering the greater part of the body, or may be localized to specific areas. A few of the commoner generalized skin conditions are sunburn, food or drug rashes, and those caused by infectious diseases. Localized rashes may include single lesions such as those caused by insect bites or more extensive lesions which may be caused by exposure to poison ivy, the fungus of "athlete's foot," occupational hazards, etc. With some intelligence and a certain amount of caution these skin disorders are preventable in most instances.

## SUNBURN:

● The average individual knows how her skin will react when first exposed to the sun. These reactions naturally will vary with the amount of pigment in the skin, the extent of the exposed parts and the period of exposure. Brown or olive skins will show very little reaction and will seldom actually receive a burn, whereas very fair skins become red, blistered, painful and itchy with moderate exposure. In preventing sunburn all these factors must be taken into consideration. A brunette need have no fear with moderate care. Blondes and "redheads" should be very careful. A coating of cold cream, olive oil, or cocoanut butter over all parts to be exposed is most important. This precaution will prevent redness, blistering and many uncomfortable hours and on the other hand will result in an even tanning of the skin. The first exposure to the sun should be of short duration. Umbrellas, beach hats and capes will prevent the direct rays of the sun from striking the skin. Treatment of mild cases consists of the application of olive oil or cocoanut butter to the burnt areas. Luke-warm-starch (one box of starch per bath tub of water) or bran baths are very soothing and beneficial. These baths may be taken three or four times a day. Severe cases in which swelling, blistering, fever or pain are present must be treated by a physician.

Proprietary sun-tan lotions should not be used, as most of them stain the skin leaving an ugly brown mark which may last for months.

## POISON IVY:

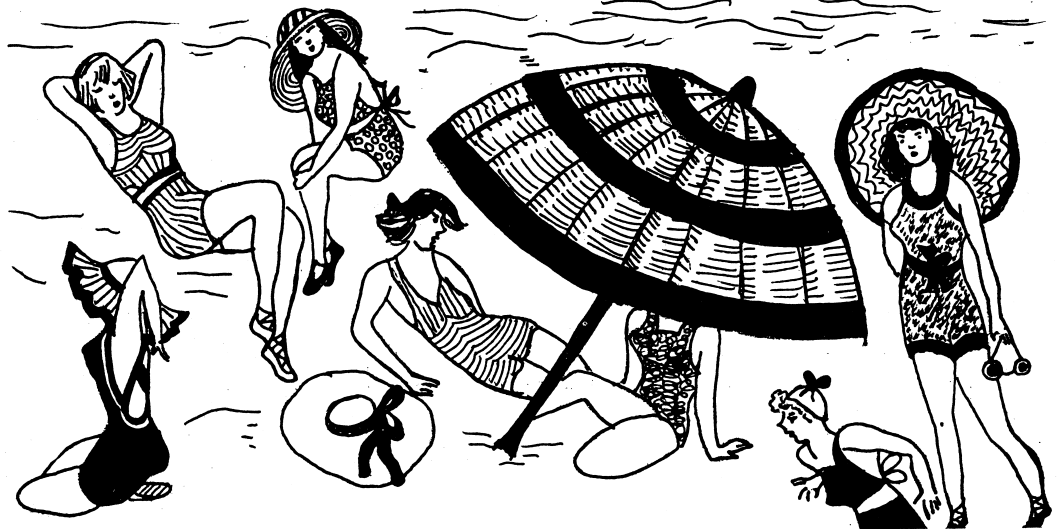
● Allergic skin disorders, of which poison ivy dermatitis is one of the most common forms, may also be seasonal. Individuals who are subject to poison ivy reactions should naturally avoid vicinities in which this plant grows. In those instances where this cannot be done, sensitive individuals may receive prophylactic injections of poison ivy extract, which will desensitize the skin. This form of treatment has given excellent results in over 80 per cent of the cases. It is a simple procedure and very effective. Hay fever and asthma which are other manifestations of the same reaction, are treated in a like manner. These conditions will be discussed at a later date.

these are usually secondary to the foot infection.

Since rubber bath mats are one of the most common habitats of the causitive fungus, they should be discarded. Cotton bath mats should be changed frequently and boiled with boric acid. Common towels and wash clothes should never be used.

Prevention: Daily change of stockings, socks and shoes is most essential. Frequent bathing with plenty of soap and water and thorough drying of the toes and the spaces between the toes is recommended, as well as the use of medicated talcum powder between the toes.

Treatment: In cases in which there is itching and scaling of the skin between the toes, the wearing of white cotton stockings or socks, is imperative. These are to be changed daily and boiled after each wearing. Daily bathing with diluted solution of



The treatment of poison ivy dermatitis consists of the application of soothing lotions such as Lotion Calamine and zinc. When itching is present starch baths are good. Cases which are characterized by redness, swelling, and oozing should be treated by a physician and not by home remedies.

## "ATHLETE'S FOOT":

● Although this affliction is an all-year-round affair it occurs more frequently in the summer, because of the more liberal use of public showers, swimming pools, etc., where contamination is most prevalent. This skin disorder usually involves the toe nails, and the skin about the toes. Other parts of the body may also be affected but

potassium permanganate (one to five thousand solution) followed by application of Whitfield's ointment to the affected areas. Cases of a more severe nature in which oozing and erosion of the skin are present require more skillful treatment such as wet dressings, x-ray therapy, etc. This treatment should be carried out either in a hospital or under the supervision of a physician at home. Iodine should never be used in "athlete's foot." It will cause a severe burn thereby aggravating the condition markedly.

Sunlight is of unquestioned value, nevertheless there is such a thing as too much of it, and it should be used wisely and cautiously.

## VIEWS ON NEWS

(Continued from page 14)

little for the social and economic improvement of the youth. The National Youth Act (which did not receive favorable action by Roosevelt) was drawn up by the youth themselves and supported by the strength of their own unity. This act will make it possible for the young men and women of America to go forward to a better life. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party are not the saviors of the youth from the dangers of fascism. A stronger American Youth Congress, is the way to ward off fascism.

The women of the Farmer-Labor Party of the State of Minnesota are preparing themselves for state-wide activity in favor of the re-election of Farmer-Labor candidates to the U. S. Senate and state government seats. Their efforts to keep Mrs. Seestrom in the Welfare Board cannot be other than successful due to their much needed work in the election campaign.

A marked beginning in their work this year was the participation of the women of Minneapolis last April 25, in a huge peace parade which included labor unions, peace organizations, cooperatives, cultural societies, legislators, Farmer-Laborites, Democrats, Republicans, Communists and Socialists.

● Ella Reeve Bloor, known as "Mother" to the women workers, steel workers, the coal miners, the farmers, and many more workers in other industries has begun her speaking tour on behalf of the presidential candidates of the Communist Party—Earl R. Browder and James W. Ford.

Her tour will extend through the deep South, on to the Western Coast via the farm areas, back via the steel and mining towns and the large industrial cities of Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, etc., to New York City.

A veteran labor leader for nearly 50 years, she knows and understands the needs and aspirations of the workers. Her 74 years are no barrier to her strenuous activities. On the contrary, they only help to arouse the will on the part of men and women workers and farmers to get up and do things for themselves.

"I intend to bring the plank on the economic and political equality for women and the demand for maternity insurance in the platform of the Communist Party to the women of the nation," she stated just before leaving for her coast-to-coast tour.

● **LOVE — FAMILY LIFE — CAREER:** Behind the Soviet Law Limiting Abortions and Increasing Aid to Mothers. This is a new pamphlet published by THE WOMAN TODAY Publishing Company. The full text of the draft law and the amendments to the completed law are given in this pamphlet.

The most interesting feature about this

law is the way in which it came about. Millions of women and men throughout the Soviet Union in various meetings discussed the draft before it became law. A number of amendments were made to the draft as a result of this discussion. This means that the law really represents the needs of the great masses of women in the entire country.

"Abundance, security, confidence in the future—these are the basic conditions which allow Soviet people to approach the questions of motherhood and family relations in a new way. Real love and comradeship between husband and wife, real affection and care for children are given every opportunity to flourish. In such a situation there can be no room for light-mindedness and irresponsibility in sexual relationship—all the more since the consequences bear most heavily upon the children of the offenders—hence the provisions of the new law designed to enforce parental responsibility." These remarks preface the text of the law in the pamphlet. And the women in the Soviet Union bear witness to these statements.

A. I. Vorobyeva, a school teacher who has four children, including twins had this to say: "My personal life was very unhappy and but for my children I should have been most miserable. The twins are under the constant care of the Institute for Twins

which care for their educational needs and helps us financially. Motherhood has not interfered with my teaching, or with my participating in social work.

Nakutis, a saleswoman in the Moscow Central Department Store where 2,000 women participated in the discussion stated: "The Stakhanov movement has so improved the material position of the workers that they can feed a large family without worry. In our department store there are sales women earning from 700 to 1,200 rubles a month." Another saleswoman suggested that abortions be permitted for women who have more than two children.

Another woman who was strongly in favor of prohibiting abortions said that the mother's life was definitely shortened if abortions are resorted to. "That does not mean that a woman is compelled to have more children than she wants. Birth control methods are openly discussed and widely known here, and there is a campaign to make them even more widely known. When abortions are permitted, men are inclined to ignore preventive measures."

In this pamphlet, women are asked to declare their position on the opinions of the women in the Soviet Union and to state their own needs and suggestions for better care of mother and child in our country, through the pages of THE WOMAN TODAY.



"Let's just sit down on the lawn and wait," said these Farmer-Labor women of Minneapolis when they found that the mayor was not "in" for them. So they held a "lawndignation" party to protest the removal of Mrs. Selma Seestrom from the Welfare Board. Our readers will remember Mrs. Seestrom as the author of the report in our July issue on the Farmer-Labor Party conference. Note the WOMAN TODAY in the foreground.





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THE WOMAN TODAY

by Martha Grenner

# Food to please the eye

Eye appeal is very important in connection with the food we serve at this time of year. In fact, take your cue from nature and go in for greens on the table—for decoration as well as to be eaten. A leaf from the grape-vine under the slice of melon, a sprig of mint topping the grapefruit, a sprig of parsley, celery or lettuce at the edge of the plate, does a great deal toward stimulating the appetite when the heat makes you feel that the effort of eating is just too much.

If you live in the country plan your evening meal outdoors. The variety of substantial foods that can be served al fresco is endless, and all of us, tired from the day's grind, will find a greater relish in meals out-of-doors.

A plate supper is a good idea—one that can all be served in the kitchen. Sample substantial menus for such a supper follow:

- Frankfurters wrapped in bacon on mounds of mashed potatoes  
Creamed peas and celery  
Spiced fresh pears and nut bread.
- Macaroni with olive and mushroom sauce\*  
Buttered beans  
Lettuce salad  
Gingerbread (bought and heated before serving).
- Surprise sandwich\*  
Potato salad  
Vanilla Pudding

#### Olive and Mushroom Sauce:

Prepare as follows: Half a pound fresh mushrooms wiped with a clean cloth. Break off stems for soup. Cook caps in butter for a few minutes. Remove from pan, add one slice onion chopped fine and brown lightly. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour, add 2 cups of milk (if fresh milk is not at hand use evaporated, adding one cup water to one cup milk), cook until thickened, stirring constantly, season with salt, pepper and a dash of paprika. Boil loose macaroni (cheaper than packages) in boiling salted water no longer than ten minutes, drain and rinse with hot water, mix slowly into sauce (this may be done at the last minute) using no more than sauce will absorb. Sprinkle with 8 or 10 stuffed olives sliced.

#### Surprise Sandwich:

Spread rye bread with creamed butter to which prepared mustard has been added. Top with thin slices of baked or boiled ham. Add wafer-like pieces of Swiss cheese and spread with a bit of chile sauce. Adjust the second piece of rye bread, buttered, on top.

#### Potato Salad:

(Buy only small potatoes for this purpose. They make a better looking salad and are cheaper). Add any good salad dressing to slightly warm potatoes if you wish to procure a perfect dish. The heat increases the absorption of the dressing which gives the salad a delicious flavor. Lots of chopped parsley increases its appearance and a cucumber cut up in cubes, adds a new interest.

When you have extra time, plan to cook enough vegetables for two meals or more, thus: potatoes served with butter and parsley for one meal, browned in

bacon fat for another, or cut up in cubes, creamed and sprinkled with cheese for still another. Plain buttered carrots served hot may be diced and used for the vegetable salad for a second meal.

You may do your cooking in the early morning. The following menus may be fixed early and served at the last minute with very little last minute cooking.

- Sliced canned corned beef and beans baked  
en casserole  
Tomato lemon jelly on lettuce\*  
Cup custard.
- Jellied ham mold with pineapple\*  
Candied sweet potatoes  
Blueberry cottage pudding.
- Glazed carrots\*  
Ambrosia (sliced oranges, marshmallows and cocoanut).

#### Tomato Lemon Jelly:

Use tomato juice instead of water, with lemon flavored gelatine—add minced onion before gelatine sets, serve in squares with lettuce. This may also be kept on hand for cold meat garnish.

#### Glazed Carrots:

12 small carrots, wash carrots, boil in water to cover until tender, sprinkle with salt, melt two tablespoons of butter in skillet, add sugar and one tablespoon of vinegar. Heat thoroughly, turning often, until lightly glazed.

#### Jellied Ham Molds with Pineapple:

Pour  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water into bowl and sprinkle a tablespoon of gelatine into it. Add two tablespoons of brown sugar and one cup of hot water or hot pineapple juice. Stir until gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of mild vinegar and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika. Cool and when beginning to thicken add 2 cups of boiled ham, chopped and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup canned pineapple cut in pieces. Rinse individual molds in cold water, fill with mixture, chill. When firm unmold on slices of pineapple.

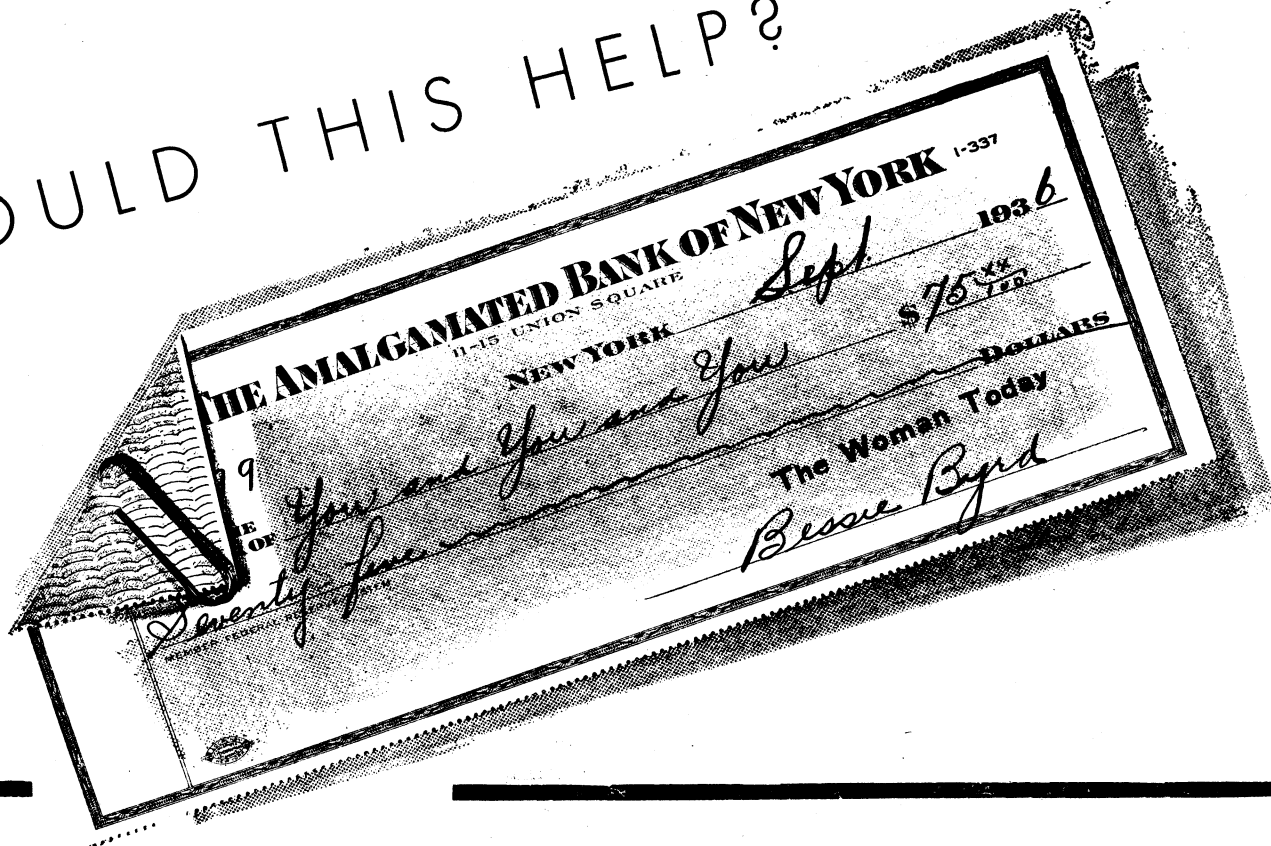
If it is possible to eat on the porch or in a corner of the yard, do so. Eat in a room with a view. It is important to see that meals in hot weather are as unhurried as possible, served with the minimum amount of effort and in surroundings uncluttered with furniture, ornaments and draperies.

Change the scene indoors if you haven't an outdoors in which to have your meals. Attention to these details will repay you in the added health and appreciation of your family.

Drawing by Blanche Isaacson



# WOULD THIS HELP?



Contest **OPENED** May 1st. Ends August 31st, 1936, midnight

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  3. All subscription, even single ones, should be addressed to Contest Editor, Woman Today.
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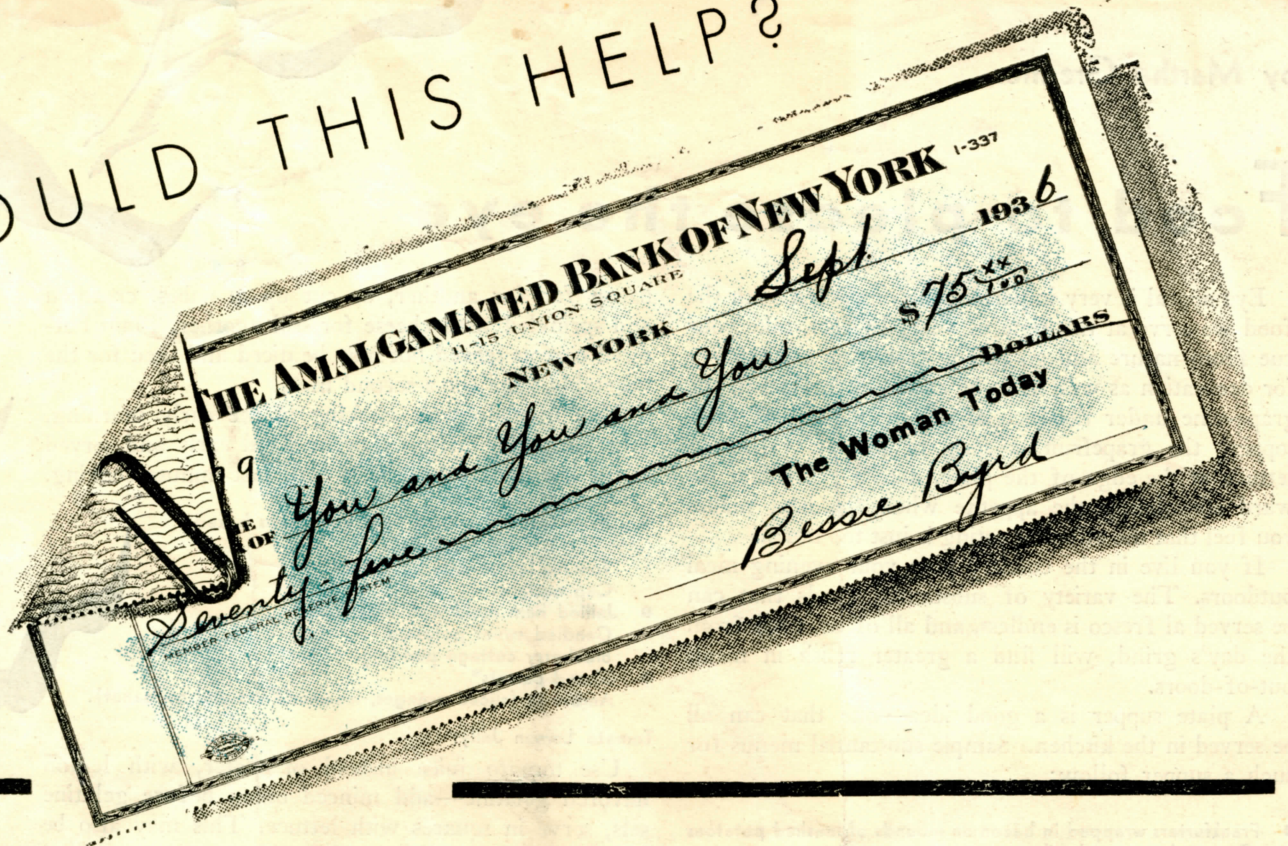
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