

# THE WORKING WOMAN

OCTOBER  
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**"Water"** A Story  
*Myra Page*

**Why I Am a  
Communist**  
*Elba Chase*

**Running for Governor  
of New Hampshire**

**Contribute From  
a Mere Male**  
Women on the Picket  
Line"  
*Merle Colby*



# THE Working Woman

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OCTOBER, 1934  
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## CONTENTS

### Articles

- Editorial ..... 2
- Tribute From a Mere Male (Women on the Picket Line) Merle Colby 3
- All the News That Fits, We Print Judith Bloch 5
- Don't Waste Your Vote ..... 6
- War Is Terribly Profitable ..... 9

### Stories

- "Water!" Myra Page 8
- How Cheng the Peasant Became Red Paul Vaillant-Couturier 13 (Last Installment)

### Features

- Letters From Workers ..... 4
- Why I Am a Communist Elba Chase 7
- My Life—A True Story from the South 10
- And Mine—A True Story from the North ..... 10
- You're Telling Me! Grace Hutchins 11
- Love Leads the Way, or Why Girls Leave Home Sasba Small 12
- Catching Cold and Getting Hot The Medical Advisor 14
- Household Corner Frances Oliver 15

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A MAGAZINE FOR WORKING WOMEN, FARM WOMEN AND WORKING CLASS HOUSEWIVES

## Textile Strikers

TEXTILE workers. Tricks are in the air. President Roosevelt, the textile manufacturers, and Gorman, of the American Federation of Labor, are putting their heads together. Much too closely. They are trying to send you back to work with none of your demands granted, with a fake board to "arbitrate" for you.

Give them your answer. You are striking for union recognition—for shorter hours at higher wages—you are striking against the killing stretch-out. Hold the fort! Do not return to work until you have won.

Remember the steel workers were sold out, and the auto workers and the great San Francisco General Strike. The workers have gotten exactly nothing. The same thing is being tried on you now. Through strike-breaking appeals by the President, supported by the A. F. of L. leaders; through the setting up of "impartial" boards in each industry—which have neatly managed to give all to the bosses by denying all to the workers.

Your answer to this challenge is being made as we go to press. Answer it. Increase your picket lines. Send out larger flying squadrons.

Hold the fort! Don't return until you've won.

As the picket lines grow wider and stronger from Maine to New Orleans in the third week of one of the greatest strikes this country has ever seen, the role of the women textile strikers becomes more prominent and more inspiring.

In the front rows of the picket lines, in the thick of the fighting against cops and militia, tear gas, and hand grenades, in the Georgia concentration camp, in the "flying squadrons," women and girls are "doing their part" against N.R.A. starvation and terror.

## The Role of the Communist Party

GOVERNOR GREEN of Rhode Island screamed "Reds" as thousands of starving textile workers surged into the streets to defend their right to strike. The charge collapsed, and many textile workers have found out that if they fight for their rights, they will be called "Reds". Because the Communist Party fights for their rights and the bosses know it.

The Communist Party wants the textile strikers to win their demands and is helping them in every way to win. Some strikers are Communists. They ask equal rights for Negro workers. They urge the rank and file textile workers to elect their own strike committees—local and national; to make their own settlement, to beware of arbitration traps into which United Textile Workers Union and other A. F. of L. leaders are trying to lead them. This is why the bosses and their papers raise the cry of "Reds!" Because the Communist Party is your Party, fighting for you, they are scared of it. Yes, Communists are interested in revolution. A proletarian revolution in which you, the workers, with the farmers, will take power.

THESE women textile strikers need the fullest support of all workers. They are fighting a heroic battle. They need solidarity strike actions to back them up. They need relief. They must feel that women all over the country stand beside them in their fight. Bring the urgent message of support for the textile strikers to your fellow workers and friends in your trade union, in your shop, in your neighborhood. Help with funds. Give aid to your class sisters and brothers in their heroic struggle for the right to live! Send funds to the Provisional Committee for Relief for Textile Strikers, 870 Broadway, New York City.

## Tribute From A Mere Male

Women on the Picket Line

MERLE COLBY

During the past two weeks I have been marching on picket lines; attending mass meetings, union meetings, rank-and file committees; sharing textile workers' beds and meals; hitch-hiking between towns; interviewing State, town and union officials. Although I have lived in New England off and on for nearly fourteen years, I have learned more about this section of the United States during the past two weeks than I ever knew before. And any lingering belief in male supremacy which I cherished has been effectively dispelled. The women are supporting the major burden of the textile strike.

Sixty per cent of the striking textile workers are women. On them, in addition to the tasks of the picket line, relief and defense work, falls the burden of keeping their families housed and fed. The man's day begins at six on the picket line. The woman's day begins at five in the kitchen, and often does not end until midnight. Women not only face the danger of attack by company thugs, police beatings, bullets, tear and vomit gas—but the daily necessity of conjuring up meals from a diminishing supply of food and fuel, the daily care of children, the nursing of sick members of their families and of neighbors' families. Some of them are young and strong, some are worn out by the wracking stretchout and by numerous pregnancies. But they have courage.

In Saylesville, Rhode Island, two women were wounded by buckshot, fired by National Guards. In Dighton, Massachusetts, women were clubbed by company thugs—the dregs of New York and New Jersey, armed with sawed-off shotguns and dolly washers, grotesque in their improvised raincoats of squares of oil cloth. In Nashua, New Hampshire, police twisted women's arms as they piled them into patrol wagons. In Providence women were put through the third degree by Department of Justice agents and city and State police in an attempt to force them to give away members of their families.

The capitalist press has played up the role of women in the textile

strike: in order to break the strike. Photographers posed girl-pickets in such a way as to suggest supper-tables, and editors supplied such lying captions as *Striker's Family Hopefully Awaits End of Strike*. Sob-sisters were sent out from the newspapers to turn in tales of "girl hoodlums," "outside agitators," "girl Reds"; but never a hint of the day-to-day courage of girls and women battling for decent wages and decent conditions.

After the first week of the strike when the majority of the mills in New England had been pulled out by mass picketing, I noticed a tendency of women workers to leave organizational work to the men. This was natural enough, as the tradition of male supremacy still holds among many working women, particularly among the foreign-born. At union meetings they usually sat in the back of the hall and took no part.

But when they saw that union officials postponed the elementary necessity of setting up relief and defense committees, although in many households food was running low and husbands, sons and daughters were in jail, the women took matters into their own hands. They set up relief committees of their own—broad committees of 50. They organized delegations to relief officials. In one union the influence of a women's rank and file committee became so strong that a union organizer came to its chairman and begged the privilege of sitting in.

Women, so effective in the mass picketing during the first days of the strike, again appeared on the picket lines. Their spirit was contagious.

In Lowell, one drab morning last week, the officials of the union failed to send around picket captains. Workers arrived at the union hall, waited, drifted away. There would have been no picketing that day if two women had not organized a picket line and started off at its head. There were no placards, so the leaders began singing. We all joined in, and by the time we reached the first mill we were to picket, the line had grown from ten to a hundred. By the time we

had marched around the mill a few times, the line had become two hundred strong.

At the Pequot Mills in Salem, whole families worked in the mills, and yet their combined pay envelopes were so small that they had to go on the town relief rolls. This in face of the fact that last December the mill owners were granted a tax reduction of \$320,000! The Overseers of the Poor warned workers in the Pequot Mills that if they went on strike their relief would be cut off. They announced that nobody would be given relief unless he presented a note from the mill stating he had worked 30 hours that week.

In the face of this threat, Salem workers consulted their wives. They were unwilling to take the responsibility of striking upon themselves. There were no reserves of food or fuel in the house.

And their wives unhesitatingly declared for strike.

On many picket lines whole families do picket duty. The children in many cases are too young to be left at home, and their mothers realize the importance of maintaining the picket lines. So children picket too! The capitalist press makes a great-do about children picketing: the

(Turn to next page)



same press which remains discreetly silent when children develop rickets and pellagra, and when boys of 16 are given six-month jail-terms in Providence for picketing.

In Saylesville during the vicious attack on the pickets by National Guards, women led the charge of unarmed strikers into the barbed wire. Vomit gas, bullets, clubs spared women and girls no more than they spared men and boys. It was a girl worker who reformed the lines, went from group to group with messages and orders, organized workers' self-defense.

Women bending over coal ranges, women nursing children, women organizing committees, women marching and singing on the picket line—a mere male salutes you!

## SHORT STORY

Mary had been working for seven years in the cotton mills of South Carolina. She began when she was 14 years old. That was before the days of the Codes when child labor was cheap. Now she must be 16. She worked through the night for 12 hours at a stretch, six days a week, earning \$14.00

Now Mary works but eight hours a day, only five days a week for \$12.00. You see, under NRA the rate has gone up to 30c an hour. So the story reads on paper, but listen to Mary's story as she is about to leave for the afternoon shift from 2 to 10 P. M.

"I am pretty, much fagged out when I get home—more tired than ever I was when I worked for 12 hours a day. Then, at least, we could go to the wash-room for a few minutes during our work hours and we had time out for supper, but now I have to steal time out. My sister brings my lunch box and while I snatch a bite standing at the machine, my sister tends the battery so that no time is lost. If I fall below the required quota, I'll be fired. Now I have 64 batteries to tend, before I had only 46. Then, too, the heat and noise is unbearable. My clothes are wringing wet. Some girls are not strong enough to stand this."

It was two o'clock and Mary dashed out but not without saying, "Saturday night's our meeting and I'm joining the union."

Carolina Mill Worker.

## News Flash

### TEXTILE STRIKE SOLD OUT!

*The half million heroic textile strikers have been betrayed by Francis J. Gorman. None of their demands have been won. Thousands are being discriminated against by the bosses. Gorman agreed to this. The workers can expect nothing from him. Carry on the struggle against discrimination. Let your fighting slogan be: JOBS FOR ALL TEXTILE STRIKERS!*

## NOTES

### From the United Councils of Working-Class Women

SINCE THE beginning of our campaign against the high cost of living, I have met a few of the city officials, who, with their nice language try to make us believe that they are ready to do something for us.

Last spring we had an appointment with Mr. Livingston, the alderman from East New York. He was very polite to our delegation, which came to him with protests against the high cost of milk. His answer was that he will try everything to call our campaign for the lowering of the cost of dairy products to the attention of the city officials.

Later on, we had a hearing with Aldermanic President, Deutsch. When the delegation from all the action committees of the city presented their demands for lower food prices and for free milk stations for children of the unemployed, Mr. Deutsch played the gentleman, too. He was sympathetic and said that he himself was "Half a Socialist," and that his children are also deprived of necessities. But when asked by one of our delegates to join us and fight for lower prices of milk and other necessities, his reply was that he was not that bad off. He tried to get out of it by referring us to Mr. Hodson, Commissioner of Welfare, who would see what could be done about our demands.

Recently when we had a demonstration on the milk question in

Brownsville, a delegation was elected to see the manager of Sheffield's and Borden's Milk Companies. The office of the Sheffield Co. is on Williams and Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, a very poor neighborhood, and the children that we met on the street looked pale and undernourished. Some of our women remarked that on the same street where the Sheffield Co. makes profits, workers' children haven't enough food and milk to keep healthy. With a feeling of the injustice of such a thing, we went to see the manager. At first we were told that he is not in, but when we refused to leave he asked us in. And the same answer given by the other two was given by this fine gentleman. He also was in sympathy with the workers who are unemployed or don't make enough money to buy milk for their children. But he, poor man, "can't do much except to bring our message to his bosses."

That is how the bosses and their tools are trying to pass the buck from one to another while our children are ragged and hungry.

Working class women! Sisters of the North, South, East and West—the sympathy of the city officials who represent the boss class will not solve our problems.

Organize into neighborhood action committees to fight the rising prices on all necessities of life. Only through mass action can we win our demands.

New York.

## ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS, WE PRINT

TEXTILE workers are on strike from Maine to Alabama. And the women are in it! On the lines in New Bedford, Fall River, Woonsocket and Saylesville, on the lines at Passaic and Patterson, right there in Charlotte, Greenville and Danville. They're in for the bayonets and tear gas and smoke pistols and clubs. They're at the meetings when the police turn on the machine guns. And they're at Fort Macpherson, Georgia, in the first American concentration camp, fourteen of them, mothers of children, young girls and all. On the lines, in committees, on strike relief. They've got their hands full!

So have the upper classes: They're not napping either. They've packed up their million dollar wardrobes (Paris decrees silver and gold this winter, velvet is popular and furs will be worn. The average textile girl's salary is \$7 a week, but furs will be worn), and gone off to Newport to watch the yacht races. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt are right there where they belong, with the people they work for, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Morgans and the Bakers. And those who aren't at Newport are busy too. The Berkshire Hills colony are having a tea for a couple of weary travelers who wore themselves out this summer at a shooting lodge in Czechoslovakia.

The working women are gathering together before the factories to fight against cold steel for the right to give milk to their children, but the bankers' and brokers' and manufacturers' wives of Westchester are gathering their silk skirts around their plump persons and hiking in limousines to the flower show. It's flower time in Swankytown.

### Try It Yourself, Miss Perkins!

Mrs. Roosevelt is one of the busiest of our good ladies. She, Mrs. Belmont, Miss Perkins and Miss Evangeline Booth are organizing the Women's Committee for the 1934 Mobilization for Human Needs "to determine human needs and report them to their fellow citizens."

May we help you, Moddom? The most important human need is food, meat and fruit and vegetables and milk and eggs. May we give you a few figures, Frances? Had you heard about the drought? Did you know that in the last seven months the price of white potatoes has gone up 44 per cent, pork chops 37 per cent, canned peas 31 per cent,

## JUDITH BLOCH

oranges 29 per cent, sliced bacon 27 per cent, prunes 23 per cent, wheat flour 22 per cent? \$2,250,000,000 have been added to the working women's food bill. How's that Mrs. Roosevelt?

Of course, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace says that, in spite of the fact that the 1934 corn crop is smaller than it has been since 1881, there will be no food shortage if we "utilize our food closely." That's how the textile bosses feel, too. In fact, President Anderson of the Bibb Manufacturing Company told his Georgia workers that there is a fine diet upon which a family of four can be fed for \$1.25 a week—flour, lard, potatoes and corn meal. It's not very varied, but it will keep the textile workers alive for Bibb.

In fact, it's a swell diet, swell for pellagra. Pellagra is a disease due to deficient food of which there are about 50,000 cases a year in the Southern textile area. It attacks the skin, mouth, intestinal tract and nerves. There are blisters, scaly skin, severe diarrhea, agonizing burning in mouth, tongue, hands and feet. Ulcers form in the tongue and saliva drools from the mouth. There are muscle cramps and trem-



ors, intense dizziness, often madness.

Try the diet yourself, Mrs. Belmont. Try it at Oyster Bay and Asheville and on the Lake Shore Drive. Give it to the President and Buzzie and Sistie on Vincent Astor's yacht. Try it, John D., see if it won't bring the roses back to those withered cheeks. Try it yourself, Miss Perkins. Results guaranteed.

### Who's Who?

Mary Mooney was a heroic working class mother who died at 85, still fighting for the freedom of her son, Tom Mooney, prisoner of California capitalists for 18 years. She was a miner's widow and a worker's mother. She worked for \$4 a week to bring up three children. She toured all Europe and America fighting for Tom. He was not permitted to go to her funeral.

Evelyn MacLean is the wife of a Washington publisher. She has just returned from the Soviet Union where she found nothing better to do than doll up her decaying person in diamonds. The Russians, she said, hated her. But she wasn't afraid. "I think I have made it safe for American women to wear jewels in Moscow," she said bravely.

Ella May Wiggins, Gastonia singing textile worker, was shot in the back as she went to a meeting on September 14, 1929, in Gastonia, N. C. She died for a decent living for her children five years ago this month. They're striking again in Gaston County.

### Have Your Choice

Mussolini says: Women must be pushed out of industry to make room for men. Women must only bear boys for our fascist army.

Hitler says: The idea that women are equal to men is decadent, Jewish, intellectual. There is only one point on the Nazi program for women—children. No women in politics for fascist Germany.

In America: Women are being paid 40 per cent less than men for the same work.

At the Women's Congress Against War and Fascism held in Paris on August 4, Stassova, Chairman of the Russian Delegation and head of the International Red Aid says: In Russia, the Workers' Republic, women and men are paid exactly the same wages for the same work. Women are occupying the highest political functions. Forty per cent of the technical students are women.



Violet Orr, Cal.

Mary Lindsey, Ill.

Rose Wortis, N. Y.

Williana Burroughs, N. Y.

## DON'T WASTE YOUR VOTE!

WHEN President Roosevelt was elected, he promised to look after the interests of the "forgotten man," by which he implied the worker. Today, the "forgotten man" is remembered with bullets, vomit gas and bayonets. At the time of his election the Communist Party stated that Roosevelt was interested in the business man and not in the worker. To those who believe in the Communist Party, the broken promises of Republican, Democratic and Socialist leaders are not a surprise. For years the leaders of these parties, in order to get votes, have wept crocodile tears about the "hardships of the poor," and have chattered about improving living conditions of the workers, but have never done anything to better these conditions, unless forced to by the workers themselves.

The Communist Party is the *only one* which actively leads and directs the struggles and just demands of the workers. The bosses fear the Party, and that is why the boss-controlled papers, magazines, radios and movies are full of hatred of the "Reds," as the Communists are called.

### Don't Waste Your Vote: Vote Communist!

Here are some of the points in the election platform of special interest to women:

The Unemployment Insurance Bill (H.R. 7598); A State system of old age and maternity pensions; equal pay for equal work for women and young workers; vacation

with full pay one month before and one month after childbirth; equal social, economic and political rights for Negroes; abolition of child labor by State law; vocational training for youth between 14 and 18 with full pay; State aid for education; free food and clothing for school children of unemployed and the poor.

The following is a partial list of women candidates. They have all been active in the revolutionary movement:

#### CALIFORNIA

Violet Orr, candidate for the 10th district State Assembly says, "My ancestors go back to the first American Revolution. I am going forward to the second."

#### NEW JERSEY

Rebecca Grecht, until recently district organizer of the Party, is running for U. S. Senator. In movement for 13 years. Active in Pas-saic textile strike—1926, coal miners' strike—1928-29, was leader in general silk and dye strike, Paterson-Lodi—1933.

#### NEW YORK

Williana Burroughs, for Lieutenant Governor. Negro teacher expelled for defending academic freedom. Now, Supervisor, Harlem Workers' School.

Rose Wortis running for State Comptroller is Secretary of the Trade Union Unity Council. Active in 1913 dressmakers' strike, was official in International Ladies' Garment Workers Union until expulsion of the Left-wing. Arrested in 1926 and shot by I.L.G.W.U. gangsters.

Grace Hutchins for Supreme Court Judge, 1st Judicial District, comes from Boston. Ancestors arrived in America in 1620 and fought at Bunker Hill. Grandfather active in Abolitionist movement. Active Paterson silk strike—1924. Arrested in Sacco-Vanzetti demonstration—1927. Author of "Women Who Work," "Labor and Silk," and others.

Susie Busse for Supreme Court Judge, 2nd Judicial District, formerly active with Republicans and Urban League, now on Executive Committee of women's work in Crown Heights, in Unemployment Council, Women's Council; on board of Brownsville Workers' School.

#### Candidates for Congress

Tillie Littinsky, Brooklyn; Gussie Reed and Pauline Rogers, Manhattan; Louise Morrison, Yonkers.

#### Candidates for State Senators:

Margaret Cowl, Sadie Van Veen, Manhattan; Ada Vladimir, Brooklyn; Fay Thompson, Gloversville.

#### Commissioner of Public Welfare:

Leona O. Sweet, Johnstown.

#### Assemblyman

Clara Bodian, Bronx; Bessie Polonsky, Brooklyn; Cecilia Baloch, Queens; Edith Acker, Albany; Marie C. Stuart, Clarina Michaelson, Sarah Rice, Manhattan; Helen Lynch, Bronx; Dorsetta Loew, Martha Stone, Brooklyn; Margaret Walker, Albany.

#### OHIO

Janie Langston, Columbus, for Lieutenant Governor. Unemployed Negro factory worker, taken part in all hunger marches there, is or-

ganizer of Workers' Progressive Club.

Yetta Land, Cleveland, running for Attorney General. Well-known International Labor Defense attorney.

Mary Lindsey, Cleveland, for County Auditor, Negro factory worker, at present unemployed. Mother of four, she is active in Party and Unemployment Council.

Eliza Deadwiley, Cleveland, for

State Representative, Negro worker active in I.L.D., Unemployment Council, Party.

Edith Meffan for County Recorder; Grave Levenhagen, Congressman, 22nd District.

#### PENNSYLVANIA

#### Congress

Laura Jane Grubbs, West Wilmerding, militant worker with farmer forbears, former member of Socialist Party, member of Com-

munist Party for year and a half. *State Legislature*

Agnes Snear, South Brownsville, active in miners' affairs since 1928, organizer of Women's Auxiliaries, United Mine Workers of America, in fight against N.R.A. sell-out of miners' strike, 1933.

Note: More information on women running for office in many States would have been printed but was not received in time.

## Why I am a Communist

ELBA CHASE

Candidate for Governor, New Hampshire

FOR the past 20 years we have lived and farmed in this small town of Washington, N. H. My husband, the late Comrade Fred B. Chase was born and brought up on a farm. I knew nothing about farming before we came here. We started farming in a most primitive way. It was a terrible struggle while the children were small, in fact, it has been a struggle most of the time. That is why I am a Communist.

Two of our children were born near Boston while my husband was employed as a machinist in the Charlestown Navy Yard. Three children were born to us on the farm. As we live ten miles from a high school, it was no easy task sending the children through school. Zero weather with a great deal of snow made travelling mighty hard.

Before our family moved on to the farm we were members of the Socialist Party and for a time afterward, until the Socialist Convention in Chicago in 1919, when we broke away from the Socialist Party and in 1928 joined the Communist Party.

Here in New Hampshire the main industries, other than farming, are shoe and textile. In both industries the workers are terribly exploited. In the shoe industry, mostly young workers are employed. Wages are pitifully low. Every effort is made on the part of the bosses to keep the workers from organizing into their own unions. In textile, both young and old are equally exploited. In Manchester where the Amoskeag Textile Corporation is situated, the largest of its kind in the world, workers have gone out on strike twice in one year, each time betrayed by U.T.W. leadership. Now they are out a third time one hundred per cent strong, and are fighting with the rest of the textile

workers to win their demands from the bosses.

The effects of exploitation on women workers is seen by the fact that not so long ago the City of Manchester had the largest infant mortality rate of any city of its size in the world. That is due to the fact that working mothers, having to help support the family, because of low wages paid to workers, are forced to work almost up to time of childbirth and return to work soon after the child is born. Not at all like it is in the Soviet Union where mothers receive leave of absence with full pay several months before and after birth of the child, including the best of medical care.

The life of the farm woman in New Hampshire is a hard life. The number of farms that have electric light and running water are small. In many cases the farm woman has to help by supporting the family, working in nearby mills or factories or by doing extra work on the farm

as making jelly, pies, etc., for summer visitors or, as in many cases, open their home to tourists, providing they have the means to fix it up, as there are certain State regulations.

I am glad to say that many of the farm women are joining our militant farm organization and are carrying on an active struggle to improve our conditions under capitalism until we gain our ultimate aim of a socialist society.

When the Communist Party of New Hampshire nominated me for governor, I remembered what Comrade Lenin said, speaking on the woman question, "We must win over to our side the millions of toiling women in towns and villages. Win them for our struggles and in particular for the Communist transformation of society. There can be no real mass movement without women." The Communist Party of New Hampshire was the first party ever to nominate a woman for governor. Onward working and farm women to a better and fuller life under the banner of Communism!

## PLENTY OF STORIES

Vineland, N. J. Dear Comrades:

Did you know that there may be a woman worker elected on the delegation to the Soviet Union? The Union will recommend five members, among which are two Negro women. The delegate will be elected by a series of mass meetings early in October. We also are trying to get several or more *women delegates to the Anti-War Congress* in Chicago.

There are plenty of stories down here—a successful consumers strike against the rise in bread price—the militant unemployed Negro woman who came from the "not the scary kind of people"—the 100 school children who couldn't start to school

yesterday in Vineland because they didn't have clothes and shoes and the arrest of 8 Unemployed Council leaders who tried to hold a protest meeting and demand more relief,—and farm women whose hearts ache now after months of slaving work in the fields and crops going to market at less than cost of hampers.

The series of articles by Sasha Small are very good. They expose to the women the various "escapes" and sugar coated pills of modern life. And she writes them in a very lively tone that is readable and interesting. They have an appeal to the younger set of women and young married girls who work in textile and clothing shops and who still hope to escape the "struggle."

# "Water!"

MYRA PAGE

ANN toiled slowly up the hill, puffing as she went, for the day was sultry and the sun's glare on the yellow dirt hurt her eyes. In the distance loomed Red Mountain, bristling with coal and iron, its sides dotted with mining camps. Along the valley below ran the big Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and Republic Steel Company mills, some stacks smoking, others dead.

Ann was on her way from the company steel town of Morseville, to a mining camp up the valley. A hilly, six-mile hike under the molten steel of Alabama's sun. But shoe leather and hoofing—it came easier than nickels. Every copper these days had to be saved for food and leaflets.

As she climbed she hummed.

"Oh, we're from Alabama.

And we shall not be moved—"

And she thought of many things, while the crickets buzzed in the grasses nearby, lazily protesting the heat. Swiftly her green gingham moved past the many-shaded greens of earth's late summer.

As she rounded a curve, her humming stopped.

Some of the white women busily filling their pails turned quickly at her approach. Seeing who it was, they went back to their work, unconcerned.

Ann slowed her pace. Dressed in ginkhams as washed-out as her own, the women were taking their turns before an improvised water spout. Somebody had sprung a leak in a watermain running near the path, sprung it with an axe. A board had been placed over it to slant the water's flow back to the earth where the pails could catch its gurgling splash.

Ann smiled ruefully, taking it all in at a glance. Free water!

Moving closer, she noticed one thin little woman, her belly swollen with child, slipping dangerously in the mud. She jumped to catch her, help fill her pail.

"Lawsy!" Ann exclaimed, "what all you doing here?"

The woman looked up blankly at

the raw-boned dark woman who had helped her. "Can't you see, getting water! All Glenspeak's toting water from here."

"How's that?"

"Company's turned off all the water in town."

"You don't say, now that sure is bad." Glenspeak's shacks lay a good quarter-mile from there. "Don't you-all ladies know," Ann continued cannily, hiding her real feeling, "don't you-all know this here's against the law?"

"But we gotta have water," one woman retorted irritably, "you can't cook or wash or live nohow without water."

"That's right," Ann agreed, "but busting a water main can land somebody in jail."

"Good land," someone whispered, "that's what I been saying."

"Let 'em try it!" a gaunt figure muttered, "I ain't scared."

"Never see our chillens again!" The filled pails clattered noisily.

"You got a right to this water," Ann suddenly veered, "you don't have to sneak it. Make the company turn it back on. She paused. "Like we done in Morseville."

"Turn it back on! How's that?" A couple of her listeners looked at her with real interest. "We heard tell of that." If the colored folks had done it, well the whites surely could. They stepped closer. "Tell us how you did it."

Ann told them. They laughed about the company's man being run off by the women when he tried to dig up the meters. And when they heard how the Unemployed Council, that they with their men had organized in Morseville, had won free water, they said, "By gorry, we can do that too."—"No sense in having to sneak and tote this water so far."—"And winter-time coming on."

"Maybe," the gaunt woman in a faded morning glory print who had said she wasn't scared, spoke hesitatingly, "Maybe you'd show us how to get started?" True, Ann was a colored woman and she was white. But this came first. They had to have water. "Water, water," an

old refrain burred through her head—"the stream of life by which all things live—"

"Sure I will," Ann agreed. And waited. She knew she mustn't rush them.

The white woman named Marge, looked around at the others. "We need a meeting?" They nodded. "All right, in my house, tomorrow. She looked again at the women, they turned to Ann. "Will you come?"

"Sure," Ann replied, "Sure, if you want me, I'll come."

As they started down the path, Ann helped the pregnant woman with her pails. She might be a little late for her miner's meeting, but this was worth it.

Marge slowed down to drop back by Ann. "How come you-all knew how to organize and all? You got some papers and books, maybe?" Ann nodded cautiously. "Well, maybe I got one or two papers at my house. Why?"

"I was just thinking," Marge said, "I been reading in the Birmingham News about unions and reds and things." They walked on.

"Your man work at the T.C.I.?" Marge asked.

"When there was work," Ann told her.

"Mine too," Marge grunted, "when there was work." They walked further. "I kinda figured," Marge continued with a soft drawl, "what the News says is bad, can't be so bad. Not for us poor working class of folks."

"That's right," Ann agreed, "the News is for the company, not us."

As they reached the edge of Glenspeak, Marge asked, "Could you bring me some of your reading along tomorrow?" "Yes," Ann said, she reckoned she could.

The women's voices and their pails tingled with a new key. They were going to have water again. The stream of life.

And Marge, as she looked after Ann's strong figure, re-climbing the path, smiled at the thought of the fresh streams soon to be flowing through Glenspeak, Morseville and all of Red Mountain Valley.

# WAR IS TERRIBLY PROFITABLE

Women's Session of the Second U. S. Anti-War Congress Faces Big Job

SENATE investigation committees have always had a certain sameness about them. Around election time some senator gets noisy and ambitious and announces that he will uncover this or that interest that has been preying upon his constituents. The size and the noise of the investigation depends on the size and the noise of the senator. Most of them are buried in the dusty pages of the Congressional Records. Some of them are smeared all over the front pages of every newspaper in the country. But all of them have had one thing in common. They disclose nothing that could really harm those who were being investigated, and very rarely anything that everybody didn't know all along.

This latest of Senate Investigation Committees, uncovering the doings of the munitions makers, is turning out to be more than a lot of people, including Senator Nye, who started it bargained for. The scope of the munitions makers, the extent of their operations covers almost the whole globe in a network of intrigue and death.

The fortunes made during the World War were quickly invested in further munitions manufacture and the amount of death-dealing goods manufactured daily from 1917 until today is staggering. The weapons are sold to the highest bidder. And whatever happens to the findings of this committee, one thing must be clearly kept in mind:

You don't manufacture and buy guns, tanks, submarines, aeroplanes, poison gas, bayonets, etc., to decorate museums with. The war makers of the world are well prepared, have been preparing every day, to let loose a storm of death and destruction that will engulf the whole world.

But the movement against war and fascism is spreading too. And the Second United States Congress Against War and Fascism which will be held in Chicago from September 28th to the 30th, will be representative of the thousands of men and women workers, professionals and middle class who are waking up to the imperative needs for organ-

ized action against the slaughter of war and to stop the further growth of fascism in the United States. Large labor bodies like the Arkansas State Federation of Labor, the Youngstown United Labor Congress (A. F. of L.) have voted to participate.

Women will play an important part in this Congress. But still not in sufficient numbers. Thousands of women are now employed in munition factories or potential munition industries. It has been estimated that 30 per cent of all working women in the world are so employed. There are over 433,000 women working in the metal, auto, rubber, electrical and chemical factories, which can, over night produce deadly war supplies.

Fascism, European style and the present growth of fascist methods, American style, are the desperate efforts of the capitalists to save their fortunes and their power from the hands of the working class. The factory owners, land owners and bond and stock holders are resorting to open warfare to try and force long hours for low wages on the workers.

Under the battle-cry of "It's un-American to strike!" workers are being terrorized, shot down and gassed by the militia and police. In the great textile strike alone, 15 workers have been murdered and hundreds wounded because they dared to fight for decent living conditions.

Women are deeply concerned in these matters. Their delegates have important work to do at the Congress. Women came to the World Women's Congress Against War, Hunger and Fascism which was held in Paris, France, from August 4th to 7th. Women from fascist countries like Germany, Austria and Italy; women from the Soviet Union, the only workers' and farmers' country, and labored with women from the United States, England,

France and other countries, to formulate a plan to fight the menace of fascism and to fight the preparation for another imperialist war. The international spirit of fighting actively in this struggle, which was created at the World Congress has inspired the returned American delegates to build a broad united front movement among women. The American auto worker delegate went back to Detroit; the sharecropper to Alabama; the farm woman to Nebraska and the others to their homes where they have been busy reporting on the Congress and helping to elect delegates to the Second U. S. Congress.

The Women's Sub-session at the Chicago Congress will meet specially to show how the delegates, when they go home will be able to help penetrate further, the factories, shops, church and social organizations and the trade unions; to stir the workers with their message; to organize committees of action and neighborhood committees against war and fascism. The task of these committees is to bring forward the Program of Action that is being presented to the Congress.

To work toward stopping the manufacture and transport of munitions; To expose everywhere the extensive preparations for war being carried on under the guise of aiding National Recovery;

To demand the transfer of all war funds for relief of the unemployed and the replacement of all such devices as the Civilian Conservation Camps, by a federal system of social insurance paid by the government and employers;

To support the peace policies of the Soviet Union, the workers' and farmers' country;

To enlist for our program the women in industry and the home; and to enlist the youth, especially those who, by the crisis, have been deprived of training in the industries and are therefore more susceptible to fascist and war propaganda;

To form Committees of Action against war and fascism in every important center and industry, particularly in the war industries.

# MY LIFE

A True Story By a Negro Worker of the South

Dadeville, Alabama.  
Dear Comrades:

I am a working woman of the South. Before I begin my life history, I want to tell you that I am 34 years of age. I have been working all my life on the farm. I am a mother of three children, two boys and one girl. The girl died before she was a month old. That left me two boys. Their father is farming though now I keep house and also work among the women since 1931. I became acquainted with the share-cropper's union in 1931 and ever since I learned of it I have been running about trying to study the best way to organize the farm workers.

I was born in Tallapoosa County and raised here and have never seen the day that the boss would give us poor Negroes anything, as far back as I can remember from a little child up to now. They worked my father and mother like convicts and always at the end of the year they could not get us little ones clothing and just enough food to keep us alive.

Although there were about nine

of us in the family, mother worked hard to try to raise us and did so as long as she could. But at last by going clothed part of the time as well as barefoot, she took sick the spring of 1909, and died and left us little kids with no clothing, no shoes, no food and nothing. My father made a good corn crop that year and the boss man he worked with sent wagons. Down there we had two mules and he took them and the two fattening hogs which we had to kill and all of this was supposed to be used to take care of us little kids.

Then I became acquainted with this organization and found that the Communist Party fights against all such rotten stuff as that. I do wish that we workers had found it out years ago.

What I hated most was that mother left a nine months old baby. And my older sister married and lived with us a year and then she moved out. Then my father decided that he would marry because he had to work hard in the field and see after us and it was dangerous for us girls to go around because when

we would go to the field to carry water the boss man we lived with made it his business to come back with us girls and pick at us and tell us we better not tell about it. But we told father about it and he was afraid to get after him because lynching would be the next thing.

Then he married a woman although she was 14 years old at that time. We girls could not get clothes like we wanted because the boss would take everything away from us and father. Every winter we were forever hungry. I hate to think of it. It was misery. Although our school term was short, we had to stop. See, the boss had taken everything. As long as mother lived she managed some way and kept us in school, but the boss took everything away from father until he would be so worried he would not know what to do.

So in 1916 during the World War I married. Still it was not any better and much worse because I began raising children and let me tell you raising children in this capitalist system is hard and the boss cheated us workers out of everything we could get and therefore it was still worse.

Note: This comrade wants to say that her life story is so long that she will send us the rest in her next letter.

You're telling me!

GRACE HUTCHINS

GIRL textile workers are telling us how to fight. Just listen to their calls on the picket line.

"They can't do anything to us," as they closed down four mills at Spindale, North Carolina. "You'll start a revolution" as they faced the company of armed National Guardsmen on a highway near Belmont, North Carolina. "You Boy Scouts. You tin soldiers."

"We've got women in this town with more guts than the men," said one man striker. "You ought to see them grabbin' those bombs and throwin' them back."

That was at the Gibson Mill, Concord, North Carolina, when the soldiers put on their gas masks and rushed at the pickets with bayonets sticking out in front. One soldier pointed a machine gun toward the strikers. Gas bombs were thrown by the soldiers. But did the girls or the men turn around and run home? You bet they didn't. Here's what they did, men and girls both.

They caught the gas bombs in their hands and threw them back at the soldiers, like the right smart ball players they were. One of the gas bombs landed back right in front of the machine gunner and did he run? He just turned around and ran like a blue streak. Three other soldiers dropped their guns and ran, too.

Thousands of these half million strikers are young girls. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, a lot of garment factories closed down, too, for lack of cloth to make into clothes. And these strikers are described as "mostly girls between 17 and 24 years old."

Here's what happened at Spindale just after the strike began when the women took the lead.

Shouting, "They can't do anything to us," the girls led the picket lines in front of four mills and massed so solidly that no one could get through their lines.

Not only in front of the mills but right across the railway tracks they massed and blocked the tracks. They held up a train for 40 minutes. The dignified *New York Times* was quite horrified at the girls' spirit and wrote about them thus:

"Hissing and howling, hurling imprecations at the scabs and demanding that the mills cease operation on pain of being wrecked, the strikers won their point." (Our emphasis. G. H.)

The strikers won their point. That's what they're telling us. The mills could not open because of their fighting spirit.

### Picketing Against the H. C. L.

It isn't only textile workers that have been on strike. Women at home are revolting against the cost of living

Thank You!

Jamestown, N. Y.

Dear Comrades:

Enclosed please find a money order for two dollars which were the

proceeds from the party the Women's Council of Jamestown held to help raise funds for the *Working Woman*. We realize the necessity of the *Working Woman* and hope that

it will be published every month. It was a card party and some of the comrades donated the refreshments and in that way the amount we got went to the magazine.



Drawing by Gropper

and the "New Deal" that has made the prices go up and up and up. Food has gone up 27.5 per cent since Roosevelt went into office.

Bread jumped from 7 to 11 cents a loaf. Biscuits went up from 12 to 22 cents a dozen.

Women in Cleveland, Ohio, decided they'd stop this rising cost of living, and they did. They picketed steadily in front of the bakeries and finally the bakers gave in.

Prices of bread went down again at these bakeries till they stand now at 9 cents for an 18-ounce loaf of bread and 18 cents for a dozen biscuits.

New York women have won many battles against rising rents and rising food prices. They have gone from house to house, making personal visits and lining up others to act with them, till they succeeded in reducing rents—by 10 per cent here, 25 per cent in another house. One successful struggle shows the way.

# —AND MINE

A True Story by a Negro Worker of the North

New York City.

Dear Comrades:

I had to go to work as a servant when I was just a child in the South. We weren't driven quite so hard there as domestic workers are in the North but we got almost no money for our work. Later on I went to Detroit where sometimes I got real good jobs, and sometimes bad ones depending on the people I had to work for. I had one good one for instance where I got \$18 a week with good food, a good room and short hours. I kept that a long time and I was able to make a nice home for my mother and begin to save a little money.

Then times got bad. I couldn't get a decent job anywhere. I had to give up my home and put my furniture in storage. Then I came to New York. Wages were a little higher but the "Madams" expected an awful lot of work. For instance,

I got a job in a rich family for \$12 a week but I had to cook, wash, clean, iron and wash windows from seven in the morning till ten at night. When I told the woman the work was killing me and she ought to get a laundress, she fired me and after all that work I had to put up a terrible fight to get my money.

Pretty soon there were almost no jobs at all. I lost my furniture because I couldn't pay the storage and I couldn't keep up payments on my life insurance. I had to go up on the corners in the Bronx to look for work. I used to stand around or sit on cracker boxes with the other women waiting for someone to come along and offer me a job. Most of the women up there expected you to work for twenty-five cents anyhow. I was even offered ten cents an hour for general house-

work! And they worked you just like dogs for that money.

I used to pass by the speakers on the soap boxes in Harlem without paying any attention, but after one day when they evicted me and my seventy-five year old mother, I listened. I went to the Unemployed Council and they helped me fight for relief. At first the bureau wasn't going to give me relief for my mother because she didn't have a birth certificate. I told them my mother was born in slavery and in those days there weren't any birth certificates for slaves. I told them that my mother had worked for years and as a child they had even hitched her to a plow and made her plow the fields while the master sat in the shade and watched her, and that if they didn't give her any relief now when she was old I was going to tear up the damned city! That's how I got my relief.

# Love Leads The Way or, Why Girls Leave Home

SASHA SMALL

LOVE IS imperishable, eternal and immortal—the world's greatest miracle. How did it come to you—through the delicate perfume of promises wafted into your listening heart, or as a mighty conqueror? There are many kinds of love. It may be anything from a hothouse flower to a wild plant born of a dewy night for an hour of sunshine. It may rise from earth to heaven like a fiery flame, like a cry in the night, like a song at dawn."

Enough hot air to knock you over, but honestly, this is copied word for word from a magazine called "Love and Romance Dream World," supposedly filled with true love stories. It's one of the many of its kind. Most of them, with pictures, are printed by MacFadden.

As an example of the 57 varieties of love listed above, the stories, which are all written in the first person (that's to prove they are true) follow each other unmercifully. *I Went Husband Hunting* is the title of the first. *My Hill Billy Bride*, *The Girl He Picked Up*, *His Good Looking Secretary*, all are a fancy form of make-believe which bears no relation to the fine strong love that helps men and women to stand up under the blows and problems of life. This kind of fake might even make a woman fail to appreciate the devotion of her husband which may be shown simply, perhaps, by bringing her a cup of tea when her work is done.

I went through two other magazines of more or less the same sort. One was called *Serenade* and the other, the most famous of them all, *True Story*.

*Serenade* is a little more sophisticated than the rest. The writing is a little more polished and they are not supposed to be true stories. Just love stories. One struck me particularly. *Lover's Return*—vivid, poignant, filled with piercing emotion this romance of modern Mexico is old as tragedy, new as first love.



"Ob, if one of you could only cook!"

This story has as its theme the life of peons of the ranch of a very wealthy sheep owner. It describes the poverty they live in. It describes their slavery. They must go where the master sends them, come back only when he gives his permission.

The master comes in for no blame or criticism. Everything centers around "Jose, whose arms would fold her in a quick breathless happiness." In order to show the cruelty of the master the following is disclosed. He likes only white sheep. All the poor darling little black lambs must be killed at birth. Never mind the ranchers, shepherds, their wives and children. That doesn't concern that writer of this tale. But the poor little lambs—that's another matter. Here is the best example of the falseness of these stories. The love story is not bad. The setting is a good one, but instead of bringing it down to real earth and showing how the lovers are separated by the greed of the land-owner the whole story centers around the loss of a little black lamb.

*True Story* takes the prize. In the opening editorial the notorious Barnarr MacFadden announces: "There are high ideals back in this publication. That our readers are made better morally, mentally, spiritually and even physically through the influence of the stories published here. *True Story* lights life's pathway. It sets up warning signs. It clearly indicates the tremendous force that the sex instinct becomes in the life of the

average individual. It properly emphasizes this phase of life with the view of clearly indicating the necessity of living in conformity with the great moral law laid down by Jesus of Nazareth nearly two thousand years ago. 'The Wages of Sin is Death.'"

Yes, ma'am, it certainly, does. These stories are filled with sin. They reek with sin. The titles are true "lights to life's pathway" *For Just One Moment of Folly*. *The Girl My Husband Kidnapped*. *Afraid to Wed*. *Under Cover of Marriage*.

You-see, it is very simple. There are two formulas. She sins. On a moonlight night or on a night of storm she succumbs to his "Burning eyes, burning words, burning arms, burning appeal." It always burns. Then either he married her against his family's wishes, or he does or she dies, or if he gets entangled with several women, they all die. And it's always a violent death. Train wrecks, sinking ships, poison, tuberculosis, etc.

The other formula also begins with sin but ends with praying. When the worst is about to happen—She or he prays and everything is jake.

The obvious fraud of these true stories stares you in the face. I could see a hard-boiled newspaperman working from a file of cards in the offices of *True Story*, with recipes on them. No. 1—He, she, opium, murder, blonde. No. 2—He, she, murder, blonde, cocaine. No. 3.—He, she, her mother, moonlight, train wreck.

(Continued on page 15)

# HOW CHENG THE PEASANT BECAME RED

PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER

Famous French Proletarian Writer

What has gone before.

Cheng, a poor Chinese farmer, left without food for his family by floods, travels to see Koo, a rich Chinese merchant and sells his little daughter for two silver dollars. Broken-hearted, he and his wife Ah-nu, who is about to give birth, climb into their boat to return home, when the sight of rising waters electrifies them. Their home is in danger and the old grandfather and a young son are there. The birth-pangs begin and Ah-nu lies down in the boat.

## Last Chapter

And his wife would answer with a gasp:

"It's all right." And she would cough.

Cheng was now plying the oar as in a dream. He no longer had any distinct idea of what was going on around him. He was like a man who has drunk too much rice wine or who has been smoking opium. He saw passing before his eyes the major-domo of Koo the merchant, the young student who had been clubbed, heard the cries of his daughter, saw the rice he had eaten, which was the flesh of his daughter, who finally came to occupy his mind entirely. . . . "The water is rising. . . ."

From time to time he would say to his wife, to encourage her:

"Well, how is it going? Is it a boy?"

But he did not hear, or did not listen to the answer.

He kept on paddling, guided in his course by the first streaks of dawn which were paling the night sky to the eastward. His course was towards the east. . . . Suddenly the moon disappeared altogether and it began to rain again. It was just then that he recognized a pine-tree which marked the boundary of his neighbor Wang's fields. It was like a rude awakening. From this point one could see Cheng's house. He looked for it. The yellowish morn-nig light was rising over the expanse of muddy water and it was already possible to pick out things at some little distance.

At first he thought he had been mistaken, for he could no longer see Wang's house. Only a few bamboo stems protruded from the water at the point where it had been. And

this told him that he was on the right track after all. He felt a flood of warmth come over him. He had forgotten his wife and her birth-pangs. He had only one idea—to find his house, his father and his only son. But he searched in vain, it was in vain that he turned his boat about in the current, which had grown strong at this point. He could see nothing. . . . Only a few bits of board and some straw eddying in the water. The fury of a cornered animal took hold of him. At one point where some branches showed above the water, he saw the current eddying above the spot where his house had been—his house with his son, his father and his father's hoard of money. He probed the branches with his pole and his landing net. They stuck in some mud which had been the rough bricks of his house. . . . He probed again and brought up a piece of blue cotton cloth, some of his wife's clothes. He probed again and brought up a basket oozing with slime. . . . Then, in utter misery, he cried aloud calling over the deaf water to his father and son.

After Cheng had been roaming for a long time over the empty expanse of water, he suddenly remembered his wife. And he lowered his eyes to where she was lying.

She had buried herself under a heap of clothes, rags and fibre cloaks in order to give birth.

"Hey, Ah-nu," he said, "is it over? It must be a son, because now we have lost everything—our son, our father and our house and the money which father had hid in the house."

Ah-nu did not answer. Cheng bent down over her and removed the rags that covered her.

Then Cheng discovered Ah-nu, dead, still warm, bathed in blood from her mouth and in blood from her belly. But he searched in vain, he found no trace of the child.

Then he thought:

"It was a girl. . . ."  
All day Cheng, lying in the boat beside his wife, let himself be driven hither and hither by the current.

The sun appeared during the day and flies came . . . Cheng did not think. He lay as though stunned.

Sometimes he called out over the water, calling for his son. . . .

People met him in their boats and questioned him, but he did not answer. . . . From time to time he would take the stern-oar with an automatic gesture and row. Or else he would munch beans to appease his hunger. Or else, seated on the bottom of the boat, he would let the soft white rice trickle through his fingers and smile at this ridiculous abundance.

And then figures would rise up before his eyes and he would repeat the names of Ah-nu, of his father, of his son. And he wept bitterly. A daughter. . . . He had had a daughter but he had sold her to Koo the merchant. And now he had nothing left, nothing but some land buried beneath ten feet of water and this useless hoard of family provisions.

The town? What would he do there? What could a poor man do there among the rich? . . . And then was it not already overpopulated by flood victims?

And as he paddled, Cheng almost unconsciously took the direction of the hills.

When night came he took his boat up a small river and decided to moor her there to a willow tree and wait for daylight.

He laid out Ah-nu's corpse on the bank, covered it with branches and went to sleep in the boat.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by a shower of blows.

Five strapping great fellows, one of them carrying a rifle, the other armed with sticks and knives, were belaboring him and searching his boat.

"Where did you steal this rice, you swindler?" said one.

"It means a fortune in the lowlands to have beans from last year," said another. "The rogue must be rich."

"Don't stamp on him like that," said the man with the rifle. . . .

Those who had been belaboring Cheng stopped.

Then the latter, with clasped hands, implored them:

"Take the rice and the beans. And take my wretched life if you

(Turn to next page)

# Catching Cold and Getting Hot

THE MEDICAL ADVISOR

Dear Women Readers:

With the chilly fall already upon us and a hard, cold winter approaching we can think of no better way of interesting you in this modest little column, than by giving you some solid and sound advice about the care and treatment of colds. For the present I am not going to talk about ways of preventing colds. Everybody, including you and myself, has some pet theory to explain the origin of colds, but no one can surely say as yet what the exact cause is. So I am going to assume that if you haven't a slight cold now, you'll probably be getting one or two or more soon, and you want to know what to do.

There are two stages of development in a nose cold, and the treatment in each stage is different. The first stage usually feeling chilly and heavy-headed, sneezing and tickling inside the nose, followed by a thin, watery discharge, in short a running nose. At this early point, the further development of the cold may be stopped by active and quickly instituted treatment. There are two types of early treatment. One is "sweating out the cold." The other is "drying it up."

In the first type of treatment you try to accomplish three things: 1. Reduce temperature, if any; 2. Bring the blood into increased circulation in the surface of the body, and so induce perspiration; 3. Obtain free movement of the bowels. This is done by the following procedure:

1. Take a hot foot bath (preferably with mustard);
2. Take two or three aspirin pills, followed by two glasses of hot lemonade or tea, to which a little whiskey may be added;
3. Get into bed and cover up warmly and well, and wait for the heat which covers you with a warm perspiration;
4. Half an hour after the sweat has stopped, sponge off the body with warmed rubbing alcohol, change the wet bedclothes for dry ones, take a

cathartic like citrate of magnesia or cascara and go to bed for the night.

On the following morning if you feel better, eat light foods during that day, and the cold will probably pass away. If you do not feel better, then prepare for the second stage of the cold, in which your nose gets clogged up and thick mucous is discharged, and your head feels like a balloon filled with lead. The treatment of this second stage I will tell about in my next article.

In the first stage it is not advisable to spray or snuff solutions into the nose, but the throat may be cleaned by gargling with a warm salt solution (1-2 teaspoon of salt to a glass of water). The popular remedies, such as drugs containing quinine, are not of much value, and special patent medicine mixtures, promising complete cure of colds, chilblains and what have you, should be avoided, since they are nothing but fancy jars or bottles getting fancy prices for contents that would ordinarily, if bought plain over a drug counter, retail for very little.

Patent medicine advertisers play upon the need that workers have for a doctor's care which they cannot afford, and try to blind them into the belief that they are getting the nearest thing to a "good prescription" and are saving money for a doctor's fee, when they buy a patent medicine. This is, however, not so, and the patent medicine racket remains today a method of milking millions of dollars out of the dire need of the workers, without giving him medicine protection in return.

The cheap and simple remedies described above should therefore be the methods that working men and women should use, and if further help is needed, money should not be wasted on patent medicines, but be spent in a visit to a trusted physician.

## HOW CHENG THE PEASANT BECAME RED

(Continued from page 13)

want to. . . I'm a poor man, the peasant Cheng, and I've lost everything and my wife, lying there on the bank, has died in my boat, and I'd just as soon the bandits took my rice, the rice of my daughter's flesh. I don't want to eat my daughter's flesh."

"Why, he's mad," said one of the men, in a joking tone.

"We're not bandits," said the man with the rifle. "We're Reds. Do you want to join us?"

"When a man's lost everything, his house and his family, what can he do but turn soldier?"

"We're not soldiers, we're Reds. We chastise the rich and we organize the poor. Come with us to our camp and you will see who we are."

"We'll come back with you after-

wards to bury your wife. Take your rice and the beans."

A meeting was being held at the camp. Men stood listening—peasants in rags, shod in straw sandals or barefoot, some armed with rifles, the majority with knives, lances and sticks. And the one speaking before the fire Cheng recognized as the young man who had appeared in the town the day before in the kitchen and who had spoken strongly against the rich. This seemed a good omen to him.

"You are all peasants," the young man was saying. "This one has been unable to pay the tax, this one is ruined by the flood, that one is being persecuted for having defended himself against the pillaging sol-

diers. . . Ah, peasants, you are not bandits and you ought never behave like bandits. In Kiangsi, Fukien and Sechwan there are great Communist republics with scores of thousands of peasants and workers. And there the land belongs to those who cultivate it. You must explain that to the peasants throughout our whole country. You only make war on the rich in order to give the land to the peasants and the looms to the workers. We abolish all creditor's rights. . . Does not all wealth come from work? What would they do without you, these idle folk who collect money to repair the dykes and spend it on having women singers play to them in their inner courts and on relishing their dishes of shark's fins while you are dying of hunger?"

"The peasant always suffers. When it is not the floods, it is the drought, when it is not the drought, it is the locusts, when it is not the

# HOUSEHOLD CORNER

YOUR SKIN—ITS CARE

Frances Oliver

MENU CONTEST

In the last issue of this magazine, the *Household Corner* offered a six months' subscription as a prize for the best menu submitted for a dinner for six. The five next best menus will be printed with honorable mention. This dinner should be appetizing, nourishing and cheap. The contest is for the next two months, and will close at midnight on December first. Your letter must be postmarked not later than that date.

never use strong soaps on the face, as they make the skin tough and dry. A castile soap is excellent, and I also recommend Woodbury's Facial Soap, which has been carefully analyzed and found to be pure and mild.

Handle with Care

At night before going to bed, wash your hands carefully, and work up the lather on a cake of soap. Rub the lather over your face, ears and neck, and if you have pimples or black heads allow the soap suds to remain on for three or four minutes, before washing off

thoroughly with warm water. Before drying your face and neck with a soft towel, a few dashes of cold water will be refreshing. If your complexion has a tendency to be dry or rough, rub in a little olive oil and allow it to remain on overnight. Olive oil is much better for the skin than cold cream and a small bottle will last quite a while. Don't forget that no amount of rubbing or patting with creams or oils will change the skin you were born with.

The following recipe, which was given me by a woman trade union leader, is for a cheap but excellent hand and face lotion:

Skin Freshener

2 ounces powdered boric acid  
1 1-2 cups of boiling water  
Juice of one lemon strained  
1 tablespoonful glycerine  
Few drops of rosewater.

Put boric acid in boiling water and stir until boric acid is dissolved. Add strained juice of a lemon, glycerine and rosewater already mixed). While still warm pour into a pint glass bottle. Shake well before using.

This lotion prevents chapping, and keeps the skin smooth and soft. It will last for four months if used for the face and hands; about half this time if used on the body after bathing.

## Love Leads The Way

(Continued from page 12)

The insinuations of these magazines are insulting. The poorer the girls the oftener they sin. The richer the men the nobler they are. And what is the cure of all evil?—Marriage. That's the message of all these magazines. That's the way out they offer to all the girls who read them. That's the explanation and the example they set them. O. K! Sin is inevitable, but you can fix it all by marrying and of course having no less than three beautiful babies over whose curly blonde locks you look back upon your past and shudder.

In Spite of Terror

Hamilton, Ontario.

Dear Comrades:

These magazines go very good and they have all been sold some time

ago. If possible later on will try to increase the bundle order.

Comradely,  
Canadian Labor Defense League.

Everything comes from "sin"—poverty, unhappiness, misery, ignorance.

After all the burning in these magazines burning love and burning hate and burning sands, I had only one wish when I finished reading them: to quickly see before me—all burning. . . a pile of them.

THE END



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