

NOV 5 1944

THE WORKING WOMAN

NOVEMBER
9 3 4

5¢

**Smirnova
Becomes a
Red Director**
A Soviet Woman's
Life Story.
Vern Smith

**Textile Workers
What Next?**
Ann Burlak

**What Can a
Woman Do'ed?**
Working Woman
Contest.
(See details on page 5)

6 ATTRACTIVE PRIZES



Photo by Margaret Bourke-White

THE Working Woman

MARGARET COWL, Editor

Published monthly by the Working Woman Publishing Co. 50 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription fifty cents a year in U. S. and colonies and Mexico. Single copy 5c. Canada and Foreign 75c a year. Entered as second class matter on April 22, 1930, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOVEMBER, 1934
VOLUME 5 NUMBER 10

CONTENTS

Cover A Soviet Girl Worker
Margaret Bourke-White

Articles

Editorial	2
Smirnova Becomes a Red Director— A Soviet Woman's Life Story	
Vern Smith	3
Textile Workers—What Next?	
Ann Burlak	6
Scottsboro—The Lindbergh Case and the Nine Negro Boys	
Judith Bloch	10
Where Do We Go from Here?	
Ann Barton	12
The Rosy Road to Romance, or Short Cuts to Happiness	
Sasha Small	13

Story

Guards of the Harvest (Courtesy of International Literature, Number 2, 1934	S. Tretyakov	8
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------	---

Features

The Reader Has the Floor	2
Birth Control Knowledge Needed	4
"What Can a Woman Do?"—Working Woman Contest, 16 Attractive Prizes	5
In Factory and Office—Letters from Workers	7
All the News That Fits, We Print	
Esther Lowell	9
You're Telling Me! Grace Hutchins	11
Paying Through the Nose	
The Medical Advisor	14
Fashion Letter	Gwen Bard 15
Household Corner	Frances Oliver 15

I want to subscribe to THE WORKING WOMAN

Name

Street

City State

One year, 50c

Six months, 30c

(Canada and Foreign 75c) 209

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

Hail Soviet Women Free For 17 Years!

SEVENTEEN years ago, in Czarist Russia, women workers poured into the streets of the cities demanding bread. At the front, workers and peasants, weary of four years of hunger, gunfire, blood and death, longed for peace. The peasants, starving and tax-laden wanted land. Under the leadership of the Bolshevik Party, whose slogan was "Peace, Bread, and Land," the Russian laboring masses overthrew the ruling class which could no longer give them work and bread. They established a workers' peasants' and soldiers' government in the form of Soviets.

Equal Pay for Equal Work

SEVENTEEN years of such government by the workers in the Land of the Soviets has resulted in complete abolishment of unemployment. Life has become secure for all who work. Only in the Land of the Soviets do women enjoy complete economic and political freedom. There is equal pay for equal work, special schools inside the factories where women learn to become skilled workers at the expense of the trade union and the government, and in case of maternity, four months leave of absence with full wages.

Communist Party Points the Way

WE WOMEN of the United States, inspired with the hope of achieving that which the Russian women have achieved, joyously hail today, on the 17th anniversary of the October Revolution, the women of the Soviet Union. In our country where inequality, discrimination, hunger and suicide, are foisted upon the women as an integral part of the capitalist society under which we live, every victory in the shop, on relief jobs, every gain in relief, speeds the day when the women of this country will also be free. The October Revolution could only be accomplished by a strong, disciplined Bolshevik Party, advancing on every working class front. The Bolshevik Party, the Communist Party of the United States, points the same road to the American women. Women, forward to your own October! JOIN THE COMMUNIST PARTY!

The Reader Has The Floor

Claire City, S. Dak.

Dear Comrade:

Have been receiving the "Working Woman" for nearly a year now and enjoy the magazine very much.

The articles written by women who have taken active part in strikes and demonstrations are encouraging to the women out here who have not taken part in strikes. Am boosting the "Working Woman."
E. W.

Dear Editor:

In reply to your letter dated October 8, 1934, asking me to renew my subscription, I am very sorry to say that there is nobody working in our house for over two years and I haven't any money to pay for the "Working Woman" magazine. The conditions in our section are terrible and are getting worse every day. Most of the mines are shut down. Silk mills also. The few people that do work have a hard time to get along, because the food is very high and wages are just the opposite. Some of the silk mills have no unions and some have a union such as the United Textile Workers, which does not fight for the workers' interests. So you can see what conditions we people have to face down here.
M. S.

Smirnova Becomes a Red Director

A Soviet Woman's Life Story

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

VERN SMITH

WHOEVER heard in America of a woman civil engineer? There are lots of them in the Soviet Union. Twenty-two per cent of the engineers and highly skilled specialists in the rubber industry and garment trades and of chemists in the chemical industry and in laboratories, are women in the Soviet Union.

How many women judges in the United States? Some cities have one, few have more than one. But there are over 100,000 women judges in the Soviet Union, and it is a general rule that at least one of the three judges for each court must be a woman. There are cases where all three are women.

In America when a woman is elected to congress or even to a city council the newspapers write it up as something unusual. In the Soviets, the governing bodies of the Soviet Union, there are always women, working women, in large proportions, a quarter, a third, in some cases more than half of the Soviet being composed of women. There are 400,000 women who are special volunteer assistants to Soviets.

Leaving aside for the moment the fact that in America practically no worker nowadays ever becomes the manager of a plant, whoever heard there of a woman running a big factory? But that is common enough in the Soviet Union. Last year there were 89 women directors (managers) of textile factories, this year even more.

Smirnova's Life Story

LET us take the case of one woman, Smirnova, first assistant director of the Vladimir cotton "trust," an organization of industry which unlike the trusts of America has no capitalists in it, which however, provides the management for many textile factories in its locality; the Soviet "trust" is a branch of the workers' government, and the workers own both the mills and the government.

Smirnova was born in 1895 in a poor peasant family and orphaned when four years of age. As a child she worked, part of the time as a hired nurse for some rich man's

particular job there, was enforcing the labor laws.

Women Are Advanced in Soviet Union

SMIRNOVA became a leader through her activity. She joined the Communist Party and was made Women's Organizer of the Party at the Red Branch Textile Mill. Then, she studied. Smirnova went to schools to study factory technique and management. She began going in her free time since the seven-hour day does not exhaust body and brain as the long work day at top speed does in capitalist countries. Showing that she had ability, she got the same chances for higher education, that a man would have had. She soon studied full time, on a scholarship from the government.

After her course was finished, she was made assistant director of the Red Branch Mill. Then she was sent to Ivanovo for more study, courses for red directors. After that she was made Assistant Director of the Vladimir Trust, and then First Assistant Director, having in charge general supervision in all its mills over protection of labor, statistics, promotions, bookkeeping, capital construction and administration.



ANOTHER WOMAN DIRECTOR

Soyuzphoto

Raissa Skovno, Manager of a great Moscow clothing factory. She was formerly an ordinary operator in the same factory but has now been promoted to the highest position there.

Smirnova is not especially famous. She is just one of many women, who for the first time in history, has been given equal opportunity along with men workers, who themselves have this opportunity for the first time in history.

No Profession Barred to Women

WELL, that gives an idea of the sort of things women do. In the Soviet Union there are women Red Army commanders, women parachute jumpers, and thousands of women athletes. There is no trade or profession barred to women either by law or custom in the Soviet Union, and no grade to which she may not be promoted, however, the only restriction is, that in dangerous trades she must have the safest and lightest jobs.

There is, naturally, equal pay for equal work. For the married working women, communal feeding, the factory dining rooms, the nurseries, the schools, where children receive the best cooked meals in cheerful dining halls, the free medical service and the summer camps for children, remove the biggest half of the burden of housekeeping and leave the

woman worker time to be clean and comfortable, to earn money at congenial work, and to study and advance herself.

Complete Equality in Soviet Union

COMPLETE equality before the law, which includes the participation of women in the enforcement of the law, is a matter of course. In marriage, the man is not the head of the house; marriage is a partnership of equals, with both parties responsible for the care of the other, and of the children. Responsibility for care of children applies also if the children are born outside of marriage. There is no such thing in the Soviet Union as an "illegitimate" child. Divorce is at the will of either party, but whoever earns most must contribute most to the upbringing of the children. Custody of the children remains with the mother unless she is proved manifestly unfit.

There is no unemployment either for men or women. And all these things together have made women free for the first time in history, the only way she can be free, or that men can be free.

EDITORIAL THE ANTI-WAR FIGHT MUST GO ON

For two days last September, 3,332 delegates met in the Second Congress Against War and Fascism in Chicago. There were delegates from trade unions, from cultural, educational, middle class organizations, from the Communist Party, Socialist Party, the Jewish Workers' Party, delegates from women's organizations, fraternal organizations, defense, civil rights, anti-fascist, from churches, from veteran's organizations, from jobless groups, from the farms as well as from the shops.

The activity involved in the campaign to send forty women delegates to the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism in Paris, resulted in more women participating in the Second American Congress than at the First.

The Congress laid down plans to fight war and fascism through demonstrations, picketing and strikes, to halt manufacture and transport of munitions. It bound itself to the exposing of the wide-spread preparations for war.

The Congress adopted a resolution which declared for support of the peace policy of the Soviet Union, which called upon the women in all walks of life to increase their support of the world united front set up in the Paris Congress Against War and Fascism. The resolution points out that the fight for equal wages for equal work for women is an essential means of fighting war and fascism.

The *Working Woman* calls upon women, especially those in factories, working class housewives, women on the farm, as well as professional women, to organize anti-war committees in the factories, shops, and neighborhoods, to support the American League Against War and Fascism. Using the words of the Manifesto adopted in Paris, we call upon, "all women . . . who do not wish to remain indifferent to the fate of humanity . . ." to join without delay the ranks of those who fight against war and fascism.

BIRTH CONTROL KNOWLEDGE NEEDED

Dear Doctor:

I am a woman, in my late twenties and have four young children ranging in age from ten months to seven years. My husband has been out of work for the past one and one-half years. One can easily imagine and picture my plight. With four mouths to feed, that is, not including myself and husband, and four people to clothe is no easy matter. In the face of all this misery, I live in constant dread of bringing another being into the world. Another mouth to feed would naturally mean taking the food away from my other four little helpless beings.

As each month approaches, I get so nervous for fear that something happened that I am in a state of almost collapse. Of course, the unemployment question is enough—more than enough, but with the other thing on my mind, it is almost unendurable.

My dear friend, please forgive me for being so personal, I plead and beg of you to save me, save my children and save my husband. Give me the knowledge I seek. Help me! Help me! for I am drowning.

This letter was among many received by a Birth Control clinic.

Rich women do not have to worry in this way. There are always doctors who will sell them preventive medicines or appliances, or who will perform abortions for a good sum of money.

Working women are the great sufferers. Having so little anyway with which to take care of their families, they are kept in ignorance of this important information by the bosses, who want a large supply of labor for industry and plenty of docile workers to get killed or maimed in war for them.

Women should have the right to decide how many children they want to have. They must organize and fight for free Birth Control clinics, and for Maternity and Social Insurance as provided for in the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill, introduced in Congress last year as, H.R. 7598.

WHAT CAN A WOMAN DO?

What Would You Do?

WRITE YOUR ANSWER TO THIS LETTER

AND SEND IT TO

THE WORKING WOMAN CONTEST

[ENDING JAN. 25, 1935, MIDNIGHT]

16 PRIZES!

October 15, 1934

To the Working Woman
Dear Editor

I am interested in the working class movement I worked ten years in the two mills in our town. Now I would like to join a real working class organization and attend meetings.

But my husband won't let me! I've been married five years and have two kids. Whenever I tell my husband (who has just gotten his third wage-but) that I want to go to these meetings, we always quarrel. It's no use quarreling all the time and I don't know what to do. He has all kinds of interests outside work and goes to all kinds of meetings. But when it comes to me, that's different.

I read your magazine for women and wonder whether you could tell me what I can do. I would surely appreciate it if you would.

Sincerely,

Contest Judges:

"MOTHER" ELLA REEVE BLOOR
CLARENCE HATHAWAY
MARGARET COWL
WILLIANA BURROUGHS
ROSE WORTIS

RULES: Winners will be announced in the February "Working Woman." All replies must contain name and address of sender, although if requested we will not print such information. All replies must be in by midnight, January 25, 1935. Address all replies to Contest Editor, *Working Woman*, 50 East 13th St., New York City. The winning replies will be printed in the February and March issues. During the duration of the contest, selected replies will be printed in various publications.

- 1st Prize Hamper of White Rose canned products.
- 2nd Prize Westinghouse Electric Iron.
- 3rd Prize Should winner of this prize wish to join I. W. O., initiation and three months' dues payment will be made.
- 4th Prize Six months' sub to *Daily Worker*.
- 5th Prize Linen luncheon set donated by Women's Council of New York.
- 6th Prize Grace Hutchin's book "Women Who Work."
- 7th Prize Agnes Smedley's book "China's Red Army Marches."
- 8th Prize One year sub to *Freiheit*.
- 9th Prize One year sub to *New Masses*.
- 10th Prize One year sub to *Fight*.
- 11th Prize One year sub to *Labor Defender*.
- 12th Prize One year sub to *Negro Liberator*.
- 13th Prize One year sub to *Pioneer*.
- 14th Prize One year sub to *Working Woman*.
- 15th Prize Five posters from U.S.S.R. showing Soviet life.
- 16th Prize Three large glossy photos of Lenin, Stalin, Marx.

Textile Workers - What Next?

ANN BURLAK
Young Textile Leader

THE National Guardsmen prepared to shoot, with drawn bayonets gleaming on their rifles. They faced some eight thousand striking textile workers in Saylesville, R. I. The strikers hesitated.

"They Can't Stop Us"

Suddenly a young sixteen year-old girl leaped forward disregarding the drawn bayonets and rifles. "They can't stop us from picketing," she cried, "let's go!" The tension was broken. With a mighty cheer, the strikers pressed forward. The courage of the young girl striker, the great militancy of the advancing strikers so overwhelmed the Guardsmen, that they were driven back to the very gates of the mill before they fired, killing one young striker and wounding many others. There were many women among these fighting strikers. They fought just as bravely as the men and boys.

Women Repeat Militancy

It is not at all unusual to find such an expression of militancy among the women textile workers during strike struggles. Tales of heroism can be told of the women in the New Bedford strike of 1928, in the Gastonia strike of 1929, the Lawrence strike of 1931, and the national silk strike of last year. During this recent general strike of textile workers, the women took part in the flying squadrons and all other militant strike activity. There is a reason for this militant activity.

First of all it must be noted that at least fifty per cent or over of the textile workers in the United States are women or girls. Secondly, in most cases these women textile workers are paid lower wages than men for the same type of work. Textile employers have always tried to use women workers to lower the wages of all textile workers. They try in this way to create a feeling of antagonism between the men and the women.



The coming of the "new deal" with the textile code did not change matters in those sections of the textile industry where differentials existed. In the dye section of the industry, the code calls for 45c an hour for men and 35c an hour for women.

The Pace That Kills

The N.R.A. codes have increased the stretch-out and speed-up in the textile mills to such an extent that many girls and women faint from the killing pace at which they work. In the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company in Salem, girls complained of sprained wrists caused by the heavy work of turning sheets (a job formerly done by men at higher rates of pay). Many girls complained of scalding their hands by handling hot sheets, etc. In the South, Negro women textile workers are paid even less in wages than the white women workers. Throughout the South many women work nights so that they can be with their children during the day. This routine, however, leaves no time for rest, let alone sleep for the mother. In a few short years this working

mother becomes haggard and sickly, dying at an early age.

Women Ready for Struggle

These are a few of the reasons why women textile workers reacted so militantly and wholeheartedly to the call for a national textile strike. They have many grievances that need correction, and they were ready to face tear gas, guns and bayonets to correct these grievances. Jails in the north, concentration camps in the south did not dampen the spirit nor the desire to fight on the part of the women textile strikers. Even though the national textile strike was betrayed by Gorman and the top leadership of the United Textile Workers Union there is no feeling of pessimism among the textile workers. Men and women alike are girding themselves for a renewed struggle for better working and living conditions. Already many mills in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England have been re-struck. This re-strike movement will spread just as rapidly as the general strike did. The women will be in the forefront of the struggle again.

We must encourage more initiative on the part of women workers to take part in organization of strong rank and file Action Committees in every textile mill. Young aggressive girl textile workers showed during the last strike, that they have the will and the ability to lead. These girls must be encouraged to take leadership, and not to rely on top leaders of the U.T.W. like Gorman or McMahon.

Get In the Union

Women workers, your place is in the Union with the men of your mill or factory. Help build a strong rank and file controlled Union just as you helped to organize effective mass picket lines. When we fight unitedly there is no power of the employers that can defeat our struggle. Let's go!

In Factory and Office

A Department in which Mill,
Factory, Office and Shop
Workers Will Record Their
Struggles.

Dear Editor:

I am a silk textile worker (weaver or operator) here in a large mill which employs about 300 women and girls and about 28 men. I work from 2 to 10 P. M. the second, or the grave-yard shift as we call it. All I can do is sleep, eat and work. Can't go any place with such working hours.

The factory is near a large body of water and on these clear days—the wind, breathing the fresh air, walking to the shop—what a difference when I walk inside the shop. The hot, stuffy, dusty air just suffocates one. It's a crime to slave on four machines for so many hours for \$13.00 a week. We have some warps here that are half cotton and half silk (one beam of each) and tiny particles of this cotton (dust) flies around constantly. If I would place a pencil on the machine, in five minutes it would be covered with a layer of this cotton (dust) from the warp. We can't have the windows opened as the machines bang off.

Works Eight Hours Without Rest

The air in the room must be at a certain temperature. So there is no fresh air. This dust makes my nose itch and my throat dry and sore. We must work straight through the eight hours without any rest or lunch period. Also we almost go blind on their dark warps (black and navy blue).

The weavers worry themselves sick about designs and joinings and marks all night. What for? For about five cents or six cents a yard. I'd like to know what this same material is sold for a yard, or who will wear the tie made of this goods. But I know it won't be any boy friend of mine. It is expensive and will be on some boss or crooked politician. Little will he be concerned about the poor weaver who

slaved on those machines for a few cents.

Shoed to Work Like Animals

After our general strike when the workers were shoed like animals into the shops without winning any of their demands, some of the workers had such faith they still couldn't believe it was such a sellout. Some workers still believe they're going to get something yet after this board investigates. But the workers are fast waking up, especially after the shooting of 16 pickets. They see that the only thing these leaders do efficiently in our union is the collection of dues.

The workers will soon take things in their own hands and kick out these fakers who only slam the Communists that expose them, and do not talk about the bosses and our rotten shop conditions.

New Jersey Silk Worker.

Reading, Pa.

Dear Editor:

It is estimated that women workers outnumber men workers in the textile industry five to one. The men folk are constantly being eliminated and replaced by girls at lower wages. Particularly is this true of full fashioned hosiery.

Girls in the mills perform every operation on the stocking except knitting and this is also being experimented with a small way. Once boarding, like knitting, was done solely by men but today girls are doing most of this operation also.

In the largest full fashion mill here, more than 200 skilled men in the boarding department have just recently been replaced by high school girls. The community is viewing this as deplorable and protests have been sent in to Washington.

Low wages and mill conditions are forcing the women into the unions for mutual protection. Just a few years ago one could not talk to the girls in the hosiery industry about organization without receiving a scornful reply. Today they are the backbone of many strikes. Their militancy on the picket line and willingness to sacrifice is equal to that of any of their brothers.

Full Fashion Seamer.

Editor's Note:

The protests should be organized into action for a thirty-hour week, without reduction in pay, so that young workers will be given a chance to earn a living, not at the expense of older workers.

Equal pay for equal work must be demanded through the textile trade union to prevent the bosses using women workers to cut wages.

Girls, organize groups or committees in the mills: how about forcing and pressing the union to include the above in your general demands?

Let working girls in other mills know what you do about this through the columns of the WORKING WOMAN.

Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Editor:

The Southland Manufacturing Company in Montgomery closed down about two weeks ago. This caused about 280 colored women to be thrown out of work. Of these two thirds of them were the entire support of their homes. These women had worked at the rate of from \$2 to \$3 per week. Mr. Bard, the president of the company gave orders to close the plant temporarily and reopen with white workers. The operator with the old machine was expected to turn out as much work as one with the efficient machine. And that's where the bosses had a chance to tell the worker who was handicapped that she was lazy. He would say it wasn't fair to pay her as much as he paid the ones who turned out the work. We understood that that was a way of cutting wages.

GUARDS OF THE HARVEST

S. TRETYAKOV

(Courtesy of International Literature, No. 2, 1934)

Children, as well as men and women, play a great part in the building of Socialism now going on in the Soviet Union, the workers' and farmers' country. On the collective farms, land, tools and seed are pooled and used collectively for the greater benefit of all and if the harvest is a good one, all benefit. Naturally, there are trials and tribulations, for this is real life and life means work, but in the Soviet Union, it is work without fear of evictions, starvation or unemployment, for the workers have overthrown the bosses and the power over their lives is now in their own hands.

YASHA was guarding the communal garden.

It was a great honor.

Yasha kept in mind where the best apples were and where the green walnuts clustered. He chased away people who stopped too long under the low-hanging plums and collected the windfalls into a basket, saying "Huh!" in a bass voice incredible for his twelve years, when he noticed a broken twig where only yesterday a pear had been growing.

Yasha had worked about the farm before. He had even earned fifty work-days. That was for being water boy for the camp. He also drove the horses hitched to the cultivator, rode the horses drawing away from the thresher the soft bran trod down by the rakers.

But that was ordinary work which any school boy and Pioneer could do.

The garden—that was an honor.

Friends came, sat down at a distance and teased:

"Miser! Didn't you swipe apples, yourself, before, and knock down nuts and now you have turned into a skinflint! They're not yours—why so stingy?"

Yasha scowls, looks away and answers threateningly; "Don't you try!"

Once, the chairman of the commune, Andrey Chukno, came to the garden. He looks serious, but he's such a card—look out! There was a visitor with him. Andrey asked Yasha to treat them with some of the windfalls from the basket. Yasha looked at the visitor—a military hat, and athletic shirt and a belt.

"The militia man too?" he asked, handing Andrey an apple.

"This is not a militia man," Chuk-

no said seriously, but you could see his eyes smiling, "this is the political department chief. That's first. And then I'd like to ask you a question, Yasha. What kind of guard are you, if you give away apples for the asking without an order from the storekeeper?"

He had hardly finished the question before Yasha had snatched the apples from their hands, picked up his basket and run behind a tree.

"Ask for some more apples," he sang out in his bass voice, "you won't see one now! You go and eat and then scold me!"

"So, I'll pick some myself. What'll you do to me? I am chairman," said Chukno, looking at his visitor.

"Are you a Pioneer?" asked the chief, at this point.

"Yeh! Pioneer, what of it?"

Yasha expected some new trick.

"Only that you are a darn good lad. In your place, I'd not only take the apples away, I'd take him too. Do you know who has said: 'Public property is sacred and inviolable?'"

"Huh," answered Yasha, "the Bolsheviks said that."

He liked the militia man. He didn't make fun of one.

Then something happened.

Yasha was running to the pond with the other children. On a hillock a man was sitting, a sack beside him. On the other side of the pond shepherds were shouting near cowsheds, and kilns loomed up, smoking from the baking bricks made out of last year's straw. The oats glistened in the fields and the corn held out its tightly packed ears.

The man on the hillock let the gang run by and called only to Yasha who happened to be last.

"Tsst! Youngster! Want to earn a pocket knife?" A fine pocket knife lay in the man's palm. "Bring a loaf of bread from the kitchen and the knife is yours."

It was just before reaping time. The very hardest time. Last year's bread running short and no new bread yet. Even at the communal dining room where bread was usually heaped up in almost mountains on the tables, measured slices of bread were laid out.

Yasha thought it over. The man laughed.

"Afraid? Think they'll catch you?"

The knife was a very fine one. A very interesting knife. The other boys were far away... maybe the man is only teasing? What kind of a chap is he? From what

collective farm? He sits here and exchanges things for bread. And the commune is toiling away at weeding, their backs aching so that the skin cries with large tears of sweat.

"Let's see the knife."

Yasha came over getting closer to the sack. Suddenly he grabbed the sack. Young corn squeaked.

From what fields? The commune's? His, Yasha's commune? He grasped the sack and yelled. The



"Tsst! Youngster! Want to earn a pocket knife?"

Drawings by Mary Morrow

thief jumped up and shook Yasha. Some of the boys ran back but at a blow from the sack, they ran off.

"Thief! You shan't get away!" Yasha cried and again grabbed for the sack.

"Steal our corn and then hit us with our own corn? Come on to the commune! Come on you thief, come to the commune!"

He leaped at the man. Grabbed hold of his shirt. He hid his head from the blows but did not lose his hold. The shirt was giving away. The thief kept raining blows with his fists and feet. Threw him down trying to get away. Acted the way one does to get away from an attack of hornets. When the thief succeeded in freeing his shirt, Yasha seized the sack. As soon as the sack was freed Yasha clung to the shirt.

"Come on to the commune! Thief! Come to the commune!"

The thief was already retreating, but he was being forced in the direction of the commune. Yasha maneuvered him into the yard and shouted into the window of the office.

"Help thief! Hold him! Call the militia!"

THE womenfolk were agog: "Yasha caught a thief!" The other lads, grown bolder, kept feeling the sack of squashed corn. The young man who was appointed guard to take the thief to militia headquarters reluctantly saddled his horse, resentful at being sent on an errand before dinner. Yasha wriggled about nearby giving strict reminders not to let the thief get away.

The young man, sore at having a school boy tell him what to do, looked away disdainfully. Older members of the commune, men with beards and mustaches came over to Yasha and asked him to tell about it. He kept telling the tale, told it a dozen times, and every time at the end of the story he would add:

"And they" turning his head toward the other youngsters "got scared and couldn't help at all."

And then his enthusiasm evaporated. The young man returned and said lazily that the thief had escaped.

"He ducked among the sunflowers. And I couldn't let the horse trample down the sunflowers, could I?"

The thief escaped but the exploit remained.

(To be Continued Next Month)

All The News That Fits, We Print

ESTHER LOWELL

ALL the News That's Fit to Print" boasts a leading boss newspaper. Let's have a look:

"Vanderbilt Nurse Tells of Neglect"—A sad (and sordid) tale of a poor little rich girl whose \$4,000,000 fortune Mama is fighting for. Mama Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt's high jinks have been aired in court by little Gloria Laura's aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, "one of the world's richest women." Mama is reported as teaching ten-year-old Gloria Laura how to mix cocktails and never to have played with her. Auntie's "more than \$75,000,000" apparently over-awed the court. The judge shut out reporters when Mama's turn came to tell on Auntie. Such a lot of dirty society linen, but it's all "fit to print." That's where your money goes, working women.

MOVIE Actress Rules Hitler and She's Half Jewish" (Hearst paper headline.) Adolph used to be called a "pansy" because he preferred male companions. Not long ago he wiped out his former bosom pals Roehm and Von Schleicher. His new sweetie hasn't made him change his methods of bottling up and torturing working class fighters like Thaelmann. That's a job in which we'll have to help the German working men and women.



"Ask for some more apples . . . you go eat and then scold me!"

LITVINOFF Signs Plea for Women's Rights"—Maxim Litvinoff, Soviet Foreign Commissar, took the lead within four days of Russia's admission to the League of Nations, in demanding equality of rights for women. The women told Litvinoff that the League Secretariat seemed to them to be conspiring to balk the women's project. 'I will sign,' Mr. Litvinoff said, 'Don't forget that we have complete equality for women in Russia.'

MRS. BERRY STOLL Kidnapped in Kentucky"—Another rich young society woman taken for \$50,000. But the boss press has no room for the California vigilante plot to kidnap and kill 19-year-old Dorothy Ray and Stanley Hancock, heroic young organizers of Imperial Valley lettuce strikers who are finishing six months jail terms. (Read the Daily Worker.)

TWENTY-FIVE per cent of Homes Here Lack Sanitation." Little Old New York: "120,622 families have no tub or shower, 114,576 lack private indoor toilets." No report from the millions of farm homes throughout these United States that "lack sanitation."

WOMAN Faints From Hunger in Restaurant"—"Woman, 82, Collapses of Stivation"—"Mother, 20, Collapses of Hunger on Street"—"Georgia Negro Lynched as Wife Pleads for Him."

A line or two for each of these items. Nothing at all about the coming Hunger March of working men and women demanding adequate relief and passage of the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill, H. R. (House Resolution) 7598. Instead: "Relief Payments Cut Though Cases Mount." But—

"Soviet Confronts No Mass Starving"—"Extended Journey in Russia Reveals No Signs of Famine, Though Some Crops are Poor. Peasants are Optimistic. 'We Will Get Along' They Say—Reserves from 1933 and Easing of Taxes Will Help. The government already has lent some seed for Fall planting."

Scottsboro

THE LINDERGH CASE
AND THE NINE
NEGRO BOYS

JUDITH BLOCK

EVERY mother in the world was shocked by the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. This was a tragedy of motherhood and the property-owning class which owns the press, the radio and the movies has always pretended that motherhood was sacred.

What Mrs. Hauptmann Wore

EVERY detail concerning the kidnapping is mentioned in the news—what Mrs. Hauptmann wore, the color of Bruno Hauptmann's eyes, the way his brother-in-law earns a living. But there are two truths which are not there, because the capitalists and their editors are afraid of them.

First: Why kidnapping? Only the existence of tremendous fortunes on the one hand and people made desperate and insecure by the owning class on the other hand can create kidnappings. In the Soviet Union where there is no privately accumulated wealth and no economic insecurity for those who work, there are no kidnappings.

Second: Why so much respect for Anne Lindbergh's motherhood? Because she is a rich mother, a member of the ruling class, not a working woman.

Anne Lindbergh's baby is dead. Millions of dollars have been spent and are being spent to find and punish the kidnapers.

Nine Kidnapped by Capitalism

BUT there are nine babies of six working class Negro mothers, the Scottsboro boys, who have been kidnapped by capitalism and are threatened with death by capitalism, two of them on this December 7th, if you other working-class mothers do not continue to support and increase the fight of the International Labor Defense to save them.

Why have they been jailed? Because the Southern white ruling class could not wring sufficient profit from the workers if it did not constantly attempt, even by lynchings, to keep up in the minds of the white workers, vicious ideas about the Negro people supposedly being inferior to

the white people; that the Negro workers are unworthy of the same wages and rights that white workers are supposed to have. These ideas implanted into the minds of white workers by the boss class is an effort to keep white and Negro workers apart, to keep them from a united struggle against the exploitation of all who work—both Negro and white. Let the Scottsboro boys themselves explain why they are in prison, why two of their number are sentenced to die on December 7th.

"We are innocent. We are kept in prison because we are simple workers and because our skin is black."

"Not at Home" to Scottsboro Mothers

DO the newspapers, the radio, the movies pour out their sympathy to the Scottsboro mothers? Does President Roosevelt send them telegrams of condolence? No. When the Scottsboro mothers came to see President Roosevelt to ask for his intervention in behalf of their children, he was "not at home."

Who can and who will save the Scottsboro boys and give them back to their mothers? Only the working class with the help of its friends and its instrument, the International Labor Defense.

Starving Miners Ignored

IN nearby Hungary 1,200 miners' wives in vain beseech an Austrian and English-owned company to grant the demands of their striking husbands who, rather than see their children starve to death, determined to commit suicide by starving and suffocating themselves in the pit. The Fascist government of Hungary sent troops with machine guns to see that no capitalist property was damaged and to terrorize the heroic miners who had barely enough strength to fall into their wives' arms.

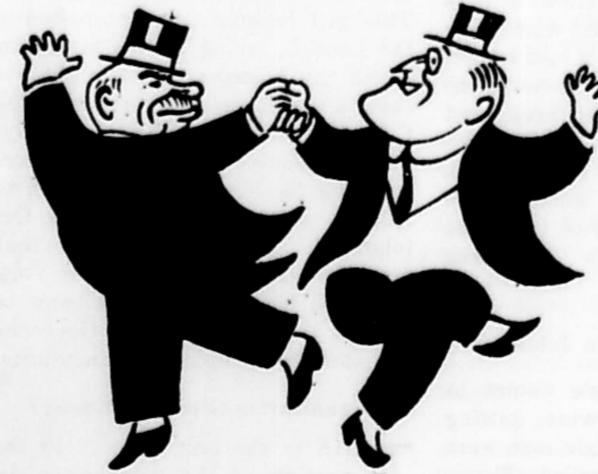
Save the Scottsboro Boys!

Working women! Capitalism does not respect your motherhood. Only in the Soviet Union is the motherhood of working women made a joyous and happy thing; where maternity insurance is available to all women at the expense of the government. Fight for your own motherhood and that of your sisters. Fight for Maternity Insurance which is in the Workers' Bill, H.R. 7598. Save the Scottsboro Boys.

You're telling me!

GRACE HUTCHINS

FROM the richest farming land of the richest country in the world comes a story that will never appear in *True Story Magazine* or in the *Red Book Magazine*. It has just happened in the month of October at the beginning of the sixth winter of the Great Depression in the nation that is owned by J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and their friends.



Drawings by Gropper

Ben Travis and his wife and their four children lived on a farm in Arkansas. It was mortgaged and they couldn't pay either taxes or interest. Then this summer the drought struck them. They lost their farm and their home.

With just enough money to pay for a little fuel and a few gallons of gas they packed up everything they had left in the old Ford and started North. The food gave out and they drove on—hungry. The littlest child, six months old, just a baby, cried and pulled at Mrs. Travis' thin dress. But there was no milk.

They had reached northern Illinois when the gas gave out. They sat there in the stalled car, not knowing what to do. The baby had stopped crying. He was very quiet and white. Suddenly he stiffened and Mrs. Travis cried out:

"He's dead."

She held the dead child in her arms. Ben Travis sat at the wheel of the car that would not move. The older children were too bewildered to speak or cry. There they sat for seven hours. . . .

You're telling me there ought to have been a happy ending to that story, had the local Unemployment Council found the stalled car. The committee would have forced the relief agency to find a home for Ben Travis and his wife and the three children and to give them relief.

We have not yet heard the end of that story. But

we have heard about plenty of other families and what happened when the council got on the job. Federated Press tells about it in an item this month:

WASHINGTON (F.P.).—"The success of the Unemployment Council in compelling attention for the relief cases it takes up has aroused the indignation of the Hearst papers in Washington, which call it 'special privilege.'

"Acting in an organized fashion, the Unemployment Council sends delegations of some size to demand relief for those who are denied it, as well as to put forward more general demands for increased relief and unemployment insurance. The success of its representations has brought it increased membership and influence."

So—the Hearst papers are scared because of the workers' success in winning increased relief. Let's make them a good deal more scared with the Winter Relief Campaign this year!

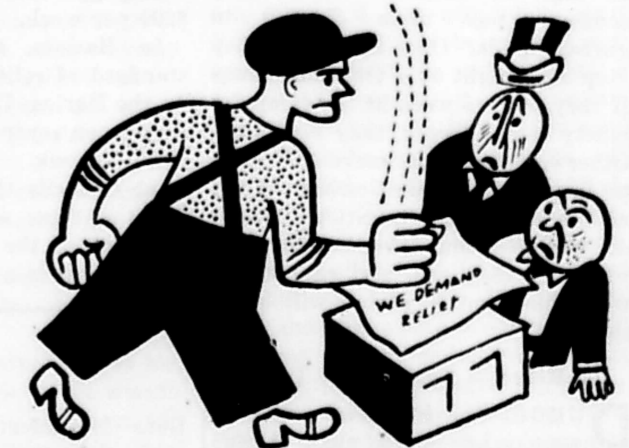
How to Get Winter Relief

The National Unemployment Councils are undertaking this widespread campaign in which each state will work out local demands for increased relief, to force action by the various relief agencies.

In New York, for example, two demands that are of great importance to a jobless worker and his family will be among the local matters brought up by the organized unemployed before the Home Relief Bureau. Among the other points will be a demand for money to pay moving expenses, when the family has to move to another house and a demand that coal provided as part of the relief shall be delivered at the apartment.

New York jobless workers know they can win these demands and other points on increased relief when they go in an organized manner to insist on it.

And don't let's forget when we are demanding more relief in the Winter Relief Campaign that the rich still have oodles and oodles of money. Look at the Society pages in the daily newspapers and you can read all about the expensive dances put on by the wealthy. Here's one, described in the headlines, planned for November 10, to be held in the grand ballroom suite of the Waldorf-Astoria.



"Victory Ball on Eve of Armistice Day to be Marked by Military Pageantry." And while President Roosevelt and the American Legion at this victory ball celebrate the murder of ten million young workers, we say: "All war funds to the unemployed."

FREE THAELMANN!

A GREAT working class leader is in jail. Ernst Thaelmann, Secretary of the Communist Party of Germany may be on trial for his life as you read this. He is accused of high treason because he has no thought other than for the workers.

The Nazis plan to give him a secret, fake trial and then murder him. Only the workers of the world can save him.

Thaelmann always said that women were extremely important to the working class movement—and acted upon it. He saw to it that women were on strike committees, that special demands were raised for women, even in a strike of harbor workers.

"See, there marches Thaelmann, he is with us!" shouted a German working woman as his correct line brought women out to demonstrate

by the thousands with their husbands, sons and brothers, in a great dock strike in Hamburg. Strong and brave, he did not sit at a desk when workers were attacked. He was out in front, leading the way.

Are women workers going to desert Thaelmann now? No! He is ours, he is of our heart and blood.

We, here in America, can do a great deal.

Start a big demonstration of protest against this outrage, to the German consulate in your city. Organizations and groups: Rush registered letters, return receipt demanded, to Ernst Thaelmann, People's Court, Berlin, Germany, assuring him of your support in the fight for his liberation.

Ernst Thaelmann's life is in our hands. Free him!

"Where Do We Go From Here?"

ANN BARTON

TWO girls from the South start a long trek. One has a 10-months old baby in her arms. She is going North to find her husband. With her another girl travels. She has lost her job and cannot stay at home. They have no money. All they have is the certain knowledge they cannot exist in the little Southern town where they have lived until now.

A few years ago, the general press, reluctantly having to face the facts, made much to-do and alarm. There were women, homeless, actually roaming the roads from town to town just like the men, sleeping in the Municipal flop-houses, dying of hunger by the roadside. Articles were written, homeless women interviewed. Then the facts lost their value as sensation. Women suicides increased. Scientists gave startling facts about the number of women admitted into asylums for nervous and mental diseases. But the tattered, miserable thousands of homeless women were no longer news.

One Hundred Thousand Homeless Women

GRACE HUTCHINS, author of *Women Who Work* tells us there are 2,000,000 unemployed women. Out of these, 100,000 are homeless today. Some figures run as high as 150,000. Occasionally someone sees them digging in garbage pails. Once in a while they stop over night at a transient camp. If they wish to work at the camp for ninety cents a week, they may stay. Otherwise they must move on. They no longer have a destination. They no longer ask the question "Where do we go from here?" They go wherever they can, and cannot tell what the coming winter will bring them.

No Relief in Their Home Towns

DURING one night of a survey last year, more than 12,680 homeless girls reported to the Salvation Army, Y.M.C.A., Red Cross, Municipal flop-houses, etc., for shelter. On that same night, in a survey made simultaneously in 800

cities, 1,956 women were found sleeping in hobo camps, besides railroad tracks. Even the capitalist agencies admit that to estimate a total of homeless girls on that night, one would have to multiply the number by at least five, since it is a known fact that girls and women report for shelter only as a last resort!

These girls left their home towns because in most sections throughout the country, there is no relief provision for single women. In New York City, however, where women have put up a fight for relief from the city, an appropriation has been made for them.

Equality for Women Jobless

UNTIL recently single women in New York City were getting \$2.30 a week, while single men were receiving \$2.50. The relief officials of the city, stating that it was unfair to have a double relief standard for men and women, placed all relief at \$2.40. Since there are 5,000 single men receiving relief in New York City and 3,000 single women, this demagoguery saved the city coffers \$200 per week.

In Harlem, there is no single standard of relief for single women. At the Harlem Unemployment Council, women report receiving as low as \$1.75 a week. But the Unemployment Councils there have organized many of these single women. They have forced the city to give many homeless girls a room and food, and

the same relief standard as in other parts of New York City.

"Let Those Girls Live"

WE are trying to make the city let those girls live like human beings" says Frela Jackson, the organizer of these women.

Many come to the Council weeping. One of them, the organizer relates "couldn't remember where she lived during the past month, because she had lived in so many places." This girl became very interested in the Council, seeing in it a means by which the homeless girls might become a real force. She is now on the City Committee of the Unemployment Councils. She is actively organizing the State Hunger March to Albany, which leaves New York October 27. She will see to it that many homeless girls from New York City will be on hand at Albany to present their demands to Governor Lehman for unemployment insurance.

Organization Gives the Answer

THIS is the only answer to the question of the homeless girls, "Where do we go from here?" Throughout the country, when they try to stand alone, they are ignored at relief bureaus, sent to flop-houses, or forced again onto the road. Organized, together, in the Unemployment Councils, in delegations demanding relief for themselves and their comrades, in Hunger Marches, they are a potent force, that can wrest relief from the city authorities. Their aim must be to secure from the Federal Government, together with all unemployed, men and women, the passing of H. R. 7598, the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill.

Orders, Please

Dear Comrades:

The Business Department of the *Working Woman* is ready to correct mistakes in mailing and billing when they have occurred but it needs your help in order to do so. Will you

please let us know at once if errors occur?

We take orders for new bundles, and subscriptions, as well.

Comradely,
BUSINESS MANAGER



What you get for one hard-earned dollar when you send it away to a company advertising in the *LOVE* magazines, under the alluring heading "HOT STUFF." (See page 15)

The Rosy Road to Romance or, Short Cuts to Happiness

SASHA SMALL

WELL, I find that the literature of love peddled by the love story magazines was far from exhausted by last month's supply. There is still another batch of magazines devoted to this love business. These are of the wood pulp variety—printed on horrible paper, decorated with horrible drawings and written in the most horrible style.

These magazines—*Love*—(just plain) and *Thrilling Love*—(the word thrilling is written in wiggly letters)—to take only two of a very large number are by far the trashiest stuff I have read yet in this quest of finding out what the bourgeois magazines are offering their women readers. A few of the titles will give you an idea of the level of this tripe—*The Moon Still Shines, Dangerous Heaven, No Other Lips, Miracle of Love, Constant Coquette, Love's Magic*.

What are they about? They are so much alike it's hard to remember. Either he's rich and she's poor and she fears that she will not be able to fit into his life and bring only disgrace upon him or she's rich and he's poor and she's afraid that he loves her only for her money or they are both rich and the other woman is trying to take him away from her. And of course, the minute they look at each other—excuse me, it's gaze into each other's eyes—they know at once that the great moment has come. Here's one example:

(They have just met and exchanged no more than ten words but it is all over—S.S.).

"I knew the moment I saw you that I loved you, Judy. And I want you to know."

She raised her shining eyes to his, then dropped them in sweet assent. A warmth stole over her from top to toe. She ceased trembling. And when he put his arms around her, and pressed her to him, kissed her forehead, then the golden lashes lay on her glowing cheeks, she sighed contentedly, leaned against his shoulder and met his lips with her own,

tremulous and eager. "I've always known you," she whispered. "You have always been in my heart." For exquisite, timeless moments, they clung together, cheek pressed to cheek, heart to heart. Then above them startlingly clear, came a joyous burst of song from a late blackbird.

And there you have it. They are all alike. These people are as unnatural and stiff as the language of the stories. Their lives are an impossible series of romantic episodes like the one quoted. How do they make a living? Are they sweated on their jobs? Can they pay their rent? Are there any political problems in their world? Of course not. The purpose of the magazine is to make the reader forget these realities of life.

But the substitute is so shabby, so ugly. *Love* is only the most elementary physical passion. No question of companionship, of two people trying to solve the real problems of existence, the economic problems of every day life. Just kisses and listening to the birds sing.

The most interesting features in these magazines are the ads. In two days or so, you can get fat if you are skinny, skinny if you are fat, strong if you are weak, short if you are tall, and in general conquer the world by cutting out a coupon and mailing it to a certain address. If you are lonely, you need only write to a given address and be supplied with friends, sweethearts, etc. There are however, two types of ads that are really vicious. One type advertises in the nastiest insinuations—*Oh, Boy—Hot Stuff*. In lurid and suggestive words they tell you that for one dollar you can get a collection of smutty pictures. "French models posed from life, French men and women in passionate love poses." Why French? Because it is generally known that there are in existence certain post cards and pictures produced by perverted minds of an indecent and obscene

(Continued on page 15)

Paying Through the Nose

Dear Women Readers:

I do hope that the method of sweating out a cold as explained in last month's column has been of some use to you and has actually prevented further development of colds in those of you who tried it. If it hasn't, you will surely want to know what to do when the cold has gotten a definite foothold in your nose and throat and seems to be prepared to stay there for the rest of the winter. At this time, the discharge from the nose is quite thick. The mucus is mixed with varying amounts of pus which gives it, instead of its original watery appearance, a white or yellow stringy and gummy appearance. This mucus together with the swelling of the membrane (skin) that forms the lining of the nose seems to completely obstruct or "stuff up" the breathing passages in one or both sides of the nose forcing you to breathe through your mouth. Besides the fact that the stuffed nose makes the top of your head feel heavy and ballooned out, the breathing through the mouth dries the tongue and back of the throat so that your tongue becomes coated and thick and your throat raspy and irritated.

The Medical Advisor

You Can't Kiss Anybody

You have no appetite, your sleep is disturbed, you can't kiss anybody, and life is just miserable. Is it any wonder that the nose drop manufacturers get to be multi-millionaires. At any rate more patent medicines are advertised for colds than of any other single advertised condition including pyorrhea and body odor, and these medicines, some of them good, some of them bad and some of them just useless are labelled in such a way as to make you believe that behind the magic name there is a secret powerful formula that does something to a cold which no usual common every day drug can accomplish. For that reason the makers of these medicines charge you from nine to ten times the actual value of the ingredients which can be purchased by name if you know them, directly from the druggist.

Simple and Safe to Be Clean

With the hope of saving your hard-earned pennies, I will divulge to you the method of taking care of a "stuffed nose." The first principle of treatment is to keep the nasal passages free and clean. To accom-

plish this the first thing you must do is wash out the mucus that accumulates in these passages. For this a solution is made by dissolving one half of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of hot water and adding one quarter teaspoon of plain salt. Allow the solution to become warm and then spray it into each nostril with a nasal sprayer or a medicine dropper. The solution softens the thick mucus and by blowing the nose lightly the mucus is emptied out. The spraying is repeated three or four times till the nose is completely clear. Then a few drops of albolene (mineral oil) are put into each nostril and you wait until the nose clogs up again to spray it again. The nose wash is repeated as often as necessary even if it be every two or three hours. As long as the nose keeps clean there is little fear of complications setting in, such as sinus infection. Those who like their nose drops to have a pleasant odor, can order their albolene mentholated. The above method is simple and safe and may be used in all forms of nasal catarrh. If you get no relief there may be other trouble and then a doctor should be consulted.

HOUSEHOLD CORNER

Hamburg Casserole

Mix two pounds of hamburger steak with one-half cup of milk, one cup of cracker crumbs, one onion chopped fine, one tablespoonful of bacon fat, and salt and pepper to taste. Put one-half of this mixture in the bottom of a greased casserole dish. Pour over it one-half can of tomato soup. Put in the other half of the meat mixture, and pour over it the other half of the soup. Bake for an hour in a hot oven.

Eggless Cake

Mix together two cups of sugar, two cups of cold water, two table-spoons of shortening, and one package seeded raisins. Boil five minutes. Cool and add three cups flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful each of different kinds of spice. Bake one hour in

FRANCES OLIVER

fairly hot oven. Makes two loaves.

Drink More Milk

RECENTLY the Governor of New York proclaimed a "Drink More Milk Week." Of course his proclamation described how much drinking more milk would help the farmers of the state, and how it would benefit the people who did the drinking. He didn't tell how much it would benefit the Milk Trust, nor did he inform working people how, on ten or twelve dollars a week, they could buy more milk.

Milk is one of the most nutritious of foods. It is rich in proteins, which build and repair tissues.

We would all be better off if we drank more milk. And if the enormous profit that goes to the big milk

companies was eliminated, we could drink more milk, and the farmers could make a living. It is a favorite trick of the newspapers to play up the consumers against the dairy farmers, as if they were enemies. If the farmers strike for a higher price for their cans of milk, then the papers pity the poor workers in the city who will have to pay more. If the consumers kick about the price of milk, then the papers weep about the farmers. In that way they try to make everybody forget about the profits of the Milk Trust. The farmer gets only a quarter or a fifth or even less of what you pay for a quart of milk. When farmers and workers get together and start to find out what happens to the other three-quarters or four-fifths, there will be some point in talking about drinking more milk.



Written and
illustrated by
GWEN BARD

WHEN a girl has about two dollars and fifty-nine cents clutched in her skinny little fist, all to spend on clothes, then is the time the old imagination is sure to run away with her. So stop here, dear readers, if you are hoping to learn how to get a winter outfit for that sum.

After a day on the picket line or in the factory, after long hours of home or farm chores or office routine, it will not do any good to read in Harper's Bazaar that "pearls are being worn with big black muffs." And how about a high fur toque on your golden curls, my dears? Earrings are back, please note, as well as "old-fashioned gestures, paler finger nails, tippets and strapless brassieres."

For country wear please let your tweeds be brilliant and your hats rakish as hell. "For evening, if your collar-bones are good, get a gown that slips off them, but if you don't feel like being picturesque . . . go in for long straight dresses, tight to the floor, but split so you can dance." (Or kick if necessary).

"But suppose you are dining out with a man who isn't dressing—"

well, all right, suppose you are just eating at the cafeteria, if at all, with never mind who. Or maybe you are just going to walk down the road to see the moon rise over the barn with what's his name.

Almost any old dress will serve the purpose better if the neckline is dressed up with a collar such as one of these. Grosgrain ribbon is suggested because of its weight but silk belting might be even better. Use light ribbon on a dark dress, especially if your skin is dark. And if any reader has any other simple ideas for clothes, and will write a careful description, this department will print her letter.

You know of course, that these ideas are not offered as little dabs of cheer to try to make us content with our lot; experience has taught us that such individual solutions are really not solutions at all. In a country as rich as this, it is ridiculous that we should be driven to such penny-pinching stunts.

Our first task is to align ourselves with men workers in the day-to-day fight for better conditions. This is the only way to build a workers' government—and that's the only kind which guarantees a decent and happy existence.



REPLACE old collar with ribbon same width. Cut ends diagonally and don't hem. Face with ribbon of contrasting color. Average collar requires about two-thirds yard of each color.



IN this, 1½ yards ribbon, 1¼ inches wide is sewn upright on a round-necked dress and tied at the opening. Dark ribbon for a light dress, especially if you are a blond.

(Continued from page 7)

nature, imported from France. What you get for one hard earned dollar is actually worth about 10 cents. A bunch of photographs like those reproduced on page seven. They play on the basest instincts of human curiosity, created by all the idiotic conventions of bourgeois morals and then—because they may be sent to jail for breaking the postal regulations which forbid using the mails for obscenity they send this tripe. The other ad is addressed exclusively to women. "Don't be discouraged or alarmed when nature fails you. Use

our famous remedy when nature fails." If you are too poor to be able to support another baby, or you don't want any more children—these ads offer you pills to solve your very serious problem. Do they? They are a complete fraud and they cost anywhere from two to five dollars. I discussed these pills with a very competent doctor, who told me what they really are. She can explain much better than I can—watch the next issue for this important exposure.

WHAT! You haven't subscribed yet?

to the ONLY magazine in English for working class women in the United States. Take this magazine out NOW; show it to your friends. Sign two of them up as subscribers at once. Sign up yourself!

2 years for \$1; 1 year for 50c; Half year for 30c;

Canada and Foreign for 75c a year

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

2 Years 1 Year Half Year

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

2 Years 1 Year Half Year

THE **W**ORKING WOMAN

50 East 13th Street ♦ New York City, N. Y.

Workers: We want your letters. We want to print them. Tell the women of America what your life is like and what you are doing to improve your working and living conditions. Sit down with paper and pencil and write! What you say interests all other workers.