

THE **WORKING WOMAN**

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Homework

Rose Wortis

**Silent Night—
Ho-o-ly Night—**

Get Your Christmas Shopping Done Early.

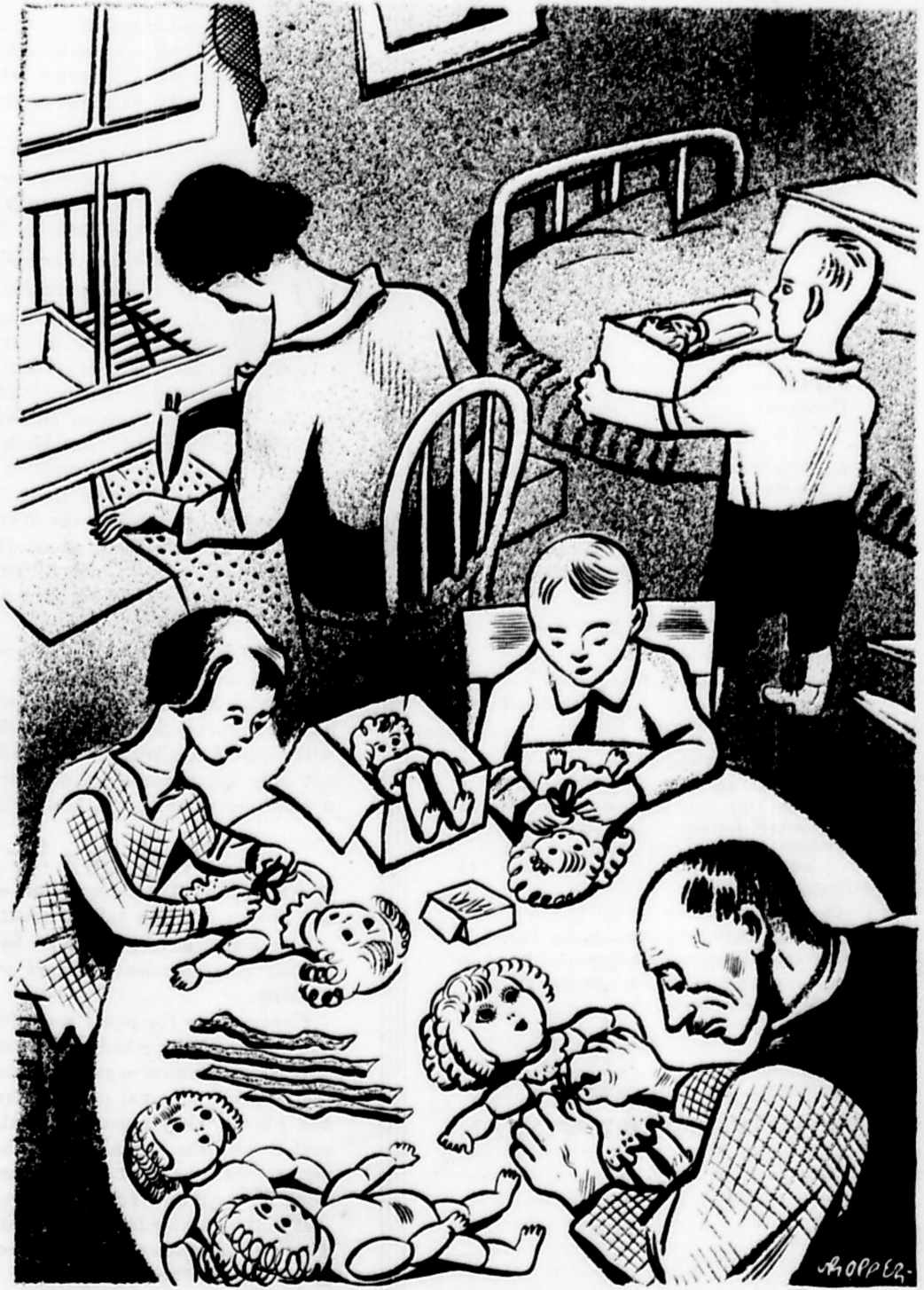
Sasha Small

ARTOON by WILLIAM STEIG

**What Can a
Woman Do”?**

**WORKING WOMAN
CONTEST**

ATTRACTIVE PRIZES



BEGINNING IN JANUARY

STOCKYARD STELLA — Serial Love Story

THE Working Woman

MARGARET COWL, Editor

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Advance News!

Coming in January:

STOCKYARDS STELLA—Serial Love Story—Written by a Group of Workers
Also: SLAVE MARKET UP TO DATE
By a Hollywood Extra.

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

A Mothers' Bill of Rights

SECTION 211 of the federal laws classifies the giving of information to prevent conception with obscenity, pornography and indecency. These laws were passed in 1873 and interfere with the operation of state laws that permit doctors to give such information.

These laws are responsible for the death of millions of mothers and babies. They are maintained in the interest of the biggest racket ever known. A racket which by bootleg methods makes big profits at the expense of the liberty, misery and lives of mothers.

Attempts by small groups to amend these laws have failed. The bills were killed in committee.

Mothers, wives, workers—only through your organized effort can you force an amendment to Section 211.

To Establish Free Birth Control Clinics

WOMEN in all organizations, **The Working Woman** calls upon you to initiate a discussion in your organization, be it trade union, trade union auxiliary, mothers' club or other organization, for the development of a movement to amend Section 211; this discussion to involve points on how to broaden a movement for a **Mothers' Bill of Rights**, which will also include the establishment of free birth control clinics with scientific information by the government; the establishment of free day nurseries for working mothers by the government; maternity insurance as provided in the **Workers' Insurance Bill H.R. 7598**, which has already been indorsed by over 2,000 A. F. of L. locals. Send the results of your discussion to **The Working Woman**. Elect delegates to Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Congress.

THE **Working Woman** calls upon all workers' organizations to send many women delegates to the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Congress which is to take place in Washington, January 5, 6 and 7, 1935, where a women's sub-session will be held to discuss ways and means for a broad movement, not only for unemployment insurance for women, but also for a wide movement for a **Mother's Bill of Rights**.

Equal Pay for Equal Work

EVERYWHERE the question of equal pay for equal work for women is being talked about.

The many letters received by the "**Working Woman**" from worker correspondents almost without exception deal with this problem.

Unequal pay for equal work for women is becoming more and more a means by which employers cut the wages of all workers.

Working women organized into the trade unions must become the pioneers of equal pay for equal work for all women—Negro and white. They must be initiators for this movement and connect it with the organizing of the millions of unorganized working women into the trade unions as a guarantee for the betterment of their own conditions.

It will be easier to get the response of the unorganized women if we will include equal pay for equal work in our strike demands, in all agreements in industries employing women.

Working women. Bring this question before your trade unions and insist upon its realization.

HOME WORK

CONTRARY to the general conception that the development of industry has done away with homework, we have seen a great increase in the volume of homework recently. Particularly is this true since the years of the crisis.

N.R.A. Codes Encourage Home Sweat Shops

WIDESPREAD unemployment in all industries, which left millions of family heads breadless, and the inadequate relief given to unemployed workers, has forced many women and children to do homework.

The N.R.A. codes, which were widely popularized as the instrument which would wipe out sweat shops and child labor have increased the tremendous spread of homework, as a method of avoiding the "minimum wage" and so undermining the wage level of the entire working class.

Even Mrs. Elinor Herrick, Director of the New York Regional Labor Board, in an address to the New York Consumers' League which was reported in the N. Y. Times, October 24, 1934, admitted homework to be "the most pressing industrial issue before this State this winter. Women are working for two, three and five cents an hour, because of the confusion characterizing homework prohibitions in some 80 codes. Homeworkers from New York to Texas receive 25 per cent of the wages provided for in the codes."

Some Earn 7.9 Cents an Hour

A BULLETIN of the State Department of Labor, Minimum Wage Division, Hartford, Connecticut, for September, 1934, which concerns itself with homework in the fabricated metal industry in Connecticut, states that earnings per person for the families visited, averaged 7.9 cents per hour.

Some Earn \$7 a Month Per Family

WOMEN and children who work at home on hooks and eyes, fasteners, safety pins and wire, attaching these products to cards earn almost nothing.

Half the families get less than \$7

ROSE WORTIS

for a month's work, declares a recent report of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, commenting on Connecticut. The lowest hourly rate allowed for factory work in an N.R.A. code cov-



Rose Wortis

ering one of the products is thirty-two and a half cents. An average of 4.4 persons per family were employed in this home work.

Sweating Children Under Thirteen

A TABULATION collected from 129 families employed as home workers by nine fabricated metal plants, showed that the home workers included 152 children under the age of thirteen, and 12 under the age of five.

In Grace Hutchins' book, "**Women Who Work**," we read that in New York City, a director of the Consumers' League told the following:

"Jennie Brown, her mother and married sister do piece work at home. They make frogs to trim men's pajamas and are paid 80c a gross. The combined income of all three is about \$4 a week."

Also, "Lucy Wright crochets hats. She is paid 40c a dozen. Her earnings average 80c a week." Grace Hutchins quotes an Italian woman

who, with tears running down her cheeks, expressed herself this way: "All the family work the whole week for so little, we almost starve. All the week stick pins in cards, but more curses than pins go in cards."

Wire Injures Tender Fingers

IN A survey of the National Child Labor Committee made in May, as printed in the N. Y. Post, August 8, 1934, "earnings are as low as 5 to 10 cents an hour. Many child workers have cut and sore fingers from bending the wires that hold artificial flowers together. One eight-year-old, whose tender fingers would not bend the wires, was seen doing it with her teeth."

On July 11, 1934, a Greek-American girl from Haverhill, Mass., wrote an anonymous letter to the N.R.A. She said that children there, were working half the night in their poor homes making ladies' braided hand bags for about five cents an hour, while their fathers had no work.

"Give the Kids a Break!"

"GIVE the kids a break," she wrote, "because I didn't get mine. I made these bags since I was fourteen. Now I'm eighteen, and I'm a girl, and I'm sick and tired of watching little kids lose their fun. Make the fathers go to work. Give the kids a break, if you want them to grow and be real American citizens and not turn their faces against America like they almost made me. So please use all your forces to stop handbags being made in the houses, but instead, in the shops where they belong."

ORGANIZED labor, under the leadership of the American Federation of Labor bureaucracy, has taken no steps to utilize its organized strength in order to do away with this hideous exploitation of women and children in the men's clothing industry.

Sydney Hillman, member of the National Labor Board, and President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union with a membership of 150,000, has for years permitted a situation where women in Brooklyn

can be seen early in the morning carrying packs of clothing to be made at home at starvation wages. The Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union reports that 80 per cent of custom tailoring work is done in the home, under the homework law, effective July 1, 1934.

THE official government reports show the extent to which homework has developed under the New Deal to provide greater profits for the bosses to live in ease and luxury. It exposes the hypocrisy of the capitalists who on holiday occasions speak about the sacredness of womanhood and motherhood.

It shows that under capitalism, profits are more sacred than human beings, that for the sake of profit, bosses destroy the budding lives of tens of thousands of children.

United Front Against Homework

The Working Woman calls the attention of the militant trade unions and the rank and file opposition in the American Federation of Labor, to the extent to which homework undermines the living standards of the whole working class. It is urged that a united front movement be organized to struggle against homework. This movement would surely meet with response from the intellectual and professional women, as well as from working women.

The Working Woman will do its utmost to reach out to tens of thousands of working women to urge them to join the ranks of organized labor in the struggle for decent working conditions, in the struggle for unemployment relief, as the way to improve their living conditions, and those of their children.

The columns of the magazine are open for a discussion on homework. Women throughout the country are called on to send in articles dealing with this problem.

Working women must insist that their trade unions demand open hearings in the various legislatures, on homework. Women themselves must become the leaders in the struggle against homework.



CARTOON BY WILLIAM STEIG

Silent Night—Ho-o-ly Night

or, Get Your Christmas Shopping Done Early

SASHA SMALL

WE are rapidly approaching the one day in the year that is set aside for brotherly love, peace on earth, good will to men, and the business of spreading cheer. All the magazines that we have spoken about in the past are busy dusting off the Santa Clauses, angels, holly wreaths and Christmas trees and shiny golden letters to advertise the Christmas spirit, and all the gifts you can give *Her* or *Him* or *Them*, from Rolls Royces and grand pianos down to ten cent bottles of perfume.

Xmas Cheer Machinery Oiled Up
IT IS perfectly amazing how well oiled the Christmas cheer machinery has become. The same presses that all year round grind out miles and miles of war propaganda, race hatred, lies and hate, murder and robbery, turn into pipe organs, and tinkly bells, ringing out the message of love for one day a year—December 25.

Bosses who sweat the lives out of their workers 364 days straight, appear in their offices armed with a big greasy smile and some cheap cigars or boxes of candy and maybe even a dollar or two which they hand out all wrapped up in Christmas cheer. Politicians who spend their days cheating and robbing the people whom they fooled into voting for them with promises they never meant to

keep, come around with turkeys or grocery baskets and "greetings," and even stop to chuck the baby under the chin.

Feeding the "Worthy"—Once a Year

GRAFTERS and crooks who send police and thugs against the starving unemployed who come to the relief bureaus demanding food for themselves and their children—sing Christmas carols at the top of their drunken voices while they watch the "worthy" poor, eating the Christmas dinner they supply around a gorgeously lit up tree.

OUR friends of the 'ladies' magazines have got the technique of spreading Christmas cheer down pat. Of course, we cannot simply dismiss the Christmas spirit, the widespread exchange of gifts and greetings as commercial ballyhoo, or an advertising campaign. It has become, for various reasons, a deep rooted tradition. Our "lady" friends have learned how to harness this tradition to their own ends.

The lengths to which these ink slingers will go to prove their point about brotherly love at Christmas time is enough to make you sick. There are stories about the girl who steals toys from crowded department stores so that her poor darling little brother who is crippled will still believe in Santa Claus, and the only

(Continued on Page 14)

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

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,

ANSWERS to the vital problem raised in this letter (you see to the left) have already come from women in ten cities in the North, East, South and West—from small mining towns, from farms, from large industrial cities. Here are replies from New York, Detroit, and Chicago.

"I would avoid discussing the matter of meetings for a while and bring literature home. . . ."

"I would just express to him my opinion. I would tell him the time is over when a husband can boss his wife. . . ."

"I would get in touch with the nearest Party unit which would assign a member best suited to approach my husband from the special angle of his interest. . . ."



Write YOUR reply to
THE
Working Woman
CONTEST

CONTEST JUDGES: Rose Wortis, Margaret Cowl, Williana Burroughs, Clarence Hathaway, Ella Reeve Bloor

16 Prizes!

FIRST PRIZE: Hamper of White Rose Canned Goods Products.

SECOND PRIZE: Westinghouse Electric Iron.

THIRD PRIZE: I.W.O. Initiation and Three Months Dues Payment (should winner wish to join I.W.O.).

FOURTH PRIZE: Six months' subscription to *Daily Worker*.

FIFTH PRIZE: Linen Luncheon Set, donated by Women's Council of New York.

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, which must be in by midnight, January 25, 1935, must be addressed to Contest Editor, *Working Woman*, 50 East 13th Street, New York. Neatness, English do not count—only the contents of letter. Winning replies will be printed in the February and March issues. Selected answers will be printed in various publications during this contest.

The remaining eleven prizes, are, in order: "Grace Hutchins' book, "Women Who Work"; Agnes Smedley's book, "China's Red Army Marches"; One year sub to the *Freiheit*; One year sub to *New Masses*; One year sub to *Fight*; A year sub to *Labor Defender*; A year sub to *Negro Liberator*; A year sub to *Pioneer*; A year sub to *Working Woman*; Five posters from U.S.S.R. showing Soviet life; Three large glossy photos of Lenin, Stalin, Marx.

Over the Back Fence

JANET FREELING

"ISN'T cold, Mrs. Jackson?" Mrs. Duncan shivered and pulled her collar tight around her neck. "I've just been down to the Welfare, asking them for coal. Here it's December and we'll be having more snow."

"Why! Haven't you got it yet? It's high time, indeed. Those people make me sick." Mrs. Jackson took a clothespin out of her mouth and pinned it vigorously on a man's undershirt.

"No, I haven't. A year ago this fall, when I went up there, Old Horseface promised they'd send it around in a few days. Well, I waited and I went up there and I waited and went up again and waited some more. Do you know when my coal came? In April, along with the birds up from the South and the buds in leaves on the trees—that's when my coal came. My goodness, I hope I get it sooner this winter."

"HOPE, Mrs. Duncan! What's hope? The only way to get anything is to go up there and talk real loud. Oh, they're afraid of the ones that speak up. And it's just those that aren't ashamed to let other people hear their troubles and that put up a good fight in the office that get what they're after. If you act scared, you get nothing. But how have you been doing lately with your stomach trouble? Is it still bothering you?"

"Something awful, and I can't afford to be hiring big doctors to take care of me. But it's hard times and so many people out of work and all, maybe I shouldn't be complaining." Mrs. Duncan shivered and rubbed her blue, chapped hands. The wind picked up the flapping sheets and spread them out.

"WHAT do you mean, you shouldn't be complaining? And why not? There'd ought to be free doctor service for poor people like us, that's what there ought to be. Why don't you put up a kick at the Welfare?"

"Maybe so, Mrs. Jackson, I can

try anyways. Sometimes I can't keep a cup of tea on my stomach. I can try, I guess."

"HAVEN'T the prices been rising? Why, it just isn't possible to buy a pound of decent meat any more. As I was telling my Dave the other day, the manager in the Chain store says the New Deal gave his company the right to raise prices and he expected an increase in pay. Well, they sure remember to raise prices, but they forgot his increase all right!"

Mrs. Jackson pulled out the large white sheet she was pinning to the clothesline. "I can't mend this much longer; it falls to pieces under the iron."

"It's bad times we're in, right enough," sighed Mrs. Duncan. "My oldest son-in-law that's been working in the telephone company almost ten years was laid off only a week back. Julia's had to make out on the measly pay he's been getting, and him only working two days a week. And now they haven't even got that." She blew her nose and wiped away the tears the cold had brought to her eyes.

"IT'S bad — bad for the poor people nowadays," agreed Mrs. Jackson. "Yesterday afternoon when I was downtown, shopping, I saw a fellow fall on the ground and lay there. At first I thought he must be drunk. But a girl called a cop, and he came and asked the man when he'd eaten last. So the poor fellow stared at him and sort of ducked like he was afraid of a beating. He said nothing had passed his lips for

three days. How long are we going to starve and keep quiet, Mrs. Duncan, how long? The poor man probably died on the way to the hospital. And the cop shaking him up and calling him a liar and a souse!"

"THEM cops are a bad lot, right enough, the big, red-faced bullies—but, say, have you seen Maggie Wilson's new baby?"

"No, not yet, is it a pretty little one?" Mrs. Jackson pinned up the last sock and came over to the fence.

"It's a cute little thing, considering how hard the Wilson's are having it. This is the eighth child, and Jim earning only ten dollars a week to pick and shovel for the city. I don't know what's going to happen when husky, willing men like Jim Wilson, with big families, can't find any other work than pick and shovel. Government projects they call it. Them men sure work mighty hard for what pay they get. Living is so hard for the poor people and a merry-go-round for the rich. It's a wicked sin that people shouldn't be able to get decent work and wages!"

"IT IS, it is, Mrs. Duncan. And we shouldn't take it on the chin. We've got to make protests, if we ever want to improve things. You take care you get your coal and doctor's money from the Welfare. It's up to you to demand these things. You've got a right to them. Let them know you mean business! I've got to be going in now. Dave'll be home soon. He's got a few weeks work over at the Selden Mill. Come over, after, and see the new curtains I just made for the kitchen."

FINISHES COPY—PASSES IT ALONG

Dear Working Woman:

I sell the five copies of the "Working Woman." When I finish my copy, I pass it on to another woman.

The "Working Woman" is very good. When I ask women to buy it, some say that they are married! Then I talk to such a woman about the women who are married and how hard they must work too. Then she buys the "Working Woman." I will continue selling the "Working Woman" to these women. They like it.

K. K. (Somewhere in Pennsylvania.)

In Factory and Office

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

Dear Editor:

The shadows and smell of the Stockyards in Packingtown, fill the air and wind themselves into the lives of the workers living at all ends of the closure. From childhood, we workers see no other outlook than to slave away in the packing houses, with childbirth, marriage and death only incidental, dependent upon our spending hours each day, under rotten conditions and terrific speed up for a measly twelve dollars to a rare fifteen dollars a week. In the Polish territory, the workers are huddled together in small frame buildings, without heat, baths, and hot water, and many without electricity. The constant lay-offs bring misery and hunger, and force many youth, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen, to lie about their ages to get jobs in the Yards. There's always a real estate dealer who will fix a birth certificate for a few dollars.

"I Wanted Life To Be Easy"

One girl we know, named Stella, got married, at sixteen. She says, "Hell, you think I wanted to stay home in this mess, fighting all the time over money? I wanted life to be easy and have a man take care of me. My man was good to me, but he caught pneumonia. His department was cool and walking back and forth from hot and cold, he caught pneumonia and died. So here am I, tied down with a brat and back in the Yards."

Anna, another girl, supports four people on her wages. Her face is thin and worn, large, dark circles under the eyes, and her clothes hang on a bony figure. Her child is pathetically thin and passive for a four-year-old—constantly getting ill and peevish. All day long, Anna works. "Many times I go home and just cry. I'm so tired. Believe me—something's got to be done about it. It isn't fair I should have so little, and few people have so much—we ought to all get together and do something about it."

She Joins the Young Communists

"I wanted to go through high school and 'be somebody'—but like hundreds of others I was forced to leave and go to work. No outlook, but work, dances, church and boy friends. I joined the Young Communist League—and now I wonder how anyone can live without the movement—without having an outlook towards struggle and winning better conditions, and towards overthrowing the capitalist system so that the desires that cannot be satisfied for us under capitalism, will be possible to achieve

Housewives Win Their Strike

News from the United Councils of
Working Class Women

THE butchers of Allerton Avenue, New York City, raised the price of meat five cents a pound. The Women's Councils of our neighborhood felt that it was their duty to do something about it, and they started a campaign against the rising cost of meat.

Through house-to-house canvassing, open air meetings, and distribution of leaflets, a mass meeting was called, where an action committee to carry on the campaign was elected.

The committee, with the help of the Councils, called a mass meeting in the neighborhood. Over one thousand workers and their wives were present and voted for a strike against the high cost of meat.

Alabama Bosses Cut Pay and Raise Prices

Must Fight for Relief

Montgomery, Alabama.

I tried to get on the relief roll, but someone told the manager I was renting a furnished room and that I did not need any relief at all. But I have no job at all. I am barefoot and naked. But I do all I can for the movement.

Sky-High Prices

They won't let us work with the white workers at all, unless he is a foreman and also we cannot work

under a government of workers' control.

A deep seated radicalization, spreading to all the workers, makes us question the church which seeps up our earnings—makes us question the right of capitalism to endure. It makes us prepare to organize, so the coming strike struggles will find us prepared. In these departments, where women and youth are already taking men's places or as in most departments, are being trained to take men's places in time of war, we find a force that will respond wholeheartedly to the struggle against war and fascism. It is this force that will help lead the struggle against the capitalist class and build a powerful Soviet America.

A Group of Women Stockyard
Workers.

Win Strike in Five Days

WE WON the demand of two cents reduction on a pound of meat on the fifth day of the strike. An agreement was reached that the price will not be changed without the settlements committee.

Housewives in cities and on the farm, let's organize into the United Councils of Workingclass Women, to weld ourselves together for a struggle against the big trusts that are continuously raising prices.

DORA ZIEBEL

"The Working Woman" will supply information on where and how to join the Councils.

near home. We live on one side of the town and work on the other, which is not less than four miles. Now they are talking about cutting 15,000 off the Alabama relief rolls. Everything is sky-high (prices) and still rising. My work is cleaning out stalls and loading the dead cows that were left to starve. Some are so bad, we have to tie a rag over our noses to load them. There is no bath house for any of us.



GUARDS of the HARVEST



Drawing by Mary Morrow

S. TRETYAKOV (Courtesy of International Literature, December 2, 1934)

Final Chapter

AT A BENCH under the poplar tree, twenty-three children are in commotion. First, they can't all find places on one bench. Then, why do kindergarten tots inflict themselves on their elders, grown-up Pioneers? Maybe the babies from the creche are to be let in too! What do they understand about the solemnity of today's meeting, the agenda of which is:

1. Who Stole Nuts?
2. Collected Gleanings?
3. Who will be delegate to the meeting at the Machine Tractor Station?

It is an extraordinary meeting. Vasya Grigorash, the secretary of the Party nucleus and the tall writer are present.

Yasha is more excited than anyone. At this meeting the question of who will go to Rostov will be decided. And there one goes by train. And Yasha had never seen a train.

Jennie Volotova is chairman—she is thin and wears shorts. She suddenly straightens out and says in a business-like way:

"Now, who wants the floor?"

Yasha does. He wants to tell about the thief, but they won't let him. Now the question is about gleanings. Who has gathered the most, and why do gathered gleanings lie unweighed and getting lost in mouse holes?

"Huh!" he says disdainfully, "Huh!" You think they care a lot whether they thresh our gleanings? They are more interested in stealing nuts from our garden and hiding them in a pit. Yurik, there, hid

80 nuts near the barn and hired a little kid to split them for him. Artamov took 70, Pogorelov, 16." But he, Yasha uncovered their hiding places.

"And how many did you hide yourself?" a timid chirp is heard.

But Yasha pays no attention to the chirp, his brows gather into a scowl and he goes on.

"What good are they? When I caught the thief, did they help me? I had to fight him myself!"

"Stick to the gleanings, Yasha."

"I am. So, listen you Pioneers. Do they get together to go glean-ing? At dinner—they are all there. But as soon as they've eaten, try and find them. . . I sent for Mari-evsky and they had to force him to come with sticks. But I, for instance, when I saw the thief. . ."

But instead of the usual approving nod or smile, Yasha sees the secretary's face grow glum.

"Stop! Yasha. Is it right to force a fellow with sticks. Is it right to force anyone to go collecting? Do we agitate with sticks? We must send a hero to the meeting and what kind of a hero is it that orders about and shouts?"

"And cusses," confirmed a hurt voice—"And he hit me," someone grows bolder. . . "And threw my hat off" . . . "Calls names!" . . . "Orders about!"

The ranks of the children have broken open.

"Did they stop the thief?" Yasha tries to defend himself.

"A little self-criticism, Yasha. Own up your mistakes."

"I will not! Before them?"

Yasha's pale face grows paler. The secretary is in no hurry. He sits there and waits. He keeps still, only quieting the restless with a low "sh-sh," until he breaks it himself:

"Did you ever see how grown up Communists are cleaned by the Party? No matter how big a man he is. And the more of a hero he is, the more discipline he gets. They cleansed me, too, and I had to give an account of myself. Hard, eh? Harder than to catch a thief? There you didn't go into retreat and here you are ready to go hide in the brush?"

Yasha's head drops. He stands on one foot, then on the other, to hide the fact that his legs are trembling. Even the wind stopped rustling the leaves.

THEN Yasha begins to speak. He is quiet. Long pauses between words.

"I admit . . . I called you . . . bad names . . . I hit Mayshin . . . I called Jennie, 'Jinnie' . . . I ordered you about . . . I made you chase Mari-evsky with sticks."

"And who stole nuts?"

This is easier now. Here he can raise his head. Here, Yasha the prosecutor can speak out, not Yasha the prosecuted one:

"Yurik took 80, Akentiev 70, Pogorelov 16."

"And you yourself?"

A long pause. The longest. Then Yasha raises his head, looks straight into the Secretary's eyes, and says simply and distinctly:

"I—ten. But never again."

Yasha expected a storm, a cyclone!

(Continued on Page 14)

You're Telling Me!

JUDITH BLOCH

Batting for Grace Hutchins

"**W**HAT profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" asks our President Roosevelt in his Thanksgiving Day message. He thanks God for having given his little soul "a deeper sense of social justice."

What Have You Done Yet, for the Unemployed?

MR. ROOSEVELT, isn't your soul feeling just a little perjured these days? Doesn't it feel a little slimy to have whipped up publicity for three months with your "broad program for social security" and then to have killed that program two weeks after election? Do not confuse unemployment insurance with relief for the unemployed, you say. We musn't make the respectable employed feel that they are getting a dole. Bring the unemployed back into productive employment, you say, and bring them under the benefits of the unemployment insurance. It sounds all right, but what have you done yet to bring the unemployed back into productive employment?

A "Hope" in "Time"

AND it's decent of you to *hope* that "in time" we may be able to give some measure of security to the aged. But your pious wish won't make the homeless old men in the parks any warmer or bring any comfort to the aching backs which have bent over wash-tubs for half a century. And are you getting any

nearer to sickness insurance when you "trust" that anything the federal government does in that line will not "hinder" the remarkable progress of American medicine and surgery?

Oceans of Words

WORDS! Words! And yet more words! "Hopes" to feed starving men, and "Maybes" to clothe them and "in time" to put a roof over their heads. The workers will never get anything out of a "Conference for Social Security" of which the members are such well-known strike-breakers and high-class robbers as Teagle of the Standard Oil Co., Taylor of U. S. Steel, Swope of General Electric, LaGuardia of New York and John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers Union.

Red Cross a Successful Racket

WHICH reminds me of the Red Cross. Heaven forbid that should leave out the "Great Mother." Working women! You shouldn't join the Red Cross or let your children give it pennies. It's boss-owned and Morgan-controlled and its money is invested in companies of which the officers of the Red Cross are directors. It has set aside \$4,000,000 for a special war fund. It spends two and one-half out of three and one-half millions that it collects on salaries and running expenses. It discriminates against strikers, radicals, foreigners. It is a racket and a fraud. Give it the cold shoulder.

The Brutal Sticks of Albany Cops
THE Albany police gave a cold shoulder, a brutal stick and a violent welcome to the New York State Hunger Marchers. But they won through, presented their demands and were warmly received by the Albany workers. The police, you see, probably had their nerves a little on edge. The poor darlings are kept so busy safeguarding the State political machine, keeping back crowds at horse shows and cat shows (I know you're sorry that I have so little space to tell you which high-toned pussy won the Short-Hair Cat Association's contest), that they got a little impatient with the workers who came from all over the State to tell a few plain truths to its millionaire-coddled Governor, Herbert H. Lehman.

Nimble Fanny Perkins

THEY told a few plain truths that it might be well to air in three places: In Washington, where nimble Fanny Perkins is trying awfully hard to explain to the press why the President has killed the "broad social security" jinks. "Buts," "on the other hands" and "You'll have to ask the Presidents" are flowing pretty thickly from that distinguished mouth. In St. Louis where the ever-present Mrs. Roosevelt is organizing her campaign to tell her fellow-citizens what "human needs" are—as if they didn't know that they are jobless or sick or homeless or hungry; and in London where, behind smirks and bows and luncheons and conferences looms just one fact.

Mussolini Longs for Twins

THE great imperialist powers, Britain, Japan and the U. S. A., are preparing for war on the sea as Italy, France, Germany and Czechoslovakia are preparing for it on land. In fact Mussolini, the Fine Flower of Fascism, is so anxious to have an army that we learn as we go to press that he will enroll male infants in his military "Balilla" organization as soon as they are born. We have been unable to learn whether he will present toy guns as rattles to mothers who are so obliging as to present him with twin boys.



William Gropper

The Scottsboro Mothers Look to You

ANNA DAMON, Acting National Secretary, I.L.D.

TRY to put yourself into the position of the mothers of the Scottsboro boys, especially of the mothers of the two who are now in the death house in Kilby Prison, in Montgomery, counting the days that bring their children nearer to the date set for a legal lynching.

Unemployed Boys Framed Up

HOW would you feel, what would you do, if your boy had left home to search for work three and a half years ago, hopped a freight just as the Scottsboro boys did and was picked up and framed in the same way? Perhaps your boy is safe at home with you now, going to school or going to work, and you see him every day you have him with you. He is not in the death house of a big jail, threatened with burning in the electric chair for something you know, and he knows, and all the lynchers know, he didn't do.

Keep Hitler Out of the Saar!

Free Ernst Thaelmann

HITLER'S "People's Court" has not divulged the trial date of Ernst Thaelmann, German working class leader and Secretary of the Communist Party. Hitler hopes to murder him, hidden from the eyes of the working class. But Hitler cannot hide a Thaelmann. The greatness of Ernst Thaelmann serves as a continual inspiration to hundreds of thousands of fighters against fascism throughout the world. The tireless work of the Saar anti-fascist fighters is a tribute to him.

Hitler has loosed a tremendous terror among the Saarlanders, to prepare for the vote that will be taken on January 13, 1935, to see whether or not the Saar remains under the administration of the League of Nations ("status quo") or becomes part of Nazi Germany. To counteract the terror of Nazi agents, the United Anti-fascist Committee of the Saar is sending hundreds of organizers into every town, every village, to campaign for "status quo" against Hitler.

The death of the innocent Scottsboro boys will be a threat to the lives of your children. A victory for the forces of reaction would unloose a greater wave of terror and repression against all workers, Negro and white, employed and unemployed, native and foreign-born, men and women, young and old.

"The I.L.D. Has Never Failed Us"

JOIN the Scottsboro mothers in their fight to save their children from death. Answer their appeal to support the only organization that has fought for the lives of their boys, and has saved them during the last three and a half years.

"In April, 1931, when our boys were first framed on a fake rape charge, the International Labor Defense came to our rescue when we were unable to help ourselves, and since then, the I.L.D., has never failed us," say the mothers.

The I.L.D. won a stay of execution from December 7 to February 8, 1935. This is a victory and a breathing space for a stronger fight.

Protest Against This Frame-Up!

WOMEN of America—join your voices in the protest against this hideous frame-up. Send your protests to the Justices of the Supreme Court. Help the International Labor Defense raise the \$6,000 needed immediately to pay for the printing of the briefs and records for the Supreme Court appeals and to carry on the mass defense campaign that has saved the lives of the boys thus far.

Send your contribution, get what you can from your neighbors and friends the utmost that you can, but whatever you can—to the International Labor Defense, Room 610, 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

EVERY person contacted through collection of relief must be made to concern herself with the burning question of Thaelmann's continued imprisonment. Every person must be drawn into protests, demonstrations, against Thaelmann's imprisonment, and the demand for his complete release. We must strike a double blow against fascism. We must act at once, for the release of Thaelmann, hero of the world working class. We must act now to send relief, to help keep Hitler fascism out of the Saar.

SELL the Germany Winter Relief Anti-Nazi Certificates. They may be bought through The Working Woman or directly from the National Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, 870 Broadway, New York City. These certificates sell at 25 and 50 cents each.

Get your organization to set itself a quota of funds, garments and canned goods to be collected, and let The Working Woman know about it.

Do Pills Work?

CAN THEY BRING ON MENSES?

"I'M worried sick. Late again. I simply can't have another baby. It's impossible to feed and clothe those I've got. I'm going crazy worrying. What shall I do?"

Then the friendly neighbor, who is supposed to be most experienced in matters of this nature, advises her to go to the corner drug store and buy those little black pills at the price of two dollars per dozen. Of course, they work. Didn't her own doctor prescribe them for her when she was late three days? Six pills were enough to make her period come around.

Not Pregnant At All

CERTAINLY the period came; but she was not pregnant. The doctor gave her those pills, not that he honestly thought they would affect the menses, but he knew he had to give her something to calm her nerves and raise her hopes. Further, if he did not prescribe some medicine she would go to a physician who would; or failing that, she would appeal to the clerk of her favorite drug store, who would most assuredly sell her many drugs, each one of which in turn had been guaranteed to work.

We know that the periods are irregular, varying from about as little as 21 days to as much as 34 to 36 days. Worry, especially about the delay, change in climate, shock (as loss of a job), a cold, or any run-down condition of the body may delay the period. If you are curious and want to check up on this information, get a calendar and mark the beginning and end of the period every month. You will soon find out how irregular it really is.

No Drug Is Effective

HOW many women do you know who are anxious to have babies, yet, despite many attempts, have had miscarriages? These women did not take pills, or move pianos, or jump down a flight of stairs—the blood flow started naturally. It is well-known by specialists in women's diseases that there is no medicine that

Carlotta Legas

brings on the period, if the woman is pregnant. When a woman is generally healthy and the womb is in good condition, she can take all the medicine that the druggist can sell her and nothing will happen. Hundreds of women have spent their hard-earned money for drugs which left them weak and exhausted, nervously upset, while the pregnancy continued right on.

The Secret of the Black Pills

WHAT do we find in those little black pills or those white capsules? There is always a physic (cathartic), such as aloes, phenolphthalein (the same stuff that is in Feenamint and Ex-Lax), or castor oil. They also contain a medicine that is supposed to irritate the womb, such as quinine, ergot, and rue. These will cause miscarriages if taken in such quantities as will poison the entire system. In fact, that is the very way ergot was discovered. Many peasant women, having eaten rye which had been attacked by ergot (parasitic disease of rye), were taken violently sick with vomiting, pains in the abdomen, and convulsions. In other cases, gangrene of the toes and fingers set in which spread rapidly to other parts of the body. If these women were pregnant, a miscarriage was brought about.

When ergot, which since those days has been separated from rye and purified, is taken in large doses, the following condition is brought about. Nausea, vomiting, frequent bowel movements, nervous spells with twitching and general convulsions can and do set in. When it is taken in small doses, it is useless in bringing about the desired effect: it leaves the woman nervous, irritable, unhappy, with stomach complaints—and still pregnant. The same general effects have been observed from the use of quinine or rue.

Don't Believe Advertisements

DO not be misled by the advertisements you see in any magazine or newspaper which claim that the preparation advertised will bring about a period, for no matter under what name it is masked and sold, it contains the drugs we have described above. At the Birth Control Conference held in Washington this past year, an advertising investigator reported an increase of about 2,000 per cent in quantity of this type of advertisement during 1933. In addition, the economic depression and the inability of the parents to provide for more children, forces the wife to grab at the first straw and to buy these useless medicines. These chemical concerns are reaping huge profits as a result of the ignorance and lack of knowledge of the purchasing public.

BEAUTY TIPS

LINDY O'BRYAN

How to Wash the Hair

THE important thing in shampooing is to cleanse the scalp as well as the hair itself, as this is where hair troubles begin. Use a mild soap. Castile is excellent for all types but only the brunette is permitted to use tar soap. Wet the hair and scalp thoroughly in warm water (not too hot for the first immersion), lather the hair well, rubbing the scalp as well as the hair. Rinse and repeat. Lather a third time and this time massage the scalp. This is done by spreading the fingers over the scalp. The fingers are held taut and rotated firmly over its surface. The scalp must move, not the fingers. This stirs up circulation and helps the glands to function properly. Do this for five minutes. Rinse thoroughly in warm water. Be sure that the hair is absolutely free of soap after the final rinsing as particles of soap left in the hair are a source of irritation.

The formula for a splendid shampoo and rinses for different shades of hair will be mailed to you if you send the Beauty Department a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The Working Woman beauty expert, Lindy O'Bryan, who is a licensed cosmetician, suggested this formula.

"Solidarity Forever!"

The action taken by the
Women of Hillsboro, Illinois

BEATRICE MARCUS

It was the 28th day of May. In the city park of Nokomis, in Southern Illinois, about 500 men and women stood listening to a young man. His voice was convincing. "We've got to smash this new proclamation. You have the right to assemble anywhere, at any time. But the City Council of Nokomis now denies you that right. Listen to this:

"Whereas the assemblage of large numbers of persons around public relief headquarters and in other places on the streets of Nokomis and parades and processions have threatened the public peace, all such assemblages and parades in the city are hereby prohibited."

The cheap gingham dresses and re-made waists and skirts of women were colorful in the gathering. "Lots of women here. Can't keep them away from these meetings any more," said one coal miner to another.

The faces of the women expressed intense interest. Jan Wittenber, young organizer for the International Labor Defense, turned directly to them and said, "Mothers, you know that your children need fruit in their diet and they need milk. You know that they need dental care very badly. If you want them to grow up—you've got to prevent their dying from malnutrition. Now is the time to act."

"Aw, shut up!" . . . "Baloney!" . . . Drunken deputies who had been heckling the meeting now surged forward and openly threatened Jan with their guns. "Let's get that guy—get that lousy s.o.b.," they yelled.

Immediately a cluster of husky women surrounded these thugs. "Let that speaker alone or we'll tear your eyes out." . . . "No drunken thugs, even if they have stars, are going to beat up our speakers!" The thugs

were taken by surprise. They remembered appointments elsewhere.

"It's ten thirty and Mayor Brown hasn't shown up yet to let us know whether the proclamation has been withdrawn or not," said a man in the city park.

"Well if Mayor Brown can't make up the minds of the City Council, maybe we can help them. Let's all go to the city hall together," said a woman. So four or five hundred marched in a body to the heart of the town. The men made vain efforts to keep their wives from the front ranks.

But if their husbands could not stop them, neither could the guns and curses of deputies. In a long file the men and women marched at midnight down the moonlit street, past the farm implement works, toward the city hall. "Look, here they come out of the city hall. The councilmen are coming out." . . . "Where?" . . . "They are coming out—but they all went back in again. Must have changed their minds when they saw us."

We built the railroads—we tilled the prairies . . . solidarity forever. . . . The sombre walls of the city hall shook with the echoing voices of the workers who stood outside singing.

One councilman sneered at another. (They can have what they want now, but we'll get those rascals from up in Chicago later.)

"We've won our demands, they've rescinded the proclamation. Hurrah!" Cheers greeted those who announced the victory of the workers. Then one could hear the shrill voices of women who approached the retreating councilmen: "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, refusing honest working people the chance to get food. And putting your own

relatives that don't need it on the relief!"

Women all over the country were tireless in their efforts to get the men, jailed for fighting for the right of the workers to meet, out of prison. They went from town to town defying vigilantes, visiting farmers, demanding of grocerymen with whom they traded, that they support the prisoners by placing bond for their release. Many spent nights crocheting delicate pillows and embroidering sewing sets to raffle. Small but significant sums were gradually gathered for the men's defense. The Women's Auxiliary of the Progressive Miners' Association of Nokomis assessed each member ten cents, even though President Claude Pearcy tried to discourage them from doing so. Pearcy, in his speech to the Nokomis Chamber of Commerce on June 9 had complimented the vigilantes on their campaign of "law and order."

Other women's auxiliaries gave their support, as they did in Hillsboro and Springfield. From surrounding counties women solicited periodicals and books to bring to the prisoners in jail. Every Monday and Thursday, visiting days, the men in prison received gifts of some food that had been cooked by various women's groups.

HOUSEHOLD CORNER

FRANCES OLIVER

Sausage and Apple Casserole

- 1 lb. small sausages.
- 2 tbsps. brown sugar.
- 6 apples.

Wash the apples, core and cut into eighths. There should be enough to half fill a medium sized casserole. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Cover casserole and place in a hot oven to start the baking. Prick sausages and scald them in boiling water. Place on top of apples in casserole and bake until apples are soft and sausages are browned. This will take about three-quarters of an hour.

POINTERS TO OUR WOMEN READERS

Dear Comrade Readers:

We want you to know that the new, improved *Working Woman* has received a tremendous response. We had to print 2,000 more copies of the November issue and we sold every copy!

Comrade G.B.J. of Thomaston, Maine has done splendid work. She wrote us about the end of August to say that she had no money but couldn't get along without the magazine and if we would send her a sample copy she would get subscriptions for us. Up to date, she has secured eight subscriptions. Each one comes from a different small town in Maine, which shows that G.B.J. was certainly doing her stuff. When she sends us two more subscriptions she will get a free yearly sub for herself.

Did you know that you get a five cent commission on each yearly sub? You do. So, if you are short on money for your own subscription, G.B.J. has shown you the way. Some comrades prefer not to take this commission for subs, knowing that each nickel is very important to their magazine, but for those who need this little lift, here is a good way to earn your way.

A NEW NAME FOR OUR MAGAZINE?

We have several requests that the name of *The Working Woman* be changed. One suggestion is that it be called *Woman's World*.

Every reader, every subscriber, every one who sells the magazine is asked to send in his or her opinion on changing our name, with the reason.

We ask that you do this immediately. If a change is made it should be done for the March issue, in celebration of International Women's Day.

Margaret Cowl.

Tips to Subscribers

When re-newing your sub, please state this fact, otherwise we get all mixed up. Especially when a comrade re-news her sub, having moved and then, maybe enters it under the name of someone else in the family! In such a case, we simply tear out our hair by the roots. That is why we hope Comrade O'Bryan of the Beauty Department runs a recipe for a good hair-restorer soon.

It is our plan to add four more pages of stories, letters, cartoons and women's news by March 8. How

can this be done? Only by adding 1,000 subscribers to our list. The subscribers' list is the life blood of a magazine. Therefore, we implore you to get busy if you want a bigger magazine for your hard-earned nickel. Extra subscription blanks will be sent you on request.

Figures Speak

There are 90 subscribers in Detroit and exactly one in Boston.

* * *

Special Note to Agents

MOST of you are fine, reliable comrades who understand what paying bills promptly means to the magazine. There are others, we aren't saying who, who do not realize that we must pay our bills on time, if the magazine is to appear at all.

A healthy circulation means a bigger magazine. So that we will only give one month's lee-way to careless, indifferent comrades and then they will not get any more magazines—that is, unless they have a special arrangement with the Business Department. Comrade H.F. pays every two months, for instance, but he pays in advance.

Business Manager.

Subscribers! Notify us one month in advance when you move.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF THE WORKING WOMAN, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York,
County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret Cowl, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of THE WORKING WOMAN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the published, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Working Woman Publishing Co., Box 87, Sta. D., 50 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.
Editor, Margaret Cowl, Box 87, Sta. D., 50 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, None.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other incorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Working Woman Publishing Co., P. O. Box 87, Sta. D., 50 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.
Margaret Cowl, P. O. Box 87, Sta. D., 50 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.
Barbara Alexander, P. O. Box 87, Sta. D., 50 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state: None.)
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and security in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1934.

MARGARET COWL, Editor
MAX KITZES, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1936).

HELENE STASSOVA

Soviet Delegate to the Women's Paris Congress Against War and Fascism

WE Soviet women thoroughly understand the policy of our government and of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. We know that they give us the possibility of developing all our physical and mental powers and that it was thanks to their policy of peace that the industrialization of our country could reach such a high level. And all this has taken place in so short a space of time that the building of the numerous factories, works, bridges and other construction undertakings seem fantastic.

WE are well aware that it was this tremendous development of industry and agriculture in the Soviet Union which gave us women the possibility of participating in production. The organization of the collective farms gave the peasant women tremendous possibilities of development to free themselves from the economic and family yoke. The

Guards of the Harvest

(Continued from Page 8)

But the secretary says instead: "Now, that's fine. What do you say, children, can we send Yasha to the meeting?"

"We can," chirps Litvinova.

"Now we can," puts in Jennie Bolotova.

"We can," mumbles Marievsky.

After this, the voting is simple. Others are chosen with care, four little girls and another fellow.

THE rest of that day there is a busy beating of sticks on bean stalks. Everyone is shelling—into hats, basins, just on the ground, to compare afterwards.

Yasha's stick goes faster and louder than anyone's. Tomorrow he

development of production brings new changes in our lives every day and gives us the possibility of educating ourselves to broaden our outlook and to take part in scientific work.



Helene Stassova

EVERYTHING that I have said will convince you that we Soviet Russian women will do our utmost to further the development of our country, and this further development is only possible if peace is maintained. For this reason we support our government and our Communist Party, which we shall defend against all attackers with all the powers at our command.

WE are convinced that the ideas that have brought you here are our ideas and that your will to fight against fascism and the danger of war is our will. We have already won our freedom and we wish you all success in winning freedom for the women all over the world. We know that fascism and war block all possibilities of winning freedom. Therefore we stand side by side with you in the struggle and appeal to those who have not yet come to join us quickly.

THE tasks which are facing us are tremendous, but we feel that our emancipation has released all our forces and we appeal to you! Advance to new victories in the struggle for the emancipation of women! Close your ranks in the struggle against fascism and war! Long live the World Congress of Women Against Fascism and War!

is going to the meeting. He will see a railroad . . . a house eight floors high. . . . He will attend the meeting of leading Pioneers at the Machine Tractor Station.

Yasha is a guard—a guard of the workers' and peasants' harvest.

THE END

SILENT NIGHT--HO-O-OLY NIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

reason why the girl is not sent to jail is because the owner of the store, who in actual life drives salesgirls to the point of collapse at starvation wages, has a little boy of his own at home.

BUT, speaking of jail, there is a working class organization that really concerns itself with keeping workers out of jail and puts up a helluva fight to get them out of jail if they are sentenced. That organization, as many of you may know, is the International Labor Defense. And, in addition to fighting to free the victims of the class war, the political prisoners, it has one department whose sole job is to provide relief for the families of these hundreds of prisoners.

You know how hard it is to bring up and feed a houseful of kids on present wages, so you can imagine what it must be like to do the job with your man in jail for anywhere from one year to life, because of his loyalty to the working class.

THIS Prisoners' Relief Department is conducting a Christmas Drive to raise enough money to buy shoes and warm clothes and food for the families, and smokes, newspapers and



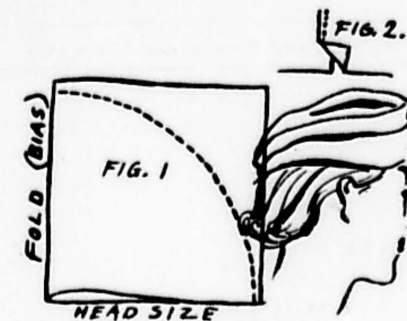
small comforts for the class war prisoners behind the bars. But these presents are more than just presents. They are signs to these people, that they, and the sacrifices they make are not forgotten. This is not charity. It is solidarity.

Contributions may be sent, or further information supplied, from Prisoners' Relief Department, I.L.D., Room 610, 80 East 11th St., New York City.



THIS month I will use no space razzing the high-hatitudes of some people. Let us just concentrate a little on a hat for you. Take a piece of woolen material (plaid is nice) or velvet or what have you—as long as your head-size and half as high. The important thing is to have it on the bias. Fold and mark the curved dotted line (fig. 1) with a compass or piece of string with chalk or starch at the end of it. And cut. No allowance for seams is necessary if cut on the bias. Sew a flat seam (fig 2) and if material is too heavy to turn under, leave raw edge and cover with braid or a flat one-inch fringe. Or cut a strip from an old leather belt, scallop edges and stitch on as you would a piece of braid. Now turn up the edge of the cap all around and jam it on your head, seam in front. And here's the hardish part. So sit down patiently in front of a mirror and punch it and pinch it and fold it until it looks like a toque instead of a night-cap. Stop cursing me and try it again. And again.

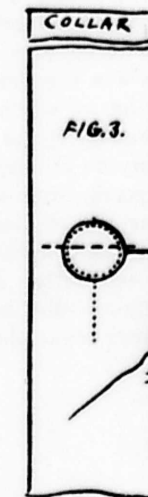
It may not be easy but somewhere on this page you will see three different and becoming ways in which it can be done. As soon as you hit on something that looks good in front, in back and at the sides, pin



the folds in place. Then try the thing on again—not jamming it on—but rakishly as if you were paying about ten dollars for it. Rearrange folds if necessary and sew. If you wear it perched way up on your head, you will need a rubber band on it to go under your back hair. The peak can be folded out of sight or finished with a silly bow. Or run a feather through it.

THE gilet is very easy to make and terribly useful if made of wool, to wear under a coat that's not as warm as it might be. It takes a half yard of 54-inch material. If you have material in the house and need to piece it, make the seams horizontal and like tucks.

First cut off about four inches from one end and put aside for the collar. Fold the big piece to find center for neck opening. Let center fold (where shoulder seam would be) come so that gilet is about an inch longer in front. Cut neckline following line of dashes (fig. 3) if you want the bateau neck. Follow the dotted line if you want a v-neck with lapels. Or follow heavy line for a round neck with shoulder closing. Try on wrong side out, and take in at shoulders. Pin and stitch. Hem ends and sides so that gilet comes a little narrower than the shoulders. Pull back and front together at waistline at each side. Sew fast



on one side and finish other side with a hook and eye or a button and loop.

Finish bateau neck with band one and a half inches in front and back and tapering to nothing at each end of slit. Be sure that slit is big enough to slip over your head. Finish round neck with an upright band. And just bind the v-neck or add upright band around neck and top of lapels.

Don't hesitate to attempt the gilet. It's simpler than it sounds. And even if you aren't very handy with a needle, you can hardly go wrong.

GWEN BARDE

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS THE FLOOR!

South Dakota

Dear Friend:

I spent several days in Roberts County, South Dakota, with X. She spoke most enthusiastically of the 'Working Woman.' She said that it was to her one of the very finest things published, and she just wished that every woman in her community would subscribe. All the women I have talked with who have read the magazine are very enthusiastic about it. Can you send me a few more sample copies?

Iron River, Mich.

Dear Comrades:

I have received your woman's magazine for a few years and would not like to have it cancelled, but as the situation is right now, I can just buy the stamp to send you this letter. If you could possibly send it to me for two months, I would get the money for my subscription from somewhere.

K. R.

Dadeville,, Ala.

We received all the magazines and the comrades were glad to have them all. So I am working hard. . . . Everywhere I've been I hear the comrades are raging to organize. All sections of the Sharcroppers Union is doing fine and due to the fact we win the demands in cotton picking, we are winning a lot of whites in our organization. The women here went on strike on their cook jobs. They work from Sunday to Sunday for \$4. They cook, milk, do housework, wash, iron and then some mind the baby and see after the children. The only mistake is that some in these place aren't organized and will scab. We hope to see better days. It may be a long time, but it is coming—the better we unite together the better we will sure make things.

NEW ENGLAND'S REVOLUTIONARY MAGAZINE

LEFTWARD

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE JOHN REED CLUB OF BOSTON

NOVEMBER issue includes—

Rebecca Farnham's "I Was Fired from the Boston Transcript."

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