

the
Woman Today

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

By Isobel Walker Soule

MARY VAN KLEECK

SONIA BRANTING

META BERGER

CAROLYN MARX

BEAUTY

By Helen Woodward

PERMANENT WAVE

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

SECRETARY WANTED

By Helen Welshimer

MARCH 1936

10 CENTS

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I HAVE BEEN A PILGRIM

By Jamie Sexton Holme

Occasionally a poet arises whose work shows flashes of talent, passages of genuine brilliance, and yet whose technique is not really satisfying. It is almost impossible to find Mrs. Holme's Achilles' heel. Her second book, *Floodmark*, published in 1930, was a best-seller on the Henry Harrison list, establishing her among the leading lyric poets of the country. A few copies still remain; price \$1.50. "Poems of a rare and luminous beauty," wrote Clifford Gessler in the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, "distinguished by truth, thought, insight and a steadfast attitude toward life." John McClure in the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* wrote: "Well moulded, intensely emotional and sincere, charged with imagination. She faces the traditional phrasing into strong emotional expression." \$1.50.

EAST END, WEST END

By Antoinette Scudder

The author, who is editor of *Poetry World*, and co-editor of *The Spinners*, has faithfully reproduced the atmosphere of a certain summer resort; the characters and incidents are entirely the work of her own imagination, says the author, and have no reference to any living person. The titles of these poems are inviting enough: *Two Dollars a Night*, *Honeymoon*, *Road to a Man's Heart*, *The Lesbians*, *Phryne Up-to-date*, *Madonna of the Cats*, *The Witch's Grave*, etc. Miss Scudder is the author of *Out of Peony and Blade* (\$1.50), a book of poems which delightfully captures the oriental spirit of beauty. \$1.00.

TRUMPET CALL

By Grace French Smith

The introduction by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney is sufficient commendation of this cry for a new world, this straight-from-the-shoulder dynamics in verse. Mrs. Smith's work is observant rather than cynical, and despite its strong outlook, never leaves the path of lyricism so essential to good poetry. \$1.50.

FLAMINGO

By Vivian Yeiser Laramore

Mrs. Laramore, who is the Poet Laureate of Florida, is the winner of the \$100 George Sterling Memorial Prize, the \$100 Bishop prize for the best poem against capital punishment, and twice winner of the \$50 Poetry Society prize for a one-act play in verse. \$1.50.

THEY RISE ACCUSING

By Clyde Robertson

Portland Journal: "Graphic and pleasingly terse . . . haunting poignancy and starkly vivid." *Los Angeles Record*: "Versatile and sensitive poet . . . poems are lovely things built on a tried and true idea. Cool, clear and colorful." *Hartford Times*: "Simple tales musically told." *Oakland Tribune*: "They are poems of which the author may be proud." \$1.50.

FRAIL FRAGMENT

By Jerry Clason

We look forward to many enthusiastic reviews of this book when it appears on March 10th. \$1.50.

CABLES OF COBWEB

By Florence Ripley Mastin

Harriet Monroe: "Her music is in the major key of C, presenting happily the beauty of the earth, of life." Eunice Tietjens: "In her first book, I read certain poems, and I have never been able to forget them. Now she brings a more mature spirit, a surer lyric voice. Those who value the serene spirit, the clear beauty of nature, the lyric voice, will take pleasure in these poems." \$1.50.

DAWN STARS

By Lucia Trent

Harold D. Carew in the *Pasadena Star-News*: "This book helped establish Lucia Trent as America's foremost woman lyricist." *Boston Transcript*: "A bright addition to the rich and subtle gifts of America's women poets." John Haynes Holmes: "That divine simplicity which is the note of all true poetry." \$1.50.

LUMINOUS TOKEN

By Bertha Williams

"The poems are possessed of a lyrical quality that is very marked . . . of beauty your mind strives to hold," *Boston Globe*. "Miss Williams possesses much of the charm of Sara Teasdale, but her work is richer in emotional profundity," Lucia Trent in the *Pasadena Star-News*. \$1.50.

A PENNY A DREAM

By Mary Edgar Comstock

Miss Comstock achieves the right word in the right place, making her lyrics precise not only technically, but spiritually as well. As the *Salt Lake Telegram* wrote, there is "pure melody to be found in her verse." "The indescribable something that makes poetry more than a mass of mere words," wrote the *Columbia Missourian*, "good poems are the oases in the desert of insipid verse." \$1.50.

THESE YEARS PASSING

By Carleton Winston

With the publication of this volume, a new voice has joined the enviable chorus of stellar singers. Mrs. Winston may be regarded as a discovery, for her work has hitherto been unpublished. Critics from one end of the country to the other are hailing her poetry for its splendid lyricism, its unusual aesthetic note, and its honest revelations. \$2.00.

1311 POETS

including Edna St. Vincent Millay—Frances Frost Louise Bogan—Anna Hempstead Branch—Harriet Monroe—Martha Dickinson Bianchi—Laura Benet—Helen Hoyt—Marion Canby—Babette Deutsch—Dorothy Aldis—Margaret Widdemer—Fanny Heaslip Lea—Margaret Fishback—Helen Welshimer—Alice Stone Blackwell—Lizette Woodworth Reese—Elizabeth Coatsworth—Grace Noll Crowell—Miriam Allen deFord—Mary Carolyn Davies—Abbie Huston Evans—Helene Mullins—Sara Bard Field—Muriel Rukeyser—Hortense Flexner—Elizabeth Newport Hepburn—Josephine Johnson—Adelaide Love—Ruth Comfort Mitchell—Susanna Valentine Mitchell—Selma Robinson—Minnie Hite Moody—Martha Ostenso—Margaret E. Sangster—Marjorie Allen Seiffert—Constance Lindsay Skinner—Eunice Tietjens—Louise Ayres Garnett—Lucia Trent—Ruth Lechlitner—Grace Fallow Norton—May Lewis—

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HAIL, FRIEND!

By Ruby Archer Gray

Boston Globe: "Easy flowing style . . . poems express friendliness to all who care for the countryside." *Colorado Springs Gazette*: "Appealing in a delicate and gentle way . . . the naive touches a responsive chord in the not-too-sophisticated heart." *Columbus Dispatch*: "The reader feels a sense of exhilaration, refreshing of body and mind in reaction." \$2.25.

BAY BLOSSOMS

By Edith L. Fraser

Miss Fraser, who hails from South Carolina, has discriminately chosen her very best poems to represent her to the American poetry public in this first collection of her work. To be published March 10th. \$1.50.

POMEGRANATE

By Anita Petrucci

Minneapolis Star: "A highly pleasing technique . . . Clever use of phrases and a gift for pure melody make the selections appealing." *Scranton Republican*: "Modern in every respect . . . we recommend the reading of the sweet lyric, *Clouds*, and the translation of an ode from Horace." \$1.50.

BEHIND THE MASK

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

Mrs. Marinoni may be justly called the O. Henry of poetry. Her work, which comprises in the main short stories in verse, has a subtly ironical twist which is as refreshing as it is different. For sheer pathos and interest, these poems hold the reader from the first page to the last. \$1.50.

PENNY SHOW

By Mary Carolyn Davies

This book, illustrated by Herbert Fouts, was chosen as one of the 50 best illustrated books of the year. Miss Davies' reputation is high among contemporary women poets, her work having appeared in practically every reputable publication. The author of a number of collections of verse, she reaches her high note in this generous compilation of her work. \$2.00.

THORNS ARE A STYLE

By Ruth Hannas

Miss Hannas, who is the first woman to hold a Ph.D. degree in music in this country, is modern in every sense of the world. Her interpretations of music make music of her poetry. Hers is the lifting voice, the lifting mind. For those somewhat weary of the conventional patterns, *Thorns Are a Style* will prove a happy choice. \$1.75.

Contents

	PAGE
Cover by Gwen Barde	
THE PERMANENT WAVE	4
Margaret Weymouth Jackson	
BREEDING FOR WAR	6
Sonia Branting	
CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT	8
Isobel Walker Soule	
SHOPPING FOR JUSTICE	9
Thelma Nurenberg	
EDITORIAL	10
VIEWS ON NEWS	11
Margaret Cowl	
"MOTHER" BLOOR	12
Ann Barton	
BOOKS	14
Carolyn Marx	
LABOR LAWS FOR WOMEN	15
Mary van Kleeck	
SECRETARY WANTED	16
Helen Welshimer	
TRADE UNIONS	18
Erma Lee	
THE IRON HAND IN THE CANVAS GLOVE	19
Marie Jordan	
THE NEW WOMAN	20
Meta Berger	
BEAUTY	23
Helen Woodward	
FASHION LETTER	25
Gwen Barde	
FOOD FOR YOU	26
Frances Wills	

Margaret Weymouth Jackson has been writing mainly about farmers and small town people because all her life she has lived among them. Her stories have appeared in the most popular magazines, and her books of home-town people have had a wide circulation in city as well as village.

Sonia Branting, the daughter of the late Premier of Sweden, is internationally known as an exponent of anti-fascism. Her present mission in life, she says, is to expose this menace to the peace and liberty of all people. Dr. Branting is Judge of the Domestic Relations Court of Stockholm.

From jail to the lecturer's platform is all in a day's work to Isobel Walker Soule, who proved she has the courage of her convictions in her recent arrest when picketing May's Department Store. Mrs. Soule is a writer in her professional moments—and has contributed to many publications.

Editor of The Working Woman, and well-known labor writer, Margaret Cowl has always stressed the importance of the trade union for women. Miss Cowl is at present on a lecture tour, speaking on the increasing need for labor to organize.

Thelma Nurenberg is a journalist and author, whose book "This New Red Freedom," has a foreword by Walter Duranty.

Few women are as qualified to write on women in industry and social insurance as Mary van Kleeck, director of Industrial studies in the Russell Sage Foundation. Her invaluable work in industrial research was recognized when she was appointed director of Woman in Industry Service, United States Department of Labor in 1918, and later associate director of the International Industrial Relations Institute in the Hague in 1922, which office she held until 1930. Miss van Kleeck is the author of numerous books on women in industry.

Helen Welshimer has been writing poetry for many of the better type magazines for several years. Occasionally she dashes off a story which is sophisticated and exciting. Because she thinks "The Woman Today" is an important and vital magazine, Miss Welshimer has promised to contribute stories and poems for future issues.

Erma Lee, editor of our Trade Union Section, has the distinction of being an important member of what formerly was strictly a "man's union"—"Big Six" of the Typographical Union, New York City. Daughter of a railroad union organizer, Miss Lee has been an intrepid and persistent trade unionist. She has been instrumental in bringing women into trade union activities. Her organization experience covers work for the printers' union as well as women's unions.

After a long career as a leading advertising woman, Helen Woodward gave up all business connections and began to write. Her first book, "Through Many Windows," told the true inside story of the advertising business and of her own experience as a working woman.

Her latest book, "Three Flights up," is the story of a workman's child in New York. It was enthusiastically received.

Having recently returned from a visit to the Soviet Union, Mrs. Meta Berger, wife of the first Socialist Congressman, has written and lectured on her observations in that country.

Gwen Barde, our art editor, has been an advertising art director and still carries on with illustrating. She is also known for her fashion articles, which reveal a refreshing point of view.

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Drawings by Sam Kennedy

"THE school bus is at Stonby's," Mrs. Lann said, looking out of the kitchen window. "Better hurry."

The younger children gathered up their books and lunch buckets and went out of the kitchen door, pulling on mittens and tightening mufflers. But Lois stood before the mirror hung above the sideboard in the dining room and gazed at her reflection with the tragic despair possible only at seventeen. She had by the most heroic effort and perseverance taken off ten pounds so that she was a little thinner and her face, though still round, was not quite as cherubic as it had been. But she was far from satisfied. Her brown eyes were, she told herself, "just something to see with," clear, under a wide innocent forehead, but not large, and scanty of lash and brow. The eyes were not big and soft and limpid,

all entangled with silken lashes like Ida West's. They were just eyes—Lois supposed she ought to be grateful that they were not crossed! Her broad soft nose, the Lann nose, might not have seemed an object of such intense dislike to the casual observer, but Lois could not understand why she alone, of all the children, had her father's stubborn nose when the Polleys (her mother's kin) had fine straight noses. Lois' mouth was generous, full-lipped, but drooping now with sorrow. And her hair—that flew out from her head with electric vigor and came down and clung to her firm red cheeks. It would not stay in place. Lois had cut it once but the result had been straight, unbecoming wisps. Now it was knotted firmly in place at the base of her neck. She had tried every way—every way she could think of. She had curled her

hair with an iron, and the curl came right out. She had slept on various crimping devices only to find when morning came that in her sleep she had taken them all off one side of her head. She had tried braids and puffs. Nothing helped. It was the most disappointing straight hair!

Lois went into the kitchen, her knitted tam in her hand and gazed at her mother with heart-break in her eyes.

"Oh Ma," she implored, "if I could just have a permanent wave! It only costs five dollars, Ma, and I'd look like a different person. Oh Ma—pleeeese!"

"Now run along," said Mrs. Lann nervously. "You'll hold the bus up. You'll have to run clear down the lane. You know I can't spare five dollars and if I could, I wouldn't let you do it, unless Pa said so. Five dollars is an awful lot of

The PERMANENT WAVE

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

money, Lois. See, the bus is stopping now."

Lois uttered a kind of howl that her mother had not heard for several years. It had been a sign of trouble when the girl was smaller. She tore out of the kitchen and flew down the lane, jumped into the open door of the school bus and slammed it shut.

Mrs. Lann sighed, watching the big yellow bus crawl up the hill and sway around the curve in the road. She reached up and unlocked the clock on the shelf near the range, and took out from the bottom of it a flat old purse. She counted again the money that was in it. She could give Lois the money—but it wouldn't be fair. She was harboring this for Christmas for all the children. Anyhow Lois would have to ask her father and he would never let her—never! He would never allow anything so sinful as changing the way God had made his daughter. He couldn't understand as her mother did why Ida and Mary Stonby and Lenore Randall and all the girls were getting permanents. Mrs. Lann's own thick soft brown hair, lightly touched with grey fitted her head like a well made cap, and she had the Polley nose and thin straight mouth. Betty and Jude would be like their mother. But Lois was like her father—poor child!

In the school bus Lois crowded into the seat at the end and looked about her defiantly. She exchanged greetings with the others in a normal tone, but her mind was not on their words. Across from her sat Ida—Ida with her big soft black eyes and marvelous lashes and the silky black curls showing all around her small felt hat. And next to Ida sat Mary Stonby, her long, somewhat coarse straw-colored hair hanging almost to her shoulders in the smooth, untumbled crimp of a new permanent. Lois didn't see her own younger brothers and sisters, Zeke, who was a freshman in high school and already on the basketball team, Jude and Betty in the seventh and fifth grades, with their pretty, fine-featured little faces and round staring

blue eyes, or Chester, the Lann baby, still fat as butter, in his second reader and Lois' pet. Only the other high school students interested Lois this morning, Ida West and Mary Stonby, Lenore and Bill Randall (Bill was lazy, but he could do his lessons quicker than anyone), Kenneth Biddle, who was a senior and an honor student, and never had a word to say, Peter Stilt, who was always bragging and showing off. Peter had asked Lois for dates, but she didn't like him any more she told herself.

The bus was filled with conversation, jokes, teasing and giggling. The children, large and small, who rode together morning and night, possessed a certain family intimacy and acquaintance. They were the children of the families who lived on the Deer Creek Road. They came and went to school every day in the long, bright yellow bus, lettered on either side, "Deer Creek Township Consolidated Public School, Bus No. 9." On the back of the bus was a huge lettered "STOP," and on the left front was a mechanical arm which Judson Towers, the driver, could turn from within the bus. The floor of the bus was of ridged metal with a hot air heater in the middle of it. The leather-covered seats, worn and springless, extended down either side. The children peered out as the bus stopped at the railway crossing and then labored over the tracks in low gear. It was only a little way to school now. The Lanns were the last group the bus picked up.

Among them Joe Croft was the only frail child, Ida West the only exotic one. It was whispered that Ida wore silk underwear all winter long. The West farm was the best in the district, Ida an only child and spoiled. But she had a disarming graciousness and friendliness to every one.

Ida and Lois had long been friends, Lois in the unconscious role of "stooge," but now Lois was rebelling.

This was because Judson Towers had the contract to drive the bus this year, succeeding old Uncle Troy Gibson who claimed he had raised all the children on

the Creek. Lois' eyes rested yearningly on the ruddy neck and black hair of the young driver.

She tore her glance away lest some one notice and stared stolidly out of the window. But soon her eyes came drifting back again for there was a terrific magnetism about that sturdy neck and shoulders and that coal black head of hair under the warm cap. Lois' heart plunged. If he would only look around! If he would only glance back into her eyes and smile at her! But she knew with a youthful disappointment that made her almost ill that if he looked around it would be to smile at Ida, to say something teasing to her. With a tremendous effort of her will, already disciplined in the matter of reducing her firm young figure to a lovelier and more delicate cast, she set her eyes on the frosted pane of glass opposite her and kept them there insensible to Peter's loud talk.

The bus ground to a stop in its allotted place, at the end of a line of other yellow behemoths, jockeying for position before the square brick school house set on a rise of cleared ground. As the bus stopped Judson turned about saying "O.K." and the back door burst open and the children from the Deer Creek road rushed out of it and scattered over the school ground like chickens let out of a brooder house. Simultaneously children were bursting out of other buses, hitting the ground with thuds, and starting to run in almost any direction, their voices ringing loud and clear on the frosty morning air. Ida linked her arm in Lois' and they turned toward the school. High overhead in the cupola the first bell began to toll.

"Isn't Jud the best driver you ever saw?" whispered Ida in her quick pretty voice, "and he's not a tyrant, like Uncle Troy was. What will you bet I'll have a date with him before Christmas? I think he's the handsomest thing I ever saw. Don't tell anybody, Lois, but I'm just terribly, terribly crazy about Jud."

Lois suffered in silence but Ida, inter-
(Continued on page 22)



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BREEDING for WAR

By Sonia Branting

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

FASCISM boasts of being purely a man's movement. I think we could gladly let it alone with that honor, if we were not looking for the truth. But looking through all those clouds of words and the worshipping of mysticism you quickly will see that fascism hates women, fascism despises women, fascism fears women. And does a real man, a healthy, strong man, without complexes of failure and insanity, hate women?

Let us see how fascism drives its men to such an unbiological attitude.

The task of women is to be beautiful and to give birth to children for men, cries Goebbels. The demand for a purely physical perfection by this unfortunate, deformed man who is notorious for his lack of mental balance has so often been analyzed that we need not dwell upon it.

Nor need we dwell on the hatred from many of the perverted in the Nazi ranks.

Nor on the desperate envy of the jobless who have been turned against the successful working woman.

"Our National Socialist State is not built by the work of intellectuals, nor by professors and lawyers and writers. It is built by soldiers," said Hitler last September in Nuremberg.

The highest function of man is to be a warrior, exclaims Mussolini over and over again.

Woman is by nature and by civilization for peace. She hates more and more to give her children up to be murdered.

Therefore the two, fascism and women, must be enemies.

For Mussolini the work was not hard. The Italian woman had only just begun her long and hard walk towards a brighter existence. She was easily thrown back. Neither was the task too difficult for Hitler. Let us see how he has succeeded in withdrawing all women's rights in a country which had a fairly well-developed feminist movement.

At first all women's organizations were dissolved. This order did not only strike the political organizations but even the federated organization of all women's associations, founded in 1894, and containing

"Take a lesson from your German and Italian sisters! Organize against fascism NOW!" warns Sonia Branting, who recently completed a lecture tour in the United States.

about 750,000 members, whose program was to "unite all German women of all parties, whatever opinions concerning the world problems they may have, in order to express their national mutual connection and to carry out the idea of their cultural task."

Not even such an innocent program for a women's organization could be tolerated.

In "My Struggle" Hitler speaks much about the sanctity of marriage in vague phrases, but he avoids any precise statement about his ideas concerning women, with one single but very important exception. In a little phrase he says:

"The German girl is a 'state-ward' and will be a citizen only by marriage." This implies that girls have no rights, but only duties.

Mr. Nicolai, a high Prussian Nazi official, further develops this fascist idea in his "Fundamentals of the Future Constitution," in which he declares that:

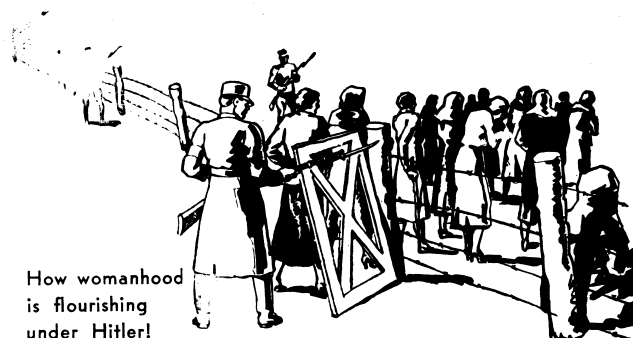
"The feminism which extends its influence in our modern legislation, the sick cry for emancipation, is a suspicious sign of degeneration and conflicts with the high esteem in which the man of the Nordic idea must hold the woman. . . . The amazon is not a German ideal but has, significantly enough, arisen on Asiatic ground and you can prove that from the oldest time until our days all aspirations for equal rights between the sexes were born in Asiatic brains."

In order to educate all women to the Nazi standard the women are organized in National-Socialist clubs, subordinated to the local party organizations and their leaders, who are men. The members have a lot of duties but only one single right: to administer their own "particular affairs," charity, domestic affairs, etc.

Despite all this, the Nazi ideology has not penetrated the woman's soul. According to recent instructions, midwives have



DR. SONIA BRANTING



How womanhood is flourishing under Hitler!

BREEDING for WAR

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How womanhood is flourishing under Hitler!



The reverence with which priests and nuns are treated!

to pass a special course in political education and are ordered to make use of this knowledge to encourage motherhood. Is this not a brutal intrusion upon the citizen's privacy.

Over 600,000 women have been forced out of their professions, out of their positions, out of their life-work and pushed back into the kitchens or onto the streets. A Nazi woman's magazine, *Die Deutsche Kampflerin*, a little more than a year ago described the situation thus: "For hundreds of thousands of women and girls nothing is left but suicide and prostitution."

They can go into domestic service, as household drudges, slaving from dawn to dark for only their room and board. They can be sent into the farms to do work which is still harder. Or they can go into the labor camps, which have been erected for women as well as for men.

It is a well-known fact that hundreds of women in Hitler Germany have gone through mock marriages rather than be sent to labor camps. Girls who once had jobs as stenographers come back from these labor camps unable to use a typewriter for a long period—because their fingers have been stiffened by unaccustomed manual labor.

According to the law of June 1, 1933, a woman is not permitted to hold a position before she has reached her thirty-fifth year. Before then she must produce new children for a country already overcrowded. Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's expert on foreign policy says in his "Mythos of the Twentieth Century":

"A future German empire will never accept a woman without children. It does not matter whether she is married or not. . . . Consequently, adultery on the part of the man should not be made subject to legal prosecution if offspring results from the adultery."

It reminds me of the words of Dr. Willibald Hentschel, another Nazi "expert" on woman's affairs, who goes even beyond this. He suggests a large scale breeding farm for human stock. I quote from his words in the publication known as *Der Hammer*, number 640:

"Round up a thousand German girls of the purest stock. Isolate them in a camp. Then let them be joined by a hundred German men, equally of the purest stock. If a hundred such camps were set up, you would have a hundred thousand thoroughbred children."

No wonder that women in Germany, in spite of Nazism, are beginning to organize to fight such outrages against them.

After a law passed January 24, 1935, married women must give up their work if their husbands are on the dole, a subsidy so small that starvation is the only other alternative.

Orders have been given to work agencies and to district leaders and even to private employers that women shall not be appointed for higher posts. For example, nine State Secondary Schools for Girls in Hamburg have all had their women directors replaced by men. Furthermore, the so-called "Treuhand," a sort of special work superintendent, has the right to increase the tax on wages. This is according to a labor edict passed October 15, 1935, Article 1, Paragraph 1.



The promise of home and children "for every woman, a husband even without benefit of clergy," has placed woman in the lowest rank of society. She is not barred from the working world. Instead, you will find her everywhere doing the most menial work, the lowest paid, the most dangerous jobs. The munitions factories are crowded with her. In the chemical laboratories she inhales the poisoned gas beside her unfortunate brother for considerably less wages.

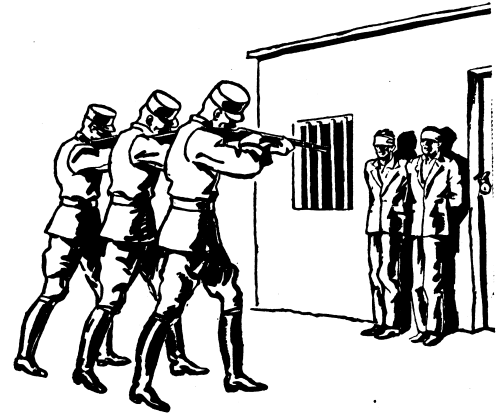
Her trade union dissolved, her civil rights abrogated, her liberty crushed, what can she do?

Every woman, every fighter for the rights of women to equality must be appalled and enraged by the way in which women have been degraded, insulted, discriminated against by the fascist system.

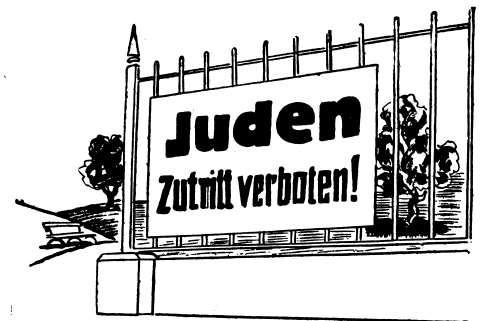
May the American woman listen to and learn from the fate of her German and Italian sisters under fascism.

Fascism has many faces and a new mask for every new country. But wherever it turns up, in whatever beautiful cover it begins to show itself, it always inwardly is and *must* be woman's greatest enemy.

Labor's Rights Under Fascism



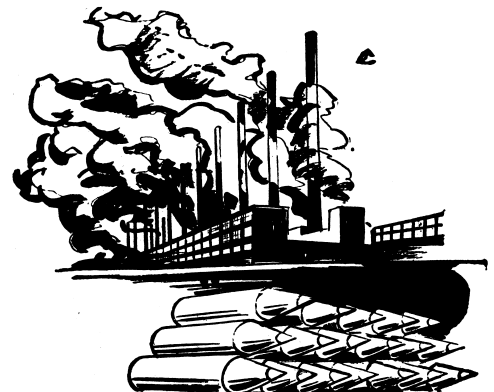
Minorities Under Fascism



How Culture Is Preserved



Peaceful Nazi Germany?



Carrie Chapman Catt

By Isobel Walker Soule



MRS. CATT

A famous leader in the struggle for women's rights tells why it is necessary to educate and organize for peace.

THE day is very cold and the snow is crusted with ice, the landscape looking like a great birthday cake—the sun reflects prismatically on the lawn bordering the driveway that I enter. It shines and glistens and small shrubs dot the lawn like birthday candles. I'm trying to recall the association of birthdays and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt for it is she I am calling on. A newsreel of photographs rushed through my mind of picket line suffrage days, anniversaries, and of cause and cure for war. The most recent of her pictures shows a large delicious-looking cake being cut by a sweet, gray-haired lady. Why couldn't I remember the number of candles? I rang the door-bell and while waiting for an answer I noticed in the lobby there stood a three-foot statue of Lincoln. I thought—what are you doing here—you must be a symbol? The door was opened and I passed in and the house was a house that was used. Chairs were to be sat in, books to read, potted flowers everywhere to bring the breath of spring; it was a house of life, a typewriter could be heard in the right wing of the home.

Advancing towards me was a person of decision, one could tell it as she extended her hand in greeting me. I forgot about not knowing how many candles were on the cake—I suddenly felt I was facing vitality and youth, not the youth with the cynicism of today but youth of ideals, ambition and faith. We went into a great cheerful library, sat down and we talked and gossiped about nations and the possibility of war and the possibility of peace as one neighbor to another. As this modest woman talked to me I thought of what I knew of her life.

A farmer's daughter, Carrie Lane, born in that good rugged State of Wisconsin, was brought up and educated in Iowa. She was and is an insatiable reader.

At Iowa State College she earned her way by washing dishes at nine cents an hour; later she got a break for she worked in the library of the college for ten cents an hour. Graduated in 1880 she entered a law office to prepare for the law; being offered a job as a teacher in a high school at Mason City, she accepted. That led in time to her being the first woman superintendent of city schools in the state.

Carrie Lane married the editor of the local paper; it was soon after that that Carrie Lane Chapman's attention was drawn to a pending Bill for Woman Suffrage

in the State Legislature. She drew up a petition in favor of it; that petition was very significant, for it was the birth of one of the greatest leaders of women today. It drew attention to her and by 1890 she was invited to Washington to attend a Suffrage Convention. There were many noted women leaders of the day on that platform and their inspiration spurred this potential leader on.

Leo Chapman—the editor—died. In spite of her personal loss she carried on, always fighting and encouraging others. There were many defeats in those days. She carried on through years of discouragement and organized through the West during drought and depression.

Later she married a young engineer, G. W. Catt. George Catt was in sympathy with her cause and spurred her on until she succeeded Susan B. Anthony as national president of the International Suffrage Alliance. In 1904 she resigned the national presidency and was international president from 1904 until 1922.

On account of her own illness and the death of G. W. Catt, the continuous strain had told the story. For a time she had to retire because of exhaustion. As she regained her health she started to build up the Suffrage Party in New York State. She felt that if she could swing New York State, other States would follow.

No one can fully appreciate the gallant effort made by Mrs. Catt from 1917 to 1920—just prior to the election of 1920—thirty-five States ratified the Suffrage amendment—thirty-six were necessary. This undaunted campaigner went herself to Tennessee, the thirty-sixth State. A great victory after seventy years of battle led by great women leaders whose leadership in

turn had passed to Carrie Chapman Catt. It was she who had led the movement to its logical conclusion—the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This was the personal history of the woman who sat before me. A woman who had enough vision to realize that because one fight was won it was not enough but only the beginning of what women could do and must do. She now turned to the subject of Peace.

In 1925 she accepted the chairmanship of the Conference on the Cause and Cure for War. Now as honorary chairman she meets with this group once a year in Washington to discuss its problems.

As I had just returned from Europe after many interviews with people in different countries, I had only a message of the possibility of a war to take to Mrs. Catt.

"There might be a war—a European war because people were only educated for war and not for peace," said Mrs. Catt. "One of the duties of modern nations is to educate for peace. Countries must build effective peace machinery and reduce war machinery. At present our war machinery is greater than ever before. All foreign countries are developing capacity armies. Yes, there may be war before we have peace. Our peace movement is far more advanced than it was before the last war—far better understood. In the past decade we have had the threat of war even though we are still suffering from the last war. The depression, millions of people out of work, the homeless, their morale undermined, our economic structure considerably weakened, are all the result of the last war. This is not the price of peace—but of war!"

(Continued on page 30)



"Let the buyer beware!" says an old proverb. But these public-spirited shoppers say, "Let the merchant beware who pays an unfair wage!"

SHOPPING for JUSTICE

By *Thelma Nureberg*

ONE of the most significant developments in recent years has been the growing consciousness on the part of women to assume social responsibility through organized, collective action. Of the numerous organizations which have been called into existence by liberal, public-spirited women interested in serving justice, the League of Women Shoppers ranks high in its record of achievements.

The League was organized in June, 1935, when a few women, aware of the fact that their sex represented a great part of the buying power of the nation, and knowing also that this power represented a force of great potentiality, decided to employ it to improve the working conditions of wage earners. Hardly had the group been organized and their ideas made known when they were called upon to translate them into action. The clerks of the Ansonia Shoe Store of New York City, failing to obtain higher wages, a shorter working day and union recognition, decided to strike. The League of Women Shoppers was faced with a test case. So successfully did they execute this responsibility that it established their reputation and gave them a basis on which to develop.

Having been solicited by the trade union to support the position of the striking Ansonia clerks, the chairman of the League Investigating Committee appointed three members of the League to obtain affidavits from employer and employees. An inquiry was made into the firm's labor policy. The opinions of labor authorities were solicited. The working conditions of the clerks were investigated. When this data was obtained the Executive Committee of the League called a meeting. After the facts were revealed and thoroughly discussed, the committee agreed that the workers were justified in striking, and decided to support them. The decision was made known to all the members and an announcement was

published in the League's bulletin, *The Woman Shopper*. The fight was on! Members volunteered to serve on picket lines, while others began the important work of influencing women to boycott the shoe store. Thus the consumers used the force of their buying power to improve the working conditions of the store clerks.

"The League was instrumental in settling the strike because the employer realized that women are entitled to a voice in the business of which they were the vital factor," declared Evelyn Preston, president of the League of Women Shoppers.

Interviewed in the office of the organization, Miss Preston was enthusiastic about the future activities of the League. The room was crowded with women who were being initiated into the movement. Membership is growing daily, and the new recruits, like the "old," are eager for action. They are unafraid of picket lines, even of the unfriendly and oftentimes harsh police. Some of the women are well over sixty, many middle-aged, conservative matrons who are learning to be at home on a picket line—or even in jail! And some of them have already paid the penalty for believing in the rights of the workers and have had many unpleasant experiences with the police due to the laws on picketing. These laws are vague and therefore interpreted arbitrarily by both police and court. It was in the course of the strike in May's Department Store in Brooklyn, N. Y., that Miss Preston was arrested, together with Mrs. Harry F. Ward, wife of the professor of Christian Ethics at the Union Theological Seminary, a woman in her middle sixties.

"When the clerks in May's went on strike we sent a committee to the store to investigate conditions," relates Miss Preston. "The employer was evasive and we found more than enough to support the charges of the clerks. Girls were working for as little as \$7.50 a week for a 60-hour week, under the most appalling conditions. We were convinced that the girls were justified in striking, and we sent a delegation, consisting of Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Amos Pinchot, Mrs. J. Caesar Guggen-

heim (who is 69 years old) and myself to join the picket lines, together with members of the Store Employees' Union, Local 1250, of the A. F. of L. Our placard read 'Use Your Buying Power for Justice.'

"Mrs. Ward and I were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct. Immediately we were put in the police van others of our League took our place. We could not see our lawyer nor even have food brought to us for hours after our arrest. The question of mass picketing is badly defined in New York courts. The police regulations in Brooklyn are particularly unfair to workers. We also hoped, by picketing, to make a test case that would clarify the law and to make the Mayor and the Police Commissioner re-examine the police regulations in Brooklyn.

"We were fined \$5.00 or three days in jail. We decided to go to jail because we knew that this unfair arrest for peaceful picketing would focus public attention not only on these regulations but also on the unfairness of police treatment of pickets. Judge Cullen evidently realized this, for we did not go to jail." The strike has not been settled and other League members have been arrested for picketing."

So successful has the League been in publicizing the cause of the workers that the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York has endorsed them. Other labor organizations are beginning to appreciate the effectiveness of this group, and are calling on them with increasing frequency.

Although the League was organized in and is active mainly in and around New York, the movement is arousing nationwide interest. Women throughout the country are sending in requests to be permitted to organize branches. In their appeal to women to join them, the League stresses the significance of their buying power. Organized on a national basis the movement of women shoppers will soon become a power to be reckoned with.

Members are keenly aware that the only safeguard for the worker is the trade union. Protective legislation may be enacted; but its effectiveness depends upon the pressure exerted by workers, especially those organized in the trade unions. Trade unions

(Continued on page 14)

Members of the League of Women Shoppers Picketing





strike we sent investigate con ton. "The em found more th charges of the for as little as hour week, un ditions. We w were justified delegation, con Amos Pinchot,

Members of the League of Women Shoppers Picketing

the Woman Today

MARCH—1936

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209

TODAY, women in many lands are watching fearfully as another World War rushes toward them with the speed of Pegasus.

Alarmed, they see the democratic rights, won by women through years of struggle, swept away, one by one, quietly or to the hysterical beating of fascist drums.

Daily, new attacks are made on the right of women to work, to take their places in the world of business, education, music, drama, the arts. Even in America, where a woman has sat proudly in the holy of holies—the United States Senate—where one has entered the Cabinet, and another has become a diplomatic representative to a foreign country, there are rumblings against this hard-won recognition.

MARRIED women have been tossed out of their positions under the pretext of making more jobs for the unemployed. The wages of women are generally lower than men even for identical work and have been ruthlessly slashed “because times are hard and you are lucky to have a job.” Assaults have been launched against such protective legislation for women as minimum wage scales and limitation of hours.

In the field of the woman home-maker, the health and happiness of whose family depend not only upon the size of the weekly pay envelope but upon the cost of rent, food, clothing and incidentals, the difficulty of the moment is rising prices.

NEVER have American women needed to understand so clearly the forces that determine the very currents of their daily life and the well-being of their homes and families.

It is to enable the great majority of women in America to become articulate upon their problems and the under-

lying causes of these problems, that THE WOMAN TODAY comes into being. This new monthly publication dedicates itself to the task of helping women who work in the homes, schools, offices, hospitals, factories, mills and fields hold their own and assert their rights as human beings and make advances in a world where reactionary forces are aligned against them.

THE WOMAN TODAY has a simple credo and a simple program. It will seek always to draw women into the common fight for peace, against fascism, for the defense of women's rights and for the organization of women into the trade unions.

TO carry out this four-fold program THE WOMAN TODAY will support the cooperative effort of women's organizations against war, the right of women to work and especially the right of married women to work. In this regard, THE WOMAN TODAY supports the Cellar Bill, H.R. 5051, which would remove the discriminations against married women embodied in Section 213A of the National Economy Act. It will advocate equal pay for equal work, protective labor legislation for women, including minimum wage laws, repeal of anti-birth control laws. It will support the movement to lower prices.

This new magazine will keep its readers informed of the trend of women's movements in other countries—their successes and their failures. It will present articles and fiction that reflect the heart, the hopes and the fears of American women.

It will bring sound, spirited movie and book reviews and it will cover the field of fashion, cooking and health.

With this issue THE WOMAN TODAY hurls a challenge at reaction. It points the way toward freedom and hope. Join it in its battle for a better world.

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The Ellenbogen Bill

The Ellenbogen Bill if enacted would grant a minimum wage of \$15 per week to workers in the textile industry. It would not only help to abolish wage differentials in the South but would raise wages. An intensified campaign to organize the women textile workers into the United Textile Workers of America would be necessary to enforce such a law for a minimum wage.

Protection of Motherhood

The Bill introduced by Senator Frazier and known as S. 3475 provides for a nation-wide system of social insurance. It obligates the government to insure every worker against loss of income due to unemployment, old age and other disability. It provides for a minimum compensation of \$10 per week plus \$3 for each dependent. The cost of the system would be a primary charge on the national wealth and would be regarded as a component element of the budget of the federal government to be provided for out of the national treasury.

Additional costs would be derived from high incomes, corporate surpluses and other accumulated wealth and should not be placed indirectly by payroll taxes or directly by sales taxes upon the workers of the United States whose standard of living Congress should seek to protect.

The Bill provides maternity insurance for eight weeks before and six weeks after childbirth to women workers, who otherwise receive no earnings because of maternity. Women workers entitled to maternity insurance would be compensated equal to the amount they would receive if unemployed.

There is also provision for widows' and mothers' compensation.

Views on News

The Bill further provides unemployment and old-age relief regardless of sex.

The Movement for Peace

The retrogression of women in Italy and particularly in Germany, where fascism reigns, is, in the United States responsible to a great extent for the growth of support for concerted action of women's organizations for peace.

"Events abroad," writes Kathleen McLaughlin in the *New York Times* for December 29, "particularly the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, have had the effect of accelerating their efforts (women's organizations—Editor), especially in recent months."

"People's Mandate" to End Wars

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is circulating a "People's Mandate to Governments" to end war. The League expects to get fifty million signatures of people in all lands.

Opposes Military Budgets

At the Washington Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, held in January of this year, there was much criticism of the program committee by the delegates from eleven national women's organizations for failure to take a definite stand on neutrality.

The Conference opposed continuously expanding budgets for army, navy and air forces. It went on record for the abolition of compulsory military training in the schools and colleges.

For World Disarmament

The Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism reported success in its efforts to secure one million signatures for world disarmament. This report was made at a conference of women held in Cleveland in January of this year where over 200 delegates representing women's organizations with a 200,000 membership participated. Various local women's organizations including home groups of farm women, women's trade union auxiliaries, church groups and trade unions signed the petition for world disarmament.

The Conference was an auxiliary meeting to the Congress of the American League Against War and Fascism with 2,070 delegates representing 3,291,906 people from all parts of the United States.

Defends Democracy and Peace

The Congress pledged itself to work for a national people's movement to embrace all labor, religious, political and racial groups dedicated to the task of defending democracy and peace.

It advocated the adoption by Congress of the Nye-Kvale Bill which would make the R.O.T.C. (Reserve Officers Training Corps) optional in civilian education institutions. It urged the Governor of Alabama to free the Scottsboro boys. It adopted a resolution recognizing the ceaseless efforts of the Soviet Union to promote friendly relations with all countries and to maintain peace all over the world.

Margaret Cowl

EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT

THE WOMAN TODAY does not support the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution initiated by the Woman's Party in its present form. The present wording of this proposed amendment would place in the hands of the Supreme Court a law by which all legislation in the interests of women who work (such as minimum wage laws, the prohibition of home work under sweatshop conditions) would be declared unconstitutional. THE WOMAN TODAY believes it is of the utmost importance for its readers to become active in abolishing all legal discrimination against all women; for equal rights for all women with men everywhere in the

United States but not at the expense of the women who work, particularly women in industry.

THE WOMAN TODAY does not believe that the enactment of a law giving equal rights to women with men without protecting the rights of working women will bring equality to working women.

Laws defending the economic rights of women who work, backed by the trade unions, can bring about a certain degree of economic independence to working women.

In the Soviet Union where women have gained economic independence and the opportunity to exercise this in practice, where political freedom for women has

been written into the law of the country, even there the Soviet Government had to put through special protective legislation for women to weed out the remnants of the deeply rooted traditions that keep women in a position of subordination to men.

THE WOMAN TODAY invites its readers to organize "*Woman Today Clubs*" to help to expose all inequalities practiced against women in municipalities, states and in the national life of the country; to discuss these inequalities and to send the results of these discussions to THE WOMAN TODAY for publication. In this way our readers will do their bit in helping to draft legislative measures that will be effective in eliminating all legal discriminations against women.

MOTHER BLOOR

By ANN BARTON

At 74 she laughs at old age and makes plans to carry on more vigorously and persistently than ever.

IN the seat of honor sat a small, brilliant-eyed, gray-haired woman. She was surrounded by a thousand men and women come to do her honor for her more than forty-five years of labor activity. With her sat those who had fought for progress with her through the years. There were also the younger generation, come to acknowledge their debt to the seventy-four-year-old woman for making clear to them their place in the social panorama.

The seventy-four-year-old woman was that beloved working class leader, "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor. Her place of honor was at a banquet given to celebrate her 45 years of activity. The thousand men and women showed to what a diverse group of people the name of "Mother" Bloor and her cause is significant.

There were musicians, needle-trades workers, artists, house painters, farmers, laborers, engineers, teachers, social workers. There were Quakers and Communists, children and adults. Rubinoff brought his fiddle. Unions brought their gifts. Heywood Broun and Roger Baldwin presided. There were speeches and music, greetings from people of all political groups. And predominant in the gathering were women. For the problem of women, their conditions, their organization, has concerned Mother Bloor greatly during her busy lifetime.

Many years ago, she was the first woman in her township to vote. She was 22 or 23 and lived in Bridgeton, N. J., with her husband and children. She discovered that there existed an obscure ruling on the books that nobody thought much of. It permitted women to vote for the school trustees. She was determined to organize the women to exercise this one right. She went from door to door begging the women to come with her on election day. Only one woman had the courage.

They walked to the polling place. Around them the men stood jeering; talking of "petticoat government." But they walked in, Ella leading disdainfully, the other woman following fearfully.

"Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor always tried to do what was the thing most needed

for the betterment of women. For a long time she thought the vote would solve everything. She stump-speeched, campaigned in the suffragette movement through many States.

But it was in Kensington—a section of Philadelphia lined with textile mills—that Ella Reeve Bloor found that votes alone would not better the conditions of women. It was there that she decided that women must better their conditions through fighting in organizations with the men. In Kensington the textile workers were striking. The girls, doing the same work as the men, were getting \$5 a week, the men, \$25. The textile bosses were trying to cut the wages of the men on the basis of the cheap wages of the women. The plants went out on strike for equality of wages.

This problem of low and unequal wages was one that the vote did not solve. She became greatly interested in the reasons behind wages, profits. She was a mother

of three children when she first had the opportunity to go to college. And it was about that time that she first heard of Socialism. From that time on it was the collective ownership of the factories, the machines, that concerned her. She knew a society organized on the basis of collective ownership of the machine would solve the question of inequality for all times—inequality of opportunity, inequality in politics, economic inequality. Her co-workers included Solon De Leon, Eugene V. Debs. From the Socialist Party she came into the Communist Party, where today she is a member of its National Committee.

She organized strikes, led picket lines, lived in miners' camps, raised strike relief, the meantime supporting her children, and often taking them with her on long speaking tours. They were well-behaved youngsters and took pride in sitting quietly listening to their fiery mother arouse people to a better understanding of the causes underlying their conditions.

"Mother" Bloor attended the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism in Paris a few years ago. Every progressive movement finds "Mother" Bloor ready to help and to lead.

At the banquet a miner's wife rose to her feet. "Our children are starvin'," she said. "Our children are freezin'. We miners' wives have great troubles. But no starvin' or freezin' will stop us teachin' our children to go the way 'Mother' Bloor shows!"

At 74 her vitality, her enthusiasm, make her young. It is not difficult to concede that she is one of the most remarkable women of these years.



ELLA REEVE BLOOR



ELLA REEVE BLOOR

THE WOMAN TODAY

Greetings to The Woman Today



I AM INDEED GLAD TO HEAR ABOUT THE PROPOSED WOMEN'S MAGAZINE, THE WOMAN TODAY. THERE HAS LONG BEEN A NEED FOR A REALLY EFFECTIVE WOMEN'S MAGAZINE WITH A MASS CIRCULATION WHICH WILL REACH INTO THE HOME OF EVERY WOMAN WORKER IN THIS COUNTRY. IT IS A BIG UNDERTAKING, BUT IT CAN BE DONE.

FIFTY PER CENT OF THE WORKERS IN OUR INDUSTRY ARE WOMEN, AND I HAVE ALWAYS FELT THAT WE HAVE NOT USED ALL THE MEANS AVAILABLE FOR REACHING THEM. THERE IS, IN MY ESTIMATION, NO SINGLE WAY MORE EFFECTIVE THAN A STRICTLY WOMEN'S PUBLICATION TO DO THIS.

BECAUSE OF THE LARGE PERCENTAGE OF WOMEN WORKERS IN THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY WE, OF COURSE, UNDERSTAND THEIR IMPORTANCE, INDEED, THEIR NECESSITY, TO THE TRADE UNION MOVEMENT. IN ALL THE SIGNIFICANT LABOR MOVEMENTS IN THE WORLD WOMEN ARE PLAYING EVER MORE IMPORTANT AND RESPONSIBLE ROLES.

THE WOMAN TODAY HAS MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS, AND MY SINCEREST WISHES FOR ITS FUTURE SUCCESS.

SINCERELY YOURS,

FRANCIS J. GORMAN,
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,
UNITED TEXTILE WORKERS OF AMERICA.

There is the greatest need in the United States for a magazine which will interpret correctly the intelligent working woman, her needs and her interests and her activities. I am most interested and enthusiastic about your magazine, hoping and believing that it will fulfill this important function.

Pearl S. Buck.

No one would be happier than I, could such a magazine as you describe become a permanent feature in our midst. I am far too old to be of any real help to you—but when and if you are ready to start off with your publication and you want my name as an endorser of the project, I would be glad to give it.

Sincerely,

Carrie Chapman Catt.

Dear Friends:

The launching of a woman's magazine with the policies that have been outlined in your letter is in my opinion one of the most progressive moves made by any group in years. Success is assured to this type of publication, for women throughout this country have asked and wished for just such a policy, many million homes will be reached that never before have been able to be counted upon as readers of anything but the publications of the reactionaries. More power to you. Keep to your stated policy. American women will show their appreciation by the mounting sales record of *The Woman Today*.

The best of luck.

William E. Kuehnel,
Pres. Hartford Central Labor Union.

I very much desire to express sincere good wishes for the success of *The Woman Today*. Its field is large, its opportunity great. If it can arouse the interest and enlist the support of women to protect their own welfare and to meet their responsibilities it will indeed accomplish a great work.

In this hour of confused thinking and of tightening lines of discrimination against the woman worker I welcome the advent of this new magazine and wish for it every success.

Lena Madessin Phillips.

The Hartford A. F. of L. Committee for promotion of a Labor Party extends to your magazine its sincere support and best wishes for the success of what we believe is a publication that will fill a great need among the women of this country. The policies as outlined in your letter meet with our approval and it is our thought that women throughout the country will express similar approval.

Good luck and best wishes for a tremendous circulation.

Henry P. Ranney, Chairman,
The Hartford A. F. of L. Committee for
Promotion of a Labor Party.

It gives me pleasure to send a greeting for *The Woman Today* with many good wishes for its success.

Mary E. Woolley.

FEEDING the CHILDREN

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

WOMEN are conservative. That is
They want life to go on. Groceries
Are important, milk delivered each morn-
ing.
I must feed my children. Keep the peace.

And so they frown at strikes; so they
oppose
Sacrifice outside family. What's that to us?
You risk your job and starve my babies!
What sort of a father are you? Tear up
your card.

Now the eggshell wall of home sweet home,
holy and humble,
Cracks with the price of meat, the lack of
milk.
Out in the street they demonstrate her
question.
Food, clothes, beds. The picket line is the
answer.

We must feed our children. Have you
joined the Union?
We must feed our children. March today.
We must feed our children. We must
work together.
We must feed our children. Vote the strike!

INTERNATIONAL WOMAN'S DAY

IN 1908 the American Socialist Party
designated March 8 as a day to be de-
voted to the problems of the working
women. This day was to be set aside
annually for organized demonstrations and
protests against laws and customs which
subject women to political, economic and
social inequalities.

Suffrage organizations took part in
a Women's Day celebration in New York
City in 1909, and three thousand women
endorsed a resolution for suffrage and
women's rights. A year later workers in
Copenhagen celebrated Women's Day, and
soon workers in other countries endorsed
the movement, which thus became Interna-
tional Women's Day.

In 1922 under the leadership of Clara
Zetkin, a leading figure in the Communist

WOMEN, WAR AND FASCISM

By DOROTHY McCONNELL

Published by the American League Against War
and Fascism.

IF the United States government were to
enter a war, no one would be more
shocked and more horrified than the wom-
en of this country. Millions of them have
signed peace pledges and all of them are
opposed to war. How could such a thing
happen? Well, it can happen if women,
without whose support a war can't be
waged, don't do a lot more than remain
passively opposed to war. They must first
know the true causes of war and of fas-
cism which breeds war and then they must
fight against every incipient sign of it.

Dorothy McConnell, in her pamphlet,
"Women, War and Fascism," describes the
causes and the effects of war and fascism
in their relation to women. Her 20-page
pamphlet is literally packed with informa-
tion, with historical references and with
admonitions.

She shows that fascism in Germany
started with an alleged "back to the home"
movement for women and that the effect
of this was to draw women out of their
normal peace-time occupations and into the
munition industry and the metal trades.

She calls attention to the fact that in this
country the reaction against women work-

ers in government, business and industry
has already set in with the enactment of
Clause 213A of the National Economy Act
which removes married women from civil
service positions if their husbands are em-
ployed in the service. She points out that
taking jobs away from women and giving
them to men is not a solution to our eco-
nomic problems. She gives actual figures
to show how many women in the United
States are already working in metal indus-
tries, rubber factories, etc., and she visual-
izes the time when women will be called
upon to produce war materials.

Miss McConnell maintains that the dis-
crimination against women is not on the
basis of sex but is purely an economic dis-
crimination; that men are more volatile
and more articulate in their demands for
employment; that because of the failure to
organize women they are often used as
tools to undermine the jobs and destroy the
wage standards of men workers.

Obviously this state of affairs should not
be allowed to continue.

Miss McConnell says that the usual ap-
proach to the peace question made to wom-
en is an emotional one. From this it should
not be inferred that her own pamphlet is
a dry-as-dust economic treatise. Actually
the clear statement of facts which Miss
McConnell makes and her interpretations
of these facts should be enough to arouse
the fighting spirit of any woman.

SHOPPING FOR JUSTICE

(Continued from page 9)

insure a degree of security to the workers;
therefore the League encourages the move-
ment into these labor organizations. While
the League regrets the necessity for strikes,
it will not hesitate to take an active part in
a justifiable one. It encourages employee
and employer to enter into collective agree-
ments, and has been instrumental in effect-
ing such settlements.

The League is composed of women of
varied political and religious beliefs, but
all are united on one platform: Higher
wages, lowered living costs, healthy work-
ing conditions and trade union organization
for the workers of America.

The Iron Hand in the Canvas Glove

By MARIE JORDAN

President of Local 88 of the International Glove Workers Union

- How girl workers organized to fight a boss who chiseled on wages and agreements, told by MARIE JORDAN, President of Local 88, International Glove Workers Union.

WHEN workers find conditions are so bad that they just can't be worse, they begin to think of joining a union.

We workers of the Canvas Glove Factory worked from 45 to 50 hours a week. We had to pay for the parts of our machine when they broke. We had to pay for our needles and, when it was dark, every time we put a light on the machine we would find money missing in our pay envelopes. If we missed a stitch on a glove it would be sent back, and we would be docked for it.

We never got our right pay. There was always money missing. If you tried going down to the boss to complain, he'd say: "If you don't like it, go home!"

We had three cuts since the N.R.A. We do piece work and our workers average from \$9 to \$10; experienced girls got \$13 to \$14. Some girls made as little as \$6 and \$7 a week.

The place was not kept in a sanitary condition. We couldn't talk, they watched us like hawks. Several times things got so bad we walked out, but we were not organized, we had no union, and so we came back.

Conditions were getting worse for us and in September forty girls walked out because they were given another wage cut. They went out to find out about a union. They were sent to the Women's Trade Union League. Then I joined them. The Women's Trade Union League sent out two organizers, Eleanor Mishnun and Helen Blanchard. They went to our boss and tried to get us better conditions. He wouldn't do anything about it. And the organizers asked us if we were willing to go on strike. We agreed, and they got signs for us, and we began to picket the factory. Two days later twenty other workers joined us. We rented a store for strike headquarters.

In October the Women's Trade Union League helped us get a charter from the International Glove Workers Union (American Federation of Labor). On October 9th the boss signed an agreement for union recognition. We were to work 45 hours during the busy season, 40 hours otherwise, with a raise on all piece rates, even for girls who did not go on strike. He promised to stop all deductions and Saturday work.

Soon we found we were being tricked. He gave union girls the worst work, the kind of work we were not accustomed to, and we earned less money. He showed in all ways that he intended to discriminate against union girls. He did this so the girls could see that belonging to the union would not help them. Then he started firing union members. He organized a company union and tried to make union girls join. He said if we joined we would not be discriminated against. Not one of us joined but those girls who did not strike did.

On October 21st he fired another union girl. I went down to remind him about the agreement he had signed and he yelled: "Get the h— out of here and mind your own business!"

As I went out Mr. Gerber told me to take my union girls along. The girls put their hats and coats on and we all walked out. We didn't believe he really meant to fire us—and we stayed around, thinking he would change his mind. We then telephoned the Women's Trade Union League

and Miss Mishnun came right out. She tried to talk to the boss but it was hopeless. Then Mr. Largay of the State Labor Board came to arbitrate but couldn't do anything. Next day we began to picket. Our signs read: "I. Gerber signs contract with union and breaks it. That's why we are out." "I. Gerber tried to make union members of the International Glove Workers Union, Local 88, join his illegal company union."

On October 24th, Minnie Torre and I were arrested, and accused of assault. I was accused of hitting a scab with a lead pipe which I had never seen before until I saw it in court. A few days later Mr. Gerber had sent his scabs down to start a fight with the pickets. I wasn't even there, but I got a summons just the same. We were detained five hours at the police station. The Women's Trade Union League helped us get bail.

The morning after we were arrested, we were on the picket line again. The case
(Continued on page 19)



Marie Jordan ladles out the soup at strike headquarters.



Marie Jordan ladles out the soup at strike headquarters.

SECRETARY WANTED—



NEW YORK has two famous streets, Broadway and Park Avenue. Broadway is the carnival street, the circus thoroughfare without a white-top. There are playboys, flower and peanut and pretzel vendors, glitter of ribboned lights that span the sky, blatant echoes of music where people dance or wait to dance, criers who stand beside their buses chanting the allure of Coney Island, Chinatown or Harlem.

And criss-cross, like shining byways, cut from the bright paper the theatrical streets of the forties run.

Park Avenue is different. Long, wide, spacious, with a rug of grass spread down the middle of the road, it has no patience with the fanfare and the drums. The apartment houses, luxurious and austere, sit back comfortably, impregnably. There is no color except when the traffic lights change from green to red and back to green again.

They never intersect, Broadway and Park Avenue. They run parallel, and blocks apart, and it takes little schooling to know that two straight lines never meet.

But they came together one night at The Toasted Bun. Came together as though directed by a master of ceremonies along the great play way. They sat down, not knowing, at the same red painted table adorned with a blue checkered table cloth.

Phyllis was seated at the table when Garry came. She had been there a long time—nearly an hour. And that is much too long in The Toasted Bun where guests are encouraged to eat quickly to make room for more diners and there are always people standing. She was eating her dinner slowly, completely, to the skin of the baked potato and the last shred of lettuce with the salad, for she would have nothing but a cup of coffee until she came again the next night. Then she would have another dinner exactly like it, except that maybe she would have prime roast beef instead of chicken with rice.

She did not look into the mirror that ran along the wall. Her eyes disturbed her. They had always been too large and now they were startling blue in the whiteness of her face, and the misty black hair deepened their shadows.

Nobody else had seen that hurt. She

had learned to wear her mask gaily, almost flippantly. If her laughter was a little hollow and the richness of the bells had turned to a defeated shrillness, nobody had guessed, for Broadway is always in a hurry, and among the screech of sirens, the screen of brakes, so long as there is laughter, that is enough.

Phyllis looked at the clock that ticked methodically against the wall, serenely unconscious of the insane highway at its door. Twenty after seven. She would be due at the theatre in half an hour. Half an hour to live somewhere—She could order some more hot water and submerge her tea bag again. The resulting fluid would be pale but passable. It would give her an opportunity for delaying.

Then she would cross the street, turn to the right, and walk two blocks, find the entrance between two buildings which led down a concrete apron way to a black fire-escape entrance which she would climb. Brilliant red lips, heavy red cheeks, clouded eyes, glittering tights—she would become a radiant face with acrobatic legs. This week yet—Then Maria, whose job she was holding down at half salary until the regular chorus member recovered from tonsillitis, would be back.

After that—

It was then that Garry sat down. A waitress spied him and came at once. She had accommodating eyes, speculative eyes, but she smiled softly so men knew only that she promised something, somewhere, sometime—perhaps. A man's presence could summon a waitress any time, Phyllis reflected, stirring the weakened tea. Men paid higher tips than women. This man especially would. The perfect cut of his evening clothes, the correctness of his tie and scarf and gloves showed that. He was a blonde, with a clear tanned skin, rough-edged hair, humorous grey eyes. He was young, too. And too large for the table. When he moved, his knees wobbled the painted wood and he smiled as he apologized.

The wobble had spilled the tea but Phyllis laughed sympathetically.

"Something should be done about raising the level of these tables," the man re-

marked in low, minor tones. It was merely a friendly remark, one that didn't expect or want an answer.

There was a silence. He studied the menu, Phyllis drank the hot colored water. The man looked up, looked down at the empty cup, looked away.

Phyllis spoke, as unexpectedly to herself "You are searching for color, aren't you?"

"Color?" he repeated. "If I am, I chose the right place, didn't I?" His eyes roved over the yellow walls, the crimson tables, the blue-checkered table cloths, the brown ceiling, and came back to the fat yellow candle whose flame was round and drowsy, as though the candle knew how little, how very little, its glow mattered anyway when Broadway flung a million colored lights against a sky that lost its stars in the glittering panorama.

"You're new to this place," Phyllis answered swiftly. "May I suggest the chicken? It's nice, and so is the roast beef. The steaks are—lousy! I've had them!"

"Thanks. I'll take the roast beef. Do you always eat here?"

"Not always. There's a lunch counter around the corner where the hot dogs are wrapped in mustard blankets for a nickel—nice on cold nights—and across the street is an automat where you put a dime in a slot and get surprising things."

"Like Pandora's box?" He was smiling as though he liked listening.

"No, there's a little glass door so you can always see what you are getting. Pandora took too much of a chance."

"You just eat—around?" the man asked, his brow knitted now. He inspected the brown tweed suit and the yellow blouse that had been quite smart before they grew quite shabby.

"Yes, I eat around. You see, I grew tired of the cooking at home. The seasoning never varied. I wanted to humor my appetite so I progress from restaurant to lunch counter." She laughed at the perplexity in his face and one little wistful bell whose crack wasn't so marked as yet, pealed for an instant.

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"You're new to this place," Phyllis answered swiftly. "May I suggest the chicken? It's nice, and so is the roast beef. The steaks are—lousy! I've had them!"

"Thanks. I'll take the roast beef. Do you always eat here?"

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"Not always. There's a lunch counter around the corner where the hot dogs are wrapped in mustard blankets for a nickel—nice on cold nights—and across the street is an automat where you put a dime in a slot and get surprising things."

"Like Pandora's box?" He was smiling as though he liked listening.

"No, there's a little glass door so you can always see what you are getting. Pandora took too much of a chance."

"You just eat—around?" the man asked, his brow knitted now. He inspected the brown tweed suit and the yellow blouse that had been quite smart before they grew quite shabby.

"Yes, I eat around. You see, I grew tired of the cooking at home. The seasoning never varied. I wanted to humor my appetite so I progress from restaurant to lunch counter." She laughed at the perplexity in his face and one little wistful bell whose crack wasn't so marked as yet, pealed for an instant.

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Park Avenue and Broadway—

Outside the snowflakes drifted idly, the taxicabs went when the lights were green and stayed when they were crimson, people chased confetti moons, girls laughed into young men's eyes and got snow in their own but didn't care because they had love in their hearts, or a gaiety that could pass briefly for love on the enchanted street.

"Park Avenue, aren't you?" Phyllis asked. The question surprised her.

"My address isn't sticking out of my coat, is it?" the man asked and looked inside the collar.

"No, the cut of your trousers, the beautiful crease, the tones of your voice. You aren't even Woolworth's dollar counter best. More like—Tiffany's." She slipped into her coat. Why this irony, she wondered.

"Where are you going?" the man asked. "I hate eating alone."

"Dancing!" she answered and an imp of laughter ran down her voice.

"Where?" He was puzzled.

"Don't you hear the music?" she talked on lightly, gaily. "All the street's dancing—restaurants, night clubs, carnivals. But I'll be on a stage, a big glittery one, and I'll be the last girl in the last row in the dark corner so nobody will see anything but a ghostly pair of legs."

"Chorus stuff?" He eyed her impersonally. "Rather brief in stature, aren't you?"

"A little. Odd-size. But I'm replacing a girl I know while she had her tonsils reduced."

"I'm interested in the theatre, too," the man said simply. "I've done a play—it's accepted and production's arranged. But there's a scene that's being changed to something like this. I had a cabaret and it didn't come off. I'm touring tonight."

"I'll watch for the opening and come to see the play," Phyllis continued. "Tell your actors to speak loud enough, won't you? I sit up so high that it's hard to hear."

The coat was on now. The row of large wooden buttons were fastened. She must go. But she didn't want to. It was all very foolish she knew. She had spoken to a man, who had spoken to her, and that was—life.

"My play doesn't seem to impress you," the young playwright reproved her. "You are disappointed."

Phyllis's blue eyes were steady and kind as she looked into the tall boy's grey ones.

"No, but I'm afraid that you will be. Broadway's manners aren't nice. It sometimes forgets that it ever knew you. It's so frank it hurts but it's always honest! It doesn't send poison in candy capsules. You know what you are taking! Can you stand—failure?"

"You're a funny person. I wish you didn't dance. I need a stenographer and you sound refreshing."

Phyllis promptly sat down.

"Are you serious?"

"Even—somber!"

"Then here's my application! Shall I write on a paper napkin? I'm really a secretary—one of the kind without a job or a prospect. The dancing is a favor and a last resource."

It was time for the girl to leave. Soon now the curtain would go up and the dancing would start. But she forgot about it. Once in awhile life gave you a package wrapped up in smooth white paper, tied with a silver ribbon, and when you opened it you found something precious, something you had been wanting for a long time. Once in awhile—not often. . . .

So it began.

Phyllis went to rehearsals, matched material for costumes, shopped for special shelves and red and white crocks, typed parts, ran errands, and watched the play grow into a living, vital drama that laughed and sang and wept its way across the stage in the playhouse. She wanted to cry when Garry insisted on buying a table from The Toasted Bun for the scene in which he had needed knowledge of a cheap eating place.

She went with him to get it.

"It's this table we want," Garry told the proprietor, and pointed to the very spot where they had dined.

The man bowed. "It makes no difference. The tables . . . they are all the same."

"Oh no they're not!" Garry's eager young voice laughed. "Some of them wobble more than others. Now take this one—it has one of the worst wobbles. But it brought me luck. And how about a tablecloth, a blue checked one, with a darned placed maybe near the edge?"

It was dusk when they left the restaurant.

"How about some tea?" Garry asked.

"As I recall it was a special beverage of yours?" He hailed a taxicab and gave an address. "We'll have tea that is tea!"

Riding along Broadway, crossing over to Fifth Avenue, skirting Central Park with the tall white buildings marching along the evening sky, Phyllis sighed happily.

Watching her, Garry noted that the blue eyes were deep as amethyst velvet, the oval of her face was flushed with a gay pink, the red lips were tremulous, laughing because they wanted to laugh, not because they had paid a penny for a painted mask. He mentioned it.

"You hated the show! The dancing!" He blurted out suddenly.

"It's over now. It was worry about a job that mattered. I'm so glad you wrote

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(Continued on page 29)

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TRADE UNIONS

By Erma L. Lee

WOMEN should be members of the same union as the men with whom they work. In the Typographical Union women have the same wages, hours and rights as men members. This was not always so. Many years ago, in New York, women printers organized into a union of their own and later were combined with the men's union when it was found that employers were using one group against the other in an attempt to lower living standards. This combination of the two unions ended the competition between the sexes in the printing trades. In the recently organized American Newspaper Guild women are on an equal footing with men. This is the correct form of organization and should be the pattern to follow for all those who work. Low wages and long hours menace the health, lives and happiness of both men and women; alone and divided they cannot successfully resist them; together in one union, their economic strength is greatly increased.

To be members of unions should be the aim of all women who work. They should join the union in their trade or profession.

The unorganized working woman is utterly helpless before wage cuts and lengthening hours and each step lower she is forced merely beats down the standards of living for all other workers—men as well as women.

THE WOMAN TODAY offers a special section as a clearing house for news of women in trade unions and women who are organizing. Let's meet each other in

this magazine; exchange problems and experiences; help each other to assume our responsibilities as members of the organized labor movement. Send us news of your union, of organization activity, of strike activity, or of discrimination against you because of your sex.

Trade Union Auxiliaries

The women who belong to the trade union auxiliaries carry a great responsibility. They are bringing up the boys and girls who all too soon will be forced to seek a place in the working world. Children of auxiliary mothers should enter the working world as avowed trade unionists because auxiliary women know that the strength of the union determines, to a great extent, the food, clothing and homes of their children. Volumes could be written on the valuable services of the women's auxiliaries in American labor struggles—caring for strikers' families through the organization of food kitchens, strengthening the picket line by their presence, contacting the public and explaining the issues of the strike. Auxiliaries are a powerful influence, therefore, for the trade union movement.

If your father, brother or husband belongs to a trade union, you should be a member of the auxiliary. If no local auxiliary exists, call a meeting of the other women and organize one. Let us hear about it. News from auxiliaries throughout the country will be welcome. You are invited to use our columns for an exchange of opinions and ideas.

Women's Trade Union League

About two hundred women attended the February meeting of the Women's Trade Union League. They heard a report of the union organization drive among 17,000 beauty parlor workers in New York City who work fifty-four to seventy hours a week for \$8 to \$15, many receiving no wages at all but working on a commission basis. This industry is the next

to come under the State minimum wage law and the League is gathering information on prevailing conditions directly from the workers in the trade.

Helen Blanchard, assistant organizer of the waitresses' union, said the minimum wage for waitresses was eighteen cents an hour for table waitresses, twenty-seven cents for counter service. This is an im-

provement on the ten cents an hour which was paid at the chain of Childs restaurants, minus twenty-five cents for each meal and the price of new uniforms every six months. Miss Blanchard said tipping was like the piece-work system in other trades; it separates the girls and prevents union organization and, of course, the employers take advantage of this competition between the girls.

Marie Jordan, leader of the glove workers' strike in Brooklyn, spoke. Her article on another page gives the full story of this strike of young women. Miss Jordan is a 1936 girl strike leader: petite, with sparkling dark eyes, and a wealth of black curls supporting a tiny hat topped by a pert, defiant feather. She looks more like a school girl than a strike leader.

New York women are urged to protest Wanamaker's unfair labor policy in the journeymen tailors' strike. Wanamaker's refuses to recognize the tailors' union, and refuses to allow collective bargaining in their store.

The League urges women to write Horace M. Stone, chairman of the Assembly Judiciary Committee at Albany, and insist upon the ratification of the Child Labor Amendment at this session of the legislature. Just a few instances of employers' greed robbing children of childhood: A ten-year-old "carried lumber" for four weeks at twenty-five cents per week. A thirteen-year old "helped deliver lumber" for ten weeks at \$1.50 per week. A nine-year old "helped on springs and mattresses in factory" all summer, receiving fifty cents to \$1.00 per week. A twelve-year old made \$1.00 per week for six weeks as a "cashier in store." A thirteen-year old in shoe shop "worked on a machine for eight weeks" at \$3 per week.

"The Woman Today" invites your comments. Write us what articles in this issue you enjoy best, and what you would like in the future issues.

Pictures on pages 6 and 7 courtesy of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League.

LABOR LAWS FOR WOMEN

By MARY VAN KLEECK

● "Special laws tend to correct inequalities"

EXPERIENCE of women in industry during the World War throws light both on the claims of the feminists as to women's capacities and on the role of protective labor legislation. In the war period the theory that women's capacity and physical strength limited their range of occupations, which had been used to justify lower wages and exclusion from skilled trades, was discredited in the face of the feverish desire of industry to produce for the war.

Women were drawn into men's work and began to handle machines which they had never operated before and to take part in many new tasks in the heavy industries, in metal trades, in the engineering trades and in transportation. In the United States the sudden expansion of munition plants resulted in efforts to recruit labor, including women, by offers of shorter hours and higher wages. But once women were employed, production made heavy claims upon the physical energies of the workers.

Government commissions appointed in the various countries advocated shorter hours on the ground that they not only protected the health of the workers but favorably affected the quantity and quality of output. But the very appointment of these commissions was an indication of the disregard of these factors, and in general their recommendations were not enforced.

In the absence of a traditional form of workers' protection there has been the

movement for special protective legislation for women. This movement has lately been subjected to adverse criticism and attack from certain groups in the feminist movement, which has drawn its membership largely from women in the professions or the leisure class. Urbanization and industrialization brought into the professions and into the new service occupations, especially trade and clerical work, an increasing number of middle class women. The first demand of this feminist movement was for the suffrage. But after 1918, with the granting of this demand in most countries, certain feminist groups turned their energies toward the achievement of economic equality. Thus they opposed special protective legislation for women in factories, on the ground that it would handicap women in securing employment.

Although such groups also stress at times the issue of equal pay for equal work, they place far more reliance on the opening up of opportunities, in the struggle for which the principle of free competition is to dominate.

The principle of equal pay for equal work was recognized in the following recommendation by the Woman-in-Industry Service, afterward the Women's Bureau (Department of Labor):

"Wages should be established on the basis of occupation and not on the basis of sex.

The minimum wage rate should cover the cost of living for dependents."

Freedom to choose an occupation, to receive training in it, protection against preventable hazards, and payment of wages adequate to maintain the rising standard of living which should accompany increasing productive capacity are claims that women cannot make for themselves alone; nor can they be fulfilled for women as a group apart from all workers. This is the weakness of reform movements and of the feminist program. Both have lacked comprehension of the fundamental forces affecting both men and women but pressing more heavily in many respects upon the latter.

The proponents of protective legislation emphasize, however, that this theoretical freedom to enter paid employment, while it may apply in the professions and among middle class women, does not hold for the pressing problems of women wage earners for whom special laws tend in fact to correct inequalities and to regulate industry with its special physical hazards for women and its tendency to exploit them by low wages, long hours, and night work.

Labor laws are necessary to correct the insecurity, poverty, and unwholesome and unhappy conditions of women in industry.

THE IRON HAND IN THE CANVAS GLOVE

(Continued from page 15)

came up for trial, but was postponed. Then the boss applied for a temporary injunction. Judge Wenzell of Kings County Supreme Court granted it. He had absolutely no grounds for doing that.

The judge said he did not believe anything I said, because I was too low-voiced. He said that presidents of unions are not elected for their low voices and shyness. He said I was not a shrinking violet but "shriekingly violent." That was his principal reason for granting the injunction.

The Central Trades and Labor Council of New York appointed a committee to

work with the State Federation of Labor to appeal the case. The entire labor movement is aroused about the trial for a permanent injunction. If the judge's decision is allowed to stand, the anti-injunction act recently passed has no meaning.

In the meantime the National Labor Board held a hearing on the company union which was formed by the Canvas Glove Company and the discrimination against union girls.

We are still out on strike after twelve weeks, but we know we will win. Now that we are organized we feel we have the strong support of the labor movement be-

hind us. The labor unions have helped us financially and the Women's Trade Union League guides us in our struggle for our rights and is helping us in every way.

Now we workers believe that in union there is strength. We have made up our minds we'll never go back without our union.

THE TRUE STORY of your life is more interesting than fiction. Send it in to us for publication in THE WOMAN TODAY.

The NEW Woman

By Meta Berger

"The aspect of the new freedom for women which most impressed me was not only the absence of dependence but the equality of privilege."

WHETHER you envy or pity the women of Russia may depend upon such various circumstances as how economically independent you are or what grip the Hollywood ideal of womanhood has on your values, or even on how much confidence you have in your own energies and abilities.

Certainly the average woman—she who wants to eat and be loved and bear children—certainly she cannot be too smug about prospects for living in America. Her chances are poor and uncertain. She must find work or a man who has work and will keep her. If she wants a healthy sexual life and children, she must wait until she has found the man with a job whom some one else has not snared first.

Behind the tinsel of Hollywood illusions and the romantic hope-chest traditions, these are the facts. And they are tougher and grimmer than they sound. Neither the job nor the man with the job is easy. Both depend almost directly on the modern woman's physical equipment. Young and pretty, her chances at either are better. The difficulties multiply with each gray hair. And the competition in both fields gets sharper with each year of declining capitalism.

Even the luckier women today have hard rows to hoe. If they have jobs, they are expected to be grateful although men are paid more for the same work. If they are extraordinarily competent they may be permitted inconspicuously to do the work of the male executive who gets the rewards. Always the future is precarious. Always there is the hectic need of getting a man before the job is lost.

That is the economic outlook of the average American woman. Her personal life is equally uncertain and hopeless. She cannot marry her "boy friend" until he can support her. She suffers from the depression-created discrimination against married women as well as from traditional prejudices against working women. If she lives with him without marriage she does so at

great risks, even assuming that she and her lover have somehow learned about birth control. The prospect of babies must be postponed indefinitely. This is the rosier picture. The lot of the women whose husbands are out of work is worse and so is the fate of the unemployed spinster.

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Having seen the women of Russia doing hard work and dirty work, having seen them on scaffoldings and in ditches and on tractors and in factories, I came home last summer convinced that for the woman of energy or ability, no other country in the world offers a life of greater dignity and greater opportunity.

I am a victim of the chivalrous age when gentility was considered woman's highest virtue. A training and a background of that sort lingers past all intellectual extermination and so I, too, experienced a transient reminiscent shock at the sight of women working at the tasks which I am accustomed to seeing only men do. I asked a woman bricklayer why she did such heavy work. She replied simply that she chose to. Her children were in the creche—the government nursery—where they were being given infinitely better care than she would have known how to give them, even had she had the equipment, which, of course, she hadn't. I visited some of those nurseries and was astounded that they compared favorably with the finest and most expensive nursery schools in America—those which only the "income" classes can afford for their children here.

For in Russia, the children are the darlings of the new order. There are nurseries for them in all the larger factories and neither money nor effort is spared to give them the best possible care, including properly balanced diets, stimulating work and play materials, and trained teachers and nurses.

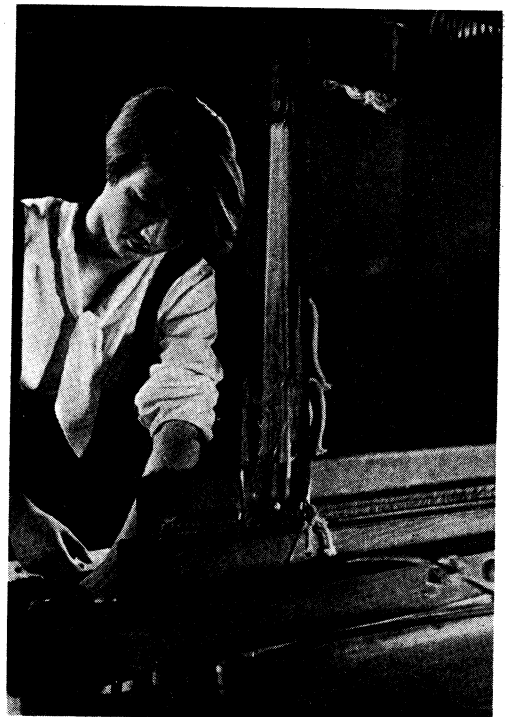
The unequal distribution of medical care in America seems so inevitable to us that

we are complacent about it. Not so the Russians. Every mother and every child has an inalienable birthright in Russia. The idea that safety and comfort and scientific knowledge may be purchased but that agony and disease and death are the lot of the young mothers who have not the price, seems outrageous and immoral to the new generation of Russian women. In Russia mothers are well cared for before and after childbirth. The advent of a baby is not a problem or a worry but a joy. The mothers have paid vacations for two months before and two months after the birth of their children. After the women return to work they are given time for nursing during working hours. At four in the afternoon they call for their children and take them home exactly as the more enlightened mothers of our upper middle classes call at the nursery schools in America. Then the family remains together until work starts next morning. Slowly but surely this liberation of women in Russia is actually coming to mean more joyful family solidarity.

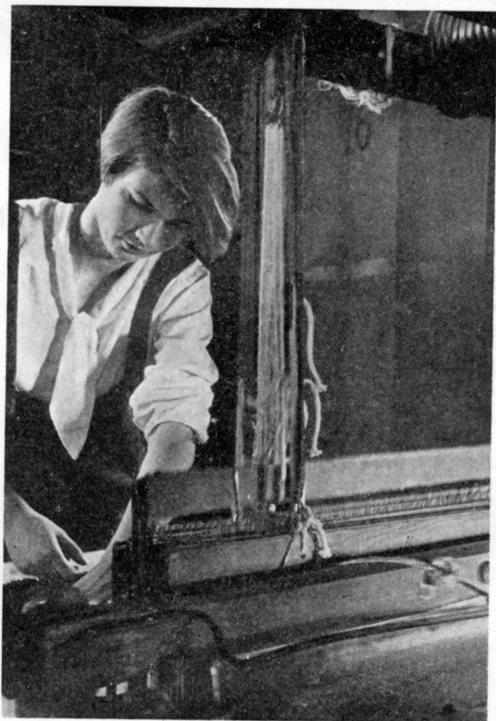
Women are free to choose the work they wish to do. Hours are shortened in proportion to the difficulty of the labor. But the aspect of the new freedom for women which most impressed me was not only the absence of dependence but the equality of privilege. Women are paid the same wages as men for the same work. Any field is open to them. There are nearly as many women in the professions as men. Women do executive work. They are recognized engineers, scientists, explorers, statesmen, scholars. For the first time in history every

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Vinogradova, 21-year-old textile worker, whose improved and efficient methods at the loom result in an increased production. She is one of the highest paid workers in the industry.



Vinogradova, 21-year-old textile worker, whose improved and efficient methods at the loom result in an increased production. She is one of the highest paid workers in the industry.



THE WOMAN TODAY

woman can show her mettle and win her rewards.

We who live in the chivalric tradition which keeps us properly submerged can hardly realize what dignity this new freedom lends to women, and what confidence and joy it gives them. It is practically impossible to believe the intoxicating truth that anything is possible, anything of worth appreciated, anything is valued which any woman has to offer to society. I have been back in America too many months. The realization has already dimmed for me.

So Russia uses her women and already the whole country has begun to reap the rewards. Meantime, what is happening to the institution of the family? With free dissemination of birth control information, with legalized and scientific abortions, with divorces granted on grounds of mutual incompatibility, what becomes of the home?

Obviously the economic independence of women has brought a profound change into personal relations between men and women. Russian women never seek a meal ticket for a mate. That is the most obvious fact. They never remain wives of men whom they do not love because they have no other way of eating. Their interests and their development are not confined to their homes. Consequently they are not forced to become bores to their mates. They are liberated for companionship with their husbands.

The State is not concerned with their emotional relationships. It is concerned only with the welfare of the children. With this in view, it fixes responsibility for the care of children on the parents whenever a



Three young Moscow workers who find flowers plentiful and cheap



Babies at play in the creche of a factory where their mothers are working.

divorce is granted. The whole scheme is perfectly sane. Divorces are granted for incompatibility unless there are children, in which case the parents are required to assume responsibility for the future care of the children when their marriage is dissolved.

In our own country the divorce rate is rapidly increasing. There are forty-eight different systems of reasons for divorce. Most of these entail a fictitious "residence." Often the parties are forced into the most ignominious kind of perjury. Indeed, by now this has come to seem almost moral—since the law requires it. In spite of legal and social difficulties, American homes are broken with notorious frequency. Worse than that, they are often maintained on disgusting terms for the morbid reason that the wife has no other choice. The fact is that the women of America have become so inured to dependence that they try to make a virtue of parasitism. The clinging vine ideal is by no means dead in spite of our proud modernity.

In Russia, on the contrary, the new generation is developing a wholly different and voluntary family. Children are born when they are wanted and only then. And they are born to men and women who have chosen each other without commercial considerations and tested each other for companionship. And, since Russian parents love their children exactly as all other parents do, I believe that the new family in Russia will endure as a joyous, companionable, voluntary association of independent human beings for mutual satisfactions. It is an institution which every home-loving American may come to envy.

HOUSEWIVES GET TOGETHER

LAST summer, in the cities of New York, Los Angeles, Detroit, Chicago and Minneapolis, housewives' organizations supported by the trade unions joined in a movement to lower meat prices. They contended that prices were raised over and above the amount that packers had to pay in processing taxes required of them by the A.A.A.

Through consumers' strikes and consumers' boycotts, this movement succeeded in bringing down the price of meat from 4 to 10 cents on the pound.

That the contention of the housewives' organizations was correct, is now verified by a statement of Secretary Wallace in an address over a National Broadcasting Company network on the mandatory refund of \$200,000,000, of processing taxes to monopolies under the rice millers' decision, resulting from the act of the Supreme

Court in declaring the A.A.A. unconstitutional. He said:

"One of the largest packers had total profits of \$14,000,000 last year. If half of this came from the firm's hog business, as is likely, that profit, \$7,000,000 is only about half the \$13,000,000 processing tax refund to this one corporation."

The Minneapolis Women's League Against the High Cost of Living is co-operating with the Department of Agriculture in Minneapolis in holding public hearings to investigate living costs. Through the efforts of the League, a bill is being introduced into the Special Session of the Minnesota Legislature, calling for a \$3,000 appropriation for the public hearings.

At the initiative of the Detroit Women's League Against the High Cost of Living, the Detroit Common Council held a public

hearing (in January) on the demands of the housewives to reduce the cost of milk from twelve cents to ten cents a quart.

A delegation of one hundred farmers was present at the hearing. The farmers supported the demand of the housewives. They produced statements showing the low prices paid to farmers by the creamery companies.

The Independent Milk Drivers' Association is supporting the movement of the housewives for lower milk prices.

THE WOMAN TODAY suggests that housewives organize Neighborhood Consumers Clubs to lay the basis for a national movement that will directly represent the housewives in their efforts to lower prices.

THE WOMAN TODAY is ready to help with suggestions and advice in the organization of the Neighborhood Consumers Clubs.



Three young Moscow workers who find flowers plentiful and cheap



Babies at play in the creche of a factory where their mothers are working.

THE PERMANENT WAVE

(Continued from page 5)

ested only in her own emotions and in the absorbing and inexhaustible topic of the young driver, was unaware of her friend's lack of response.

As the girls approached their entrance to the school building, they stopped a moment to watch the basketball practice on the lot set aside for it. Deer Creek owned no gymnasium, as town schools and richer township schools did, but none the less, the consolidated country school had developed several formidable basketball teams which had fought their way into the finals of the state tournaments. The boys played outside in the clear cold morning air, throwing the big ball back and forth, running to the baskets set on high posts, with wooden back stops behind them. There were twenty boys in the high school, and nineteen of them were on the basketball squad. Mr. Holtzmeer, the high school principal (and the teacher of Latin, Science, Geometry, and Algebra, Manual Training and Agriculture), was a basketball fan and he trained the boys until the weather grew too bitter cold to permit them to practice out of doors. Miss Willoughby, who taught Domestic Science and English Literature, History and Singing and Drawing, was the assistant principal and the only other high school teacher. Two rooms, upstairs, were set aside for the forty-seven high school students. The remainder of the building and the rest of the teachers were in the common school. The high school students were a little set apart, allowed many privileges and they studied in small groups, discussing things openly in class just as (though none of them knew it) the students did in the finest, most advanced private schools in the country.

All day, dreaming through her classes, Lois concentrated on the possibility of getting a permanent wave. She was obsessed with the thought. It represented the acme of desire. If her hair were curled and cut and allowed to hang in graceful waves over the back of her neck and in curves about her face, then her eyes would look larger, her mouth smaller and she would be prettier—and perhaps Judson Towers would notice her! Nothing but the intensity of her wish could make her believe that her father would permit such a thing. It seemed to Lois that the permanent wave in her hair would make a complete transformation in her character and appearance. She would at once become dashing, beautiful, glamorous. But Mr. Lann did not believe in any frivolity, in any waste, but in hard work and what he called fair dealings. No, her father would never allow it but Lois continued to tell herself that maybe she would weaken him, change his cast of thought.

But where could she get five dollars? No girl of seventeen, raised on a farm, could deceive herself in so serious a matter. Mr. Lann owned his land clear. No bank or mortgage company could bother him. He owed no man, since that was what the Bible commanded and he was literal in his interpretations. He was a good farmer, canny with beast and field, but there were seven in the family and the farm was not rich. Five dollars was as much as a good fat hog would bring, at present prices. And to think that he would give her the money—but no! It was foolish to dream of it.

Yet other farm girls had their hair waved, even Mary when everyone knew the Stonbys might lose their farm. None of the artificial curls looked like Ida's, though that was the intention. But Mary's hair was coarse and thick. Lois' fine hair would be altogether different. Lois could already see herself in town, in Mrs. Karl's beauty parlor (maintained in the front room of the Karl residence), sitting under the machine, getting a curl that nothing but time could possibly remove.

The interval between the time the children arrived home on the bus and early dusk was one of great activity on the farm. The two small girls gathered eggs and fed chickens, the boys helped to milk and feed the stock. Lois, in the house, peeled potatoes and laid the table for supper, and then sat down at the sewing machine, and the endless mending. Her mother's eyes were not so good any more. The sewing for the family came increasingly into Lois' hands.

When they had eaten, Mrs. Lann began to stack the dishes and Lois said:

"Pa, I wanted to ask you something. It's something I want awfully bad, because all the girls have got them and it makes me feel so plain—kind of—"

"What is it?" asked her father, ready to leave the table, "What is it? Speak out, Lois!"

He stood at the end of the table, his paper in his hand, tall and a little stooped, impatient and severe. Lois saw that he was not in his best mood, but she blundered on:

"It's my hair. I want to get my hair curled—in a permanent wave," she faltered. "It costs five dollars, Pa, at Mrs. Karl's house, in town."

"Don't say another word about it! Five dollars for such foolishness! I never heard the like. Ain't you good enough, the way the Lord made you? You know I don't like such wanton, shameless ways. Go now—do your chores and don't speak of this again!"

Lois, hiding her tears, retreated to her task of washing the supper dishes which the younger girls dried. And she had the temerity to say to herself, "Anyhow he didn't say don't do it. He only said don't

speak about it." This was simply toying with sin and she knew it. But it was not all accident that her nose and mouth and her square young chin were like her father's.

It was not until the next day, however, that the face of temptation became very bright and clear to Lois. Miss Willoughby said, smiling brightly:

"Now, girls, I have a great surprise for you. Mrs. Anderson has written me a letter from Florida. You know she always does something nice for our school every year. This year it is the domestic science class that she wants to help as well as the manual training class. She has sent me a check for five dollars, all filled in, except for the name, and she wants us to have an exhibit, and every girl is to bring something she has made in the line of sewing. It does not need to be made in class, but it must be the student's own handiwork. Then we will let the class judge the work and the piece that receives the most votes will win the five dollars for the girl who shows it."

Lois sat transfixed. Her mind leaped to the quilt she had made last summer which had already won a ribbon at the county fair. From this double-wedding-ring quilt with its multitude of bright pieces of cotton print on a blue background, it was really only a step into Mrs. Karl's beauty parlor. The class was buzzing with excitement and Mary said:

"There's no use even having the show, Miss Willoughby, because everyone knows Lois is our best seamstress and she'll get the prize."

"All the same, bring your things on Friday and we will put them all out, and look at them and vote."

When the Deer Creek youngsters went out to their bus that afternoon Lois' cheeks were red with excitement. She saw Judson Towers standing at the back of bus number nine talking to fat old Mr. Murdoc who drove the bus out Lyman's Ridge. Lois was walking with Ida and for once she had the courage to lift her head and look right into Judson's face. His quick black eyes were fixed on Ida who smiled and ducked her head at him, and then Judson glanced beyond, met the impact of Lois' shining eyes and he said quickly,

"Hy there, Lois Lann. What are you grinning about?"

"Oh," said Ida, "she's grinning because there's going to be a prize of five dollars for the best sewing and she knows she'll get it, that's all. Poor dumb little me—I'm not clever as Lois is. I can't sew like a—a dressmaker." Ida widened her brown eyes, making the most of this. Jud, however, looked back at Lois.

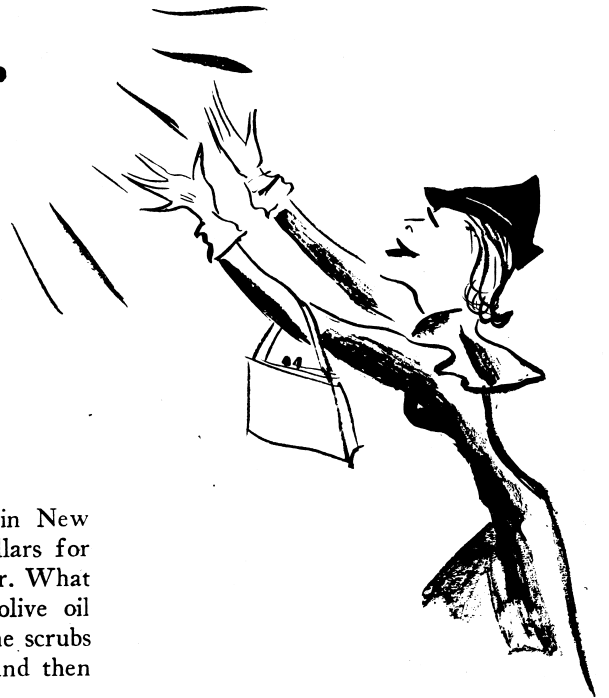
"Good for you, Lois," he said, "We've got all the smart ones out our way." His

(Continued on page 24)

By Helen Woodward

BEAUTY

FOR THIRTY CENTS AND
BALLYHOO AT \$3.00 A JAR



IT upsets me to see a working girl spending a day's pay on a jar of cream. Not that she doesn't need it. Goodness knows she needs cosmetics more than women who stay at home. Complexion and hair get hard wear in subway, street and office.

When I was in the advertising business I found out that most of the price of expensive cosmetics went for atmosphere, advertising, and package. I found out that there were plenty of things just as effective as the most expensive cosmetic on the market yet costing almost nothing. But knowing things and writing about them are quite different. When you write about anything you've got to be precise.

I wanted to tell you about these cheaper ways of keeping your skin and hair in perfect condition. But before I did so, I had a consultation with a friend of mine who is a chemist (Ph.D. in bio-chemistry), who works with doctors and hospitals on medical research. For her own amusement and for her own use she has done some special work on cosmetics. I asked her if I could tell you some of the things she has found out. She said "Yes." Then I said, might I use her name? And she said "No."

"Why not?" I asked, astonished.

"For a foolish reason," she said. "Doctors look down on the whole business of cosmetics, and it would hurt me in my work if they knew I had anything to do with such a trivial thing as making women look better."

"Trivial!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said. "They would call it trivial. I'd call it important."

Well, anyway, here's what she told me—without her name.



Right now there is a woman in New York who charges twenty-five dollars for a beauty treatment of half an hour. What she does is this. First she rubs olive oil thoroughly into the face. Then she scrubs the face with soap and water. And then she washes all of it off.

Now, except for the massage, you can do that for yourself. And any inexpensive decent soap will do. Only, of course, if you use olive oil you probably won't want to eat any French dressing for some time. Olive oil is excellent for the skin, but even expensive creams are not made with it because olive oil in creams turns rancid.

But the best oil in the world for the skin, probably better than any cream that you can buy, is sesame oil. You can buy it at your drugstore. It is fairly expensive, but cheap compared to the price of creams. Almost no cream in the market is made with sesame oil. Those that you pay three dollars for are usually made with cottonseed oil.

But perhaps you won't like to use oil. Well, then, there is something that is perhaps even better, and easier to use—and that is Lanolin. You can buy a big tin of Lanolin at any drugstore for about thirty cents. It holds as much as about six dollars' worth of expensive creams, and my Ph.D. chemist friend says it will do everything for you that such a cream will do—in many ways it will do better.

You don't mix anything with the Lanolin. Use it just as you get it from the drugstore. This is what actors and actresses use to remove grease paint. Of course it won't eradicate wrinkles and lines—no cream in the world will do that.

And no astringent will take out wrinkles. But an astringent will help the skin in many other ways. Astringents are usually sold at from one to three dollars a bottle. Here's something that does the same work and costs you about five cents. Buy one-fifth of an ounce of alum at your drugstore and put it in water. Many a three-dollar bottle of astringent is made up of alum, water and perfume. If you are willing to pay two-ninety-five for the perfume part of your astringent don't bother with this suggestion. Alum is safe to use. As many of you know, it is often held in the mouth for sore gums.

Next come the masks. They have a definite tonic effect on the skin because they bring the blood up to the surface. They make you look as though you had had a long walk in the open air, or a good sleep. But they are usually very expensive. You have one right in your icebox which will cost you three or four cents a treatment.

Wash your face with soap and water. Take the white of an egg, smooth it gently over your face, leave it on until the face begins to feel drawn and puckered, and wash it off. This is a superb mask treatment. But don't use cold cream on your face just beforehand as it spoils the effect of the mask. Some women cannot digest eggs. They may not be able to use this treatment.

Facial exercises are far better than astringents to keep the face muscles from sagging. One of these is: Open mouth, extend lower jaw forward as much as possible and then laugh. The other one is: Open mouth wide and laugh heartily. These two, done about ten times each, twice a day, will strengthen the facial muscles.

(Continued on page 28)

THE PERMANENT WAVE

(Continued from page 22)

careless word was sufficient to keep Lois' heart doing double time all the way home. Peter Stilt crowded in beside Lois, but she was deaf to his voice. Jud checked the number of children in his bus, and slammed the door on them. He was responsible for them—a definite part of the school system, until each child was safe at home. All the way Lois watched his dark head. He was so romantic. Everything about him was completely attractive to her. His strong hands on the wheel, his easy authority over the big boys, his teasing mischievous black eyes, his warm voice. It was too bad, she thought, that her father did not approve of the Towers. But fathers' opinions do not always agree with the opinions of their daughters and Lois was like Ida and, she suspected, like Mary and Irene and Lenore. She was "terribly, terribly crazy" about Judson Towers.

At home Lois took her quilt from the big chest upstairs and examined it critically. It was indeed a lovely thing with that indescribable beauty which belongs to all handicraft articles. She had become interested last summer and she had worked at it constantly until it was finished. Then her mother's missionary circle had quilted it for her for two dollars and here it was. Yes, the five dollars was as good as hers!

It seemed suddenly to Lois that last summer was very far away. She had swum in the creek with Bill and Lenore, with Mary and the Biddles and Peter Stilt. They had picked berries together and turned the ice cream freezer at the socials. She had helped Zeke tread the hay and she had gone with her mother to Stonby's to cook for the threshers, and she and Mary had concocted a pie filled with straw for Peter Stilt. Why, she had been only a little girl then, sewing her quilt patches in the hammock, long summer afternoons. It was as though life had never had a center or focus before. Lois thought of her father with a little tremor, but excitement at the thought of Judson swept her away from her fear. If she won the five dollars, she would certainly get a permanent!

The whole matter on Friday was just as everyone expected. Every girl in the room, except Lois, voted for the quilt and Miss Willoughby made the check out to Lois and complimented her. With the actual possession of the money Lois abandoned discretion.

"Will you take me in town with you?" she asked Miss Willoughby, "I can go home then with the butcher, Mr. Mott who lives out our road."

"Of course I will, Lois. Now write to Mrs. Anderson."

Lois entrusted her precious quilt to her

sisters and sent word home that she was going into town. Peter Stilt lingered on the basketball field, practising. He would walk home. Lois had to wait for Miss Willoughby and Peter left his basket practice and came and stood inside the school door with Lois.

"Shake hands with me," he said, "I got the other five dollars, for my walnut table. I think that's pretty good for our bus, don't you?"

Lois shook his big hand and giggled.

"Are you going to the game tomorrow night?" he asked.

The Deer Creek school was to play against the town school, in the town gymnasium. Lois said:

"If Pa will bring us in. I don't know."

"Why don't you go with me, Lois? I think we ought to celebrate being so smart. I've got to come early, but the family will let me have the car. I can bring you in and take you home again."

"I don't know. I'll have to ask."

"If you don't want to go," he said haughtily, "Just say so."

"Don't be so huffy, Peter. You know I have to ask Ma."

"You know your mother won't care. It's just an excuse. You don't like me that's all."

"You're always bragging, always get mad so quick!" cried Lois and Peter flushed brick red and glared at her.

"I'm not!" he said hotly, "And you're not to say that to me! Maybe you think I'm conceited?"

"Of course I do," Lois declared impatiently. "You're the most conceited boy I ever knew! You're our best basketball player and you're smart in school and you're tall and strong—but you're so touchy no one can say a word to you. It doesn't any of it excuse you for being so conceited. I don't like a boy that fancies himself!"

She was out of breath, unreasonably upset and angry.

"I suppose you're such a modest little violet yourself," said Peter. They had been quarrelling since either could remember. "You didn't expect to win the big prize any more than I did! The Lanns don't think well of themselves. Oh, no!" He was very elaborate. Lois laughed. She looked at him and said:

"Maybe what you say is true and that's why I don't like you. One conceited person never likes another."

He melted at once, grinned sheepishly, and said:

"That can't be it, because I do like you. Will you go tomorrow night?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow. I'll likely see you in town."

She was appalled to consider this concession, as she rode into town with Miss Willoughby. Now, when she had her

hair curled, perhaps Judson Tower would want to see her, or take her to the game.

Lois sat in the beauty parlor, held in the conviction of sin. When she looked into the mirror and saw herself, every hair on her head twisted up into the queer gadgets, all attached to Medusa-like electric wires above, she was frightened. It certainly looked like a contraption of the devil. If her father could see her now! A deep fear came over her, lest she had lost her identity, ruined herself forever, alienated her father—and for nothing. She would have liked to dash out of the place, with her old childish howl of dismay, but it was too late. She was held fast, caught, literally in the coils.

But when it was all over, and her hair was washed and set and dried, she looked into the glass and could hardly believe her

(Continued on page 27)

This smart jacket dress (in sizes 14-42) has been selected from the Singer All Star Wardrobe, which means that the finished garment is on display at all Singer Headquarters. Advice, instruction and use of the sewing machines is being offered for a limited time.



"The Woman Today" Pattern Dept.
112 East 19th Street, New York.

Enclosed find 15c for pattern No. 1488.

Size

Name

Address

(Wrap coins carefully)

fashion letter



ONE night at a meeting where editors, trade union representatives, writers, etc., were organizing THE WOMAN TODAY, I fell a thinking about how differently people express themselves. Some by clever use of words, some by weight of experience and some by sheer personality. And I thought about how much we all say with our clothes and the way we wear them.

Clothes give such broad hints as to whether we are resourceful and clear thinking or fussy and muddled; capable or vain and silly.

Enter, THE WOMAN TODAY

In the course of the evening, up spoke a young woman who was a glowing example of how I think woman today should look. She said she was a trade unionist,

now, where is my knitting



Bernat

This dress is made of two-tone cotton washable yarn, works up quickly with No. 8 needles and costs under five dollars to make. Send stamped self-addressed envelope to "The Woman Today" for directions.

so maybe she knows how to make her own clothes. Anyway, one could see at a glance that she was smart, efficient, vital; a young woman able to have herself a swell time at a minute's notice, or to work like five or six beavers.

Any male would approve of the dashing simplicity of her hat and dress. Moreover, such an outfit would look just as right at a union meeting as at a tea . . . or maybe I mean the other way around.

I hope she won't mind this sketch from memory. (Fig. 1.) The neck of her very simple dress was finished with a contrasting ribbon arrangement which looked removable. The dress itself was an ideal background for all kinds of changes of accessories. Such as the poncho. (Fig. 2.)

Poncho Makes Good

Some of the big dress designers have now got around to the poncho, which the Indians have cut such a dash in for centuries. This can be made of anything you happen to have but is best, right now, made in a contrasting color or fabric. Nice in peasant embroidery for summer don't you think? Wear it with a belt (which Indians never did).

The dress in Fig. 3 is my absolute ideal of a dress which is a dress which looks like a dress, but which acts like a suit. Hello Gertrude (Stein). Use your favorite dress pattern, if you can extend the opening (so it won't have to slip over your head) and don't attach the waist to the skirt. Or make it without a belt and cut off as a bolero. Finish off the blouse with the belt as in Fig. 4. Then make a duplicate blouse of sheer or contrasting material to wear underneath. Sleeves can be long or short. If sleeves of overblouse are short and full and loose, try it with a long-sleeved underblouse.

What a dress for uncertain spring weather!

GWEN BARDE

Readers are invited to use this page as a place for exchange of ideas. If you have clothes problems or any easily described clothes ideas, please write us. We love to think up things for this page, but we need a guiding word from you.



now, where is my knitting



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March, 1936

FOOD FOR YOU

By Frances Wills



COME Spring, and table fashion decrees that the brightest colors in vegetables adorn your table. Your pocketbook nods assent, for the lowly carrot and the deep green cabbage have come into their own. Moreover, here health and beauty go hand in hand, for where the deep rich colors are present, there will be found the treasures of vitamins and minerals, the elements that are the greatest contributors to health.

And so when you go to market next, let color be your guide (as well as cost) in selecting vegetables, and when you're cooking them, let your goal be to preserve this precious color. There's more than beauty reason for this, for vegetables that are brought to the table watery, dejected-looking, muddy in color and completely broken-down in texture have suffered a loss of their vital elements. But if you succeed in bringing to the table cooked vegetables that are bright, colorful and firm in texture, they'll not only be good to look at but full of flavor and chock full of vitamins and minerals too. Indeed, you won't have to coax the family to eat these; instead, you'll have to plan ahead for extra helpings.

"How, then," you ask, "should vegetables be cooked to retain their fine qualities?"

Color again is a partial guide; for instance, red vegetables call for cooking with the cover on, green for the cover off, while yellow can "take it" on or off.

Secondly, it is important to watch with an eagle eye that your vegetables are not over-cooked. Over-cooking will destroy color, dissipate flavor, and break down the fibers, causing some of the vitamins to be destroyed and others, together with the minerals, to be dissolved in the water. In this case you would do just as well to drink the water as to eat the vegetables. And, by the way, an important detail to remember is never to throw away water in which vegetables have been cooked. Minerals and vitamins dissolve easily in the water and this should be saved to be used as a beverage, in soups or in the making of sauces.

Here are some simple cooking rules to follow according to color.

Green Vegetables

1. Cook in just enough water to keep them from burning. In the case of spinach or other thin leafy greens, enough water usually clings to the leaves after washing to be sufficient for cooking.

2. Keep cover removed while cooking green vegetables, especially during the first five minutes.

3. Strongly flavored green vegetables such as cabbage, brussels sprouts, cauliflower and broccoli are cooked in the same way except that they require plenty of boiling, salted water.

4. Guard closely against over-cooking strongly flavored vegetables, for their color will turn an unsightly brown. When the period of cooking is shortened a more delicate flavor is achieved, a finer color and more healthful food results.

Yellow Vegetables

1. Cook in just enough water to keep them from burning.

2. The cover may be kept on or off.

3. Carrots and sweet potatoes turn brown when the sugar in these vegetables becomes scorched or caramelized. Many enjoy this flavor, but if you prefer to keep them from turning in color, be sure to watch them closely, for they burn easily.

Red Vegetables

1. To retain the color in red cabbage and beets, add lemon juice or a few tablespoons of vinegar to the water.

2. Never peel beets before cooking.

3. Leave several inches of stems on.

4. Use plenty of boiling water.

5. Keep lid on in cooking.

6. Add salt just before they are done.

White Vegetables

1. Cook in as little water as possible.

2. Keep the lid off.

3. Cook until just firmly tender.

4. Strongly flavored white vegetables such as onions and turnips should be cooked with plenty of water.

General rules which apply to the cooking of all vegetables:

1. Wash vegetables thoroughly.

2. Cook in boiling, salted water.



3. Use 1 teaspoon to 1½ teaspoons of salt to one quart of water.

4. Cook rapidly and in as short a time as possible.

5. Drain.

6. Seasoning: To enjoy the natural flavor of vegetables season very simply with a little salt, pepper and butter.

7. Do not add bicarbonate of soda to retain the color since it tends to destroy the vitamins.

8. Baking and steaming are ideal ways of cooking vegetables since all the health elements are preserved by these methods.



Your family's quota of vegetables should be two vegetables besides a potato daily. Bring on your carrots, cabbage and the other Cinderellas of the vegetable family! But have them come to the table radiant in their natural colors and the young 'uns will go for them, be they spinach or broccoli.

Chinese Cabbage and Tomatoes

5 cups shredded Chinese cabbage (or ordinary cabbage)

½ cup tomatoes, cooked or canned

Salt and pepper

1 small onion, finely chopped.

Cook cabbage 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, add tomatoes and onion and season. Cook until tender, about 20 minutes.



Potato Chowder

½ cup minced onion

5 tablespoons butter or vegetable fat

2 cups diced pared potatoes

2 cups diced pared carrots

2 cups boiling water

1½ teaspoons salt

⅛ teaspoon pepper

¼ teaspoon paprika

2 cups bottled milk or 1 cup evaporated milk diluted with 1 cup water, scalded

1 tablespoon flour.

Saute the onion until tender in the butter in a large saucepan. Add the potatoes, carrots, water and salt; cook until vegetables are tender—about 15 minutes. Add the pepper paprika and all but 2 tablespoons of the milk. Mix the flour to a smooth paste with the remaining milk, then add slowly to the chowder, while stirring. Heat well. Serves six.



Carrot Marmalade

2 cups carrots

3 cups sugar

2 large oranges

2 large lemons.

Grate enough of the peel of a whole orange and a whole lemon to make one-half teaspoon each, then extract juice of the fruit. Mix all ingredients together and cook until the fruit looks transparent, stirring to prevent burning.

THE PERMANENT WAVE

(Continued from page 24)

eyes, as she contemplated the shining mass of brown hair, cut in a long and graceful bob, low on her neck, curled back behind her ears and waving gently on either side of her face. She gazed, fascinated, as Mrs. Karl handed her the powder puff. Why, she was almost beautiful! She took the comb in her hand and deliberately disarranged a little the set in the wave so that it would look more natural, turned her face to one side and then the other, holding the mirror so that it gave back her altered reflection. Pride sank into her heart and mingled with her tardy fear of paternal wrath. She girded her courage about her, paid Mrs. Karl and walked down to the butcher shop.

Supper was over and her father had gone to a meeting, when Lois came into the farm house. Her plate was in the oven. Mrs. Lann said:

"What took you into town?" Lois took off her hat, and stood there, waiting for the lightning to strike her.

"Your hair!" cried her mother and all the brothers and sisters gathered around and stared at Lois. "You had it waved! After what your father said. Tom told me you won the prize. Did you spend it all?"

"All," said Lois and added hungrily, "Don't you like it, Ma?"

"Yes, but that's not the point."

"Oh, what Pa will do to you, sis!" Zeke cried.

"Listen—" said Mrs. Lann fiercely, "Listen to me. Don't you dare to tease or hint. Let this be between Lois and her father. Do you understand?"

They heard the car in the lane and they all bent over their books. Lois hastily smoothed her hair and sat down at the kitchen table to eat her supper. Mr. Lann came into the kitchen. He said, glancing at Lois.

"Tom said you went into town with Miss Willoughby."

"Yes," said Lois.

"I hear you won the prize. That's fine, daughter. That's the kind of thing that makes a father proud. Well, it's your money. Save it for yourself."

He hung his hat and coat away. He took a drink from the water pail. He sat down in the rocker by the kitchen table and unfolded the evening paper, which he had not yet read. Lois looked at her mother. The children glanced sideways at one another and Zeke bolted out of the room. Lois could hardly swallow. Her father hadn't even seen her hair!

All day Saturday passed in a daze for Lois. Mr. Lann never said a word. He came and went about his work, picked up Chester and wooled him as he often did, brought in a broken strap and asked Lois to get the waxed linen thread and a big needle to repair it for him. At the noon meal he harangued them all on the price of hogs. He seemed unusually cheerful and loquacious. But not once did he speak of hair, nor ask Lois what she had done to hers. His wife's expression was queer. She had an exasperated light in her eye when she looked at her husband but she said never a word.

Saturday after luncheon the whole family piled into the car and went into town to trade. Here the men gathered in the feed store and the "co-operative," the women in the drygoods emporium and the

markets, all the country people in town visiting on the street and in the warm stores, exchanging news and gossip. Mary, spying Lois, at once exclaimed about her hair. The two girls walked together, arm in arm, followed by Jude and Betty. Peter Stilt and Bill Randall joined them. The four high school students went into the ping-pong parlor, for sodas. Lois took off her hat and laid it on empty chair. Ida came in with another boy and they made room for her, crowding together. Whether Lois' hair really made her look prettier or whether she simply felt prettier did not matter much. She laughed more than anyone, experimented a little with Peter, found that she could make him blush if she looked at him sideways. But all the time her eyes were restlessly roving toward the windows watching the streets for a glimpse of Judson Towers.

Yet when he came in, Lois did not see him. Her attention was fixed on the beautiful young woman who entered and moved toward them. She was twenty-two or three years old, slender and tall, fashionably dressed, with paint on her lips and cheeks and a small bright hat on her dark hair. Her eyes were merry and she laughed and spoke over her shoulder. It was then that Lois first saw Jud and it was with a shock that she saw him as a different person from the school bus hero, the careful driver, who watched his railroad crossings and his bridges with an ever conscientious eye, but who treated the youngsters with a certain gay nonchalance. He was capable of putting any obstreperous big boy off the bus at any moment and well they knew it. He could quell too much noise or any skirmishing with a back-

(Continued on page 28)

THE PERMANENT WAVE

(Continued from page 27)

ward glance. His manner to the girls was debonair, protective, to the little ones, kindly and firm. He was so sure of himself that this quality alone without his good looks and undoubtedly charm would have made him a great man to them.

But this Jud was not sure. He was eager—too eager. There was something almost pitiful in his manner. He seemed strange—inferior, a country boy aspiring over his head. His companion's manner to him was gay but impersonal, bantering but not eager. She was not involved with him at all. Even the inexperienced young people could see that. She didn't care whether he liked what she said and did or whether he disliked it. But he cared what she thought.

Judson Tower did not even see his school bus children, he was so intent on the girl. They all stared, silent, unabashed, as youngsters do stare at a teacher or adult caught in an emotional situation. Then Mary whispered, "Who is she?" and Peter answered, "She's at the drug store. She's demonstrating cosmetics. She's a salesman—I mean, a saleswoman. She travels all over the country. Jud's been tagging her about a week."

Lois sat very quiet staring at the table. Something had happened in her own heart. The tall good looking man sitting there, buying a soft drink, talking too eagerly, laughing too loud, was only disintegrated again, scattered—not as it had been last summer but in a way the same, except that the different figures in it were bigger—she felt sorry for Jud. She could not bear to look at him.

"How about tonight?" Peter whispered and Lois said:

"I'll come with you. Come by for me."

In the car going home, Lois listened to her father's voice with the first salt taste of sincere contrition in her mouth. He was talking about Uncle Ned and his family down for Christmas. Her father was kind and good to everyone. She had never deliberately disobeyed him before. He would be angry and he would be hurt. He had always been proud of Lois.

Inside the house, he stoked the fires and went out to the evening chores, while Lois and her mother prepared the supper. After the dishes were washed and the younger children sent off to bed, Lois sat down with her library book but her heart was heavy. She felt as though a weight lay on her breast. Her father laid his paper down and stared at Lois for a minute or two. He said:

"You've cut your hair, haven't you?"

Lois said "yes" in a small voice. She couldn't look up. Mr. Lann said kindly:

"I made a good trade with Amber Crane today. I'll let you have the money for

your hair if you're still set on it. I reckon I was too quick saying no. I'm pleased about your winning that prize—Though why you want to have your hair curled is something I can't figure. Since you've cut it it kind of curls around—it looks right pretty, don't it Ma?"

There was silence in the room and then Lois lifted miserable eyes and looked at her father.

"It's already curled. I had a permanent wave put in it yesterday afternoon. I spent my prize money. I went against you—Pa."

Her father's face was very grave. He sat looking at Lois, then he said slowly:

"You did it, anyhow?"

"Yes, Pa—I—" Lois couldn't speak. After a moment he said:

"Come here, daughter."

Lois rose and went around the table and stood before her father, Mrs. Lann bent over her carpet strips.

"Why did you do it?"

Lois struggled to control herself. Her father didn't like crying and whining. She looked at him fairly.

"Because I'm—I'm like you," she said to him. "I'm like the Lanns. I'm plain—and good. I wanted to be pretty, to look like the other girls look. And I—I was crazy about someone—about Jud, our driver. I wanted him to notice me. But Pa—I'm not crazy about him any more. I saw him today and it all went away from me. I don't care whether he sees me now or not. My hair'll grow in straight again. I was just—something came over me—I didn't want to be plain and good—I wanted to change myself."

She couldn't hold back the tears any longer. Mr. Lann said, frowning, thinking it out—

"It'd been better if you'd defied me about it—if you'd just said outright that the money was yours and the hair was yours and you had your rights. I'd have liked that better. I don't like underhand ways, Lois. It's not like you."

"I know—" she said. She was trembling, convulsed with remorse. She said shaken.

"I felt I couldn't stand up to you—and I did want it so. I did want to be noticed. I thought maybe I'd be pretty—Oh, Pa, if you knew what it's like to be a girl!"

"However it is," her father said, "don't ever try to change yourself to get the attention of somebody that doesn't notice you. The right ones will like you as you are. I don't suppose it matters much—about your hair, I mean. Maybe I was too hard about it. But always stand up to me, or anyone, if you're in the right. Or if you're in the wrong and you've got your head set, say it out—don't try to fool yourself or anybody else."

"Yes, Pa," Lois said meekly and then her father pulled her down on his knees

a little roughly and Lois burst out in the old wail of grief and had a really grand cry with her head burrowed into his shoulder. After a little he said in his old mocking voice:

"Well now, if you're not a great one—falling in love with a grown man like Judson and trying to make yourself over. And then bawling and carrying on like one of the babies. I guess you're not so big as you think you are. Get along now—Lann you may be, and plain and stubborn, but you're female enough to get along, I reckon." He gave her a spank as she stood up and Lois giggled unexpectedly. Her heart was soaring lightly over her head like a colored balloon. Mrs. Lann looked up from her work and said in her practical voice,

"If we have Ned and the folks down for Christmas, I think I'll roast one of old Betsy's pigs for a change. What do you think Pa?" Outside they heard the sound of the Stilt car in the lane and Lois flew to comb her hair and powder her nose and get into her wraps for the basketball game.

THE END

BEAUTY

(Continued from page 23)

It sounds funny and looks funnier, but the results are all right.

For your hands here is a good lotion. To three ounces of freshly boiled and cooled water in a four-ounce bottle add one-half ounce glycerin and shake the bottle gently. After the solution becomes uniform add one-third ounce of tincture of benzoin (obtainable in drugstore). Shake again. If part of the benzoin precipitates out in brown flakes filter through a handkerchief. This latter procedure is not necessary, the flakes do no harm, except aesthetically. Add the tincture slowly and shake the bottle after each addition to insure complete solution. This makes a milk-white fluid which helps to prevent chapping and is antiseptic (the benzoin does that). This mixture, which will cost you only a few cents, will take the place of an expensive lotion, not only for your hands but for your face, and it makes a good powder base.

Here is another efficient lotion for chapped hands. Plain glycerin with a little spirits of camphor. Get an ounce of glycerin at the drugstore and about one-tenth of an ounce of spirits of camphor, roughly sixty-five drops. Turn the bottle up and down a couple of times—the glycerin will look like snow-colored water.

Don't forget that the best disinfectant you can use is soap and water. But spirits of camphor will help to prevent the development of fever blisters. Just daub on a little of it with a piece of cotton.

(Continued on page 30)

SECRETARY WANTED

(Continued from page 17)

a play. For if you hadn't, my soles would be thinner and all my dinners a vegetable plate!"

They came to one of Garry's favorite dining rooms which opened on trees and sky and water. They ate toasted muffins with honey and drank tea in amber cups.

Phyllis, watching the easy grace, the ready smile of the man who sat across from her, reminded herself that he had no personal interest in her. She must have none in him. The play was the thing! Garry wanted it to succeed so he would be released from his place in his father's firm and be free to write more plays, better plays. If it failed, his father was reducing his allowance unless he came to the office regularly every morning at nine o'clock and stayed until half past five.

Phyllis pretended, now and then, that Garry was in love with her. Anyway, the other people in the room didn't know but what he was, she told her embarrassed emotions. It would be something to remember long after the play had left the boards and she was a secretary to a banker or lawyer—if any bankers or lawyers needed secretaries.

Park Avenue and Broadway. It was Garry who had come to her street, not she to his thoroughfare.

"Anyway it's fun!" she whispered and bought a slim, red evening frock for the opening, a frock as red as the stripe in a peppermint stick.

The next morning Garry made the announcement that scattered her dreams like a gust of wind loosening a handful of toy balloons. She saw them going away—red, and yellow and blue heads bobbing a farewell.

It was ten o'clock in the morning. Garry was having orange juice and wheat cakes and coffee served in the theatre office, too busy to bother with breakfast. He read the morning papers as Phyllis, slim and lovely in a blue frock that carried a long row of silver buttons and a great buckle on the wide crushed belt, was typing.

There was much news in the paper—a new war, a larger strike, another kidnapping, the betrothal of a prince and princess.

Suddenly Garry jumped up.

"I forgot to tell you! There's news!"

It had nothing at all to do with the war, the strike, the kidnapping, the royal romance, Phyllis knew at once.

"Marigold is coming back! She'll be here for the play! Phyllis, do you understand. Marigold will be here on the opening night!"

"Marigold?" She said the name softly, thinking of a golden flower in a garden.

"The girl I love—the one I'm marrying. She's—oh, she's everything!" Garry's adjectives had tripped along charmingly enough in his play but he had none with which to describe Marigold. Sitting at her typewriter Phyllis recognized his supreme homage.

"Where is she?" Phyllis asked, not so much because she wanted to know as because she must say something. After all, it didn't matter. So long as there was a Marigold she could be anywhere.

"She's been abroad with an aunt who's taking baths for rheumatism. She thought that the old girl would never release her. Marigold's fond of Aunt Anne and all of that but well, this play's important!" He was boyish, young, eager. One more week, Phyl darling, and she'll be here!"

Sound of carpenters on the stage. Lines rehearsed tirelessly. Actors growing a little white-face, a little irritable, a little penitent when the rehearsal ended. Script changed. Parts copied and recopied. People sitting all day in an empty theatre, waiting for cues. Garry everywhere. Marigold coming back on a boat!

The day came on which the boat was docking. It was two days before the opening. Garry had a white gardenia in his button-hole and he carried his cane when he stopped by the theatre on his way to meet the boat.

"Happy?" Phyllis asked him.

"Rapturous! And you?"

"Frantic! Two more changes in that play. Mr. Garry Melbourne, if you write another, won't you write it right to begin with?"

"Uh-huh, and then where would your job be?" he asked, but he smiled gaily and promptly gave her a dozen things to do that had nothing to do with the revised script.

She would hate the girl, Phyllis knew. Marigold would be possessive, proud, petulant. Garry brought his fiancée to the theatre, straight from the boat. Phyllis glanced up and caught her breath. Marigold was small, too. Sweet, gay, round, with red-gold hair that made the office warm and glowing as though it needed her and had merely supposed it was fire-light or lamplight that was missing. Her eyes were the refreshing blue of a nice little lake where people go for picnics in the summer.

"You're Phyllis, aren't you?" Marigold asked, and her voice bubbled like a brook with depths. "I've heard about you all the way from the boat. You're coming to lunch with us now—"

Marigold was as interested in the play as Garry and Phyllis. She drew Phyllis along wherever she could. She liked her along wherever she could. She liked her too. It made it harder.

Park Avenue.

"Marigold loves Garry as much as I

do," Phyllis admitted as she walked up the street to the subway the next morning. "And she belongs to his world." That world which was still sleeping in its silken beds. Not this world, in the shadow of the elevated, at the edge of Greenwich Village, where women passed smoking cigarettes as they ran for trains or forgotten milk at the delicatessen, and cats drowsed in the windows of the book shops. Not the world of want-ads and hand-outs—the world of strikes and picket lines.

She tried to reason with herself, to argue that if Garry had been any other personable young social registerite who had been kind to her, she would have taken out her ball of worsted and needle and thimble and made a baggy dream to fit his shoulders instead. It didn't work. She knew better—

The day passed swiftly. The snow fell heavier. The lights were bright earlier. The house was sold out for the opening night. There was a great stillness, as though the hysteria of the day had snapped.

In her box Marigold, whose dress was as shining as her yellow mane, held Phyllis's hand tightly.

"The play has to go over, Phyllis!" she murmured. "It has to! So much depends on it! I can't tell you why, Phyllis, but it must make good!"

"It will be a hit," Phyllis promised extravagantly.

"Of course it will!" Garry's fiancée agreed, nodding her glowing head.

A hit. Then Garry could marry Marigold and they could live happily forever and always read favorable criticisms of Garry's plays in the papers the morning after the first nights. Phyllis could even see herself, a nice, respectable, bespectacled, prim, middle-aged secretary, bring them the notices. That is, unless she got that job in a banker's or lawyer's office.

"You want it to be a success? You want it to be one as much as I do, don't you?" Marigold begged. "You think Garry knows his stuff, don't you? It—it matters so much to him."

"Garry's a grand person," Phyllis said comfortingly.

"I think so, too."

Silence, the lilting, laughing lines came across the stage, played on hearts, went away, came back again. Phyllis knew them all, and followed, forgetting the box, the red dress, the girl who clutched her hand.

Garry and Marigold could be married if the play pleased the critics. For if it pleased the critics they would praise it and it would be kept running.

When the thunderous applause came at its conclusion Marigold and Phyllis looked at each other and their eyes were wet. It had gone over. It was good!

The cast was having a party at the manager's penthouse that night. The penthouse overlooked the East River, but the

(Continued on page 30)

SECRETARY WANTED

(Continued from page 29)

panorama of streets was also glistening and broken far below.

The guests went up to the long, bright rooms in a lift that was blue and silken as a jewel case. There were many people in the rooms. Poised, well-dressed, satisfied. They drifted into groups and drifted apart. They hailed the cast enthusiastically. They toasted the play, the leading lady, Garry.

Phyllis, surprised because she had been invited, slipped into a corner and didn't mind because no one paid much attention to her. Garry and Marigold were trying to be kind but they knew these people, they occupied the same world. That was it! They were the leisure class—they lived for fun.

She noticed that there were wide glass doors near, which opened on the terrace that swept its snow-blown, star-dusted way around the penthouse. It would be nice out there. High above the streets—Broadway, Sixth Avenue and its elevated, Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue. She got her wrap, a scrap of black velvet, and slipped through the door.

It was there that Marigold found her.

For a minute they stood silently, watching the boats drift down the river, green and red and yellow lights gleaming softly on the sweep of dark water. Then Marigold spoke.

"Phyllis, I'm going away. Garry will tell you everything. You see I wanted the play to be a success, a hit, to put them in the aisles as the critics say because—because there is somebody else!"

"Somebody else?" Phyllis repeated, as though she had misunderstood. "You mean that it isn't—Garry?"

"Yes." The blue eyes were steady and proud, the bright head still wore its royal crown. "Somebody else, not Garry."

"I don't understand," Phyllis answered bewilderedly.

"No, of course you don't. Garry and I loved each other for so long, too long—perhaps. But loving someone and being in love with him are different, I feel the last one for somebody else. Please understand, Phyllis."

"I'll try to." Strange that she felt no relief.

"Garry understands," the breathless voice continued. "I'm going back to my aunt tomorrow with his blessing. He's sort of cracked up tonight but he'll be all right. I had to come back to know that the play was going over and Garry didn't need me before I could tell him."

"Very sporting," Phyllis answered.

Her mind was busy questioning a strange exultation which had come over her. Suddenly she understood! It was the glamour of Park Avenue that led her on. But now she felt a strength within herself. Somewhere in her own class there was a place

for her—somewhere there was a niche into which she could fit.

She had been standing on the terrace alone for a long time when she heard steps behind her. It was Garry. Strange, this sudden indifference. Hearts caught on the rebound were never worth much. Tomorrow she would see about that job with that lawyer or banker. . . .

"Marigold told you, I imagine," Garry was saying. "Be nice to me for a little while, won't you, Phyllis, till I get used to it? I have a hunch she doesn't know her own heart at the moment. We've belonged together so long. . . ."

But Phyllis was no longer listening. She was thinking of the new life that was to begin tomorrow.

She was just a rich man's secretary.

She wouldn't forget again.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

(Continued from page 8)

"But can't people understand that peace is as patriotic as war?" I asked.

"We must educate for peace," she repeated.

"You know the Civil War was not fought over slavery, but secession," she said. "Many people thought slavery was the issue and Miss Anthony and Miss Staunton went to Washington to call on Mr. Lincoln and asked:

"'Mr. Lincoln, why don't you just release the slaves?'"

"The president replied: 'The war is being fought over the issue of secession, not the abolition of slavery. Much as I sympathize with your request, it is not so easy. I cannot act without a mandate from the people.'"

Miss Anthony and her followers went to New York and took a room for an office in a house where the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building now stands, and began working for a mandate. One hundred thousand signature—all women's signatures—were written under that mandate. They attributed Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation to these organized signatures.

Women can make history, and I wondered is this wise woman giving us a suggestion? Is she giving the women of today the opportunity to reach out to continue making history? Are there any of us to take the banner from Susan B. Anthony and led Suffrage? My next question was—must it be a militant peace?

"Yes," she replied with decisiveness. "Militant not in the sense of guns and bloodshed, but a mental militancy, one of the spirit, one of demonstrations of free thinking and free speech."

She thrilled to the idea of a united peace movement. I saw before me a dynamic leader, but one who needed help. A movement of all peace societies united into a great Peace Army! Why not organize a great peace mandate that would contain at least thirty million signatures of the women in this country whose sentiments are for peace? A peace movement supported by such a mandate would make governments listen!

"In this event, we being such a strong, peace union would no longer be looked upon by other nations as an ally to fight for them or their boundaries," added Mrs. Catt.

I asked about the inevitability of war and if it is too late to build peace through a unified effort, regardless of race, creed or color, politics or religion.

"No, it is not too late to avert the coming catastrophe in this country, and our example would spread to other nations. Neutral nations suffer great economic consequences when other countries are at war," declared Mrs. Catt.

In time peace may be accepted internationally, she believes, but I could see that she held no illusions about the fact that the fight for peace is the greatest battle of the century.

As I was leaving Mrs. Catt's house—I looked at the statue of Abraham Lincoln and I said to myself—yes, Mr. Lincoln, you and Mrs. Catt are right, we need a mandate, not with 100,000 names but millions of names, and I hope when Mrs. Catt cuts her next birthday cake, that she finds a mandate inside it that proclaims that the citizens of the United States demand peace.

BEAUTY

(Continued from page 29)

Now about your hair. Don't buy any ready-made shampoos. Some of them are bad for you, and the best of them don't help you. The best method is this. The night before, rub vaseline into your scalp. The next day wash your hair with any good face soap. You will have to put the soap on twice. Because of the vaseline it won't make good suds the first time. That is, you apply the soap, rinse your hair, apply the soap again, rinse again. And better not use cold water on your hair. Then if you have an obliging friend, or strong arms, rub it dry by hand. That makes your wave last longer.

And there you are! If you like fancy packages and advertising ballyhoo, go ahead and spend your money for them. But don't fool yourself into thinking that your money is going for anything real.

The Woman Today

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March 1st, 1936.

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It is this which distinguishes THE WOMAN TODAY from all other women's magazines.

We, the editors, pledge ourselves to this task. You who will help us build this magazine must share with us some of its responsibilities. You can do it by writing to us about yourself and your work, and so make this the first women's magazine actually written by and for women. And you can help us further by filling out the blank below and getting your friends to do the same.

THE EDITORS.

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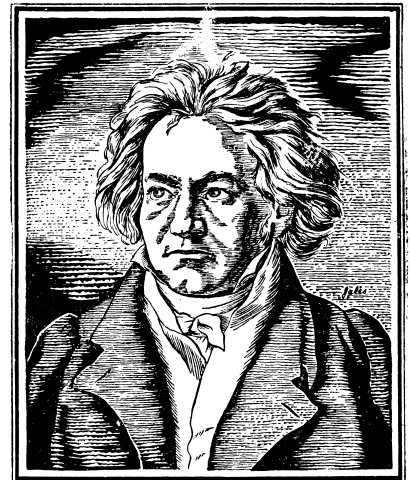
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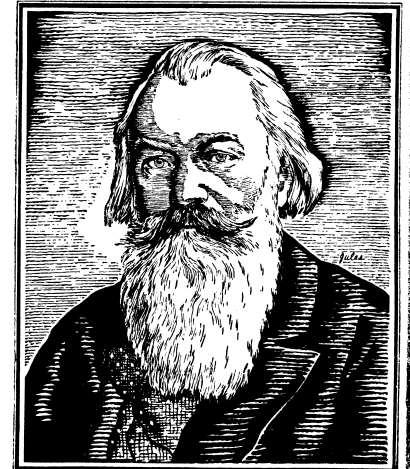
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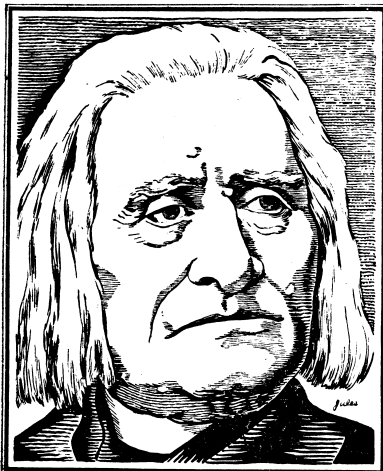
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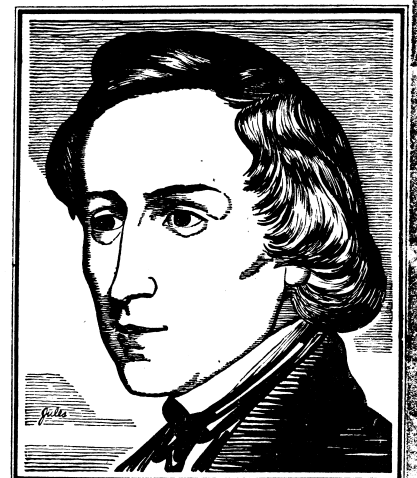


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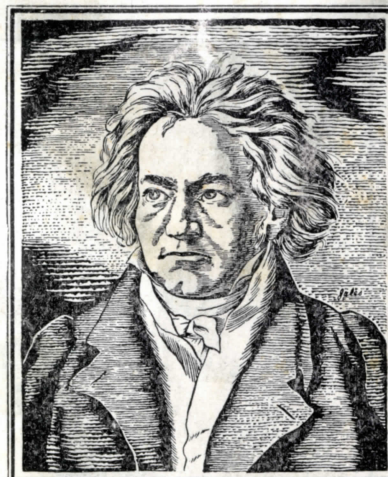
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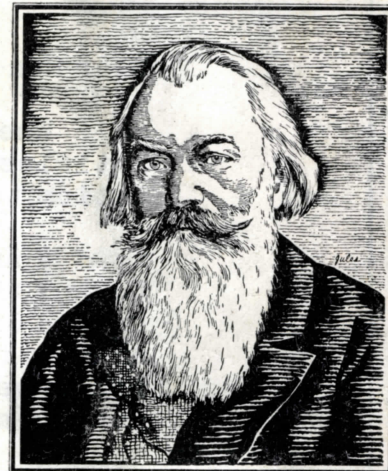
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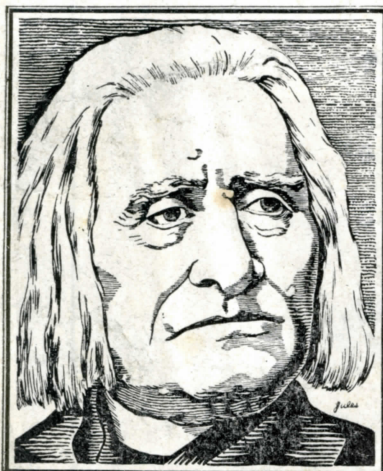
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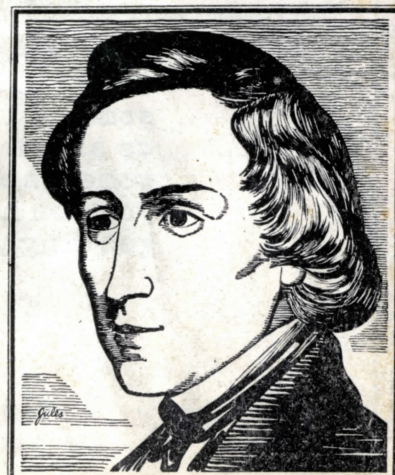


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