

the
Woman Today



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**BIRTH CONTROL — PRIVILEGE OR RIGHT? by
MARGARET I. LAMONT... YOU CAN'T EAT ROMANCE —
THE MILWAUKEE GUILD STRIKE... CONGRESSMAN
VITO MARCANTONIO . . . KONRAD BERCOVICI**

MAY 1936

10 CENTS

S

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The first issue of CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS, the new consumers' magazine published by the Consumers Union of United States, will have one article on silk stockings, including ratings of the wearing qualities of eight inexpensive brands based on technical examination and tests in actual wear—and another article listing a number of widely sold products (including hosiery) which are made under conditions unfair to organized labor. It is not just a coincidence that these articles happen to come together in the same issue of the same magazine. Consumers Union believes that all who work and consume must make a common fight against exploitation both on the workers' front and on the consumers' front.

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CONSUMERS UNION OF UNITED STATES

—is the answer to a nation-wide demand for an honest and technically competent service for consumers which would be pro-labor and democratically controlled. The organization is controlled by its members. It is chartered on a non-profit basis. It is staffed by chemists, engineers, editors and others specially trained in the investigation of consumer problems. The work of this staff is supplemented by that of expert consultants in university and other laboratories.

Professor Colston Warne of Amherst is president of Consumers Union. Arthur Kallet, co-author of 100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS, is the director. Among the sponsors and members of the board of directors are Heywood Broun, Rose Schneiderman, Francis Gorman, Mary Ware Dennett, Grace Lumpkin, Evelyn Preston, Anna Louise Strong, Leane Zugsmith and a long list of other writers, editors, educators, scientists and leaders in the labor movement.

TWO KINDS OF SERVICES

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the Woman Today

MAY, 1936

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Congressman Vito Marcantonio, representing the 20th Congressional District of the City of New York, has advanced and fought for liberal legislation since his election to office. He has introduced into the House of Representatives the Federal Relief and Work Projects Standards Act, calling for an appropriation of six billion dollars for relief, and the Workers' Rights Bill which proposes an amendment to the Constitution to broaden the powers of Congress and give it greater authority for social legislation. Thus Congress would be empowered to legislate on Minimum Wages, Hours, and Unemployment Insurance without interference by the Supreme Court of the United States. His Bill of Right of Asylum would offer asylum to all political refugees from other countries without fear of deportation.

Congressman Marcantonio is an ardent supporter of the Farmer-Labor Party.

Konrad Bercovici's story in this issue was illustrated by his daughter Mirel. Asked for a few lines of biography she wrote: "When I was two years old my mother gave me my first drawing lesson. Since that time my parents have taken me traveling all over Europe, only stopping long enough to allow me to study at the Lucien Academy and at the Bodin Studio in Paris. In both places they waived their age limit and I was the youngest artist by a good ten years. We returned to America to do some more traveling. Here I studied at the leading art schools, and now, at 17, I hope to soon be entirely self-supporting. I have done portrait and mural painting, and some newspaper cartoons."

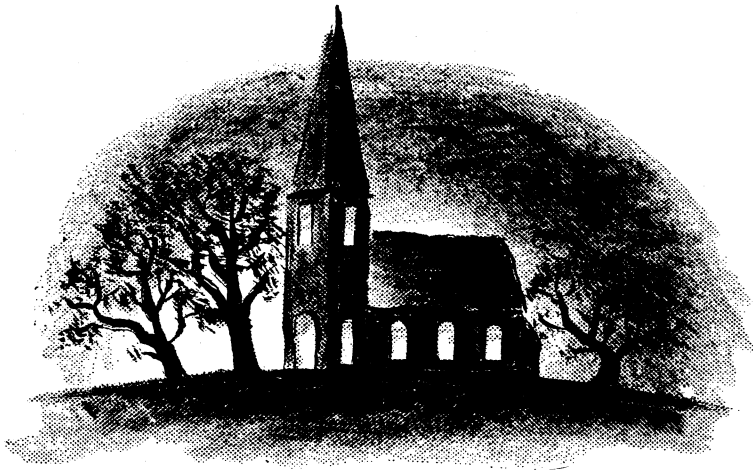
Margaret Irish Lamont, member of the Editorial Board of THE WOMAN TODAY, has been associated with several publications, among them the Living Age, The Revolutionary Socialist Review, and Race. She is Chairman of the New York Committee to Aid Agricultural Workers, and has long been an active member of the Socialist Party. Mrs. Lamont has devoted many years to research and activity in Birth Control organizations.

Agnes Burns Wieck, Editor of The Women's Trade Union Auxiliary Department of THE WOMAN TODAY, was the first miner's daughter to teach school in the southern Illinois mining region. She was an organizer of teachers' unions and also organizer for the Women's Trade Union League. Her activities won her a scholarship from the National Women's Trade Union League in 1915, and thus she was enabled to extend her activities among women workers in various cities. She later became a member of the staff of the Illinois Miner. A miner's wife herself, in 1933 she led 10,000 miners' wives, all members of the powerful auxiliary of the Progressive Miners, in their famous protest march to the state capitol. Mrs. Wieck is now writing a novel based on the lives of miners' wives.

Many of our readers have written in praising the illustration for the first installment of Fielding Burke's "A Stone Came Rolling." The artist is Gwen who will illustrate the entire serial.

Molly Samuels has a long history of active trade unionism. She is shop chairlady in a large New York dress factory, and also secretary of District 5 of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, Local 22, and ex-officio member of the executive board of that local. Miss Samuels is a member of the Editorial Board of "The Woman Today."

Nura's lithographs, paintings and sculpture have been exhibited by galleries all over the country. She has done three books—"Stories," a picture book with blank pages for the child to write his own story, "The Buttermilk Tree" and "Betty and Booth."



A STONE CAME ROLLING

THE STORY THUS FAR:

To Britt Hensley, coming back to the land was like returning to life. Together with Ishma, his wife, and Ned, their son, life is to begin anew for the little family on the Holder-ness farm. Work at the carver's bench had been torture to Britt. He had earned his money stolidly, neither swift nor clever at his work, longing to exchange his tools for an axe, a hoe and plough.

Until the farm would yield a livelihood for them all, Ishma would work in Bly Emberson's Mill, a job she obtained through an old friend, Dr. Derry Unthank. She hoped to make a little money to get the things that the farm could not supply. Britt resented his wife's working in town. Theirs was a love of enduring beauty, and he could not bear to have her away from him.

When Tom Jeff Ferrabee, their nearest neighbor, lost his farm to the bank, he and his little family were invited to live at Holderness. And for the first time love enters the life of twenty-year old Fairinda Ferrabee when she meets Britt.

ANNE FERRABEE WRENN was an artist lost. You knew it when you saw her frail hands plunging in and out of the foamy suds doing the family wash; when she wrung the clothes with a deft turn of the too slim wrist, and with a graceful flip pinned them to the clothes-line; you knew it when you saw her moving immaculate about the

"A Stone Came Rolling," published by Longmans Green & Co.

kitchen stove preparing the almost invisible food, or laying the table for an almost imaginary meal.

Anne was not well. Her disease was pellagra, sometimes called "mother sickness" because mothers usually ate less than others in a family where the supply was uncertain. Their stomachs became adjusted to hunger until they could ignore it, and thus undernourished they were easily subject to attack.

Jeffrey Wrenn, whom she had married twenty-five years before, was a bookkeeper, or had been a bookkeeper. It had been seventeen months since Jeffrey had very gently been asked to give up his desk at Brencon & Sons.

Jeffrey, being an intelligent man, knew that if Dunmow business had to lay him off, Dunmow business could not take him on; but he set out the next day, and the next, and for thirty successive days canvassed for a job. After that he stood on the road and hitch-hiked into neighboring towns. These also were vainly canvassed. At the end of five months he sat down to save shoe-leather and what was left of his pride. By the bitter road of self-denial he had put away three hundred dollars in the bank. His family was not so large—he had only four children—but his oldest son, Vance, had lost his wife and his job, and Jeffrey was giving shelter to him and his two little boys. There were two girls, Alfa and Myrtle, eighteen and twenty, who worked in the Sleicher Silk Mill. But they sometimes sat in the mill for four days out of a week with nothing to do. Checks for an entire week had been as low as \$1.39, a slender resource for a family of eight.

Jeffrey's savings were fearfully dribbled out to the end. As long as Tom Jeff

Ferrabee kept his farm he could make them gifts of meal, vegetables and fruit. But not nearly enough. Eight people, twenty-four meals a day. But it wasn't twenty-four. Twice a day was as often as they gathered at the table, and after a time it became only once, with a thin slice of bread all around for the other meal.

It was into this family circle that Fairinda came with her board-money as a life-saver. With her also came one quarter of her father's little hoard of field-stuff; five bushels of corn and three bushels of wheat. "I can't give you all I've got, F'rindy," he said, "because Britt's stuff is not comin' in yet, an' I don't want me an' Deely an' the kids to cost him anything in lay-out."

Fairinda went into the silk mill with Alfa and Myrtle. There were others out of work who ought to have been preferred before her, but the foreman knew that she worked well, was trustful and unquestioning, and would give no trouble. He could put her off and on as he pleased. Some of the hands were beginning to look as if they wanted to kick up a row when he laid them off or forced them to sit around for days with no stock to work on, paying them by the piece. There were several of them that he intended to replace with the right kind, the kind that took what they could get and thanked God and the Sleicher Mill for it. The kind like Fairinda.

Ishma taught the Wrenn family how to make a bushel of wheat go farthest by boiling the grains whole until they were tender. Then if they could get sugar and



Whenever he met her he seemed to cross an invisible border into a wide circle of contentment . . .



Drawing by Gwen

milk to go with it, they had a full meal. It took fuel for the long cooking, but they prepared a great potful at one time, and daily re-heating kept it from going sour. And what a relief always to have something in the pot for the children.

"Why couldn't the government buy all the wheat the farmers can't sell, and give it out to the hungry?" asked Anne, naively, thinking of the stale sacks of yellow flour stingily doled out to the family of eight by the relief committee.

"The government has already bought millions of bushels," Ishma told her.

"Oh, that's fine! That'll help the farmers and us too."

"They are not giving it away. They're holding it."

"But won't it spoil? Get weevils in it, or something?"

"That would be a good solution for them. They don't know what to do with it."

"Don't know? When people are hungry? What did they buy it for?"

"To keep it off the market and put the prices up."

Anne dropped the subject. This Mrs. Hensley sometimes said things that nobody in their senses could believe. She was an awfully good woman, but she did have queer ideas. The government wouldn't use the people's money to buy up wheat and let it spoil while folks were starving. But Vance and Jeffrey, who always listened, began to get a new gleam in their eyes.

ISHMA did not like her job. When she had come to Dunmow, she had come thinking that any place where masses of men and women toiled together would be the seed-ground of life. There had been no possibility of obtaining work in Winbury, where she was known and blacklisted. An appeal to her old friend Dr. Derry Unthank had resulted in an offer of work in the mill of his cousin, Bly Emberson. From the mill Mr. Emberson advanced her to welfare work. She had known that she would not like it. But the opportunity to make friends among the workers and be welcomed at doors which she could not otherwise enter, was too important to be put aside because of distaste for the work. As her loathing grew, every day became more difficult than the day before. She hadn't realized how effectively the position would hobble her tongue and seal her mouth. Bringing temporary relief to a family could mean little to her when her whole desire was to get the living truth to them; something that would wipe away forever the necessity for "relief."

Later in the day she met Bly Emberson. "I'm going back to the machine," she said, when he had turned to walk with her. It was perfectly correct, as Amy Bigrose said, for him to be seen on the street with a community worker.

"What machine? There's none for you to come back to. You gave yours up. You don't expect me to put somebody out for you?"

(Continued on page 26)

By FIELDING BURKE

YOU CAN'T EAT ROMANCE

By Lola Bullard

TODAY I am wearing a pair of low-heeled shoes. All my life I have worn teetery spike-heeled pumps of shiny patent leather or kid. I look at my feet, pacing back and forth, back and forth, on the picket line before the Hearst-owned Wisconsin News building.

My new shoes are not pretty: Flat heels, stubby round toes, heavy brown calfskin built up sensibly high around the arch. No, one couldn't call them gay shoes, nor frivolous shoes. But they are sturdy, the heels will not give way under me, and when I take these oxfords off at night my arch will not throb with pain.

What have my pair of cheap new shoes to do with a strike? Why do I talk about shoes when I and my fellow workers of the editorial department have been out in the street for seven weeks, seeking to win from a power-mad old man recognition of our union (the Milwaukee Newspaper Guild) and a decent living standard?

Because, in a way, these "sensible" shoes are a symbol of what has happened to me and to the men and women I work with. *We are down to earth at last!*

For too many years we newspaper people walked, as it were, on tiptoes. The publishers told us—usually when we asked for a raise—that we were professional people, creative craftsmen, white collar men and women, artists! Today we know that, men and women

alike, we are workers and that, as workers, our only strength lies in organization.

"Workers, men and women alike!" It was the employer who taught us that we were that. I don't know about other newspaper offices, but on the Wisconsin News, where I worked for 15 years, women never received any special consideration in view of their inferior physical strength. They did receive a little less pay and a little more abuse; our city editor, like all bullies, preferred for his victims those he thought were weakest.

The unlimited work week, frequently 80 hours, sometimes 25 at a stretch, applied to women as well as to men. No assignments were closed to me because I was a woman. I handled—and took pride in handling—difficult, even dangerous work with the men.

The American Newspaper Guild, in its constitution, recognizes the right of women to participate in movements to better their condition, not as women, but as workers. A clause, passed unanimously, specifically sets forth that no person shall be barred from membership in the Guild—trade union of newspaper editorial workers—because of sex.

There are five women employed in the Wisconsin News editorial department. When the strike call came, three of us walked out: Vivian Gardner, radio editor; Jean Dessel, librarian; and me—I'm a reporter. Our shifts on the picket line are exactly as long and as frequent as those of the men. They were, too, even in the 16-below zero weather in which the strike began.

There are three women on the strike committee which directs all strike activities. They are Jean, Mary Van Vuren who is a reporter on the Journal here, and I. Jean is, in addition, strike secretary, and I put in my time at strike headquarters, when I'm not on the picket line, working on a special committee seeking to reduce News advertising. Vivian handled most of the arrangements for our benefit dance.

As I write that about her, she comes in from the picket line and sits down with a needle and thread and some bright scraps of silk. I smile at her and she grins back ruefully.

"I'm making some duck wings for Dick," she says. "He's going to be in a school play. This business of being a mother and a striker..."

Vivian's husband was a popular and widely known newspaperman here for years. He was fired in the last Hearst
(Continued on page 24)

Newspaper
Guild
women
strike
against
Hearst



Left to right: Mrs. William Oviatt, wife of striking copy desk man; Vivian Gardner, striking radio editor; Jean Dessel, striking reference room clerk; Lola Bullard, striking feature writer.



Chicago Workers Parade on the First International May Day, 1890

LABOR'S HOLIDAY

By Molly Samuels

MAY FIRST will see countless pairs of feet marching, marching in time to the common beat of hearts, to a common interest, in nearly every city and town of our country.

Such will be the grand parade of manual and brain workers, those in the trade unions and the unorganized, employed and unemployed, mothers, writers, artists, actors—all carrying forward the tradition of the glorious fight for the eight-hour day in the United States.

MAY DAY—the International Day of Labor—was born in the United States. It came out of the movement for a shorter workday and the right of workers to organize into trade unions.

At the opening of the nineteenth century, workers in Philadelphia went out on strike against working from sunrise to sunset. Women workers played a significant part in this great movement. Just one hundred and one years ago—in 1835—the women textile workers in Paterson, New Jersey, went out on strike against working 13½ hours daily.

In 1845, organized working women, with Sarah G. Bagley at their head, sent an

address to the Industrial Congress in the United States which convened in New York. The message of these women scored the thirteen-hour workday. At the same time women workers from the “city of spindles,” Lowell, Massachusetts, sent a petition to their State Legislature for a ten-hour workday.

A year later, overtime work was a grievance that brought the women textile workers of Nashua, New Hampshire, out on strike. This took place in 1846. The women were imprisoned in the mill yard. Seeing this, the men came out in a solidarity strike. The women organized and led a parade of all workers with banners reading: **NO LIGHTING-UP** (no work after lighting-up time). These strikes brought a ten-hour workday to all workers in New Hampshire and a similar law for women in the State of Massachusetts.

The movement for the shorter working day grew rapidly. In 1884, a young organization, the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the U.S. and Canada, later known as the American Federation of Labor, adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved . . . that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's labor from May First 1886, and that we recommend to labor organizations that they so direct their laws as to conform to this resolution by the time named.”

This resolution was given life by the organized workers and it became a force for action. Over 500,000 took part in strikes for an eight-hour day in 1886, culminating in the great May First strike in that year.

The May-Day strike of 1886 symbolized the strength of the workers throughout the country in forcing better conditions, and employers immediately went about stopping the movement.

The police set upon a meeting of striking workers at the McCormick Reaper Works in Chicago on May 3, 1886. Six workers were killed. The next day the workers organized a demonstration at Haymarket Square to protest the brutal attack by the police. The meeting was peaceful and was about to adjourn when the police again launched an attack upon the meeting. A bomb was thrown into the crowd. A sergeant was killed. A battle took place and when it was over, seven policemen and four

(Continued on page 30)

A WORD TO THE WISE

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

I LISTENED to the hearings on the American youth act held by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, and when the last young person had had his impassioned say I wished that the proceedings from start to finish might be reproduced by the movies for the education of Main St. and Mail St. also.

The witnesses who took the stand spoke up clearly and fearlessly for the 2,250,000 organized young people whom they claimed to represent. I couldn't imagine my own college generation putting its case so forcefully that a Senate committee would bother to hear them on a Saturday or any other morning. Somehow these youngsters were different, marked by time and the depression. A certain number spoke with bitterness in their voices, but for the most part they talked with the assurance of young Americans born to a heritage of life and liberty and conscious of their social responsibilities.

Not Exactly Horatio Alger Stories

THE tales they told were not exactly Horatio Alger stories. Into the record went stories of boys who had turned criminals on the road—of 800 young people in Brownsville, Brooklyn, who had left their homes rather than be a burden on their families—of the relief authorities' strange ruling that idle young people must leave home before they can collect a single person's relief allowance—of young people trying to live on eleven cents a meal, which is the home relief allowance in New York.

By presenting such cold, hard facts the young witnesses—and the professors who backed them up—turned in a Grand Jury indictment against the present order of things. And yet I noticed that nobody showed up at the hearing to refute their facts or to claim that young America was crying "Wolf! Wolf!" when there was no wolf. One witness who hardly has the reputation of being an alarmist was Dr. Charles Beard. He considers that "the tragic figures of five to eight million young people between 16 and 25 wholly unoccupied are a frightful challenge."

The challenge is so frightful that I'd rather not think on this sunny spring day where the young people will go from here if we don't give them a let up. Admittedly it doesn't rhyme with Adam Smith's laissez faire theory to give all unemployed

young people vocational training and jobs on "public" enterprises at something like \$15 a week. But neither does it rhyme with American democratic theory to leave five to eight million youth to sink because there are no jobs to keep them swimming.

So here's a hint to the young:—If the American youth act is shelved by Congress, as it probably will be, let them keep on "presenting their problem" until Congress and public alike take the cotton out of their ears.

I'VE been thinking about the case of Mrs. Dorothy Sherwood, who has been sentenced to death for the murder of her 2-year-old son, and I've been wondering why such American tragedies have to happen.

Without being any more sentimental than Theodore Dreiser you can see that Dorothy Sherwood, according to her story, never had even half a chance. Motherless at 9, she was left by her father to work for her board and room with any family that would take her. Followed years of dishwashing and scrubbing of alien children's faces, then a period of traipsing across the country with a Salvation Army family that may have seemed as alien to

Courtesy New York World-Telegram



her as Clyde Griffith's street-preaching father did to him. After that a poor kind of freedom with a burlesque troupe that made the tank towns.

Hers was worse than a pillar-to-post existence. Her husband died of tuberculosis. You know the rest of the story—how she could not find work, how she took up with a man who promised to look after her and her baby, how he left her cold, how her landlady lost patience with her and how she walked down to the creek and held her baby's face under water.

Poverty's Effect on the Soul

IT'S been said before, but it's none the less true, that poverty and suffering distort people's souls. You have only to glance at the recent news story of a San Francisco mother who didn't drown her two babies but peddled them in a park rather than keep them with her in a damp basement.

Those of us who've never had the misfortune to live in a damp basement or to be without a home can have no idea what terrors may pass through a woman's mind. But I can see that if Dorothy Sherwood took to drinking, as her landlady claimed, it was hardly surprising. And it would hardly be surprising, either, if she was driven down to the creek by an insane fear of the future.

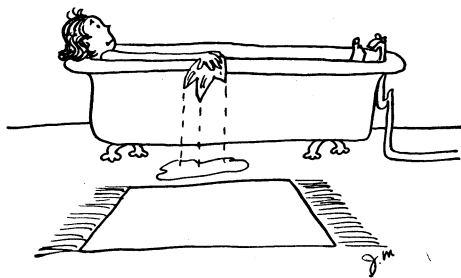
The prosecutor, whose business it is to get convictions, claimed that she was not insane and that she committed this unnatural crime "for reasons of her own." Yet if she had had reasons of her own and if she had planned to tread the primrose path, free from maternal cares, why didn't she try to escape instead of carrying the dead baby to the police station?

Why Not a Remedy in Advance?

SINCE it is far from certain that Dorothy Sherwood was in her right mind when she drowned her son, I think that the Bronxville Women's Club and the other Westchester clubs that have petitioned Governor Lehman to suspend her sentence and place her in an institution under the care of the Parole Board should be applauded for their human sympathy and understanding.

But I hope that the clubwomen will think a little further than this particular case and ask themselves how the thousands of future Dorothy Sherwoods are to be saved from such a tragic end. In the first place, the story of her miserable youth should prove to them how inhuman a thing child labor is. Then they will be reminded, perhaps, that the Child Labor Amendment, which the Senate Judiciary Committee in Albany cravenly refuses to report out, is childhood's only charter of freedom.

Whether Dorothy Sherwood lives or dies, her life is shattered. But it is up to us to work for an order of society where such American tragedies will not be possible.



ACT LIKE A LADY

When fired, smile bravely -- and take a bath

By JOAN MCGAW

IT DOESN'T take money. It doesn't take pull. It doesn't even take brains.

It just takes nice lady-like manners to be the most popular stenographer on Wall Street.

Etiquette has come to the rescue of the business girl. Obviously all those courses in shorthand and typing and filing and running adding machines that she took in high school, haven't been of much help. She still loses her jobs and has wage cuts.

So now a new cult has grown up. Manners.

All you have to do, now, when you lose your job, is to go to the public library and look up some of the new books on business etiquette. They have made life very simple. On page fifty-three you'll find out all about how to behave when fired. You simply smile bravely and go home and take a bath. No doubt you missed your daily plunge on the day you were fired. Or perhaps you made the dreadful error of taking it the night before. You can't do that, you know. Nice girls always take baths in the morning, so that they will be clean and sweet smelling when they arrive at the office. If you have to get up at five in order to get into the tub before the rest of the house wakes up, that's a shame. You should have a private bath.

Or, perhaps what you need is a nice little navy blue tailored suit. Every business girl should have a nice little navy blue tailored suit. So the first thing to do when you lose your job is to rush right out and get yourself one of these inconsequential items. And while you are about it, get some crisp (be sure they're crisp) white blouses, and a half a dozen pairs of sheer silk stockings, too. An employer never likes to see stockings with darns in them around his office. If you have been darning yours, no wonder you lost your job. My goodness. What bad manners!

The trouble with you, you'll discover on page sixty-one, is that you have been spending much too much of your salary on food and rent for the family. You should buy neat clothes for yourself. They will help to decorate the office. And you should have your hair waved every two weeks, and your finger nails manicured every week, and you should keep on hand a generous supply of deodorants and cosmetics and cleansing tissues and sweet scented soaps.

And if it is absolutely necessary you should let your family starve. Heavens. It's much better for your family to starve, isn't it, than for you to lose your job?

If it's just a wage cut that you've suffered, that's easier yet. Look up the chapter on "how to get a raise." All you have to do is to go and ask for it. Of course you must go in alone. If you joined a union and let the union ask for a raise for all of you at once, it might make the boss mad. And you mustn't make the boss mad. It isn't nice.

The thing to do is to wait until he is in a friendly mood—some day when his wife hasn't bought a new coat for a month or so—and then just step into his office and say sweetly, "Mr. Big Shot, I'd like to have a raise. I think I deserve it." If he doesn't think you do, don't argue. It's not good manners.

Being a good secretary or saleswoman is really very easy if you know your manners. You'd be surprised.

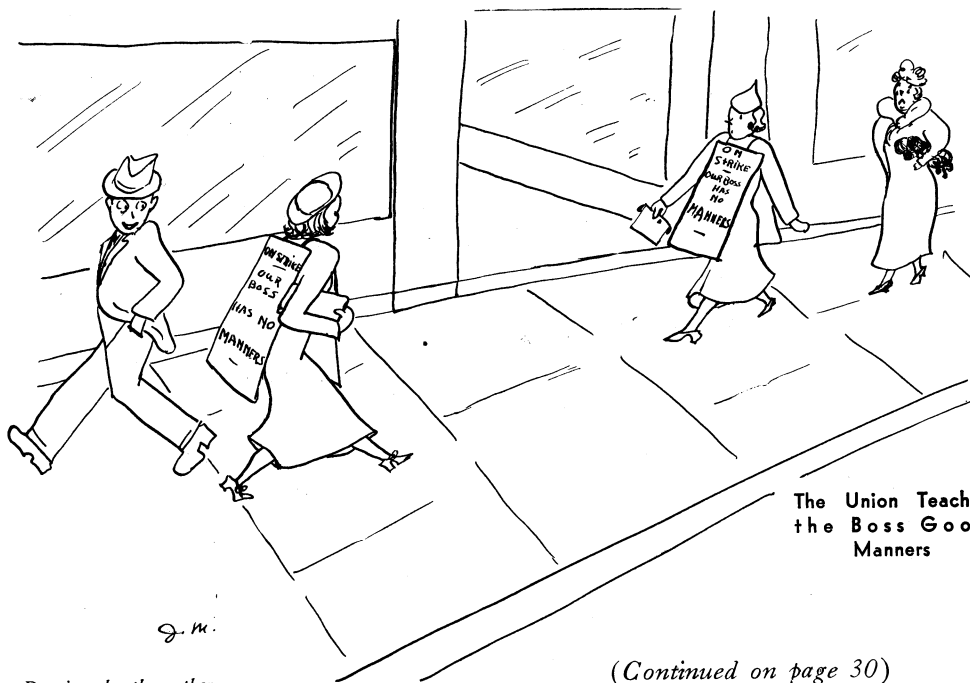
For example, if you have good manners, you're always very sweet to the boss's wife. You won't be familiar. You certainly won't tell her anything that goes on in the office, or give away any secrets about the boss's luncheon dates. You won't do any of those things. But if she wants you to spend your lunch hour matching a piece

of cretonne, you'll do it gladly. You'll not breathe a word of it to the boss. You'll just go without your lunch and match cretonnes for his wife day in and day out. And if she wants you to address Christmas cards for her, you'll stay late and do it, with a smile. You'll stay late, because you wouldn't think of taking the boss's time to address his wife's Christmas cards. And you'll address the cards because you know your manners.

If you have good manners, you always tell the truth to your employer, too. He likes it much better when you tell him the truth. You might be getting married, you know. And all employers like to know when their secretaries are about to get married. It gives them a chance to fire them, if they want to.

If you want to keep your job after you're married, it is still much better manners to go and tell your boss all about it. . . even if you know your firm doesn't hire married women. He will like your honesty. The chances are that you will get the gate anyhow (a little catastrophe which etiquette says you must grin and bear) but you will so endear yourself to the boss for being a straightforward girl that he'll probably take you back when you are divorced.

There are a great many other subtle little things that good manners will do for



The Union Teaches
the Boss Good
Manners

Drawings by the author

(Continued on page 30)

BIRTH CONTROL...

Privilege or Right?

WHAT does birth control mean to the working woman in factory, home, office, in the best fields of Colorado, or in the mining towns of West Virginia? She may have heard of birth control as something for the well-to-do, something of no practical concern to her. She may never have heard of it at all, or she may have heard of it in terms that frighten her or cause her to misunderstand what it is and what it can accomplish. However, if she once learns exactly what scientific birth control methods are like, and realizes that they are not harmful if wisely used, she usually wishes to make these techniques part of her pattern of living, just as she wants to use other modern techniques in the field of health or housekeeping, provided they are made available to her.

The working woman, who judges most of the ideas, objects and new techniques that come to her attention on the basis of common sense, realizes that she can use birth control methods to arrange the coming of her children when she and her husband want them, so that there will be as many or as few as can be cared for without an excessive drain on health and happiness. The woman who is struggling to bring up a large family, with a new baby appearing every year or two, has heavy housework and often work outside the home to cope with. This leaves her little time or energy to be a companion to her husband and children, and little strength or will to work side by side with her husband and other men and women for better conditions in terms of wages, hours, good homes with modern improvements, opportunities for education and recreation. The use of birth control methods will give her more time and energy to make the most of the conditions under which she is living and to struggle for a better life for her own family and for all other families in a similar situation.

The opponents of birth control frequently say that it is not necessary or advisable to make birth control information available to large numbers of women throughout the country, since what is really necessary is a change in the social and economic order to furnish more justice and a more even distribution of money, goods, and comforts, so that men and women can raise as large families as they want, without worry. Most of us would agree that the last part of this statement sets forth a desirable aim. However, we would not agree with the first part which claims that

Birth control knowledge—is it necessary for the working mother? Mrs. Lamont says it is—and tells why. How can you help to make it available?

By MARGARET I. LAMONT



from a lithograph
by Kaethe Kollwitz

contraceptive advice should not be widely available.

Tested and reliable methods of birth control should be recommended to the same extent as any other useful scientific services in the field of health and medicine. The children of this country have a right to vaccination against smallpox, inoculation against diphtheria, removal of diseased tonsils, dental care and opportunities for healthful outdoor play. Their mothers have a right to proper pre-natal and maternity care and other necessary health services. Along with these, women have a right to learn about birth control methods from trained, reliable doctors or nurses in hospitals and clinics.

The harsh truth about the situation is, of course, that these health services are not

as generally available as they should be. In some large cities and in a very few small rural areas, women can have adequate pre-natal and maternity care if they know where to go for it. In certain cities there are birth control clinics where trustworthy advice may be had free or for a small fee. But the masses of women throughout the country are not near clinics. They cannot learn the correct contraceptive techniques by mail. In many states the laws against mailing or giving out contraceptive information are so strict that clinics have difficulty in existing, and even practicing doctors run risks if they send or receive birth control information or materials in the mail.

What can the working woman do about these conditions? In the first place she can decide whether or not it would be useful to her to have birth control advice. In the second place she can write to birth control headquarters in Washington or New York to find out whether there is any clinic near her. If there is none, she, together with other women, can demand that local (town, city, or county) health officials, state health authorities, or relief authorities establish clinics under proper supervision. In at least one state, West Virginia, several clinics have recently been set up with the cooperation of local and Federal relief authorities. There is no compulsion about going to such clinics. The matter can be decided by the woman herself, and by her husband. It would be wise for women in certain localities to ask that any clinics established should give information on pre-natal, maternity and infant care, along with contraceptive advice.

Another thing which working women could unite to make possible is the traveling clinic, which could serve several small communities. It could be a well-equipped, hygienically maintained truck with well-trained nurses, or a doctor and nurse, in charge. It could attach itself temporarily to any local Red Cross or first-aid station, or set up a temporary office or examining room, in any community where permission could be obtained from local authorities. If enough women demanded a service of this kind it would probably be supplied.

Another concrete thing that working women can do is to make themselves heard on the subject of changes in the Federal and state laws in regard to birth control advice, so that doctors and hospitals will be able to make contraceptive information accessible on a wide scale, recommending

good methods and checking the dangerous or unsure methods which are now boot-legged around under cover.

Each year a bill comes before a committee of Congress at Washington to change the postal laws and the obscenity laws so that restrictions on the dissemination of birth control information will be relaxed. Each year this bill draws more attention and gets a more friendly hearing, but there is still enough sharp opposition to birth control to kill the bill in committees. The working mothers of the country should let Congress know how they feel about being deprived of information, and of health services, to which they have a right. Trade union women, who can speak collectively, should express themselves on this matter, and should try to send delegations of women to testify in favor of the bill at the annual hearings. Too often Congress hears from the Catholic Church on the one hand, and from men and women speaking for the working women on the other hand, but it rarely hears the opinions of working women themselves. All women who want birth control information should support the House bill H.R. 11330 and the

Senate bill S. 4000. In states like Massachusetts and Connecticut where a strong fight is being made to change the laws in regard to birth control, women should make sure that the members of the legislature know how they stand on this question.

Needless to say, birth control is not the solution for all the evils and troubles of life. It will not, by itself, solve the problems of disease, or poverty or war. It is a useful thing for women to know about so that they can arrange to have more time, strength and peace of mind to cope with the problems of daily existence and the tremendous problems that have to be solved in the effort to do away with poverty and war. Birth control methods can give families relief from physical, psychological and financial stresses and strains. The issue of birth control arises with special sharpness amid conditions of economic insecurity. It will still exist, however, under conditions of security, in a working class society. When economic security and social justice are won in this country, there will still be a need for birth control intelligently used to space children in families, to preserve

the health of mothers, to allow women to be fully creative human beings and to develop their own special abilities and interests as they choose.

It is significant that scientific birth control services have been established with public consent and encouragement above all in cities, sections of cities, or countries where the working class has been in a position to make its demands and needs known, as for instance in Neu Kolln and Wedding, working-class suburbs of Berlin, and in the working-class districts of Frankfurt and other cities in Germany before Hitler came to power; in the Scandinavian countries; in Socialist Vienna before the Fascist power; in Soviet Russia, and in certain parts of Mexico. It is also important to realize that any change in the social and economic order drastic enough to produce security for the masses of working people would, of necessity, mean opening out to them all the educational facilities, health services and tested scientific techniques that a complex modern civilization could place at their disposal. A knowledge of birth control would be, as it should be now, one of the rights of the people.

IN OTHER LANDS

LILLIAN LESLIE

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION is being fought by Belgian women who are working for the immediate introduction of full suffrage for women. And our Roumanian sisters have formed a Women's Front to win equal political, economic and social rights for women.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH! WHAT'S THAT? It seems that only the very wealthy here have been able to avail themselves of painless methods in child-bearing. And now we hear that the Soviet Union has perfected experiments, and painless childbirth methods are being extended for the use of all Soviet women. In and around Moscow 3,500 such confinements have been reported. Special funds have been allotted for the necessary apparatus and medicaments, some of which must be ordered from abroad. Painless childbirth plus maternity insurance equals—Can you hear those merry children's voices?

SPREADING THE WORD: A Czechoslovakian newspaper states that a large number of bottles containing anti-fascist leaflets were thrown into the river Oder at the Czechoslovakian border. The stream

carried these down into Germany where they were fished up by Nazi Black Guards (we can't resist the impulse to call them "blackguards"). The greater part of the bottles, however, appear to have reached the right hands before the Black Guards intervened.

ANNA PAUKER, staunch fighter against fascism, was arrested on July 12 in Bucharest. She was fired at by a policeman and shot in the leg. She is in a cell with twenty-two other anti-fascists. The government refuses to grant her request to have the bullet removed although she is suffering agonizing pains and runs a high temperature. During the winter months she was forced to stay in a cell without heat, panes in the windows, nor bed.

Anna Pauker's fortitude is inspiring. Women all over the world are demanding her release.

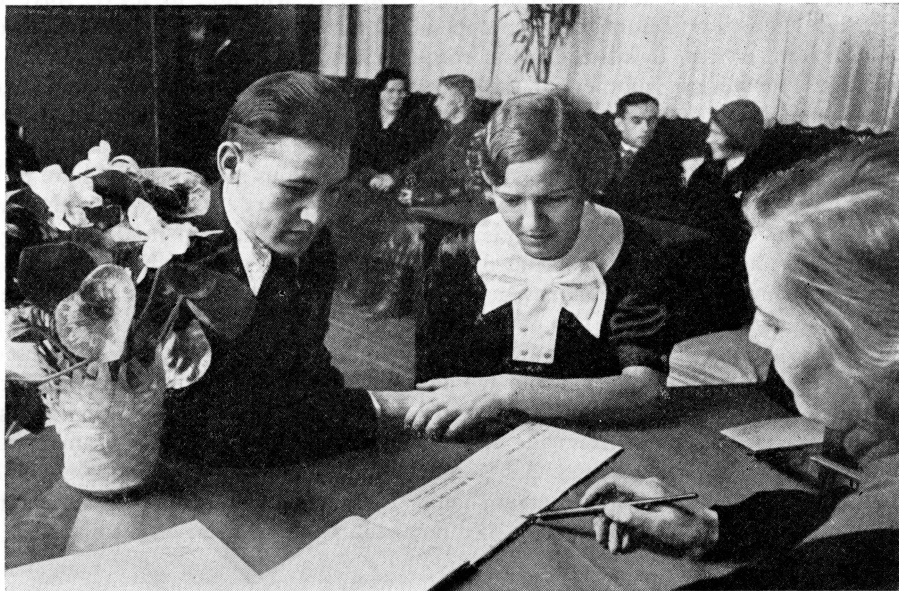
THE WOMEN OF ETHIOPIA appeal to us to protest the invasion of their country by fascist Italy. All peace-loving women in the United States should send protests against Mussolini's action to the Italian Consulates in their cities, or to the Italian embassy in Washington.

MOTHERS, FATHERS, YOUTH: The Paris Bureau of the World Peace Congress tells how you can help save the world from a new war. A mighty World Congress will be held in September to further the cause of peace. Now is the time to prepare for the election and financing of your delegates. Representatives of many trends and creeds will raise their voices for international peace.

INTERNATIONAL WOMAN'S DAY has been and gone, but reports of observances continue to pour in. In Madrid, Spain, 50,000 persons were present at a demonstration "in honor of Spanish women." The meeting scored fascism and war. In Peiping, China, a celebration was held at one of the universities. A male student spoke, stressing the unity of men and women against Japanese imperialism and fascism. Other speakers attacked the feudal traditions which keep women in a position of inequality and inferiority.

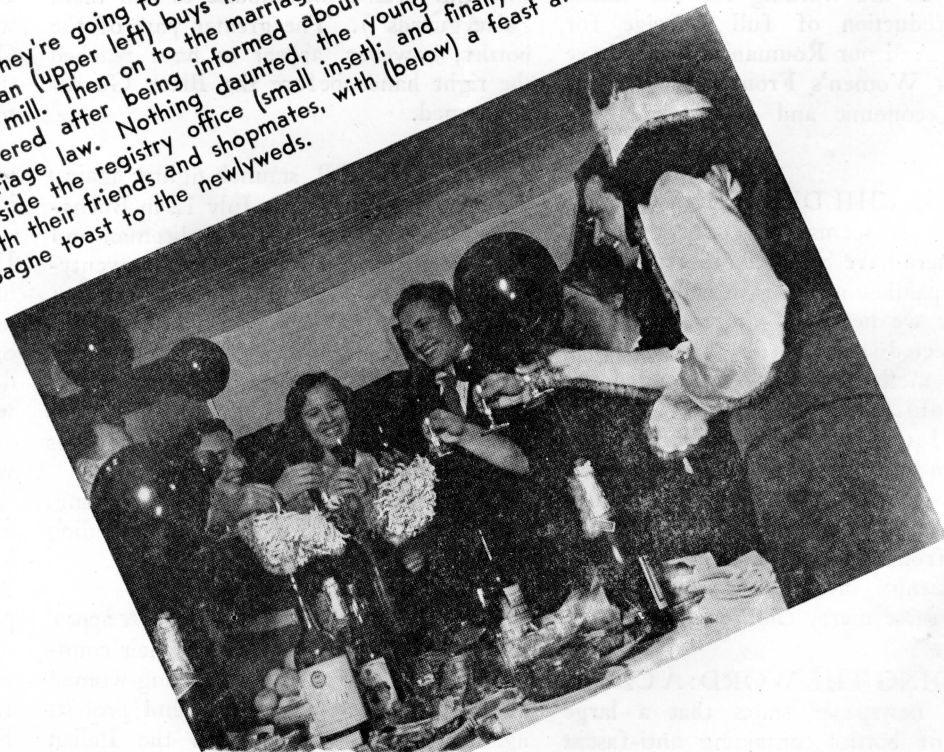
FASHION NOTE: Is red one of your favorite colors? A young workman in Frankfurt was arrested for wearing a red tie, and imprisoned for six weeks—the maximum legal penalty!

GETTING MARRIED IN MOSCOW



Sovphoto

So they're going to get married! The groom, a Moscow radio technician (upper left) buys flowers for the bride, who works in a textile mill. Then on to the marriage bureau (right), where they are registered after being informed about the details of the Soviet marriage law. Nothing daunted, the young couple poses merrily outside the registry office (small inset); and finally they celebrate with their friends and shopmates, with (below) a feast and a champagne toast to the newlyweds.



AN amused smile spread across Prince Hubertus Friedrich zu Lowenstein's face when he was told that the interview would concern itself primarily with the women of Germany. Of course he had no objections—theirs was the most tragic story of all—but he did wish the Princess Lowenstein were present so that she could tell me not only about the degradation of the German women, but also the reasons why the Nazis will come to grief because of them. German women who have achieved some equality after generations of struggle will not yield their hard-won rights forever. Women, says Prince Lowenstein, are the nemesis of the Nazis.

Tall, well-built, with light brown hair falling over a wide expanse of forehead, the Prince, whose full name is Hubertus Friedrich, Prince zu Lowenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg, Count of Lowenstein-Scharffeneck, is a member of the Royal House of Bavaria. Under the republic he was a leader of the Centrist party, the Reichsbanner, and the German Republican Students' League. He is the author of "The Tragedy of a Nation," which describes Hitler's betrayal of post-war German idealism.

The day I talked with him, bold headlines stretching across the pages of the newspaper, told the story of Hitler's troops marching into the Rhine. What did this daring move portend? Was Hitler motivated by glory or by fear?

"Both," said the Prince. "Hitler is desperate, and only a desperate man will plunge into an act of war. The opposition is coming from all sides, the workers, the church, the women, and yet he is ready to sacrifice world peace to win his ends."

"Women get only the right to pay the heaviest share of the war—by sacrificing their husbands, relatives, and their children. They know that Hitler Nazism means only war—sooner or later—and women have already been through one devastating war—enough to have learned a lesson."

FAMILY life, he continued, has been so disrupted, what with children belonging to the Nazi Youth, husbands and wives herded into Nazi organizations, that women are beginning to speak up against this disintegration of the home.

"The German family was always a well knit unit. Now it has been invaded by Nazi methods of disruption and degeneration and all the members are forced to belong to some group. Parents are losing their hold over the children. Recently there was revealed a terrible scandal. It was found that 30 percent of the girls of 14 to 15 who belong to Hitler girl organizations were pregnant! Do you wonder that mothers hate the regime that takes their young from them, internes them in camps where they become useless and immoral?" asked the

A PRINCE PREDICTS

By THELMA NURENBERG

Prince. There was a note of anger in his voice.

"IN view of all this, is there an organized, underground movement of women that you know of?" I asked.

"I should venture to say that when the Hitler regime is overthrown, it will be found that women contributed more than their share of underground work. They are doubly oppressed. Recently a Nazi official pointed out that there was an increase of women in Nazi organizations. Of course he did not mention that all women's organizations were immediately disbanded when the Nazis came to power, and that women are now compelled to belong to the new Nazi women's organizations."

INASMUCH as one of the first acts of the Nazi government was to deprive women of political rights, he went on to explain, it naturally followed that they were eliminated from public office. Such a clean sweep has been made that no important public office is held by a woman, and only minor clerical positions are filled by them. Educated women who strove to achieve careers and positions of importance are implacable enemies of Hitler Nazism because it denies them the right to these achievements. The number of women students in universities has dropped to less than 8 percent of the total enrollment. What inducement is there for women to study for the professions when all opportunities are closed to them? Writers, artists, as well as professionals find no market for their creative abilities. Recently the well-known historian, Ricarda Huch was violently attacked for her book "The Holy Roman Empire" in which she rejects the Nazi theory of blood and race. She is held in universal esteem, and because she refuses to identify herself with the Nazis she is the constant victim of their attacks.

Prince Lowenstein has always been an advocate of equal rights for women, and has been active in helping them to achieve it.

"Another historic drama will soon repeat itself," the prince ventured to pre-

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Let the Nazis beware! warns Prince zu Lowenstein in this interview. Never again will German women passively stand for a war.

dict. "The revolution of 1918 was brought about largely by women who went on the streets with babies in their arms, and cried out: 'Shoot—but give us bread!' They were desperate, and refused to see their children die of starvation. It began as early as 1917 before the war ended. War now will find German women in a different mental mood than in 1914. Women will not be the 'army in the rear' as they were then. Today they are not only starved but they have memories of what that last war did. No one suffered as the German woman—especially the German mother—suffered—and they are not willing to go through it again. They know now that they will be the chief victims. No—German unity under Hitler is a myth! The workers—and the women—give it the lie!"

AND as Prince Lowenstein tours through the United States, lecturing to various groups, he warns our women against the spread of Nazism in this country.

Prince Lowenstein, who was an outspoken critic of the Nazi regime long before it usurped power, had to flee from Germany. On the 20th of March 1933 he was the principal speaker before a huge gathering in Berlin. Earlier in the day he had been warned by Nazis to confine his speech to cultural, rather than political questions. As he was about to leave his house he received a telephone call from the mother of a sixteen year old youth who was a member of an Anti-Nazi Youth Association which the Prince headed. The youth had been kidnapped by the Nazis, had been blinded with lighted cigars, and had been subjected to other unspeakable barbarities and maimed for life. This, and other atrocities visited on workers and people he knew so enraged him that his speech was a burning indictment of the Nazi regime.

"Please state, and emphasize to your readers that Hitler is not identical with Germany or the German spirit. And that National Socialism has nothing in common with either German Nationalism or Socialism," declared the prince at the end of the interview. "All decent men and women in the world should be concerned with what is going on in Germany. And they must support all those fighting for peace and justice in my unfortunate country."

the Woman Today

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IT is treason to build trade unions in Nazi Germany. Workers are sentenced to as much as 15 years' imprisonment for this. 1,100 workers have been dragged from homes and factories, handcuffed and thrown into prison. Among the imprisoned workers are Catholics, Socialists and Communists. Kramer, of the German Textile Workers' Union, was arrested and done to death. Kreikenbaum, chairman of the Shop Stewards' Committee of the German Metal Workers' Union, was strangled to death in a police cell. In the Rhineland over 700 men and women are on trial; in Essen and Hamburg, over 300.

Rudolph Klaus was beheaded because he was the chairman of the International Labor Defense and aided the starving families of political prisoners. Just before the execution the Nazi authorities brought together Klaus and his wife and informed them together that he would be beheaded. They arrested his wife and threatened her with the same fate as that of her husband.

Hans Beimler escaped the arrest of the Nazi storm troopers, so Mrs. Beimler and her young sister were arrested as hostages. With them in the same concentration camp are 100 other women who never had a trial. With them is Elsie Steinforth, still held as a hostage for her husband, who died from Nazi torture. Mrs. Fuchs, another woman arrested because the Nazis could not find her husband, gave birth to a baby in a prison cell. The Nazi authorities torture her by daily threatening to take her baby from her.

The anti-fascists display unshakable courage in spite of all the torture in Nazi camps and prisons. Otto Funke, a communist worker in a factory, expressed this firm determination when he shouted in the courtroom after being sentenced to four years penal servitude:

"You've gone crazy! You and your sentence! In four years' time you won't be sitting up there any more. It's we who will be sitting there."

The latest act of the Nazis is to sentence five communist workers to the beheading block. Ernst Thaelman, the general secretary of the Communist Party of Germany, has been in chains now for three years. April 16th was his 50th birthday. Another brave and staunch fighter for peace and against fascism is the socialist Ossietsky, who has been thrown into a dark dungeon by Hitler.

To fight off the dangers of fascism in our own country, we must strike at fascism in those countries where it has succeeded in entrenching itself. Women's picket lines around the German consulates in the United States would do much toward exerting pressure for the freedom of these courageous anti-fascist fighters for peace.

WE are enthused and proud to learn that Mrs. Mary Zuk is the first woman elected to the Detroit City Council on a People's ticket. Workers' wives of Hamtramck (a section of Detroit) discovered that they needed one of their own to fight for them in the City Council. Mary Zuk, a housewife, who worked in an auto factory, came into prominence last summer when she marched at the head of the housewives' strike in Hamtramck against high meat prices. Not only did this consumers' strike bring down meat prices, but it also resulted in the organization of consumers' clubs in several neighborhoods in Detroit. It was with the assistance of these clubs that the election of Mary Zuk was possible.

True, Mary's is the lone labor vote in the City Council. But Mary has mass support that, through her, will bring pressure upon the other members in the Council to act favorably upon proposals that serve the vital needs of labor.

Now, the housewives organized in the neighborhoods will work strenuously in helping to build a farmer-labor party in Wayne County (Detroit). In this work they will rally even greater support behind Mary Zuk in her fight not only against high prices, but for better schools, for day nurseries for working mothers supported by WPA funds, for the right of married women to work in municipal civil service positions.

We do hope that the example of the Detroit housewives will kindle the enthusiasm of women in other cities to start organization in their neighborhoods for similar victories.

LAST month, in the columns of this page, it was stated that Mothers Day was on May 3rd. It should have read May 10th.

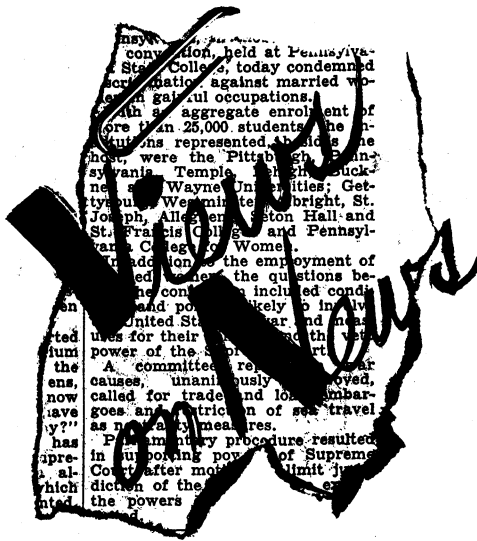
The American League Against War and Fascism decided to designate Mother's Day as a day on which women demonstrate their sentiment for peace. A most fitting gift to mothers would be to join in the celebration of Mothers' Day as a day for peace.

AS we go to press we learn that the decision of the New York State Court of Appeals declaring the Minimum Wage Law for women unconstitutional will be held in the United States Supreme Court on April 28th. We urge all workers' organizations, particularly trade unions, to protest the New York Court decision. Send your resolutions to the Supreme Court judges at Washington and to the Labor Department at Washington.

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THE United States Department of Labor recently released figures which show that there is a 58 per cent increase in the number of employment certificates issued to children from fourteen to fifteen years of age, in 129 cities of 29 states since last May. The number of certificates issued to children fifteen years old in New York City alone was 4,659 in the last five months of 1935 as compared to 1,139 in the same period of 1934.

In New England and in Pennsylvania cases have been reported where textile sweatshops have been set up in abandoned barns or factories, and have then moved away overnight without even paying the meager wages promised to the children. The National Child Labor Committee reports that many children work in such small mills. They are partitioned off by chicken wire in units containing up to four-teen looms. Doors are locked during work hours.

During the recent strike of the silk workers in Paterson, N. J., it was revealed that small ("cockroach") textile mills is the way the big textile barons are attempting to break up the trade union which did help the workers in the larger mills to improve their conditions.

But mothers do not send their children to work because they do not want to see them play. Can we describe on paper the pain that eats its way into the heart of a mother who knows that her children cannot receive an education? How many mothers must see even twelve-year-olds toil away in the factory at starvation wages to help keep body and soul of the family together?

It cannot be denied that under the N.R.A. codes nearly 100,000 children were taken out of the textile, the clothing and other industries, out of the service trades, and clerical jobs. But what happens to these children of workers' families who are released from employment?

Yes, we are in favor of the Child Labor Amendment. Everyone with a sense of justice should support this amendment and work hard for its adoption. But that is not enough. The responsibility for children released from employment cannot be evaded as it was under the N.R.A.; as it is now being evaded. We cannot agree with Mrs. Roosevelt, who says that "we must check up," "we must be careful," "we must not pass the Youth Act just now." The American Youth Act would at least release some of the economic pressure that preys upon the sixteen to twenty-five-year-

old young people, and would make it unnecessary for many of the younger brothers and sisters to seek employment. H.R. 10189, the Bill for an American Youth Act introduced by Congressman Amlie, should receive immediate support by all organizations and individuals.

INTERNATIONAL Night over the Columbia network was organized by women on February 27. Speakers listed were: Miss Charl O. Williams, president of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs in the United States, Miss Mary C. Mount, president of the Canadian League, speaking from Hamilton, Ontario, Miss Caroline Haslett of Great Britain, speaking from London, and Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, president of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women, from New York. The purpose of this broadcast was to give information from a report of fourteen countries in reply to a questionnaire.

The report from the United States shows that after the passage of Section 213 of the National Economy Act, there were 1,603 dismissals from federal service, of which three-fourths were married women. This happened between June, 1933, and February 1, 1935. Of 1,500 school systems investigated in this country the report shows 77 per cent did not employ married women.

In Canada a large bank recently dismissed women employees to give men the jobs. In Hungary certain firms employ only unmarried women and make them sign an agreement that if they marry they will leave their jobs. In Norway some of the municipalities have adopted ordinances forbidding the employment of married women teachers. In Switzerland there is a tendency to eliminate women from industry.

Miss Phillips noted that in Belgium a committee has been composed of representatives of women's organizations whose special task is to watch for and combat proposed discriminations. (This is not at all a bad idea for women in the U. S. A.

to adopt—M.C.) "The handicaps that beset the many women in the United States will not be removed until women take concerted action to remove them," said Miss Phillips.

A more optimistic picture is painted by the report about Great Britain. But that brings to mind the fact that equal pay for equal work for women has been recently voted down by the British parliament. While in the Soviet Union, where women receive equal pay for equal work, women have complete equality and freedom, and the Soviet government is especially active in wiping away the last remnants of that culture which denied equality to women. There women have a place of honor on an equal plane with men in society. However, this country is not even mentioned in the report. One would think that women leaders diligently working against all forms of discrimination against women would rejoice and hold up to the world this new freedom of women in the Soviet Union, this new freedom that the whole world knows about. Why not send the questionnaire to the women in the Soviet Union?

The women of that country will gladly send all the information asked for.

The new pamphlet *Miss U.S.S.R.* will give our readers much information on the position of women in the Soviet Union.

APRIL 6, nineteen years ago, our country was plunged into a war. And only now, in the fight between the war-makers, has it been brought out that that World War was mainly in the interest of Morgan and Company, for which the people paid with life and suffering. It is no accident that April 6 is dedicated as Army Day. The war-makers scored on that point.

But peace organizations were also active on this April 6. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the honorary chairman of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, made a forecast that there will be an intensive drive by peace organizations to include anti-war planks in the platforms of political parties. "The will for peace is an active, vital force in the world today," said Mrs. Catt.

The American League Against War and Fascism in New York held a memorial ceremony at which Miss Helen Hall placed a wreath at the base of the Eternal Light (for peace). The wreath had the inscription: "Let us fight for peace." Miss Hall was in France with the Red Cross during the war.

(Continued on page 30)



THE WHEELS GO . . .

Illustration by Mirel

THREE ROADS met in front of Marcu's mill on the shores of the Danube. And on the limb of these roads, forking away over black bottom marshland and pine hill forests as they spread out from the Danube to the Black Sea, clustered dozens of mud hut villages, large and small, in which lived fur clad peasants whose ancestors had been there long before the Turks had invaded the country, before the Russians had taken it from the Turks and before the Valachians had wrenched it from the Russians. Those roads had been carved out by the war prisoners of the Roman legionnaires under Marcu Ulpus Trajanus and had been trampled down by a hundred generations of men and cattle in search of water.

And the seed of all the people who had, in turn, conquered the country, and the seed of the vanquished had mingled, and much of the customs and beliefs of victors and vanquished had mingled so that one could not tell by looking at a man, or by watching him at work and at play, whether he was of Turk, Slav, or Roumanian descent, or a descendant from that tribe of Tcherkesses which Peter once exiled from the mountain tops of their homeland to the marshes of the Danube; that they should perish there.

The women, however, were all fair and well built. People said of the men of that part of the Dobrugrea that they looked like a mixture of all the devils of the seven heavens, and of the women they said that they looked like stalwart angels the Lord had sent down to earth. Their language was as mixed as was their blood, with Greek and Turkish and Tcherkesse and

Russian words sprinkled all over it; seven languages in one. However this had happened, the village Petra, where the mill stood, remained pure Valachian. Marcu, the miller, and his daughter Leta, were of the mill, pure, unmixed, unsprinkled, descendants of those Roman legionnaires who had killed the men to marry the women they found there, and had settled in that part of the country two thousand years ago. Most of the people of the village of Petra were like the miller, of the same unmixed race of descendants of the Roman legionnaires. Rather than marry one of the mixed people living on the limbs of the roads, the young men roved across the Danube to wive themselves with Valachian women, and it frequently happened that the fairest girl of Petra, related, as most of them were, to everybody had to marry one of the people of mixed blood outside her village and leave Petra forever. For Petra had to remain pure.

The villagers owned small patches of land on which they raised the food they needed for themselves and their cattle. But after the garden was plowed the work was done by the women, for the men busied themselves about the quarry in the neighborhood, cutting millstones of granite and chiseling white stones which were shipped to cities to be carved into heads of war heroes, singers, poets, and heads of queens and angels and of the beautiful wives of the lords of the country. The quarry of Petra was well known over the whole land and across mountains and seas, and was famous for the grain of its stone.

You could tell by the wheels of the mill what the harvest of the land had been. When the harvest had been a poor one the wheels stopped grinding corn and wheat long before the first snowfall, and Marcu, the miller, would stand in front of the mill and look down the three roads and shake his head thinking of the hunger and misery that would be the lot of the villagers from

the Danube to the Black Sea. When the harvest had been a plentiful one and the mill was still turning though the river was beginning to freeze, then the peasants would sleep at the mill while the stones turned day and night and Marcu would feed them all and see to it that they lacked neither meat nor wine. Tall, broad shouldered, grey bearded, soft spoken, Marcu was a man among men and known from one end of the country to the other, though he had never been away from his mill. And many were the stories that had been told in that mill, and many weddings had been celebrated there, while bride and

groom and their guests, covered with silvery dust of flour, waited for the corn to be milled. The Greek who owned the inn, and was father to a hunchbacked daughter, used to say that Marcu had robbed him of the sale of many a barrel of wine by offering his mill as a meeting place.



• A Tale of L By KONRA





AS THE WHEELS GO . . .

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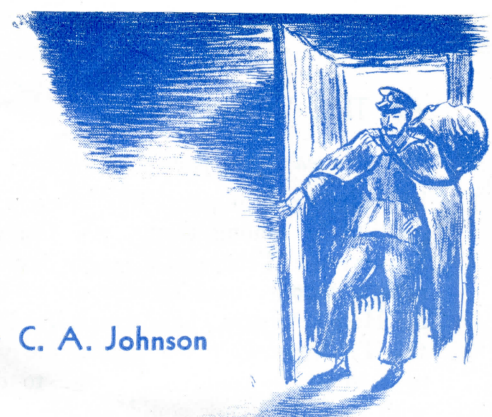


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● A Tale of L
By KONRA



Decorations by C. A. Johnson



"Oho, Marcu! You should see what I found!"

"See what?" Marcu asked. Stan cared little whether the mill had something to grind or not.

At that moment Leta, the miller's blue eyed, flaxen haired daughter, came down the stone steps leading from the room above the mill. Though the snow had already covered the aprons on the mountain, her legs were bare and she wore only a sleeveless silken smock that covered her from neck to knees.

"See what?" Leta asked. She had been lonesome and was glad that someone had come in.

Stan, letting go of the old miller, ran to the girl and, grasping both her hands, he cried:

"Come with me to see it. You've got to see it, Leta. I couldn't tell you how beautiful it is!" And without waiting for her yes or no he dragged her out of the mill and into his hut near by where a dozen huge heads of heroes hewn out of granite were standing in a row on a low stout oak shelf which he had built against the wall.

In a corner of the room, on the clay beaten floor, was a milk-white piece of stone about three feet square.

"I found it under a rock of blue granite. It is the most beautifully grained piece of stone I have ever seen!" Stan cried.

It was milk-white and beautifully veined with rose colored threads.

"It is a piece of stone like thousands of other pieces of stone in the quarry," Leta said, disappointed that he had shown her nothing she could enthuse about.

"But can't you see it?" Stan queried looking into her eyes.

"See what?" Leta asked.

Stan's eyes fixed themselves on the stone. "I thought I saw something. But if you don't see it maybe it isn't there. I thought I saw a beautiful head with deep eyes and a mouth the whole world would want to kiss. But the image is gone. You are right; it is but another piece of stone the like of which there are thousands in the quarry."

And then Leta understood.

At the dance that Sunday, inside the inn, for the snow was already six inches deep outside, there were only people of Petra. No strangers had lingered over Sunday. No one

(Continued on next page)

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That year Marcu's mill had ground up in two weeks all that the people had to feed themselves with until the next harvest. One morning, when the stones were at a standstill, Stan, a young peasant of Petra, came running in, bubbling with joy, his blue eyes ablaze, and crushing the miller to his chest, he cried:

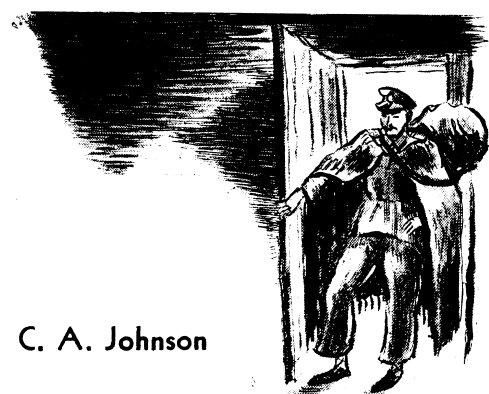
● A Tale of Love and Greed By KONRAD BERCOVICI



Mirel



Decorations by C. A. Johnson



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● A Tale of Love and Greed By KONRAD BERCOVICI

AS THE WHEELS GO

(Continued from page 17)

had come to the market. The villagers were glad to be among themselves. On other Sundays the Tchepegs, a people from the nearest village, used to stay on to dance the Hora, the arm chain dance. And since the Tchepegs were not gypsies the young men of Petra could not refuse to dance with their girls, nor could the young girls of the village refuse to dance with the Tchepeg young men. They were honest and strong and were of the faith, the people of Tchepeg. Nothing evil could be said against them except that they were strangers, strangers who had lived there for only two thousand years.

The miller's daughter was dancing beside Janu, the squat son of the wheelwright, when Stan came in. A hundred voices rose in greeting. They all loved Stan. He had carved the most beautiful stone crosses for their beloved dead and a black cross that stood at the crossroads before the village, and had carved flowers on many a stone lintel over the door of a new house. And he never asked pay for his work. He was dressed in his Sunday best, Stan; in black oil softened boots that reached up to his knees, a wide red sash wound about from over his hips to his armpits, and a sleeveless embroidered jacket over a milk-white silk homespun shirt open at the neck. He wore a tall brown curly sheepskin fur cap from under which his flaxen hair appeared almost golden. His blue eyes, fair skin and well shaped mouth made him look almost girlish. But his shoulders were wider than any other man's; he was taller than most of them; and his two hands, which had wielded chisel and hammer ever since he was a child, could bend horseshoes, two at a time, one in each hand.

"Oh, there is Stan! And what tale has he today?" one of the young men shouted while dancing round and round. Stan had a new tale for them every Sunday. The quarry spoke to him; the birds told him of their loves and aches; the forest whispered to him. But that Sunday Stan seemed to have no tale to tell.

"Why not carve my head out of stone?" a newly married young peasant queried laughingly. "My wife is driving me to the grave; she would like me in stone better than in the flesh."

"Why doesn't Stan take a wife?" asked a woman who had many daughters to marry and no dowry to give them. "Why not take a wife and carve children out of flesh and bone? It is a sin to give daughters away to strangers while a young man caresses stone."

Stan paid no attention to her. He had heard the same jokes week after week upon entering the inn. He went up to the counter and asked the fat Greek innkeeper for a tall glass of wine. He emptied it,

said a pleasant word to the innkeeper's daughter, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and joined the ever turning dancers, singing and shouting with them.

While dancing he saw Leta sitting with her father at a little table, a pitcher of wine between them. He broke away and went to sit down beside her. Marcu rose to join some friends at another table.

"And that image you saw in the stone?" she asked Stan when he had poured himself a glass of wine.

"What image? What stone?" Stan asked. "I was a fool. It split into a hundred pieces when I drove the chisel into it. It had only a face, it had no body; it was hollow." He drank two glasses of wine as he spoke and called to the innkeeper for another pitcher.

Leta looked at him. He had been but Stan, the stone carver, to her before he had asked her to look at that white stone. She was almost betrothed to the miller's helper, Take, who was expected now, day after day, to come back to the village from the big town where he had gone to serve a year as a soldier. She was not in love with Take. Her father had chosen him as a husband for her. The mill had to go on. Her mother had given birth to no sons. Take would carry on the work of the mill after marrying her. The mill was the all important thing; it had life, it moved. Its stones must go on grinding the corn and the wheat of the country. She hadn't ever thought of Stan and the mill. Neither had her father. He was no man to work at a mill, Stan. He had other uses for stones. And she hadn't ever seen him look at a girl with eyes that asked a promise or gave one.

Suddenly Stan kicked over the chair to join the dance again. She had never seen him in such gay spirits. He threw a handful of coins to the gypsies and asked them to play a faster dance, a louder and a merrier tune. His was not the gaiety that comes from an overflowing sadness. There was no hollow ring in his laughter. She wondered now whether he had meant what she had thought he meant when he had spoken to her while looking at that white stone. Was it true what he had just said, that it crumbled under his chisel, that it had only a face and no body? Or had he spoken not of the stone but of her? He danced and whirled the girls each in turn, pulling their hair and pinching their cheeks and laughing in their faces, as if his familiarity meant no more to them than that of the white bearded priest of the village.

In a corner of the inn, leaning against the wall, Marcu was talking to some of the older men.

"I've ground less corn and less wheat this year than any other year. I am wondering how the people in the marshes will pull through the winter with so little cornmeal and so little flour."

He was talking to his friends, Marcu,

but his mind and his eyes were on Leta and Stan. Leta had been standing outside the door of the mill every day for a month awaiting the arrival of Take. But since the day Stan had asked her to look at that piece of white stone, she hadn't gone to the door once. He had chosen Take as a husband for his daughter. She would obey his wish. The mill's wheels had to turn. She was like a woman before two pieces of silk, not knowing which to choose, the better woven one or the more beautiful one. Stan was handsome and Take was not. But Stan was no miller and wasted time carving images on stone and making up stories to tell the people. He had watched a quarrel between his daughter and Stan and was afraid lest that quarrel bind them closer than words of love would have tied them. He had nothing against Stan, but Take was a miller, one who watched stones that ground themselves out grinding corn and wheat. He had nothing against Stan. The boy had worked the patch of ground owned by his mother ever since she was widowed, and he had made the patch yield as much as any patch had yielded, though every year he wasted part of the ground growing flowers which he gave away to the people and with which he decorated the church and the inn.

While the crowd of gaily clad and happy youngsters was dancing and singing the door opened and a man in peasant clothes, with a military cap on his head and a bag thrown across his shoulder, let himself in. His arrival broke up the dance. They all ran towards him, hugging and embracing him, while the miller tried to elbow his way through the mass of shoulders, yelling at the top of his voice:

"Let me get to him! To whose mill has he come back, anyhow?"

He raised his hands in the air and yelled:

"Take!"

"Marcu!" the soldier answered above the heads of the people. "How is the mill?"

"Turning. When there is something to turn for."

He was happy, Marcu. There was a man! The first question he asked was about the mill.

And because Take looked as though he was about to ask another question, the young peasants cried all at once, looking in the direction of Leta:

"And how is the girl?"

Then they spread out to make a passage for the returned soldier that he might shake the hands of the father and kiss his daughter. No one noticed the innkeeper's daughter who had run out of the room to hide her tears.

All the tables of the inn were thrown together and set in a row, in the center, to make place for fifty men to sit around and clamor for wine. He had been away a full year, Take. He was a little broader

(Continued on page 24)

HOUSEWIVES Get Together . . .

AN OPEN LETTER TO HUSBANDS

From a Member of the Progressive Women's Councils

A few words to the progressive husband. You married her to be your companion and partner in life and still you go out to educational lectures or to union meetings to inform yourself on shop conditions without giving your wife a chance to join a group of women—who are the wives of workers and workers themselves—where she can meet and discuss the problems of today.

In my experience in asking about 100 women in the past year to join the Women's Councils I am always confronted with two answers: "I'll ask my husband." "My husband goes out every night to meetings and lectures and I have to stay home and mind the children."

How come, Mr. Progressive Husband? You want to be able to converse intelligently with your fellow-men on all phases of present day life. But how about your wife? Consider her.

The program of the Progressive Women's Councils is to unite the women to bring down high prices, to work for peace and against fascism. The Councils hold educational meetings on literary, economic, political and health subjects. What a school this is for the wife who is unable to achieve such education in any other manner. Yes, Mr. Husband, she will be a more interesting companion than she is at present. This will be the reward for even a little effort in sharing the care of the babies when your wife must attend the meeting of her Council, Mothers' Club or other neighborhood organization. Worth while considering, isn't it?

The WOMAN TODAY invites comment on this letter from both husbands and wives. What do you have to say about it?

THREE CENTS A DAY BABY PLAN

The Editor answers, in brief, queries about the THREE CENTS A DAY plan for hospital care which was recently or-

May, 1936

ganized in New York City. Subscribers to this plan pay \$10 a year either in one sum or in installments of 90 cents.

This plan cannot satisfy the needs of the vast majority of mothers of workers' families, particularly the unemployed. To be admitted to the hospital one must be recommended by a private physician whose fee is paid by the patient separately. There is no free medical care. While the use of the delivery room is free and the patient is entitled to a bed in a semi-private room, the care of the new-born baby must be paid for at the regular rates.

The subscriber is entitled to the benefits of the plan only if the birth of the child takes place ten months after entry.

The Frazier-Lundeen Bill H.R. 2827 and S. 3475, when enacted, will give some relief to mothers of workers' families. It provides a minimum maternity insurance of \$10 a week for a period of sixteen weeks, without taxing workers' wages.

BUTTER FOR BOMBS

"We have returned to Germany freedom in armaments. What significance can lack of fats and butter have in comparison with this achievement! So far as I am concerned, I am ready for the sake of the happiness of the German people, to promise never in my life to touch butter, if it helps in the acquisition of cannon, shells, airplanes."

So spoke Minister Goering of Germany to the housewives of the nation.

Since the Minister has to give a solemn promise never in his life to touch butter, it seems evident that Nazi Germany cannot expect to improve the food problem for the German population.

The writer suggests that the Soviet Union sell to Nazi Germany the remains of the food ration cards which it discarded, for the people in the Soviet Union no longer need them.

Twice as much butter is produced in the Soviet Union as in 1913, three times as much as in 1932. In 1935 alone, a total of 117,000 tons of butter was produced and butter decreased 40% in price.



Cut-out by Lucille Corcos

Photo by Kaplan

A SERVICE FOR HOUSEWIVES

Members of trade unions and housewives groups who want to know what brands of low-priced shoes or shirts wear best, what brands of canned and other foods are economical, can now get such information from the Consumers Union of the United States.

Consumers Union is a pro-labor organization. It is sponsored by fifteen labor leaders. Arthur Kallet, co-author of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, an expose of frauds perpetrated on consumers by the manufacturers of foods and drugs, and Dewey Palmer, former head of the technical department of Consumers' Research—both of whom were ousted from the latter organization for their support of strikers—are in active charge.

Consumers Union will be able to tell which products are best for the money by having them tested in laboratories by chemists, engineers and other experts who are not influenced by claims made by advertisers and manufacturers. It will also expose tricks of advertisers and salesmen which take money away from buyers without giving them full value in return. Some of these tricks are: to package goods in such a way as to make it appear that the buyer is getting more for his money than he is really getting; to label blankets and other goods as "part wool" when in reality they contain only a few threads of wool; to color oranges and other fruits to make them look ripe.

Readers of *WOMAN TODAY* will find reports by the Consumers Union a handy buying guide.



Cut-out by Lucille Corcos

Photo by Kaplan

BILLIONS FOR DEATH

Congressman Vito Marcantonio

OVER one billion dollars for the army and the navy. The largest peace-time war appropriations in the history of our republic.

The President recommends that for the fiscal year 1937 Congress appropriate no more than \$1,500,000,000 for unemployment relief. According to the conservative figures of the American Federation of Labor issued on March 2, 1936, we still have 12,660,000 unemployed. The unemployment situation today is the same as it was in 1935 when we appropriated \$4,800,000,000 for relief for the fiscal year 1936. Seven hundred thousand W.P.A. workers are being eliminated from the W.P.A. payroll. *We cut to the bone appropriations for war against hunger and we break the record in appropriations for war against human lives.*

Why? National defense. Defense against whom? Can anyone tell us the name of a country that will invade the United States? This question has been repeatedly asked in Congress of the advocates of a big army and navy. Only one bold Congressman has stepped forward and he has given us an answer. Here it is.

This Congressman comes from California. He informed an astonished House Committee that a Japanese fishing fleet of one hundred and fifty vessels was near an island off the Panama Canal. This fishing fleet has contacted steamers from Japan periodically. The Committee was horrified when it heard that these boats are so constructed that instantaneously they can be converted into fighting cruisers. He also revealed that in California 25,000 Japanese are carefully training at night-time and not without guns either. He did not reveal where those guns were kept; but I presume that some day the nation will be stirred with the revelation of the hiding place.

Except for this wily Japanese plot against

California, which has been giving House Committee members nightmares and some Americans a good laugh, no one has revealed the identity of the "enemy." While it is admitted that California with its vigilantes, its Hollywood and its Hearsts must be saved, must this task cost over \$1,000,000,000?

Realistically, "National Defense" really means another war to make the world safe for democracy or another war to end wars, to be fought on some Asiatic or European battlefield. "National Defense" has become the cloak under which the defense of American imperialistic interests in Latin America and elsewhere is masquerading. Experience has taught mankind, whether it be an individual or a nation, that he who prepares for war inevitably becomes involved in war.

By means of this tidal wave of militarism which has swept over Congress, this insane expenditure for war purposes, which in many instances is unscientific and absolutely unnecessary even from the standpoint of real national defense, America is being rushed into war.

This cavalcade of madness and sacrificing of millions on the altar of militarism means not only war but also extreme reaction.

The fact that Congress still insists on paying for compulsory military training to force American youth to goo-step over the campus is one conclusive indication that these huge appropriations are being used to serve the purposes of the forces of ultra-reaction.

In a period of economic distress, as evidenced by 22,000,000 dependent on some form of relief or another, and the pending foreclosure of over 250,000 farms, the greatest freedom of expression is necessary. Instead we have such proposals as the Tydings-McCormick Military Disaffection Bill and the Kramer Bill. If these are enacted,

it will mean suppression and complete destruction of civil liberties.

The army and the navy, for which we are making these enormous appropriations, are playing their role in this reactionary campaign against labor, the farmers, and the organized unemployed.

The navy, for instance, is engaged in a red-baiting campaign which out-Hearsts Hearst. Experience of nations has taught us that red-baiting is the prelude to the setting up of a reactionary dictatorship. The Intelligence Department of the navy last year circulated throughout the country a memorandum which I believe wins the 1935 prize for red-baiting.

After enumerating the American League Against War and Fascism, Friends of the Soviet Union, International Labor Defense and National Student League as subversive organizations openly advocating the overthrow of the government by violence, we find the following in this memorandum:

Under Section "C":

- (b) The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America: This is a large radical, pacifist organization. It probably represents 20,000,000 Protestants in the United States. However, its leadership consists of a small radical group which dictates its policies. It is always extremely active in any matter against national defense.
- (c) The National Council for the Prevention of War. A very radical pacifist organization with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Frederick J. Libby, director. Through their publications they reach every part of the country, disseminating radical, pacifist propaganda through churches, schools and libraries.
- (d) Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. A women's radical, pacifist organization. It is closely affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union and the American League Against War and Fascism.

Under the category of Communist-mindedness are listed 144 organizations. This paragraph is included under this heading:

"Therefore, the Robert Morss Lovetts, Roger Baldwins, Clarence Darrows, Arthur Fishers, and a long string of Communist-minded intellectuals (Harry F. Wards, Jane Addammases, Frederick J. Libbys, Dorothy Detzers, Kirby Pages, Corliss Lamonts, George S. Countes, Sherwood Eddys and William Kirkpatrick) that are busily engaged in spreading the philosophy of discontent destructively, not constructively, are the primary factors in the situation which loyal Americans must contend with for the preservation of American ideals, traditions, institutions, and government. These are the 'fringe revolutionists' too lacking in intestinal fortitude to go all the way with Communism, but who stand by and urge the Communist to do his worst, and provide him with protection, sympathy, and defense while he commits the overt act they have not had the courage to commit themselves."

Of course, this not only illustrates how much the navy is carrying out the campaign
(Continued on page 26)



JAPANESE women remain for the most part under the influence of the feudal conception of women's inferiority to man. Even though Japan is developing into one of the greatest industrial nations in the world, woman there is still kept in subjection and seclusion.

She is still ruled by the "Onna Daigaku"—the Code of Greater Duties of Women—which was drawn up in the 17th century. This ancient code taught that woman is subordinate to man, that she is not capable of independent activity. Her highest obligation is obedience to the menfolk: to her father before marriage, to her husband and father-in-law when she marries, and to her son if she becomes a widow. The husband is to have no qualms about beating his wife if she does not obey, or does not bear children. She is to look upon her husband almost as Heaven itself, obeying him with fear and trembling, never quarreling or angrily setting her wishes against his. Though her husband keep concubines or mistresses, she should never dream of jealousy.

We are amazed to find that the contemporary Japanese marriage law is based on this "Onna Daigaku," a remnant of feudal times, with the rule of the wife's absolute submission to the husband. Legally she has no more rights than an insane person; she must secure her husband's permission for every legal act. In adultery cases, if a woman is found guilty, she may be divorced and sentenced to two years' prison; no charge can be brought against a man. A woman does not inherit her husband's property and may not even remarry without the permission of the head of his family.

In public life, woman's role is nil. She may not vote nor even join a political party. Higher education is closed to her. She can not become a lawyer, a judge, a deputy, or a governmental official. Through most bitter efforts, women did find their way into the field of education, in medicine, in literature, and are playing a significant role in the labor movement.

Fifty years ago a Japanese woman had more rights than today. She could join political parties—there were even several outstanding women political leaders. However, in 1892, the forces of reaction succeeded in prohibiting not only women joining political parties, but even their attending a political meeting. The clause about attendance at political meetings was repealed in 1922, but she may neither vote nor join parties. It is still commonly held that women are spoiled by higher education. Standards in girls' schools are lower; women students may register in the universities only as auditors, without credit.

A Japanese writer reveals the amazing truth about the women you never see in pictures of the land so famous for its fruit trees blooming in the spring.

BEHIND THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

By HARU MATSUI

However, the campaign for equal educational opportunities is being led by the Women's Student Federation organized in 1923. The women's organizations are also carrying on a campaign against licensed prostitution. There are in Japan 200,000 licensed prostitutes besides countless numbers of unlicensed ones—and their number has been so greatly increased by the agrarian crisis that it has become a national problem.

Japanese women are not free, yet they do equal work with men everywhere. Often with babies on their backs, they dig foundations for buildings, build roads, drive street cars, toil at low wages in the munition factories. Women, four-fifths of whom are unmarried young girls, constitute half of the working population. They earn on the average \$6 a month, between a half and two-thirds of that a man makes. Eighty three percent of the workers in the very important textile industry are women, recruited from far-off villages and housed in factory-dormitories. These veritable peons are not free even when they rest.

The protective law is on the books, but does not operate. Though night labor was abolished in 1929 for women and children,

it is still allowed in the thousands of small factories.

Because of the feudal laws governing them, very few working-women are organized: a mere 0.01 percent. Yet their heroism is most noteworthy. In the last strike of 12,000 streetcar workers in Tokyo, 2,000 women fought courageously alongside the men, demanding higher wages and no discrimination against women, against lower wages for equal work and dismissal because of marriage. Peasant women are active in the struggle for free rice from the government. It was they who led the great movement of the 1918 "rice riot." Today a hundred women lie in jail, facing daily tortures for their fearless fight.

Yet women receive military training from fascist women's organizations; the Girl Scouts, the Society of Virgins, the Women's National Defense Society, and so on. They have been forced to aid in the campaign for donations to the war fund, and must work on materials for the soldiers.

Since the invasion of Manchuria by the Japanese military forces in 1931, the reactionaries have again attacked the progressive women's movement, lauding the harsh provisions of the "Onna Daigaku," inculcating religion to keep them in darkness.

During the years of the war against China, the misery of the masses increased. Taxation and the cost of living have mounted, wages have been cut and the speed-up introduced. Today they no longer support the Japanese imperialists' military adventures, they have entered into active struggle against it. One group of women blocked a troop train by lying across the railway track. They are fighting for state maintenance of the families of soldiers at the front.

The anti-fascist sentiment was clearly expressed in the general election last February. Labor won 22 tickets as against 3 in the previous election. The women, though unable to vote, actively supported their menfolk's fight against war and fascism. They still carry on the fight.



C. A. Johnson



C. A. Johnson

TRADE UNIONS

By ERMA L. LEE



The Union Label

THE WOMAN TODAY is, of course, printed by union labor throughout, in a union label shop, but because of our printer's oversight the label was left off the second issue; it was on the first issue. The editors regret very much this unfortunate accident and ask our readers to accept our sincere apologies. The union label is the symbol of workers' solidarity. It carries the countless stories of workers banding together to struggle for a better life, for a larger share of the wealth they create; of the constant fight for a clean place in which to work, for fresh air, and healthful conditions. The label is a powerful educational weapon for labor when it is aggressively used.

The Allied Printing Trades label is the label of craft unions, but no printshop can use it unless the bindery, pressroom and composing room are unionized. It is thus semi-industrial. The day is not far distant, we hope, when its scope will be widened to include every worker engaged in the process of printing.

The Milwaukee Guild Strike

IN the picture on this page are, right, Lola Bullard, Guild striker who wrote the inspiring strike article on another page, and Mildred Jesslund, veteran of five months' picket duty in the successful strike against the Newark (N. J.) *Ledger*. We admire the spirit of these professional women as given by Miss Jesslund in the *Milwaukee Guild Striker*:

"Walking into strike headquarters of the *Wisconsin News* was like old home week to this ex-striker who spent five months on the picket line in Newark last year.

"The same atmosphere and spirit prevailed—telephones ringing, typewriters clicking, reporters busily preparing copy for the *Guild Striker* and others cheerfully swinging banners over their shoulders to take their places on the street for picket duty.

"They are fighting for a cause—the right to organize, bargain collectively, and obtain better working conditions in the newspaper field—and no crusader ever fought more valiantly than these 22 striking reporters.

"The 8,000 newspapermen and women in this country are back of you 100 per cent."

Newspapers recently said that Hearst had offered a settlement. Jonathan Eddy,

executive secretary of the Newspaper Guild, says: "The *News* management simply announced it was breaking off negotiations, that the strikers had one week in which to report for work or be locked out. It was an effort of the Hearst management to break the Guild—another evidence of bad faith on its part."

League of Women Shoppers

THE League of Women Shoppers has won another victory in forcing the Mayor of New York City to appoint a committee to investigate and take action on the roles of the police and the courts in the May Department Store strike, which was marked by illegal arrests for picketing, excessive bail, and unusually severe sentences. The official city investigating committee reported wages at May's were at least 30 per cent below the city-wide average for department store and retail trade employees. As examples it cited weekly wages of \$11.50 average during October, 1935; a \$12.97 average during November; \$13.47 in December, and \$11.21 last February.

Part-time employment was found the rule with only half the employees working full time during last December. Uncompensated overtime, deductions for a benevolent association and unsanitary working conditions were listed as other abuses that contributed to the dissatisfaction of employees.

Local 1250 of the Department Store Workers' Union is conducting the strike, ably assisted by the League of Women Shoppers which, although an organization of consumers, goes further and investigates the causes of strikes, organizes picket lines, assists in publicity and negotiates settlements. Isn't there need for such an organization in your town?

Bickford's and LaGuardia's Police

THE general manager of Bickford's chain of restaurants has sent a check for \$2,000 to the benevolent fund of the New York City Police Department, in gratitude—so he wrote to Police Commissioner Valentine—"for the excellent work of the police" during the recent strike of the scandalously underpaid and overworked Bickford cooks and countermen. The strike



Mildred Jesslund and Lola Bullard

was marked by the many and violent arrests of pickets, police terrorism, and excessive fines and bail. We have often heard of police bribery during strikes, but to broadcast the payment in the public press is the last word in brazenness. Isn't it about time that Central Trades and Labor Councils throughout the country set up committees to investigate and take action against administrations that permit police terrorism, and now brazen public payment?

Bookkeepers and Machinists Strike Together

MEMBERS of the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union and the International Association of Machinists are conducting a joint strike against the Margon Corporation of New York, manufacturers of doll's parts and slide fasteners. The company discovered the cooperation between the unions and signed a union agreement with the machinists, then discharged the office workers singly. The reply was a joint strike and a joint picket line. The full story of this most important cooperation between white collar and factory workers will be printed in our June issue.

We Hear from San Francisco

EDITOR, WOMAN TODAY:

On page 18 of your March edition you invited comment. I am taking advantage of that offer. Will you please print a more detailed description of the union organization among the 17,000 beauty parlor workers in New York City? I should be anxious to know of any beauty organizations in other cities and how they function. Are there any auxiliary or student groups in New York City for the education of unionism?

Of course, I enjoyed the story about the permanent wave, as well as the beauty page, and would appreciate more of the same nature.

J. W., *San Francisco Beauty Worker*.

Thank you, J. W., for writing. We have in preparation a complete article on the beauticians' union. Meantime we have asked the union to write you directly.

THE WOMAN TODAY



Mildred Jesslund and Lola Bullard

To Women's Auxiliaries and Label Leagues, THE WOMAN TODAY extends greetings. In recognition of your splendid service to trade unions, we present you with this Auxiliary Section as your meeting ground, to learn what sister organizations are doing throughout America, to exchange ideas and experiences, and thus stimulate your own organizations to still greater achievements.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES

By AGNES BURNS WIECK

MEN marvel at the bravery of their womenfolk on picket lines in time of strike, their genius for winning public sympathy, their abilities in commissary management. After the strike, however, these valuable talents are too little utilized. Certainly women are well qualified for all activities of the labor movement. Moreover, there is great need for women's action on many fronts.

We are in a period of labor history where the woman of the home assumes a new importance. For the world is threatened by fascism and war, and fascism means slavery for all who work, degradation for women. Labor must fight as labor never fought before. Hence the demand for industrial unionism, for a powerful Farmer Labor Party. But in formulating new policies to win the unorganized workers, labor must also launch a campaign to rally into its ranks the hosts of unorganized women in the workers' homes. The full forces of labor must be mobilized!

The Guild Lives

IN the Milwaukee strike of the American Newspaper Guild, the Guild Wives have rolled up their sleeves for action against Hearst's Wisconsin News. On a sound truck with their husbands, they cruise up and down, making known the starvation pay of this labor-hating millionaire. Heading the commissary is a striker's wife, joined by a woman volunteer from the Workers' Alliance. Women reporters tramp the picket line with men. In Newark, N. J. and other cities, Guild Wives raise strike funds, turning bridge-playing into a new weapon. Read the special story by a woman reporter in this issue and then greet these women with ringing resolutions of your support. (American Newspaper Guild, 49 West 45th St., New York City.) Look for list of Hearst publications

May, 1936

and then join the nation-wide slogan, "Don't Read Hearst!"

A Militant Voice

THE Women's Auxiliary was my first schooling in the labor movement and I'll never regret the day I helped launch auxiliaries of miners' wives in Illinois, though it cost my husband his job." Catherine De Rorre speaking. Delegate to Washington, D. C. national convention, Workers' Alliance of America. Chosen on National Women's Committee of the unemployed.

"The Alliance is not separating women from men," explained Mrs. De Rorre. "Merely recognizing the need for developing more women leaders to wake up backward women.

"I believe our auxiliaries and label leagues and clubs of workers' wives should hold educational forums, bring in speakers from other organizations to stimulate discussion on relief, social security legislation, the peace movement and youth problems. Let us be loyal to our men's unions, not in a narrow sense, but by recognizing that the fight of one organization is the fight of all." Mrs. De Rorre is active in her auxiliary, the Workers' Alliance and the campaign for a Farmer-Labor Party.

Young But Active

DETERMINED WIVES of the underpaid painters are active in the campaign of their men to restore decent standards to their disorganized trade in New York City. A newly-formed Auxiliary in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn is making non-union painting unpopular by going right on the job, winning the sympathy of other women whose apartments are being painted for low wages. Painters who quit the union in disgust when conditions went from bad to worse, can be won back, say progressives who scored a recent victory for rank and file control. Auxiliary wives are visiting homes, rousing the womenfolk of former members. Thus an auxiliary becomes a dynamo, regenerating union spirit.

Women Battle Chain

AUXILIARY influence is felt in Wall Street, with sales rapidly falling in Kroger and Piggly Wiggly chain stores, boycotted as a result of the courageous strike of St. Louis warehouse workers. Joining hundreds of men's unions supporting the strike, are the Joint Councils of Women's Auxiliaries, Women's Auxiliary No. 8 of Post Office Clerks, Carpenters' Auxiliary, Ladies' Club of Workmen's Circle—all of St. Louis; miners' auxiliaries in Illinois, including Belleville, Collinsville, O'Fallon, Buckner, Carlinville, Peekin and the Auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Lodge 558, Beardstown, Ill. The warehouse union calls for a nationwide boycott.

Kitchen Now a College

IT'S like going to college in your kitchen, for housewives to read such an educational magazine as THE WOMAN TODAY. Handicapped as many of us have been by limited educational opportunities, this will give us confidence that comes from being well-informed and associating with the minds of the world's leading women."

That's the opinion of Mrs. Lillian Burnette, Marissa, Ill., official in the Women's Auxiliary of the Progressive Miners. With other outstanding Illinois women, she is forming a Regional Advisory Committee of THE WOMAN TODAY, to scout for news and subs and to do writing and speaking for the magazine.

ISN'T that an idea for women in other states? We invite you to read this page every month at your meetings. We welcome your news, your frank opinions. And we offer guidance to new groups seeking to organize.

AS THE WHEELS GO

(Continued from page 18)

than he had been, though his face was thinner. His coal black hair was cropped short. His mustache had lengthened. His old father, the poorest of all the peasants, hobbled in on crutches and, being half blind, asked to be led to his son.

One of the peasants muttered something under his breath about a son who did not first go to see his old father.

"His father has no mill," another man whispered into the peasant's ear.

The women hoisted themselves onto the counter, their feet dangling high above the floor, to have a better look at Take and Leta. They had noticed that the miller's daughter was not made happy by the soldier's return.

Suddenly one of the girls asked:

"Where is Stan?"

He was nowhere to be seen; he had disappeared in the confusion.

Take raised his head and looked at Leta. "Yes, where is Stan? Why has he gone?"

"Gone to carve one of his images," an old man said laughing so as to drown the silence.

But Take wasn't fooled. His eyes roved from Marcu to his daughter. He had forgotten his father who now sat by him and the existence of the other people. Why had Stan left the inn? He hadn't ever thought

of him until then. He answered all the questions that were put to him. Many questions Take answered, but his mind was on the mill, the mill on the Danube, with two pairs of stones driven by a wheel that churned the water, a huge mill built of stone, standing there so solid, as much part of the earth as if it were a rock growing out of it. He had had the feeling that he had the mill in his hands until then. And now the mill with its turning stones was slipping through his fingers, like an eel. He looked across the table at Marcu and Marcu looked at him provokingly, as if to say: "Well, can you hold it? It's yours if you can hold it. Go on soldier."

He hadn't thought he would have to fight for it. He had come with outstretched arms for a good mill and a girl to fall into them. He now wished the girl had not been so beautiful. He had been raised in the house of a crippled father and all his life he had dreamed of himself as owner of that mill. That was why he had gone to work for Marcu who was the hardest taskmaster alive. He had worked so hard that even the miller had been satisfied. It was three years now that Marcu had promised him the mill as dowry. He had never had other dreams but turning stones and a churning water wheel. And now the mill had become a slippery eel between his fingers. He must end it all. He must pin the eel down.

After the fourth glass of wine Take rose to his feet and said to the people:

"This is as good a Sunday as any and I'll make it a better one. The whole village is here. My father is here. The priest lives next door. The miller is here. His daughter is here. Let's have a wedding! Play, gypsies!"

But the gypsies had one look at Marcu and remained silent. The women looked at Take as if he had spoken of the dead. The men, one by one, rose and went to their wives turning away from the soldier who had shown the greed he was born with and the bad manners he had brought from town. In the thick of the silence, when only Take, his father and the miller had remained seated at the long table, Leta went over to the soldier. A moment before she had been angrier than the others because he had attempted to hurry their wedding, as if she were an orphaned girl who needed no preparation, but upon seeing how the others had withdrawn from him, as from a pestilent one, she said at the top of her voice so that all might hear:

"You needn't think, good people, that he has spoken amiss, for it has been our plan to be married the Sunday he returned from his military service."

AS THE WHEELS GO will be concluded in the next issue.

YOU CAN'T EAT ROMANCE

(Continued from page 6)

"shake-up" here. He had worked for nearly 10 years for the newspaper, but a new managing editor wanted his place for an important yes-man. Unable to get another job to pay for the medical care he needed, Dick died in a few months. They hired Viv to carry on his column—at \$10 a week. They called it a part-time job, but it required an average of 10 hours a day. It was more than a year before she got a raise.

"Viv," I say, caught up in the past, "do you remember the time a couple years ago when the bunch was sitting in the Press Bar and that solemn little cub reporter was had then, asked what fascism was?"

"Yeah?" she says.

"And somebody said it was an Italian invention, and somebody said it was the corporate state, and somebody said it was the last stand of monopoly capitalism, and then we all ordered another beer and forgot all about it?"

"Yeah?" she asks, stitching away at the duck's wing. "What about it?"

"Well," I say, "I was just wondering—what would you say today if anybody asked you what fascism is?"

"What would I say?" Viv almost yelled. "What would I say? Why, I'd say that fascism is what Willie Hearst has done to us in the past and what he's trying to do to us today!"

"It's the most vicious sort of exploitation! It's the attempt to sweat more and more out of men and women, who work for less and less money. It's spies and stool pigeons and bribes. It's the determination of that rich, wicked old man to beat us down by promises and trickery and threats, and when those fail, by strikebreakers and open violence. When I think of that scab choking one of our boys while the cop watched him? When I think of that 200 pound cop punching Jean in the stomach!"

She sputters breathlessly, and jabs the needle through the silk. "Fascism! It's what Hearst preaches in his columns every day; it's what he practices against his own employees!"

Seven weeks of striking, seven weeks of walking the line have taught us many things.

Jonathan Eddy, national Guild executive secretary, asked 11-year-old Dick, Vivian's son, "What do you think of your mother going on strike?"

Dick thought it over, and explained, "Why, mother's just fighting for her own

rights and for me. I'm pretty proud of mother."

And still, with that sort of spirit, Hearst thinks he can lick the men and women of the Newspaper Guild. Still his spokesmen tell us, "Mr. Hearst doesn't like the Guild. Mr. Hearst won't recognize you. Mr. Hearst doesn't think newspaper people should organize."

"Why not? Why not? Why not?" our bargaining committee kept asking.

I believe it was its woman member who, tiring of the Hearst evasions, gave the true answer, which Harry Bittner, general manager of all Hearst publications, was unable convincingly to deny.

"Hearst won't recognize the Guild," she said, "because he's afraid that, if newspapermen and women gain strength through organization, they will refuse to do the dirty work he has demanded of them in the past.

"He's afraid," she said, shaking her finger under Bittner's nose, "that newspaper people will at last tell the truth to his readers about the American labor movement!"

What greater nightmare could haunt a fascist's dreams?



VERY young mothers were talking with me about their little daughters. . . .

"Well, my Joan will take no beauty prizes."

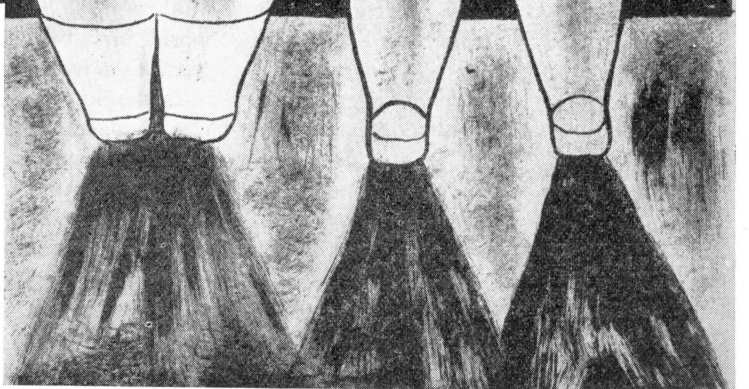
"Mary certainly won't. It's a shame for a little girl to be as plain as Mary."

"Well, I don't agree with you at all." This from the third mother, and she warmed to her subject:

"My Elizabeth is much too pretty, and I tell you it's a handicap. I comb her hair back tight and plain. I dress her severely and snub her little vanities. But she's a beauty and she knows it. EVERYONE stares at her and spoils her. She knows she can have her own way with people everywhere, just by fluttering her eyes at them. Can't you see how that's going to warp her point of view?"

"It's very hard to see life in its true values if the world seems to be in a conspiracy to make you think constantly of yourself. People are such fools to spoil her so." Elizabeth's mother spoke hotly, and I began to see what she meant.

I suppose Elizabeth will always get what she wants by using



her eyes rather than her head. Still, her mother sounds wise enough to help her. . . .

The wise mother knows that in these days of competition things are best accomplished collectively, and she is finding ways to teach her child not to depend on personal triumphs for the easy way out.—G. B. J.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 5)

"Couldn't I exchange with some one?"

"Not easily. There's Hamilton to consider. I had a time with him, arguing your perfect qualifications. I couldn't put over another person so soon. And there's the city—it's paying a third of your salary. No, you'll have to stay where you are. Everybody is satisfied but yourself. Miss Campbell tells me you are going to be the best case-worker on her staff."

"That's an insult. If I please her and the city, you can be sure I'm only marking time. The machine is hard, but I love it. It might kill me, and I would still love it. It is something that is going on forever. The world will have to come under its power and adjust itself to it, as it does to the sun and the tides. Then it will be the best friend that man ever had. We say it makes us slaves. So it does. But that's its revenge for using it the wrong way, for not understanding it and letting it work out its own nature. Oh, I love the machine! Men have considered the machine only as a goodsmaker — —"

"I thought 'profit' was your complaint. 'Goods-making' is all right, isn't it?"

"That's the outside of it. Essentially the machine is a maker of leisure, and by way of making leisure it produces goods. We mustn't say that a machine makes so many yards of cloth, and how shall we sell it? We must say that it makes a million hours of leisure, and how shall it be divided and what shall be done with them!"

"Oh! I can't stand it—this merely keeping people alive, never looking farther than today, or next week. Doing it over and over, with no plan to end it, never thinking that it might be possible to end it . . ."

Bly Emberson glanced at Ishma. Whenever he met her he seemed to cross an invisible border into a circle of contentment. He wondered about it, for he knew that whether silent or in speech her mind was always driving on her one idea, a new economic life for mankind, and that ought to have been particularly upsetting to him since he agreed with her and could do absolutely nothing about it.

"You look as if business were going better," she said. "Are the orders coming in?"

"Slower than ever."

"What about this new cut in wages?"

"I'm keeping the old scale. I'll keep it till I go over. I'll pay as long as I can get hold of anything to pay with. When I can't there'll be nothing to do except shut down."

"And let them starve?"

"Won't I be starving too?"

"No. You won't miss a meal."

"I'll worry a lot."

"And they won't, I suppose? Would you turn your mill over to the workers?"

"No. If I can't make it pay, they can't."

"But you know that owners are going to be eliminated finally. Why not be a shining first example of how to do it without friction?"

"You know what would happen. My fellow owners, if they did not see my throat nicely cut, would at least put the mill out of existence."

"Yes," Ishma sighed. "That is what would happen. There is only one way. All of the workers must take all of the mills at the same time."

"And they'll be a long time learning that."

"No. Even here they are learning. This new wage-cut, for instance. They can't possibly live under it. That's going to teach them something in a hurry."

"You can't stir up a labor war in Dunmow, dear woman. Our workers are high-class. They're middle-class mostly, like their employers. Many of them have owned their own homes in the last twenty years. They're not like Winbury workers. Don't you think that. Their fathers and grandfathers have lived around here. Half of them have had a little high school, many of them got through. We've been prosperous, turning our great trees into furniture and our cotton into cloth. Now that hard times have come, the workers accept privations as the common lot. They keep on praying and going to church, knowing that the Lord will send better days. There's a few whom you might get stirred up, but the majority won't budge. Winbury was different. They had the communists there, and the rag-tag and bobtail of three states floating in and out. Don't get your hopes up here. The workers won't move a peg. They're fastened down, tight in the grooves. They'll pray and wait."

"Hunger will move them. You'll see."

"All right. We shall see. And good day to you, dear lady of hope that dieth not. Remember you can't have your machine back. Stay on your job, and don't talk. Keep your beautiful mouth shut. It's no use to tell a hungry man that all he's got to do to be full is to stand up with every other hungry man in America and make the world, including several good-sized armies, come to taw. Just a little thing like that."

Ishma knew that the mildest unionism was vigilantly fought in Dunmow. Organizers from so conservative an association as the American Federation of Labor had been escorted out of the city and advised not to return.

They reached the big gate of Bly's mill, and he went in, taking on burdens both palpable and imponderable. And instantly he was weary. His strength was going on up the street with Ishma.

She was no more light of heart than he as she turned a corner and started down a long hill toward "the flats." It wasn't so much the privation and suffering of the people to whom she was supposed to minister that caused her heaviness. It was

the fear growing within her that they would never get the vision of a better earth. Get it clear enough to act upon it. Christian patience was grounded in their bones, flowed sluggishly in their blood. Above the bog of pain they lifted yearning eyes to an unknown shore. She had read of dervishes who burnt out their eyes that they might see more spiritually. All around her were people who might as well have been blinded for all that they saw of reality.

(To Be Continued In Next Issue)

"It is just as easy to buy UNION-MADE HOSIERY and I got the feeling that I was helping to give organized labor a square deal," reads one of the many letters we have received in response to our BUY UNION-MADE HOSIERY appeal.

BILLIONS FOR DEATH

(Continued from page 24)

of the ultra-reactionaries but it also discredits the term "intelligence" in the title "Intelligence Department of the Navy."

The army also plays its role. For instance, from 1928 to 1932, the War Department sought to educate American soldiers through the medium of an Army Training Manual No. 2000-25, which contained the following definition of democracy:

"Democracy: A government of the masses. Authority derived through mass meeting or any other form of direct expression. Results in mobocracy. Attitude toward property is communistic—negating property rights. Attitude toward law is that the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it be based upon deliberation or governed by passion, prejudice, and impulse, without restraint or regard for consequences. Results in demagogism, license, agitation discontent, anarchy."

This is the definition which the War Department taught to thousands of American soldiers. If there was ever anything more subversive than this definition of democracy ever issued in any publication, I would like to know it. There is very little difference between this definition and that given to democracy by the Nazis. However, this publication was withdrawn after it had been used for four years, 1928-32. In announcing the withdrawal of this manual, the Secretary of War admitted its viciousness when he wrote to Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, "Why pick on a sinner who has reformed."

Let us see if this "sinner" really has reformed.

(To be concluded in the next issue)

FOOD FOR YOU



Drawings by Ruth Gannett

YOU wouldn't think of cutting into material for the making of a garment without advanced planning, without a pattern to follow for line and style, would you? Of course not, for you know too well the attendant risks, the danger of ruining good material, wasting precious time, and having on your hands as a result an ill-fitting garment.

It is not our province here to discuss efficiency methods in dressmaking, but we draw this comparison because the same risks are involved when there is a lack of pattern and planning in the matter of building menus.

The waste of time and food material, the possibility of serving unattractive and unappetizing combinations and, most important of all, the danger of leaving out the protective foods, are some of the risks attendant when there are no well laid plans.

In the last issue of this department we discussed the necessity of balancing menus for health's sake, and we stressed the fact that this was very easily accomplished by *featuring* milk, fruits, and vegetables in your menus. We emphasize featuring, since merely the representation of these foods skimpily in the diet does not always furnish enough vitamins and minerals for

protection, and so we advise featuring of these foods in the true sense of the word. This, in short, is our pattern for planning balanced meals; placing the preference on this trio: milk, fruits and vegetables.

Let us take, for example, breakfast. For convenience we will term a breakfast which contains little or lacks these foods a one-sided meal, while one which provides them generously is a balanced menu.

Breakfast

<i>One-sided</i>	<i>Balanced</i>
Cereal with top milk and sugar.	Large portion of fruit or large glass of fruit juice.
Buttered toast. Coffee.	Cereal with top milk and fruit (no sugar). Buttered toast. Milk.

Since vegetables are not generally served for breakfast, we double on the fruits to make up for them. Note the introduction of fruit at the beginning of this meal and also in the cereal.

And now for the planning of lunches or the midday meal. Despite the fact that many of us eat a quick lunch over the counter and the range of choice is limited, it is possible by following our guide to order a balanced meal. If it is a sandwich, why not a salad sandwich? This will provide the vegetable element. Or if it is a cheese, meat, or fish sandwich, the vegetable can be introduced with a cole slaw or any other salad accompaniment. Following this with some fruit, fresh or stewed, and a glass of milk will provide you with a balanced luncheon. If a vegetable plate is your choice, choose a combination of vegetables with perhaps one starchy variety. A glass of milk and some fresh or stewed fruit for dessert with this vegetable plate makes an ideal luncheon.

The same pattern holds true in the planning of dinner menus. Since so many of us dash off to work on a poor breakfast, and snatch a light lunch, it rests with the dinner to provide the elements needed to protect our health. Balancing that dinner menu then is of extreme importance. Let

By Frances Wills

us consider the following dinner menus with the view of building it up into a wholesome meal.

Dinner

<i>One-sided</i>	<i>Balanced</i>
Clear Soup	Vegetable Soup
Savory Meat Loaf	Savory Meat Loaf
Browned Potatoes	Browned Potatoes
Spaghetti	Carrots
Tapioca Pudding	Cabbage Salad
Coffee	Apple Tapioca
	Coffee or Milk

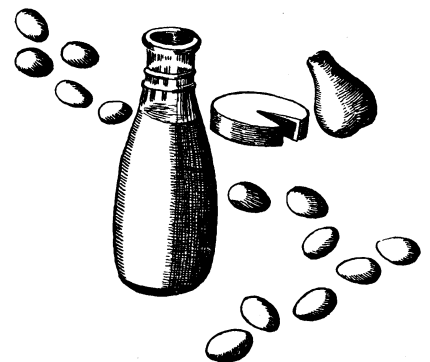
Note the vegetable soup instead of clear soup; carrots instead of spaghetti is a much finer choice; the cabbage salad adds a healthful green with rich vitamins and minerals, and the apples with the tapioca complete a meal that is not only better balanced but decidedly more attractive.

Here is our favorite recipe for this dinner menu.

Apple Tapioca Pudding

- 2½ cups tart apples, sliced
- 3 cups hot water
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ cup minute tapioca
- 1 cup light brown sugar firmly packed
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons of butter

Bake apples with water and lemon juice in a covered casserole in a moderate oven, 375 degrees F., for 15 minutes or until partially cooked. Add remaining ingredients, mixing thoroughly after five minutes, then every ten minutes, and again when done. Serve with top milk or cream.



NOT even the first lagging signs of spring had so exhilarating an effect upon me as the many wonderful and enthusiastic letters that have come pouring in this last month.

They came from all sections of the country. From working women, professional women, housewives and MEN. These letters have made me aware, as never before, what a mighty chain of strength we women are and we must do everything in our power to keep it so. Each letter was a link, uniting women from the large cities, small towns, farms and factories. Women who are faced with the same problems of unemployment, who want to know how to organize into trade unions, what should be done about high prices and how can they help towards building consumers' clubs. The answers to all these questions will be found in *THE WOMAN TODAY* and women will realize their problems are not isolated but universal ones.

Our first letter is from a taxi driver, a man living in New York City.

"Please permit me to congratulate you on your most wonderful magazine. I am telling you I was thrilled, surprised and very pleased with it. I assure you that I will read it each month and furthermore I am going to help spread your magazine. Not only should women read it, but also the men. If I liked it, I am sure all other men will. I can assure you I write very seldom but your magazine got me and I am patiently waiting for next month's copy. Wishing you every success, I beg to remain, C. H."

Doesn't C. H. know how to say nice things! He should write more often. How about it, Charles?

Mrs. Walter T., of Easton, Pa., says:

"I appreciate very much your sending me a copy of *THE WOMAN TODAY*. As soon as I received it, I sat down and read it from cover to cover. It is certainly the best women's magazine that I have ever read—and (here comes a man again) my husband is as enthusiastic about it as I am. I had the magazine in my possession that one afternoon. After that other friends had it and I haven't seen it since."

Well, Mrs. T. did better than we did. After the first week, we had to go hunting for a copy ourselves. Honest, every time we wanted one we had to buy it at the newsstands.

Frances B., of St. Paul, Minn., has this to say and she says it where it strikes home.

"It is always difficult to forecast the future of any periodical. Judging, however, by the high type of contributions in this first issue with the aims of the magazine so well expressed editorially, I anticipate that *THE WOMAN TODAY* will be more than a mere gesture towards women. I am



certain that it can serve a fine purpose in bringing to the employed women an understanding of those forces which in these nervous times are causing the collapse of our industrial standards. For the women at home, likewise, there is need of clearer thinking on social planning, on peace, and on the menace of fascism. Best wishes for the success of *THE WOMAN TODAY* in its spirited attack on the forces of reaction."

Can we do anything but keep advancing after reading such encouraging criticism? The eyes have it.

To our readers—thanks for your encouraging comments. *THE WOMAN TODAY* is for—and by—you. Send us your story. You on the farm, you in the factory and office, and you in the home—we want to know your experiences and your problems.

Comes more than words from our friends on the West Coast, San Francisco, Calif.

"Enclosed is a money order for \$7.50. The first issue was greeted with enthusiasm, quickly sold and distributed, so it is very likely that we will have to increase our order shortly. R. T."

What I like about our Pacific friends is that they always say things with checks and money orders. It's a great help, you know.

Another one from way yonder — this time it's Santa Cruz, Calif.

"Your magazine fell into the hands of a small working group of women, who have been together for years making quilts and other articles to be sold for any worthy cause. We always read as we sew and at our last meeting, we all seemed to feel that *THE WOMAN TODAY* was going to be of great help to housewives. Send a subscription to —. Laura M. H."

That's an idea. Many women who read this magazine probably belong to sewing circles and what could be more pleasant than listening to some one read "A Stone Came Rolling" while darning your husband's socks? Now don't you go throwing stones at me just because I haven't got a husband. I do know they wear socks—we wear them out, I mean.

From Union, N. J., writes a Mrs. Claire V.

"I wish to express to you my most sincere congratulations for your magazine. *THE WOMAN TODAY* is the answer to a woman's dream and need. Attractive as well as interesting, it will be a perfect means of reaching the housewives and mothers, who are too often unaware of what is going on in their world and should awake and join the girl from the office or the factory in the fight for their rights. For my part I would like you to advise me about organizing a consumer's club in my neighborhood. Here is a check for my own subscription. With best wishes for a complete success."

I in turn congratulate Mrs. V. on taking advantage of our suggestion about organizing a consumer's club. More will be said about that elsewhere in the magazine.

We take pleasure in printing a letter from the chairman of the Women's Committee of the National Negro Congress.

"Dear Editor: I have a copy of *THE WOMAN TODAY* and how glad I am to see it launched! You ask for criticism. One hesitates, realizing under what effort and struggle such an accomplishment is born. But it is to be for all of us, so do you mind if I say—content excellent and artistically arranged, but I think the quality of paper should be better as soon as you can possibly afford it, as it is not very durable under the rough handling that hurried, busy people give a magazine. . . . Thyra Edwards, Chicago, Ill."

We would just love to have our magazine printed on good, heavy paper. That means lots of money and hundreds of subscriptions. Catch on?

My space is limited but I can't stop without letting you all in on this interesting letter from Mrs. Elizabeth F., of East Peoria, Ill.

"I was surely thrilled to read every word of the magazine. It is just what the women in the home need to put them into contact with the women in factories and professions. Too often the housewife is inclined to take things for granted as long as her husband brings in the pay check, no matter how meager, accepting it as her lot. With such a magazine as *THE WOMAN TODAY*, her dormant fighting spirit will be aroused and she will awaken to the fact that something can be done. In a good many instances I have seen where a militant wife has aroused the interest of her husband to the need of fighting harder. Such was our experience in the Trade Union Auxiliary. This magazine is one of the best things that ever happened to the women. I met Mrs. L. the other day and I told her of the magazine and said, 'There are some articles about the Soviet Union in the first issue which I think very interesting,' and she quickly replied, 'That's what makes it a good magazine then!' She and I both agreed to plug for subs."

That's the sort of spirit that should put a little ambition into those women who have not as yet actively taken the magazine unto their bosoms.

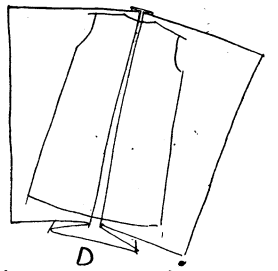
fashion letter



If you are stout and stout:



1. Go in for center panels in the skirts of your dresses, with a point which breaks the waistline. This gives an illusion of height.
2. Try edging the panel and the side seams with a contrasting material or color, because vertical stripes are slimming. Then repeat this contrast at the neckline.
3. Have deep V-necks in your dresses and coats. And let them be collarless if your neck is short.
4. Large and stout women look best in those prints which show small light designs on dark backgrounds. And of course all kinds of narrow vertical stripes.
5. Never break the line of the figure with a wide or too contrasting belt.
6. And for the same reason, never wear deep collars or shoulder capes.
7. For narrow shoulders, the square topped and puffed shouldered sleeve and padded shoulders are boons and blessings—but beware if your neck is very short.



HAVING the general lines of an ironing board, myself, I have always looked with loving eyes on people who are built with generous curves. I remember all those I have known as gay, comfortable, sensitive and graceful people—and I should be sorry to have them change.

Not that I want to start anything with Miss Howard, but reducing seems to me something of a sub-human practice and the idea of people using all that energy to make themselves otherwise, saddens this department. They'll lose their dispositions before they lose anything else, I always say.

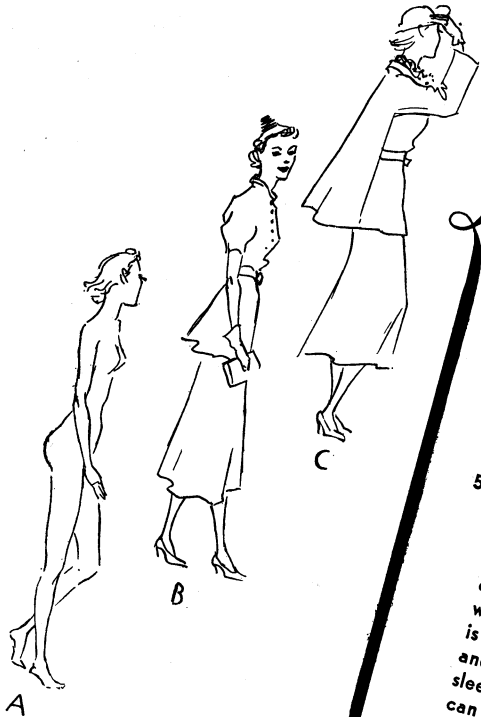
However, the world is clamoring for standardized grade A sylphs and some men, I hear, say the unkindest things when a lady's weight gets out of bounds.

Then, too, I have a certain sympathy for people who are prominent in spots. Such complications as narrow shoulders with a large bust, an outstanding sit-down or a very short neck, should all be considered carefully when choosing clothes.

For such conditions as cannot be altered by exercises I submit herewith a little chart. There must be many more of these precepts which I don't know. But my ear is to the ground.

GWEN BARDE.

For the prominent sit-down:



1. Go in for peplums and let them end just south of the prominent section (as in B).
2. Wear full backed loose-swinging coats. These are very good this season, and can be made from almost any coat pattern if an inverted box-pleat is made in the material before laying down the pattern. Let the pleat widen toward bottom of coat (as in D). Stitch the pleat down to the end of the shoulder blades (so as not to spoil the hang of the armhole). Leave pleat unpressed and swinging free.
3. If you have a good waistline, reveal the fact by belting the front. Let the belt run under the back fulness through slits in the underarm seam (as in C).
4. Never, never wear skirts cut on the bias if they are the least bit skimpy. Because it looks carnal.
5. I've noticed that many women and girls in this category wear the jackets to their suits (unbuttoned) continually—the way men wear their suit coats. This is an excellent camouflage and in warm weather, sheer, sleeveless, backless blouses can be worn. If you prefer dresses to suits, make sleeveless jackets the desired length, to match or harmonize with each dress.

Note: A quick glance to the left and you will see that we are skipping the pattern and knitting for this month. If we don't get more orders for them from our readers, we shall have to have to do that, I'm going to be sick for May Day.

ACT LIKE A LADY

(Continued from page 9)

you on a job. They will make you into a very convenient doormat, if the boss is the kind who likes to excuse himself to customers by saying, "my secretary forgot to tell me," or, "the girl in the office didn't mail the letter." Even if you did tell him, or you did mail the letter, your manners will keep you from saying anything. You will go about your work sweetly accepting the blame for all mistakes. . . . Until some day the boss will probably begin to believe that you really are pretty inefficient, and you'll get a demotion.

You will refrain, too, from ever asking about vacations or overtime pay, or anything like that. A lady never goes into such mercenary questions. It doesn't look well. It looks as though you were more concerned with yourself than you were with the firm. So you wait quietly until someone sends you a framed check for your overtime work. And if the vacation or the check never come, you just go right on working.

Quite simple, isn't it?

Another thing manners teach you, is that you're never tired. You probably never thought of that before. But it works like magic. You remember how, at the end of the day, you used to have such a hard time pronouncing into the telephone, "Hammacher, Barton, Durstein, and Hammacher"? Well, if you've learned manners it's just as easy as pie. You find that you can say, "Hammacher, Barton, Durstein, and Hammacher," into the telephone at five-fifteen and your voice is still just as clear and cheery as a spring robin's. You can even pronounce the words so that the person on the other end of the wire



Do You Give Up Your Lunch to Match Cretonnes for the Boss' Wife?

can understand them. And after you get home you could just go out and dance all night, you feel so good.

Emotionally, you are as steady as the Statue of Liberty, if you know your etiquette. Employers may have their tantrums. But employees never do. They never show emotions of any kind. They just go quietly along all day doing their work. And if they get mad, they wait until they get home to throw the dish pans.

Of course it may be hard on the home folks, but after all the homefolks can probably stand it better than the boss can. They're more used to dishpans. Anyhow, who cares about the homefolks?

The homefolks don't have anything to do with business manners. The principal idea of this whole great new cult is that a girl should always be thoughtful of her boss.

And that would be fine and dandy if the boss were always thoughtful of the girl. But he isn't. Somehow the experts have forgotten to say anything about that.

So maybe we'll have to do that for ourselves. One girl can't reform her boss alone. But a union can do a pretty good job of it. A union can show him that he would have much nicer manners if he gave his girls vacation with pay, and paid them for overtime, and let them stay on after they married. A union can teach an employer a lot of things about good manners in business.

But until a good, stiff, paid-up union card stands between you and your boss, the office manners are all going to be on your side. Sorry, but that's the way things are.

VIEWS ON NEWS

(Continued from page 15)

The National Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism at its meeting held March 28 decided to request women's and peace organizations to celebrate Mothers' Day—on May 10—as a Day for Peace. The committee decided to issue a leaflet for that day, specially appealing to the housewives and mothers.

THE Soviet Union once again demonstrates its desire for world peace and suggests that there be complete equality for Germany in the League of Nations and a strong collective system of security under the League.

If Germany, having strengthened herself by arming and occupying the Rhineland, should not wish to take that place of equality in the drawing up of a collective plan for peace, then that system should be created in spite of Germany, said Carl Radek in the Soviet press. Not attack of Germany (for the German people want peace, but Nazism is breeding war), but the inclusion of Germany into the League for peace, is the proposal of the Soviet Union. This is a way of attempting to keep the Nazi government from unleashing the forces of war.

The German proposals betray the plan to separate the east from the west, in order to permit Germany to attack each in turn. The Nazi government particularly has its wolfish eyes on the Soviet Union, the country that is working hardest for peace.

LABOR'S HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 7)

workers were dead. Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel and three other leaders of the workers were railroaded to the gallows.

May First, 1890, was to witness a nation-wide strike for the eight-hour day, according to plans which were being made in 1888. Samuel Gompers, then president of the American Federation of Labor, tells how the Federation helped turn this nation-wide movement into an international labor holiday:

"As plans for the eight-hour movement developed, we were constantly realizing how we could widen our purpose. As the time of the meeting of the International Workingmen's Congress in Paris approached, it occurred to me that we could aid our movement by an expression of world-wide sympathy from that Congress."

The Congress that Mr. Gompers referred to was held on July 14, 1898, the hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille in France. On that day, leaders of workers' organizations in many lands assembled in Paris to form once more an international organization, patterned after the one formed twenty-five years earlier by Karl Marx (The International Workingmen's Association—known as the First International).

The Paris meeting declared that since the American Federation of Labor had already selected May First, 1890, on which to demonstrate for the eight-hour day, May First be constituted the day for such demonstrations in all countries. And so, on May First, 1890, workers throughout the world united for the eight-hour day.

Today, the needs of the workers will be the cause of even greater May First demonstrations. They will leave stifling factories; they will march with unfurled banners to the strains of music, along the streets of cities and towns. They will demonstrate their growing power and will exchange international fraternal greetings with the peoples in other countries. Their banners will be inscribed with words demanding peace, an end to the huge military budgets, an end to fascism.

Entire families in the United States will demonstrate for the thirty-hour week at union wages, for unemployment relief, against the reactionary acts of the courts, and for a Farmer-Labor Party which would insure their rights. Our womenfolk will demonstrate against the high cost of living, for equal rights, regardless of color or creed, and equal pay for women, for the right of married women to hold jobs, and a minimum wage law with teeth in it. They will show their opposition to child labor and militarization in the schools.

We know that similar parades, meetings and demonstrations will be taking place in all parts of the world. Truly, May First is an International Holiday of Labor!

TRIPLE CURVES PLOWED UNDER

LEONA HOWARD

EVERY woman really wants to be forever graceful and fairly shapely. But most of them confuse the process with the expenditure of vast sums of money. This is exactly what the beauty salons and reducing joints would have them do. It helps business, and many a woman unhappily aware of a thickening waist and heavy hips has deprived herself of something really necessary in order to lose a few pounds by a fancy method. Far be it from me to deny that these reducing establishments can take the pounds off, but what is generally overlooked is the fact that you can take them off just as well yourself, expending energy instead of money.

There are, generally, two basic systems used in professional reducing courses: massage and sweat-inducing baths for some, and supervised exercise for others—you pay your money and you take your choice. Either way it's sweated out of you, and you're paying for the privilege. The "salons," decorated down to the last ash tray, charge from five to twenty-five dollars a treatment (massage and perfumed paraffin baths come high) and achieve, really, no more than the less imposing gymnasiums where group exercise costs a dollar a lesson, and which, in turn, achieve just about what you yourself can, all by your little lonesome, at home, without spending a cent.

Here are some of the things you can do to keep your body in good condition and trim down excess fat. Weight, as you probably know, doesn't matter—it's measurements that count. You can break down fat, turning it into muscle that will probably weigh as much as the fat did, but your outline will be much more pleasing.

There is hardly any one who hasn't access to a roof of some sort, even if it is hung with washlines. (If you haven't a roof, open your windows wide and work with the fresh air anyway.) If you have a rubber girdle or any rubber garment at all, put it on, and on top, a set or two of grandpop's long woolen underwear and as many sweaters and woolly pants as you can find and get on. You won't feel graceful and you'll look terrible, but what of it—exercise and sweating are the story. Take an old sheet or blanket to the roof with you, pin the corners down with four bricks, and you're ready to start.

First, pound around the roof in a dog



Drawing by Blanche Isaacson

trot about twenty times. If you can't stand twenty, try ten, working up, daily to the required twenty. This, you will notice, brings out a good perspiration. After a moment's rest, try this:

1. Lie face down on your sheet. Raise yourself slowly on the palms of your hands, keeping knees rigid. Then drop your weight, allowing your abdomen to strike the floor. Five times for this the first day, increasing to twenty as you do it with greater ease. It's good for hardening flabby muscles and flattening the abdomen.
2. Stand erect. Extend arms in front of body, level with the shoulders, keeping head stationary. Kick up to the fingers, first with the left leg, then with the right. Twenty times. This one's death on soft fat thighs.
3. Stand erect, feet together, and place hands behind head, with fingers interlaced. Bend your trunk slowly sideways as far as possible to the right, and then to the left, moving only from the waist up. This not only helps to make a waistline where none was before, but is a healthful exercise for the intestines, quickening the liver and kidneys.
4. Stand erect, with feet far apart. Extend hands above head, palms out. Bend from waist, knees stiff, and touch the left toes with the right hand, then the right toes with the left hand. This is no mean feat, especially at first, but it's exertion worth while, for it's another excellent way of tightening loose abdominal muscles and strengthening a back unaccustomed to bending.
5. Stand erect. Extend arms at either side of body at shoulder level. Rotate arms slowly in widening arcs in a distinct backward motion, until you feel strain at the front of the shoulders. This is an exercise advocated for strengthening the pectoral muscle (that connecting the breast and the shoulder) and thus raising the bust to a younger, firmer line.

The best way to finish off your period of arduous exercise is to take a quick shower (if you have one) or a sponge—slapping your skin after dry with witch hazel, rubbing alcohol, or plain cold water if the other two are unavailable. It's better generally, anyway, to avoid exercising when you are tired, after, perhaps, a day of hard physical work. The air you breathe will be better in the early morning before it is laden with gasoline fumes. And as for exhausting yourself before you even get to work, on the contrary, intelligent exercise, or no more than you can do without strain, is just an invigorating beginning for the day's labor, especially if it is sedentary work.

Don't feel just because you've done some strenuous exercising that you're entitled to sit down and gorge yourself (provided you don't have to dash off to work). Wait until your regular meal time, and then eat no more than you would have under normal circumstances. This is a simple and much more healthful form of diet than most. You are not asking your system to assimilate new and strange and perhaps unattractive foods, but are expecting it, while it is using up more energy than normally, to get along on its former rations of familiar foods. It is advisable *not* to increase your meals to meet your increased appetite, otherwise you might gain back at the end of the day what you lost in the beginning by the sweat of your brow.

Another pointer: when you leap, or crawl out of bed in the early A.M. drink a couple of glasses of hot water. It gives you an internal bath and stimulates circulation. If you can stand it, squeeze half a lemon into the water—it helps to counteract acidity. All these things, while recommended essentially for the well-being of the body and its outlines, have an excellent effect on the skin as well; more, in fact, than the handsomest beauty kits put out by the cosmetic houses. When your body is functioning well, is healthily exercised, your skin takes on a more vital tone, and even your eyes look clearer and more sparkling.

The exercises given are the five most essential, bringing into play many muscles neglected in every day life. Anyone who is interested in adding to this program can obtain extra exercises by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to THE WOMAN TODAY, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

\$2000
in cash prizes
for you or your organization



-
- \$75.00 If you send in over 300 subscriptions
 - 50.00 If you send in 250 to 300 subscriptions
 - 35.00 If you send in 200 to 250 subscriptions
 - 25.00 If you send in 150 to 200 subscriptions
 - 10.00 If you send in 100 to 150 subscriptions
 - 5.00 If you send in 50 subscriptions

Two free subscriptions (sent any place) if you send in 10 subs. One free subscription (sent any place) if you send in 5 subs. Free with each single subscription, a choice of the following booklets: Women, War and Fascism or Miss U.S.S.R.

Contest OPENS May 1st. Ends August 31st, 1936, midnight



THE WOMAN TODAY
112 East 19th St.
New York City

For the enclosed \$1.00, please enter a one-year subscription to THE WOMAN TODAY, sending the next twelve issues to:

Name

Address

● RULES:

1. Anyone (except employees of The Woman Today) or any organization is eligible to enter this contest.
2. National organizations can only compete on a local scale.
3. All subscriptions, even single ones, should be addressed to Contest Editor, Woman Today.
4. Awards will be announced in the November issue.
5. Single yearly subscriptions only will be considered.

\$2000

in cash prizes
for you or your organization



-
- \$75.00 If you send in over 300 subscriptions
 - 50.00 If you send in 250 to 300 subscriptions
 - 35.00 If you send in 200 to 250 subscriptions
 - 25.00 If you send in 150 to 200 subscriptions
 - 10.00 If you send in 100 to 150 subscriptions
 - 5.00 If you send in 50 subscriptions

Two free subscriptions (sent any place) if you send in 10 subs. One free subscription (sent any place) if you send in 5 subs. Free with each single subscription, a choice of the following booklets: Women, War and Fascism or Miss U.S.S.R.

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