

the
Woman Today



In this Issue:

GRACE LUMPKIN • • ANNA LOUISE STRONG • • • •

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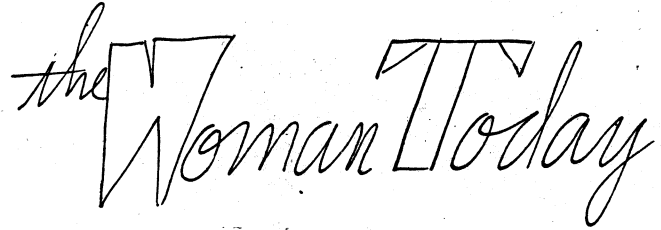
CONGRESSMAN VITO MARCANTONIO • • • • •

JUNE, 1936

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• MARGARET COWL

LAST month's national convention of the Women's Trade Union League representing half a million working women, many of them in American Federation of Labor unions, went on record as boycotting the yellow Hearst press. A resolution called upon women to refuse to read Hearst's newspapers and magazines because Hearst through his press is promoting fascism and "un-American" propaganda. His specific program harms the trade unions. Another resolution exposing Hearst indicated that the "intimidation" of school teachers is "very apparently the underlying motive in the wave of legislation supported by the Hearst interests to make it compulsory for teachers to take oaths of allegiance." The convention sent greetings to the Milwaukee Newspaper Guild strikers.

The anti-war resolution of the convention pointed to the fascist aggressors, to Germany, Japan and Italy, as the chief sources of war.

The convention urged Congress to defeat the Kramer Sedition Bill because it is "promoted by self-styled patriotic, commercial and other organizations seeking to attack organized labor and progressive as well as radical movements in the interest of protecting privileges." It opposed the Tydings-McCormack Military Disobedience Bill as "un-American, unnecessary and unconstitutional," a measure that would "open the way to grave abuses." The La-Follette resolution for continued investigation of open-shop suppression was approved. Complete sympathy with the Vermont quarry workers' strike was expressed.

The convention supported the A. Philip Randolph proposal to abolish inner-union bars and to conduct a vigorous campaign by the League to organize Negro women especially in the laundry and domestic industries in New York and Washington, D. C. It urged the American Federation of Labor to aid in bringing women workers into the ranks of organized labor and supported a Constitutional amendment to reassert the authority of Congress to legislate for the general welfare by setting up minimum standards legislation such as has been struck out by the Supreme Court.

The following officers were elected: Rose Schneiderman, president; Mary E. Drier, vice-president; Elisabeth Christman, secretary-treasurer; Agnes Nestor, Maud Swartz, Mollie Dowd, Marion Burns, Mrs. Raymond Robbins, and Mary

N. Winslow were elected national executive board members.

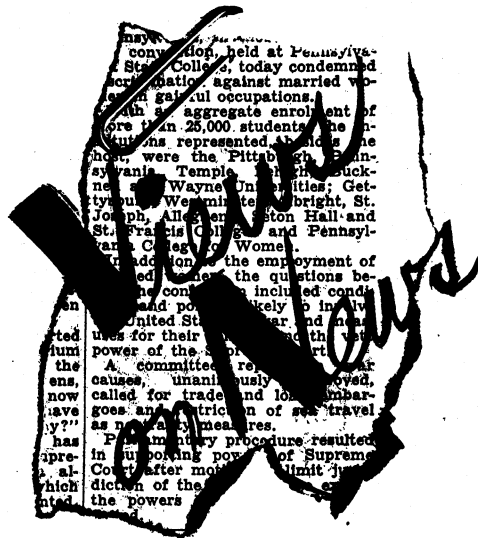
The conference of wives of engineers and factory directors in the Soviet Union just closed its sessions. Three hundred delegates talked about how to involve all housewives in social activity that would help to foster cultural development among the workers, improve and beautify the factories, the homes, the day nurseries, the parks of rest. "Deeper into the masses," is the slogan; "not even a hint of isolation in small groups." This is the principle on which the leaders of the women's movement have begun this work. The trade unions were criticized for giving too little attention to this new movement. The attention of the trade unions was called to the fact that this is a great cultural movement. That, "we have our own personal life and our personal happiness. But henceforth it is inseparably connected with the life and happiness of the whole country."

This conference is the first of its kind and offers a glowing example of the status of women in the Soviet Union. Many of these women who are now taking active part in social life, such as organizing libraries and supervising health conditions, took very little interest in such work before.

"Every cook must learn to govern" was the great idea of Lenin that is now producing its fruits under the workers' government.

This great mass participation of housewives in the life of the nation is made possible because women in the Soviet Union have been made economically independent under the new political change—the Soviets. Great opportunities for sharing in social life have been opened to them by the Soviet government which consistently fought all the old prejudices about the inferiority of women that came out of the old culture under a capitalistic regime. Special schools to raise the technical skill of women were organized at the expense of the government; day nurseries for working mothers, municipal kitchens and municipal laundries lighten the burden of family life. Maternity insurance was made possible for the first time for millions of women. The opportunity to work, but at the same time to live a happy family life, to have babies, to read, to play, to actually live a full independent life was given to millions, not to just a few, by the government that is made up of the people.

How much clearer now are the words of a sixty-five year old mother, told to the



writer when visiting in the Soviet Union last year. She said: "I shall propose that the Soviet government abolish death. Now, I want to live. Now life is worth while."

Miss Ruth White, a University of Chicago research student who surveyed 1,407 workers in 82 homes, reports that women at home jobs receive as little as one cent an hour. The work being done in homes included art needle work, women's neckwear, carding hairpins, manufacture of toys, artificial flowers and handkerchiefs.

One quarter of the chief workers of 514 families where the figures were available were making less than six cents an hour and one-half of them earned less than ten cents an hour.

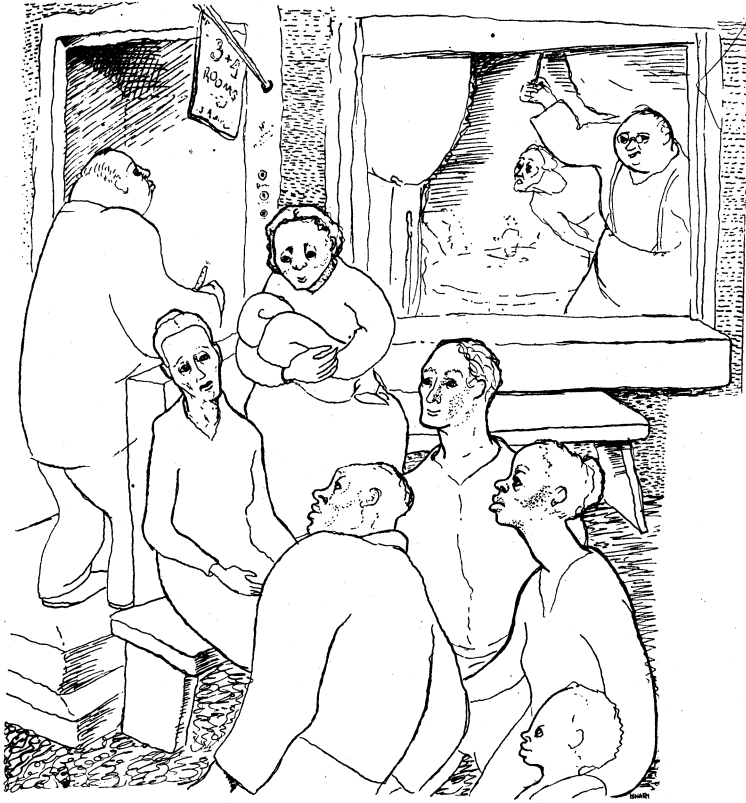
We suggest that the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago get in touch with Miss White who undoubtedly will assist the League to make contacts with these women. Federal and state relief for these unemployed women until they are able to get jobs at decent wages should be demanded by the League, as well as their organization into trade unions.

The Farmer-Labor Women's Federation of Minnesota held its convention in March. There were 300 delegates attending. Interesting reports were given on the activities of the clubs by women from each congressional district in the State.

Mrs. Fern Olson, Chairman of the Educational Committee of the Federation, proposed an educational program to institute lending libraries, debates, puppet shows, plays and mass meetings, to educate women on the meaning of Farmer-Labor political action.

The Federation adopted a resolution for a National Farmer-Labor Party for 1936. Mrs. Charles Lundquist was re-elected

(Continued on page 24)



In summer evenings the people in Hell's Kitchen live on the streets.

It happened one summer evening

Ruth Kronman
Drawings by Bnari

IDA RICHARDS and her family lived on West 52nd Street, in the region known as Hell's Kitchen. All manner of crimes had been committed on this street, but one of the most significant things that happened here for some time is something Ida said to her landlord.

He had come early on a summer morning, the little man whose knock every morning of the fifteenth of every month came as regularly as time itself. Ida Richards had been nervous at her work all that morning, and had hustled the kids out early. The landlord didn't say anything, just looked at the large, dark woman with the round, good-natured face that people liked to call "typically Negro." He always did that. Ida hated the accusation of his silence, louder than any "Give me!" And she hated her own shamed facing of her poverty.

"I haven't got it," she said timidly and added, with an apologetic smile, "I'm sorry, she ain't brought the check yet."

She waited. He said nothing. Hurrying, she added:

"She'll sure bring it today. You know how they is down there, they takes their time. She'll bring it today, sure."

"You know it's sixteen dollars now, not fourteen. Will she bring sixteen?"

"The relief only 'lows fourteen a month for rent, you know that. I'll ask her though, I'll sure ask her."

"I'll come up tonight."

"What about the window now? You know that flies come in awful. It sure oughta be fixed."

"In summer why do you need a window fixed? I'll see. I'll come up tonight for the rent."

He was gone. It was only until the evening, but just to have him go was a relief. If only he would leave her alone. If these worries of rent and money for food and what was owing to the shoemaker for Big Jim's soles—if they were *her* problems alone. But the pressure! The knock on the door for rent, the man waiting on the steps to be paid for groceries eaten long ago, the shoemaker looking at her as she hurried past his window. If only she could escape the pressure of all but her own worries! To be driven, to be pressed, and unable in her turn to drive or press anyone or anything.

Jim? She couldn't drive him; he was a man haunted by fear and by failure. She had to soothe Jim, not drive him. The relief people—those official personages barricaded behind rules and regulations, behind the Government itself, those people, whose yes or no meant her family's food—life itself. They took down "case histories" but what did they know about what was going on inside their souls?

She put the flagrant thought out of her head and went about the day's work. The investigator came with the check, fourteen dollars that would keep the knock on the door away for another month.

In summer, in the evening, the people in Hell's Kitchen live on the streets. Men sit on soap boxes, playing cards. The younger men shoot crap. Children of all colors and sizes swarm around, while family groups sit on the stoops of the old tenement houses.

Mrs. Richards watched her children, Connie and Jim, at play. Connie was good to watch, a healthy looking girl of ten, but Jimmy was skinny, as if made of wires loosely strung, and he looked only four or five of his seven years. Big Jim sat astride the bannister, and Mrs. Edwards, their neighbor, prim in a cotton dress, her hair carefully combed, a tight look about her lips, had brought a rocker.

On every stoop you could see them sitting like this, sitting and talking.

Mrs. Edwards said: "Don't seem as if we never gonna git rid of this heat."

"Oh, I don't mind it," Mrs. Richards answered. "If you just sit still and don't eat too heavy."

"Ain't too much danger of that," Big Jim said, quietly.

"It ain't the heat so much. The flies is gettin' thick as jelly back of my kitchen, the window's been broke so long." Mrs. Richards kept wiping the sweat which streamed down her face with the back of her hand.

Mrs. Edwards drew her lips together. "Now that you brought it up—I hadn't meant to say anything. It's something you should know. You keep your door open now its summer, and I can see 'em comin' in, not flies, either, Ida Richards. I don't say as—"

"But you're sayin' it—"

"Well, I do say it don't matter how poor folks are, they can always keep clean. I've lived better places, and I've lived worse, and never so much as a roach or a bug—"

"Ida," Jim interrupted. "Beats me why folks don't go and get theirselves a penthouse uptown 'stead of stickin' round with the poor folks."

Mrs. Edwards got up and said, "Well, if you'll excuse me, I'll be taking a nap. Why, Connie, you're getting yourself all dirty playing here."

"Oh, that's all right. Ma'll borrow some of your soap and wash me up," the child looked up with a roguish smile.

They all laughed, but the conversation had put a crimp in them. They sat silently watching the street and the children, greeting friends and neighbors. Connie and little Jim played hopscotch until Jim, out of breath, ran to hide his face in his mother's lap and be comforted by her.

"Look, Jim, here come Davis and Mis' Taylor again."

"You'd think they'd 'bout give up by this time."

"They've raised plenty hell down to the relief bureau. Why folks want to go and get theirselves mixed up I don't know."

Down the street they could see Sam Davis and Mrs. Taylor distributing leaflets, small yellow pieces of paper. Davis was a large, handsome man. Mrs. Taylor, a stout, elderly woman, walked with difficulty in large, flat shoes. Her sleeveless black satin dress was shabby, even on this street. A brown straw hat perched on top of her head. But a look of determination and strength came from the eyes and set mouth under the hat. The crap players and card players waved away the leaflets. The people on the stoops and those looking out of lower windows took them. Some threw them away, some folded them carefully for safe-keeping.

The couple had come up to the stoop now. Mrs. Edwards returned, and eyed them suspiciously.

"Evenin', Mis' Edwards," Davis called in a half-humorous manner. "Evenin', folks."

"What you people up to now, Sam Davis?" Jim Richards asked.

"Didn't you get one of our leaflets? We're having a meetin' down the block, start in just about half an hour. Whyn't you come down?"

"What I gonna bother my head for? I got enough troubles."

"That's just why, cause you got troubles."

Mrs. Taylor turned on Richards. "Ain't you got no manhood, Jim Richards?"

"I got manhood alright, but I got a soft head and I don't want no billies landin' on it. A fuss never did nobody no good."

"If you ask me," put in Mrs. Edwards from the security of her rocking chair, "if people would live decent and respectable instead of looking for trouble we'd all be a lot better off."

"That may be alright for you, Mis' Edwards, but I ain't gonna starve if it is the most respectable way to die," answered Mrs. Taylor, with a reproving smile.

"Well, come along and hear what we got to say, anyhow," Davis said, with persuasive smile.

The two walked along. Ida nodded her head in the direction of Mrs. Taylor.

"She's got plenty spunk for an old lady."

"Ailin', too. Got trouble with her eyes."

"Foolishness."

It was growing darker. Down the middle of the block they could see the speakers' stand, the flag, the little cluster of white and colored people. They were always around, these people, handing out leaflets, holding meetings and parties and lectures, always coming around with papers and pamphlets. Didn't they ever get tired? Where were they headin' for, except into trouble?



Slowly a crowd began to gather around the stand. An arc light fell on the speaker, the crowd stood in the shadow, upraised faces touched with light. The crap games continued; inside one of the curtained stores across the streets the lights were red.

Davis spoke first, and then a white man, a plain little fellow named Weber, spoke. Mrs. Taylor got up, and the little crowd knotted closely about her, and listened with interest. Gradually the crowd increased until it swelled the street.

Suddenly there was a stir. The kids—the very democratic boys from the Mulrooney Club on Tenth Avenue. You could see a few of the older men, cigars hanging out of their mouths, standing about quietly, a smirk spread over their broad faces. The boys were pushing. Suddenly a bottle flew into the crowd. Rotten tomatoes sailed through the air. A stone hit Mary Taylor, and cut a gash near the corner of her eye. The quiet group became a pushing, excited mass, struggling to escape the stones and bottles which now rained down on them all.

"Shut up!" the kids began to yell.

"This'll make you red, you yellow rats."

Valiantly the speakers tried to calm the fast dispersing crowd. They melted like a cluster of flies at the sweep of a hand. Slowly, almost sadly, the little remnants of the group folded the stand, picked up the spattered flag, and walked up the street. A heavy coil of rope fell from a window a few inches in front of Mrs. Taylor. She disregarded it. Blood was flowing from the cut in her eye. Davis was binding a handkerchief around his wrist.

"My God, Jim! Lookit that! Lookit Taylor, she's hurt bad. They wasn't doing nothin'," said Mrs. Richards, staring at the two with an expression of pain and sympathy.

Something was whirling in Ida Richards' brain. Sure they got into a jam. Sure they were cut up and their meeting broken. But by hoodlums. They had more call to feel proud than the toughs who broke up the meeting, more call to feel proud than she, Ida Richards, sitting safely on her stoop. Suddenly she stood up and called out to the two as they walked down the street.

"Here, Mis' Taylor, you come right in here out of this street. I'll wash your cut for you." She looked at her husband.

"Sure, folks," said Jim, eagerly. "Come on in. Ain't too good for you out here just now."

Mrs. Edwards drew back. "Well, if people ask for it, they get it."

Ida stopped her with a look. "Ain't nobody asked you, Mis' Edwards."

They went into the dim hall and up the stairs. Climb, climb, climb, a queer procession, Ida and Jim leading. She said to Jim quickly, so the others wouldn't hear, "If people's hurt it's only right for us—"

"What you explainin' to me for," he whispered gruffly.

They sat in the crowded kitchen of the railroad flat. They washed May Taylor's cut, and she lay on the cot against the wall. The others found places on chairs around the oil-cloth covered table. Ida had pushed the washtub out of the way, and Jim brought a rocker from the front room. They bound Mary Taylor's eye, and she lay staring with one eye at the wall where hung assorted movie stars and a picture of Jesus in reds and blues.

It was hot. The flies buzzed around. They were all tired, and sat nervously slapping at flies. They were exhausted and sad, although several of the speakers tried to be cheerful and began discussing the meeting. Only Ida felt a strange excitement that agitated and disturbed her and would not let her rest.

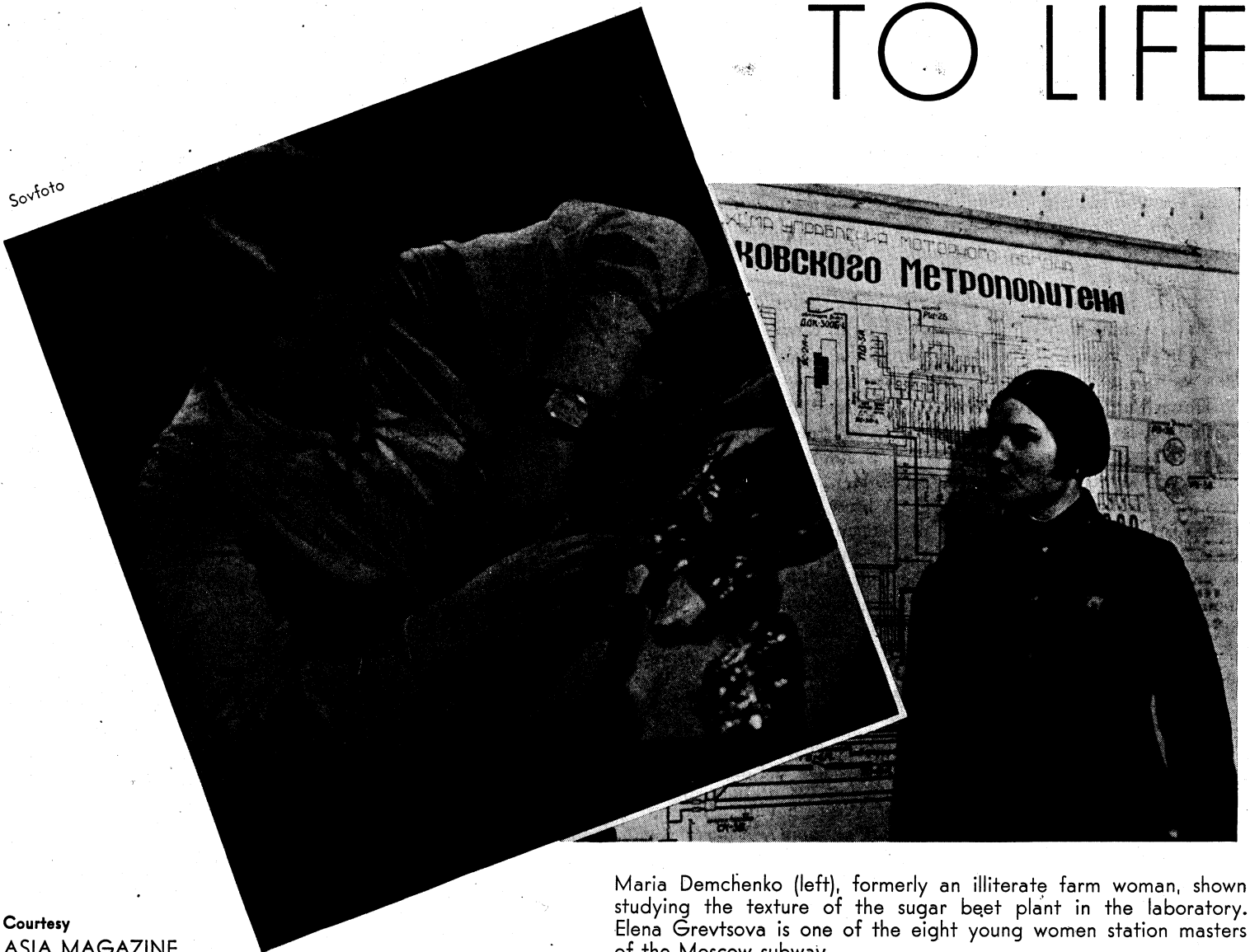
She slapped Connie for being in her way, and was sorry. She sent the children to bed in the windowless room off the kitchen. Thought-

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OPEN ROAD

TO LIFE

Sovfoto



Courtesy
ASIA MAGAZINE

Maria Demchenko (left), formerly an illiterate farm woman, shown studying the texture of the sugar beet plant in the laboratory. Elena Grevtsova is one of the eight young women station masters of the Moscow subway.

THE freeing of women takes place in the Soviet Union swiftly because it is not a woman's fight alone; it comes as part of the freeing of human beings by giving them joint ownership over the country's means of production, irrespective of sex, color or race. No freedom comes without battle. The October Revolution created the economic, legal and political basis of woman's equality. The industrialization of the country was the consciously applied weapon for making woman equal with man. Yet in every village and factory women still had to fight their way over the traditional habits of centuries, which lingered in their own souls and the souls of men. But these barriers of the past were no longer buttressed by ancient law and by the need of private

industry for cheap woman's labor. Soviet women had all the power of the state to help them, and the stimulus of the ruling Communist Party urging them to exercise their rights. Gains once made were secure; for the root of the old inequality was gone.

The first women to establish their freedom were the workers in the factories who took part with their men in the Revolution. I recall Dunia, once an illiterate textile worker, living with her husband and three children in the same room with another family, nine people in all. Dunia was one of those who in the first year of Revolution seized the manager's house for a day nursery so that her children might have space to grow. She learned to read and began to rise in political and social work, as did

simultaneously millions of others. She said to me: "Once life went on without us workers, still more without us women. The father gave the woman to the husband; she was slave to her man and her factory. Now I am slave to no one. The road is open to all life." This phrase of the "open road to life" I have heard hundreds of times from working women.

The emancipation of peasant women came more slowly. Scores of woman presidents of villages have told me of their difficulties with the peasant men who jeered at "petticoat rule." "They laughed at the first woman we elected to the village Soviet so much that she could do nothing; at the next election we put in six women and now it is we who laugh." This was a typical

OPEN ROAD

TO LIFE

Sovfoto



Maria Demchenko (left), formerly an illiterate farm woman, shown studying the texture of the sugar beet plant in the laboratory. Elena Grevtsova is one of the eight young women station masters of the Moscow subway.

Few writers know Soviet Russia as does Anna Louise Strong. Arriving there during the famine, she recognized the great pioneering activity that was in progress, and being of American pioneering stock, was convinced she belonged there. Miss Strong has written many books on the Soviet Union, describing its new standards, and recording its struggles, disillusionments and successes with profound understanding and amazing frankness.

● ANNA LOUISE STRONG

statement. Anna K——, president of Gulin village, organized "active women" around her to put through village reforms against the *kulaks*. Makul Oi, president in a Central Asian village, led a band of perspiring but determined women to repair the roads and bridges until she shamed the men into sharing the work. Some thirty million farm women from Leningrad to Vladivostok are awakening to the amazing fact that they can get along economically without their husbands. Woman's independence threatens man's last stronghold, the male-dominated patriarchal home.

The city of Tver, now renamed Kalinin, gives an example of the varied kinds of work done by women. As a textile town, its population included a large proportion of women textile workers before the Revolution, a fact which explains its present status as a progressive city, boasting itself among the first Soviet cities in which women attained their full half of the seats in the city government. (Other cities are steadily following, as women through initiative and education take advantage of their legal right to equality.) Tver's two most important women are Anna Kaligina, city secretary of the Communist Party, than which no higher post in the city exists, and Feodorova, who held till recently the prize of "best weaver" for the U.S.S.R. Thousands of others follow in the footsteps of these leaders.

Policewoman Lily travels fearlessly through dark woods around the city to round up criminal gangs. On one occasion, when she was convoying a prisoner caught setting fire to turf fields, she was set upon in the woods by two of his accomplices, and brought back to jail not one criminal but three. That same evening she played the part of fragile heroine in lilac gown in the local dramatic club; for Lily is an ardent amateur actress specializing in dainty feminine parts. Black-eyed Katya is a street-car conductor, with the best record among the twenty-seven women conductors of Tver. She is also in the second year of the workers' college, where she studies Turgeniev and geometry. Morosov, the motorman, writes poems about her.

All the young men admire Nina, eighteen-year-old glider pilot, who three days a week sails through the air on light wings. Her regular job is in the car works,

making valves on railway cars. But her pastime is the aviation club and she expects some day to be an aviator. Zoya is champion motor mechanic in a clothing factory, and also chairman of its shop committee, handling trade union affairs for five hundred and sixty women; in her spare time she is an enthusiastic ski runner, and took second place in a contest held by the clothing workers of five provinces. Marusia is studying to be a doctor; Tonia is a former spinner who did such good work on the wall newspaper that she is now a full-time writer. Dusia was the first woman chauffeur in the city; the boys used to run after her yelling, "Girl driver." One by one the girls of Tver have conquered every trade and profession. So have women throughout the U.S.S.R.

●

Access not to heavy labor but to skilled professions distinguishes Soviet women from those of other lands. Anna Kofanova won fame as operator of a harvester combine, harvesting fifteen hundred acres in one season, the township record. Natalia Mikhailova is director of a machine tractor station entirely manned by women which services the fifteen thousand acres of thirty-two collective farms. Shchetinina, the ship captain, navigates the ocean. The envelopes of Soviet stratostats were designed by a woman chemist. Irene Rousinova was the first woman polar explorer, wintering several seasons in the North; she has been followed by hosts of others, including Nina Demme, who for two years has managed the scientific station on North Land. Galina Medovnik, who weeded tobacco in czarist days as a girl of eight, fought in the Red Army during the civil war and was several times condemned to death; she escaped to become today the representative of housewives in the Moscow Soviet, where she superintends building of apartment houses for workers.

"That wouldn't work in America," said an American engineer, referring to a Soviet woman in charge of a blast furnace. "American men would refuse to take orders from a 'skirt.'" Soviet men also protested at first each advance of women into new

fields of work, but the economic basis for this protest—the undercutting of wages and the contest for jobs—had been broken. Deprived of this root, the masculine protest was merely old habit, which the attack of the women broke down. The younger workers in Soviet industry have grown up so accustomed to respecting the person who can contribute to production that resentment at "women bosses" does not even occur to them.

Every new year in the Soviet Union produces its crop of heroes, who spring into fame for some notable achievement, who are brought to Moscow for honors, and whose methods are heralded and copied throughout the country. In the season of 1935 the names most heard were those of Stakhanov, a miner, and Marie Demchenko, a farm woman of the sugar beet districts, who worked as an illiterate laborer on a kulak's farm until collectivization of farming discovered her talents. She learned to read; she became head of the brigade of beet cultivators; she studied in the laboratory cottage and discovered that the five or six tons per acre, which the Ukrainian peasants considered normal, was scandalously low. In a congress of farm leaders to which she went in Moscow, she personally promised Stalin in the Spring of 1935 that she would produce twenty tons per acre. She challenged other beet growers to do likewise. "Let us flood the land with sugar," she said.

Marie's challenge sent a thrill across the farming regions. Hundreds of letters accepted; hundreds of visitors came to inspect her methods. Rows of red flags sprang up across the eight hundred acres where she worked to show the fields where the fight for twenty tons went on. Nine times the women hoed the beets; eight times they cleaned the fields of moths by keeping fires burning all night to attract these flying pests into the flames. They conquered a rainless August with the aid of the fire-fighting apparatus, pouring twenty thousand pails of water on the fields. Marie got twenty-one tons per acre; her youngest competitor, Anna Shvida, got twenty-three. "Never have I seen such women," said Stalin, bestowing on them the Order of Lenin at the November celebrations in Moscow. "Formerly we didn't have such women. They are quite new people."

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE

CHARLOTTE TODES

IMPERIALIST HEARST. A social biography, by Ferdinand Lundberg, Equinox Press, 406 pp. \$2.75.

HEARST, Lord of San Simeon, by Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates, Viking Press, 332 pp. \$3.

PERHAPS no man in America is so genuinely detested and held despicable by millions of enlightened men and women in all walks of life as William Randolph Hearst. Vigilanteism and mob violence practised by capitalists who were looting the country of its natural resources, surrounded Hearst in his youth. These cast his character into the mold from which he has emerged the chief spokesman of reaction, the leader of the forces of fascism today.

How Hearst has built a vast empire, how far his influence extends and with what effect, has been vividly told in two detailed unauthorized biographies. These records of his career offer carefully documented evidence of the sinister influence of the man and his propaganda machine in shaping the minds of the American people. Readers will find the Lundberg book more satisfying both in completeness of material and in its substantial analysis of the economic forces determining Hearst's actions. Mr. Lundberg avoids the hazardous pitfalls of psychological interpretation employed by Carlson and Bates, and gives more detailed material on Hearst's financial tie-ups, which the latter lacks.

Hearst plunged into his long and ugly career at the age of twenty-four. Possessing seventeen millions inherited from a parent who had gained control of rich gold and copper mines, he became editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*. He appropriated the best journalistic talent of the day.

There are many myths about Hearst. Among them is one that he was a "trust buster" and a reformer in his early days and that he was pro-labor. Carlson and Bates lean toward that interpretation. But there is nothing to substantiate any shred of truth behind this fiction, according to

Mr. Lundberg. It is true that Hearst began his journalistic career by attacks on the existing political machines, on municipal corruption and on vice, and that he even aimed at the big corporations, especially the Southern Pacific Railroad. But Mr. Lundberg contends that "Chamberlain (Hearst's assistant) and Hearst were after big game. They wanted to operate the political machinery themselves. . . ." Circulation grew rapidly. When the attacks on the Southern Pacific ceased abruptly, rival newspapers exposed the cause—a deal with Hearst. It is said the railroads had bought Hearst's silence at the price of \$30,000. Later Hearst transferred his operations to New York. But until the present day Hearst has his tentacles firmly entrenched in the politics of his native state.

The quest for profits and power has been the dominant motive of Hearst's actions. His pretensions of friendship for labor have been made for the purpose of getting labor's support for his political ambitions and for increasing the circulation of his papers. His acts have consistently betrayed the hypocrisy of this pose. For example, following the conviction of the McNamara brothers, in the famous Los Angeles dynamite frame-up in 1912, Hearst joined the open shop forces and in lurid headlines called for the indictment of every union labor leader in the country. As further concrete aid to the union-smashing forces, he locked out the union pressmen in his own plants.

Mr. Lundberg shows the notorious Charles Fickert whose perjury against Tom Mooney committed this labor martyr to a life sentence to be part of the Hearst political machine. Mooney remains in jail today partly because of the power Hearst exerts to prevent his release.

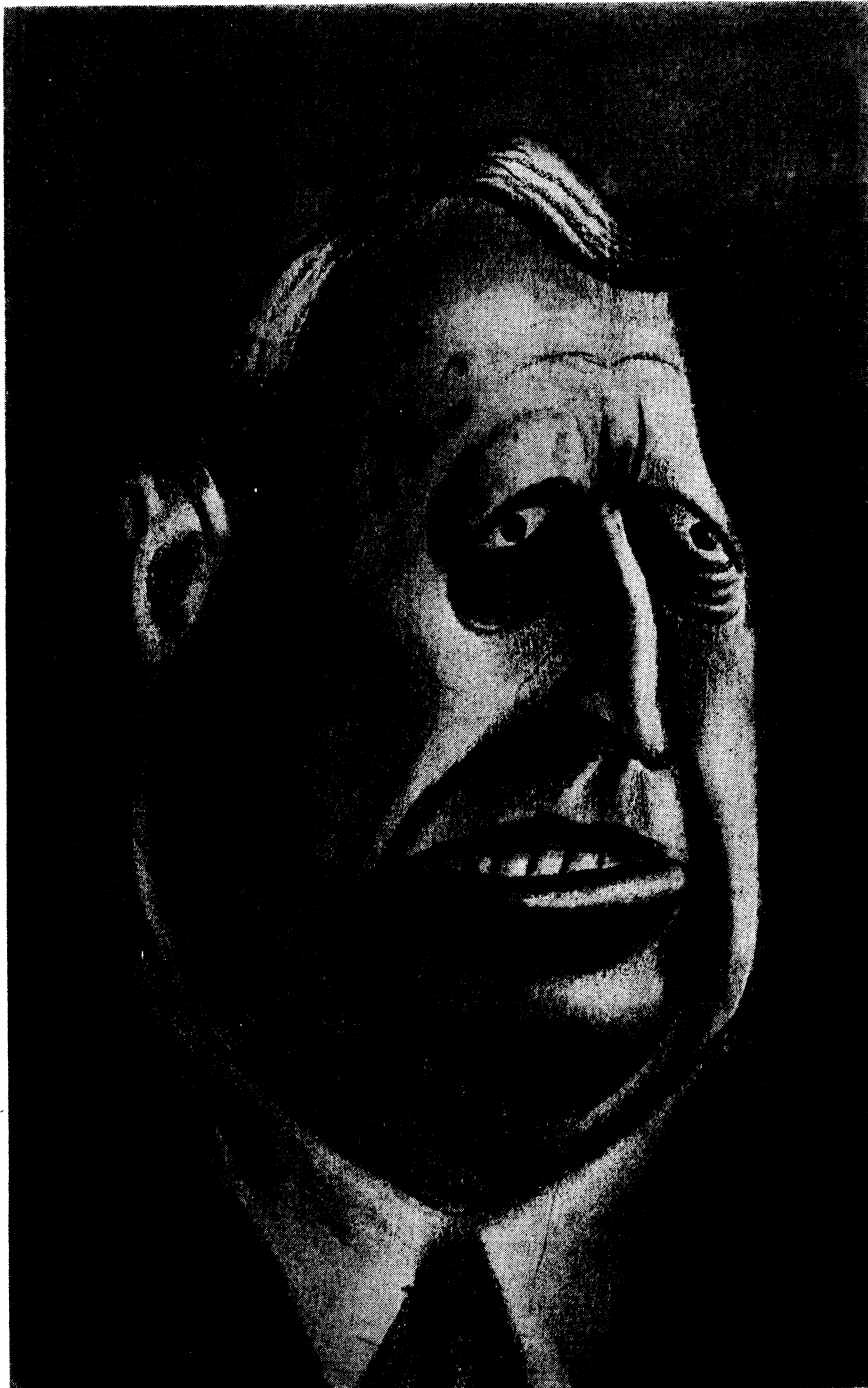
On Hearst's semi-feudal mining properties, no semblance of trade unionism has been permitted to exist. Long before the advent of the Newspaper Guild, Hearst checked an attempt of his reporters on the *Chicago American* to organize. Today he offers the most formidable resistance to the Guild and has locked out the union workers on the *Wisconsin News* rather than deal

with organized labor. He has supported the incitements toward violence and the raids of the vigilantes during the San Francisco general strike. He has consistently opposed unemployment relief, the child labor amendment, social and protective labor legislation and has fostered sedition bills in all states.

Fomenting war has been a Hearst pastime since the days of United States intervention in Cuba. The Spanish-American War was induced by the sensational and inflammatory press propaganda of Hearst. Posing as the defender of Cuban liberation, but with the objective of boosting circulation, Hearst fabricated tales of Spanish atrocities, staged stunts such as the rescue of a Cuban girl from prison, the theft of a letter from the Spanish ambassador and finally played up the mysterious destruction of the Maine with utter disregard of truth. Hearst started the war that ended in Wall Street's brutal dictatorship over the Cuban people. The most violent and chauvinistic advocate of a big army and navy, he has consistently tried to incite war with Japan, and has urged intervention in Mexico where he has valuable oil investments, as well as war against the Soviet Union.

Hearst has often sought high political office. Through an alliance with Tammany he won a seat in Congress. Thereafter he tried unsuccessfully to become mayor, governor of New York and to attain the presidential nomination. He has had to content himself with putting his puppets into power. In the campaigns waged by Bryan for the presidency, Hearst supported him in order to push his circulation to heights hitherto unknown. At this time, Hearst the warmonger and imperialist posed as the enemy of the Republicans and their imperialist policies. Hearst the instigator of war became the dove of peace. It was alleged that Hearst provoked the assassination of President McKinley. His editorial in the *New York Journal* in which he said of McKinley's victory over Bryan: "If bad men cannot be got rid of except by killing, then the killing must be done," condemns him. And it was done. While hundreds of private libel suits have been pressed against Hearst, he has always remained immune from government prosecution.

Since his visit to Germany in 1934 when he was received by Hitler, Hearst has sought to rally the fascist forces in America against labor, and for the curtailment of civil liberties. He has supported all reactionary organizations which are advocating and leading fascist movements here, among them the Liberty League, the



Drawing by C. A. Johnson

NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED BY HEARST:

Albany Times Union
 Atlanta Georgian and Sunday American
 Baltimore News-Post and Sunday American
 Boston American and Sunday Advertiser
 Chicago American
 Chicago Herald-Examiner
 Detroit Times
 Los Angeles Examiner
 Los Angeles Herald and Express
 Milwaukee Wisconsin News
 New York American
 New York Daily Mirror
 New York Journal
 Oakland Post Enquirer
 Omaha Bee-News
 Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph
 Rochester Journal and Sunday American
 San Antonio Light
 San Francisco Call-Bulletin
 San Francisco Examiner
 Seattle Post-Intelligencer
 Syracuse Journal and Sunday American
 Washington Herald
 Washington Times

MAGAZINES OWNED BY HEARST:

Good Housekeeping
 Cosmopolitan
 Harpers Bazaar
 Pictorial Review
 Motor
 Motor Boating
 American Weekly
 Town and Country
 Home and Field
 American Architect
 American Druggist

HEARST CONTROLS THE FOLLOWING NEWS AND FEATURE SERVICES:

Central Press Association, Inc.
 King Features Syndicate
 Universal Service
 Christy Walsh Syndicate
 International News Photos
 International News Service
 Metrotone News
 Warner Bros.

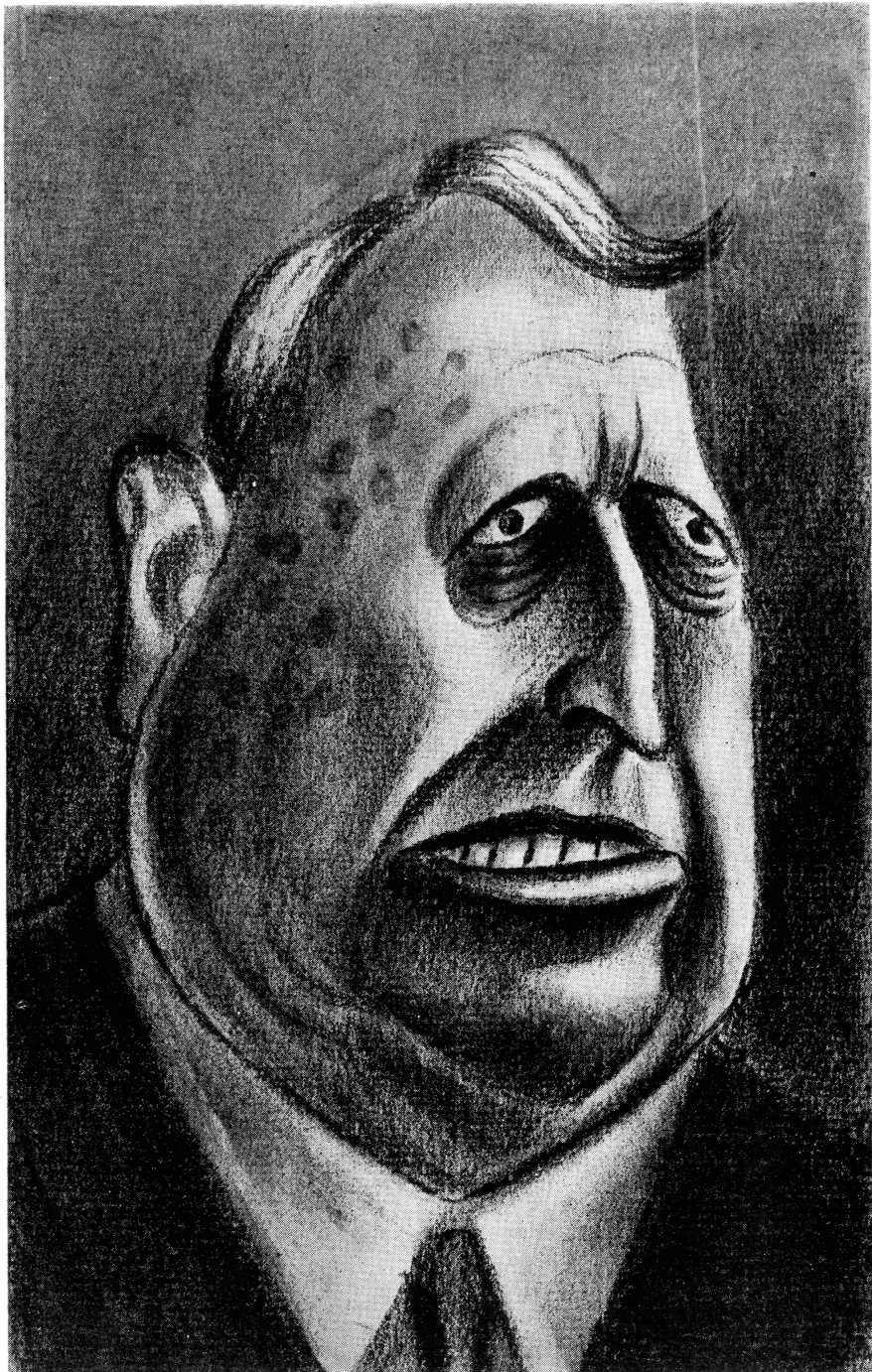
Coughlin movement, the Sentinels of the Republic, and the Crusaders. For the price of \$400,000 which the Hitler government pays for Hearst's news service, Hearst has glorified the barbarism of the Hitler regime and of fascist Italy and has inflamed the minds of the masses to race prejudice, lynch terror, war, and against all progressive ideas. Phrases about "democracy" and "Jeffersonian liberalism" so generously found in the Hearst press are thin veneer for his fascist acts which have found expression in the persistent anti-Communist campaign, in his attacks on the students and faculties of universities as "reds" and his incitement against the Soviet Union.

More than twelve million readers of the working and middle classes come under Hearst's influence daily through the press and feature services which he renders to 2,200 newspapers. Hearst recognizes especially the importance of influencing women. His network of magazines includes some of the most widely read women's journals such as the *Pictorial Review*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazaar* and the *Cosmopolitan*, which have a circulation of near six million a month. He is a motion picture producer. He controls a radio chain which operates in important centers of the country. Allied to this and providing a solid base for his other ventures are his ownership of mining and ranching properties in the West, Peru and Mexico and his investments in real estate which make him one of the foremost realty owners in New York. His fortune is estimated at two hundred and twenty millions. His close financial tie-up with Wall Street establishes this man whom Professor Beard said no decent man would touch with a ten-foot pole, as one of the most formidable rulers of America.

Mr. Lundberg concludes his study of Hearst with these words:

"Hearst at 73 is the weakest strong man and the strongest weak man in the world today. Without the support of bankers and industrialists for his last irresponsible and anti-social rampage, he would be merely a senile clown. Hearst while powerful is exceedingly vulnerable, a giant with feet of clay. Most of the Hearst readers if confronted with proof of his misdeeds could no longer be fooled. . . . The truth can make us free, and the truth about Hearst can expose, deflate and destroy a man who would doom this country to the death that inheres in political reaction, whether manifested as outright fascism or concealed in the guise of Americanism, rugged individualism or other demagogic appeals."

For all who want to defeat fascism and achieve real democracy, peace and plenty, the job of destroying through boycott and other measures the power of the greatest enemy of the American people, William Randolph Hearst, becomes a foremost task.



Drawing by C. A. Johnson

BILLIONS for DEATH

Part 2: The Army Game

By CONGRESSMAN VITO MARCANTONIO

(Last month Congressman Marcantonio revealed that an American Army Manual for the education of soldiers contained instructions so shockingly undemocratic that protests finally caused its withdrawal. Let's see now if the new one is any better.—Ed.)

I NOW quote from the Manual issued August 1, 1935, entitled:

"War Department, Washington, August 1, 1935, Part 3, Domestic Disturbances, Basic Field Manual, Volume VII, Military Law, is published for the information and guidance of all concerned (A.G. 062-11; 1-29-35). By order of the Secretary of War, Douglas MacArthur, General, Chief of Staff. Official. E. T. Conley, Brigadier General, Acting Adjutant General."

This is not secret. This is a Basic Field Manual. It is distributed among officers and soldiers for their guidance. The United States Army manuals are used by the National Guard, so that while the United States Army is infrequently used in strikes the National Guard is too frequently used; and this manual, like all other United States military manuals being used by the National Guard, acts as "information and guidance of all concerned" meaning the National Guard. Let us also bear in mind that the National Guard has been federalized by payments for drills attended and other huge national appropriations from the United States Treasury. Let us see what this manual teaches as to tactics. On page 18 of this manual we find:

"Where rifle fire is resorted to the aim should be low so as to prevent shots going over the heads of the mob and injuring innocent persons that could not get away."

Para. E same page. "Blank cartridges should never be used against a mob, nor should a volley be fired over the heads of the mob even if there is little danger of hurting persons in rear."

Para. F same page. "Bayonets are effective when used against rioters who are able to retreat, but they should not be used against men who are prevented by those behind from retreating even if they wished to do so."

Para. 6, page 26. "The attitude of the public press must be learned and conferences arranged with newspapermen. They will be a source of much information."

Para. 65, page 28. "Airplanes: Airplanes flying low may be of value in discovering fires and in watching for assemblages of rioters. The moral effect of the airplane will be very valuable. Airplanes equipped with machine guns may be used against rioters on roofs of buildings or in large open spaces. They may be used for bombing in certain cases. Airplanes will be especially valuable to the commander who must enter a city against opposition."

Chapter 3 gives lessons in the use of chemical warfare against civilians, and then in this chapter we find diagrams and pictures of chemical hand grenades, rifle grenades, of the irritant candle, and information as to the use of these objects against civilians.

On pages 13 and 14 are found the following:

27. Armored cars: Armored motor cars will be especially valuable in riot duty.

28. Artillery: The matter of using coast artillery in riot duty would depend upon the equipment, any special training, and availability of a particular organization. Light artillery might advantageously form a part of any command employed in the suppression of a riot.

29. Cavalry: Because of its mobility and the undoubted moral effect of an armed man on horseback, cavalry will always be a valuable and effective adjunct to any command employed in riot duty.

30. Hand grenades: Hand grenades, especially those filled with chemicals, will be quite an essential part of the equipment. Experience in the use of tear gas in hand grenades by the National Guard and civil police has demonstrated its practicability and efficacy in handling mobs without loss of lives (see ch. 3).

31. Infantry: Infantry should and will invariably constitute the major part of any command employed in suppressing a domestic disturbance.

37. Miscellaneous supplies and equipment: Shotguns, using charges of buckshot, should be issued to a section of the command. For operations in a city an

extra supply of axes, picks, sledge hammers, crowbars and rope will be of value.

On page 12 of the manual we find—

"Federal troops have been used in the suppression of domestic disturbances on more than a hundred occasions."

It will be stated, of course, that the information in this manual is issued solely for the purpose of dealing with those who seek to overthrow the government by violence. There certainly is a more subtle purpose for this manual. That purpose and what the author has in mind in using the word "mob" becomes very clear when you read the following statement on page 25:

"Information relative to the lawless elements may be secured from the police department—supplemented by private detective agencies, railroad detectives."

The infamous anti-labor history of these agencies is well known. They have no interest in preserving the government. There is no money in that business. They are hired to fight organized labor, to furnish and protect "scabs" and to injure labor pickets. This business is lucrative. This manual sends officers to these agencies for information—agencies whose business it is to smash labor. These words give the whole story away. This manual is a manual which instructs officers and soldiers, National Guard and all concerned, how to break strikes. This manual is directed against labor, against labor strikes, against mass picketing, and against the right of striking workers to assemble. By "mob" and "lawless elements" the author means American workers assembled on the economic battle front. Strike-breaking agencies are to furnish the information to officers and troops for the purpose of using tanks, for the purpose of shooting low, and for the purpose of using bayonets against whom? No; not against revolutionists but against organized labor exercising its God-given right to assemble, organize and picket.

Several weeks ago, it was announced that this manual had also been withdrawn from publication. However, it was not withdrawn until after I had exposed it on the floor of the House.

Thus we see that America is facing the threat of war and the establishment of a reactionary dictatorship.

Our basic democratic institutions have nothing to fear from the Left, from Labor, from the Farmers and the organized unemployed, but the threat comes from the Right, the extreme reactionaries. They are ever ready to set up a dictatorship of reaction. When civil liberties are curtailed, when huge appropriations are made for war purposes, and the War and Navy Departments are permitted to go into strike-breaking activities and red baiting, then the government is playing directly into the hands of the Bourbons and Tories of 1936.

TEMPEST In a Milk Bottle

The rousing story of how the directors were given the surprise of their lives when they met to skim the cream off Borden Company's profits.

By LEANE ZUGSMITH

EMPLOYEES of the Borden Company own 800,000 shares of stock but they are employees first and stockholders only in the most mocking sense of the word. Although they know that large sums of money have been expended to break their own union, they dare not risk their jobs by appearing at stockholders' meetings. On the fifteenth day of April, when the eightieth of these annual meetings took place, Borden milk wagon drivers, owners of some of these 800,000 shares, were covering their routes, along with so-called "helpers," men who could learn the ropes and whose faces would become familiar to housewives at collection time, in case a strike or lockout took place among the bona fide drivers. They were not present at a meeting where their own interests were voted against by the company, which holds proxies for their 800,000 shares.

Like many great corporations, the Borden Company holds its annual stockholders' meetings in Jersey City. In New Jersey, as in Delaware, a business may incorporate with the least wear and tear on its profits and privileges. There was no reason for the directors to suppose that the eightieth meeting would differ from the seventy-nine others. There would be the smoothly read minutes of last year's meeting, the re-election of officers, discussion of dividends, possibly of financial enlargement or mergers.

But nine members of the League of Women Shoppers, one a stockholder, the others holding proxies for another member, Mrs. Hamilton Fish Armstrong, and Bernard J. Reis, a director of Consumers' Union, were not present merely to ratify the Borden directors' activities of the past year. (The League of Women Shoppers had made a thorough investigation of labor conditions in the Borden Farm Products Company and, on the basis of its findings, League members refused to patronize Borden's until the company had resumed contractual relations with the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, Local 584, American Federation of Labor.)

Mr. Reis was the first to make the directors aware that the meeting might not run along in its usual clockwork fashion. When

he asked that the 1935 salaries of officers and directors be revealed, together with the salary arrangements for 1936, all proxies in the room were hastily taken up. As Mr. Reis argued his point, the directors were scrutinizing the proxies. Evelyn Preston, president of the League of Women Shoppers, followed with a request for a breakdown of the company's statement that dividends were fifty cents a share less than they should have been. Mr. Milbank, president of Borden's, explained that thirty cents of the difference was due to produce losses, ten to fifteen cents due to the farmers, milk strike in Illinois, and the remainder due to a strike of milk wagon drivers in Milwaukee.

"Might it not be cheaper for stockholders in the long run if the company quickly negotiated with the union?" asked Miss Preston. "I understand a great deal of money was spent to break up the union and to foster a company union."

The directors protested that all Borden employees were happy and well paid, that the demands of the union were impossible to meet, and that 90 per cent of the employees had formed their own organization. Stanley Ross, a director and president of Borden's Dairy and Ice Cream Company in Columbus, Ohio, analyzed their labor troubles, stating: "Recently there has been a large importation of agitators from Russia." And other members of the League of Women Shoppers waited with composure to ask questions based on information such as: Two months after the company had refused to renew its agreement with the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, the Borden's Employees' Cooperative Association had been instituted; previous to the termination of the contract, the company had hired "helpers" to accompany drivers on their routes, had held secret meetings, sent ballots and circulated petitions; that the will of the majority had never been honestly determined.

Mrs. William Lescaze asked if strike-breakers had been employed in recent labor disputes. Mr. Milburn denied it. Questioned by another League member as to whether the company was losing money due



Drawing by
James Kay Smith

to the boycott of Borden products in union circles, Mr. Milburn said that any such losses were taken up elsewhere; sales showed an increase. Colonel Carl Castle, a large shareholder, said:

"In justice to bona fide stockholders, I want to say that the company can be seriously damaged by this type of question. Do any of these people have stock in their own right?"

Mrs. Osmond Fraenkel replied: "I do. I came here because of what I read in the League of Women Shoppers report."

When further queries regarding the company's labor policies were ruled out on the ground that they were taking up too much time, Mr. Reis protested that this discussion was just as important as passing resolutions on directors' salaries and that he understood that the company union costs the stockholders \$100,000 a year.

Helping to swing the discussion back into labor channels, William Mangold, an editor of the *New Republic*, asked how the company knew that 90 per cent of its employees wanted a company union. It was admitted that this knowledge was forthcoming only after the contract with Local 584 was rejected. Mr. Milburn also admitted that the company had put on extra drivers in New York in anticipation of a tie-up by a strike. The expense, he said, was great. "Since you say the A. F. of L. union does not represent the majority

(Continued on page 30)

LET 'EM EAT CAKE

• THELMA NURENBERG

ON Wednesday, April 30, I attended a circus. It differed from other circuses I have seen in that I paid no admission and was not amused. Even the women members of the Workers' Alliance who sat with me in the gallery of the Assembly Room in the State Capitol of New Jersey observed that it was the strangest circus they had even seen. Within the arena were many clowns and jackasses who had learned to pray "aye" and "no." There were a few lions who roared and went through their paces by remote control. Their trainer was not present, but the force of his influence over them all was keenly felt. True, the sawdust, smell and fanfare of the circus lacking, but the performers were gay. The only sad, discordant note was in the gallery, where the spectators sat. They refused to be amused.

And they refused because—
Starvation faced them.

Nine days ago they had given notice that they would not starve. They had marched into the capitol building with determination and courage—workers, farmers, and their women folks. Not willingly would they starve in one of the richest states in the Union—they who were willing and eager to work. There they would stay until the Legislature should vote the necessary relief. Thus commenced the first session of the "State Assembly" of the Workers' Alliance of New Jersey.

Newspaper headlines flashed the story of this desperate move throughout the country, but the lawmakers in Trenton remained passive.

For nine days the "Mock Assembly" sat in session, condemning the do-nothing policy of "their" legislators. The Senate and Assembly convened, discussed many measures at great length—but did not vote on the most urgent issue of the day. On Wednesday, April 30, the unemployed expected a showdown. Already they were convinced that the solution of their problems must never again be left to these rep-

Women and men—workers and farmers—gathered to appeal to "their" lawmakers, but instead of bread they got a circus. Now they've decided to be the lawmakers themselves—in a Farmer-Labor Party!

representatives—and were now discussing the formation of the Farmer-Labor Party.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when I arrived in the Assembly Chamber. The Assemblymen had just agreed to recess until the evening, during which time they would hold a caucus. John Spain, Jr., "speaker" for the assembly of workers, was organizing a caucus of a different kind. He detailed a man to admit me to the gallery, and as I made for the stairway I noticed a wooden table on which were stacked plates, spoons, a few slices of bread. Tired, disheveled men reached out for food which seemed to be running low. They had been sleeping on floors and hard benches, and had hardly left the capitol building for fear of doors closing behind them.

The cool fresh Spring air did not penetrate the somberness of the gallery. Here about two hundred "assemblymen" sat around languidly, their tired, drawn faces revealing the strain of the last nine days. I took a seat next to several women who were friendly and not averse to answering questions. Mrs. Minnie Cheesman, who comes from Millville, N. J., a large, motherly woman, assured me she did not have to come here, but came to show her sympathy, and had brought five women with her. She thinks the Assemblymen are a "lot of dirty dogs." Her neighbor, Hazel Dickson, was more indignant.

"Think of it," she burst out. "They said to us, 'get out and stay out!' and we put them here! We'll be no such fools again, believe me," she assured me. They are both members of the United Labor Union, affiliated with the Agricultural Workers' Union.

"Put the tax where it belongs—on the rich and on the corporations. We agricultural workers get less relief than people in towns and cities because the state gives agricultural centers less relief. That's why so

many towns are listed as agricultural that aren't. That's politics for you," said another woman nearby.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"The Farmer-Labor Party for us from now on," and the group of women whose heads formed a cluster about me nodded in approval.

Women whose lives had been limited to their personal interests are now awake to a common danger that confronts them all. They realize that they and their men are unemployed through no fault of their own. Such words as "union," "mass demonstrations," "solidarity"—words that were utterly foreign to them but a short while ago—are finding their way into their vocabularies. With growing realism they understand that they must force the issue of unemployment and relief through organization and demonstration. And the fact that these women now call for a Farmer-Labor Party indicates how completely they have evolved from their shells.

I moved over to the next row, where a group of Negro women were sitting. They had been sending me approving smiles.

"Sister, you is sure welcome to our sentiments," greeted Nancy, with a broad grin. She was not only for a Farmer-Labor Party but hoped that all the officers of the New Jersey branch of the International Labor Defense would be elected. For she had many and bitter memories of the Seabrook Farm strike in which she had participated, as a result of which her house had been burned down and her husband flogged nearly to death.

What the presence of these forty-odd Negro men and women in this assembly means must be understood to be appreciated. The Ku Klux Klan takes a vicious revenge on all Negroes who have the courage to "speak up" and join a "white man's" union. To be seen here was to bare oneself to future trouble. The Negroes in this assembly are a most courageous and progressive group who, undaunted by the masked terror, have stepped forward to demonstrate with their white fellow workers.

Just then Mrs. Delia Spain, wife of the "speaker," and Mrs. Gertrude Cook, wife of the president of the Workers' Alliance of New Jersey, entered. They had both been making sandwiches for the afternoon and evening "sessions." Funds had run so low that there would be no "mulligan" stew that day.

The two women eyed me with glances that were not too friendly. There had been many reporters, and few of them had been understanding and fair. As the day wore on, and as the two women read through a copy of THE WOMAN TODAY, their restraint and indifference gradually wore off. Clearly they saw that this magazine was by and for the working woman.

Mrs. Spain is in her thirties. Her long face with its straight features is worn and tired. Her brown hair is combed back neatly, and tied in a knot. Two of her five children were with her, tow-headed, blue-eyed, pale youngsters who were recovering from an illness. Mrs. Spain is active as an organizer for the Workers' Alliance. She investigates cases, and helps to get relief for foreigners.

Of all the members I had spoken to during that long day and night, I can say with conviction that there are no more militant supporters of the Farmer-Labor Party than Mrs. Spain, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Moody, and the group of women who sat around me in the gallery.

"We're sick and tired of the two parties making footballs of us. We organized this demonstration. Why, the other night, our members were so thick here you could have dropped a match and it wouldn't have reached the floor. We think we're getting somewhere, so why shouldn't we go ahead with a Farmer-Labor Party? We don't want relief. We want jobs. Isn't that so, Gert?" Mrs. Spain asked Mrs. Cook, whose approval she sought for all her statements.

Just as soon as the state had cut the workers from the relief rolls, the Public Service Company cut off the lights of all relief workers in Burlington County. Pitiful and harrowing were the stories of starvation and want that Mrs. Spain told me, and especially bitter was she toward the Salvation Army for having turned out a sixty-five-year-old man who, cut off from relief, could no longer pay his rent.

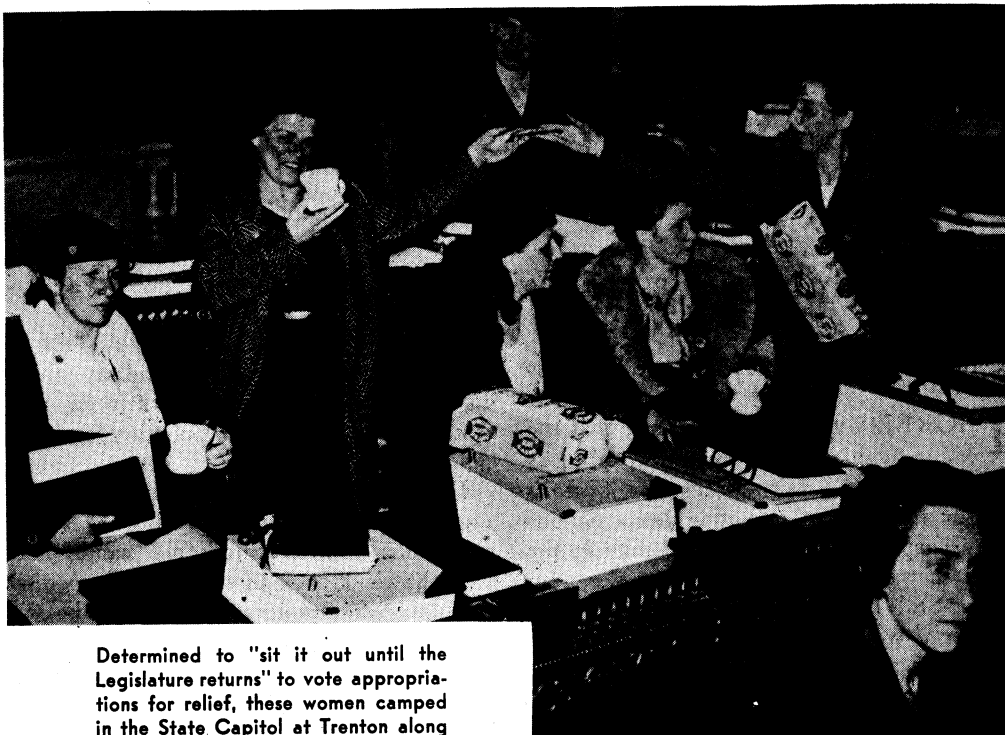
Mrs. Cook, an attractive young woman with glossy brown hair and flashing sharp brown eyes, who had formerly been an actress, told of a reporter who had accompanied them on investigations.

"When we found out he was a Hearst reporter we refused to go with him again."

The Workers' Alliance has been in existence two years, and includes all races and colors. "Some of our finest members are Negroes . . . it's time they got a break," said Mrs. Cook.

Mrs. Spain has never voted, and will cast her first vote for the Farmer-Labor Party. She refused to have her husband nominated for office recently because "with the present set-up he'd remain neither poor nor honest." The two women told me about the peonage which exists on many of the large farms in New Jersey, and how all the able-bodied on relief were being forced off relief to take jobs at ten and fifteen cents an hour. Large farm owners are dictating wages to local officials, who, by forcing the unemployed to work at starvation wages, greatly reduce the standard of living.

The night session of the New Jersey Assembly commenced at 8:35 P.M. More than four hundred unemployed heard the roll-call with alert, anxious faces. Hundreds were standing, pressed against each



Determined to "sit it out until the Legislature returns" to vote appropriations for relief, these women camped in the State Capitol at Trenton along with their children and menfolks.

other, their faces straining to catch every word. Seven Assemblywomen sat on the Republican side, middle-aged, smug. Not once during the evening did they raise their voices to demand relief. They sat like antiquated schoolmarms, stiff and forbidding, utterly indifferent to the drama of the scene directly above.

"If they had to eat what I've been eating they wouldn't be bustin' out of their clothes," said an unemployed leather worker at my right.

I observed that the Republican Assemblymen seemed older than the Democrats.

"Sure, it's harder on them, the poor dears. They have had the workers on their backs longer," said Mrs. Moody, from Camden. She had been watching the confused proceedings below with intelligence and understanding, giving vent at times to comments that were as pithy as they were acid.

The hours wore on as one Assemblyman after another discussed measures in which none seemed to take the slightest interest. Some walked about visiting their colleagues, others read papers, feet spread before them on desks, while several seemed to be holding a private party of their own. Occasionally, when the din of conversation drowned out the voice of the Assemblyman who had gained the floor, the Speaker pounded his gavel. But they knew the Speaker wasn't really serious, for they continued to make merry.

Mrs. Spain leaned over to me and said: "They don't pay a bit of attention—just draw their salaries and laugh in our faces."

"Do you blame us workers for taking things into our own hands?" asked the leather worker.

Suddenly one of the Assemblymen espied a worker who had not removed his cap.

Removing his feet from his desk, he jumped up in a rage and demanded a greater show of respect.

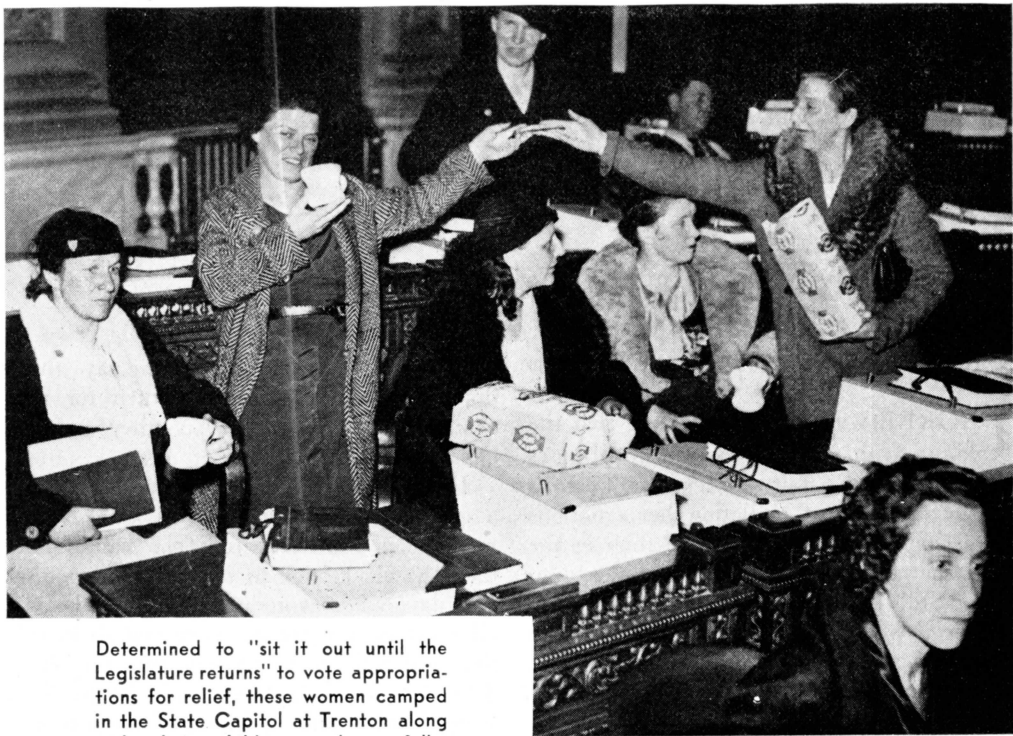
The utter indifference to speeches which went on interminably did not, however, prevent the Assemblymen from casting their votes, and they merely interrupted their conversations just long enough to answer "aye" or "no."

I wondered when they would get down to the main business, and my neighbor, the leather worker, replied: "They never do. It's all done behind curtains. They just bring their 'ayes' and 'noes' here."

The workers listened intently, with increasing broodiness. The hours were passing, midnight was close by, and still "their" paid representatives were idling their time away. Children hungered, starvation faced them all, and the men below, by their indifference to their plight, seemed to be taunting and scoffing at them.

It was midnight before they got around to relief. The tired faces of the harassed workers seemed to take on a new energy as they all sat up, tense with expectation. But soon enough they realized that they were being duped again. For nearly an hour amendments to relief were discussed and vetoed. It seemed that the Assemblymen were determined to prolong their "do-nothing" policy. Finally relief was voted upon. A resolution was carried which turned the State Relief Administration machinery over to a board of five Republicans headed by the Governor. Relief in the hands of a reactionary, graft-ridden party! And worse yet—while relief was voted for, not a cent towards it had been appropriated. Thus new delays faced them. The session was over. The "boys" surged to the door, tired but happy that they had

(Continued on page 30)



Determined to "sit it out until the Legislature returns" to vote appropriations for relief, these women camped in the State Capitol at Trenton along with their children and menfolks.

A WORD TO THE WISE

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

Girl's Self-Respect Valued Above Rubies

I AGREE with Phyllis Duganne that the young woman-about-town who plunges into an intimate affair—or a series of affairs—for the sake of titillating her emotions or perhaps merely to show the man in the case that she's a good sport has plenty to lose. Still I think this writer in the *May Pictorial* woefully confuses the issue when she talks of masculine respect as though it were the only sine qua non to a girl's happiness.

Today there are more clear-eyed girls, it seems to me, who care first and last about their opinion of themselves than Miss Duganne thinks. To illustrate her belief to the contrary she tells the story of a girl who some time before she married had had an affair with a man with whom she was very much in love, as he was with her. But they eventually drifted apart because they did not feel they were ready for marriage.

Later when she met her fate in the shape of the man she was to marry she told him about the other relationship. "That was the first time," Miss Duganne quotes her as saying, "she had ever regretted anything." She admitted the first friendship had not "hurt" her, or made her "cheap or hard or promiscuous." It had, in fact, been "a genuinely happy experience," but she regretted it because Jack "hated it so."

If I had been the girl of the story I'm afraid I should have thought the less of Jack for soiling something that had had its own beauty. I'm quite sure that the young college men with whom I've talked—and they've been pretty average—would dub Jack a prig. In discussing this question of chastity most of them have said they wouldn't want to marry a girl who had spread her favors thin, but they've added that if the girl of their choice had been really in love with another chap and then found it was a mistake they'd be just as likely to pop the question.

Honest-minded young men go still further and admit, at least theoretically, that they have no right to impose on the girl of their choice a purity test that they can't pass themselves. But it's doubtful that they'd live up to this theory scrupulously, for there's an atavism in most men that leads them to permit themselves pleasures which would cheapen a girl in their eyes.

Still, I'm convinced it's less and less the fashion for young men to demand chastity

in their wives, as Miss Duganne says they do, "as a just and proper return for the protection and support which they as husbands expect to provide."

That Miss Duganne should speak of such a quid pro quo with approval amazes me more than a little. Surely she would not turn the clock back to the not-so-long-distant days when women sold their bodies in all respectability for a secure and sheltered life, and believed that when once they had delivered the goods they could be parasite wives forever after if it pleased them to be.

If the independent young women of today have different standards and if they have learned that their own self-respect is more precious to them than rubies, then we may trust them to work out their destiny.

Youth's War Blow

In the somewhat deprecatory opinion of Miss Dorothy Thompson youth should not be trusted too far. "Youth organizes for peace," she says, "but is easily led into war. . . . Youth is ardent; youth is vague. . . . It is not analytical. It sees everything in simple terms."

Perhaps I should agree with Miss Thompson that youth is easily led into war and yoked under tyranny if I knew the youth of Germany as well as she does, and if I did not know the leaders of the student anti-war movement in this coun-



Courtesy New York World-Telegram

try. Having kept tabs on their work and compared it with the efforts of their elders in the peace movement, I should say that if there were any "vagueness" it is among the "mature and tolerant" oldsters who hope that peace petitions will prevent war.

The power of the student anti-war movement, it seems to me, lies in the fact that the leaders are analytical thinkers, as well as young men and women of action. I have before me a statement by Mr. Joseph P. Lash, who, at the age of 26, is executive secretary of the American Student Union. It is an explanation of the meaning of the Oxford pledge "to refuse to support any war conducted by the United States government," a vow which many students solemnly take.

In refuting the Hearst charge that this oath is "disloyal, degenerate and cowardly," Mr. Lash presents a brief which would give the Supreme Court itself pause. He looks coolly at the shibboleth of national defense and at the blandishments of the propaganda which drew us into the last war and says to his generation, "We must steel ourselves now and resolve that we will not support any war, on the same theory that a doctor prescribes such a pledge for a drunkard, even though there are circumstances when a drink is good even for an inveterate drunkard."

The point of Mr. Lash's closely reasoned argument is that a war could not possibly be, for this country, a good, or even a necessary evil, since no competent military authority admits the possibility of a mass invasion of our borders.

And, to prove youth's patriotism, he adds, "For us love of country expresses itself in a desire to maintain the good things the nation has produced and better the others." Such a statement, when read in full, proves that the American youth who are against war are infinitely more civilized and interested in civilization than the New York high school teacher who attacked the anti-war strike with these words: "Why disturb school duties to parade for peace or anything else? Peace has in all ages been a universal longing, but wars have come, as come they will."

If this is the mature mind, then I prefer the undefeated mind of youth. And if the teachers have shown the wisdom that should go with their years, in bowing to the indignity of the teachers' oath, which is a sure threat of fascism, then I have not yet learned what wisdom is.

Proverbially youth rushes in where angels fear to tread, and age says its prayers before it moves. But recently I've suspected numbers of older people of acting more foolishly than ever in their salad days, not forgetting the gentlemen who contributed to the Sentinels of the Republic, only to discover them Jew-baiters. One can only conclude that neither age nor youth has a corner on wisdom.



Courtesy New York World-Telegram



A CORTIZAS
SCULPTOR

ELLA REEVE BLOOR

CLARA ZETKIN

ELLA REEVE BLOOR

WHEN we write about the great men and women we have known, all of them, throbbing with the pulse of life, the life of the masses, the struggling workers of the world, our memories will always record their own struggles against poverty, war, and especially their work for women and children.

I have known many great teachers, many devoted women leaders of the workers; women like Rosa Luxemburg of Germany, Louise Michel of France, Stassova, Krupskaya and many others of Russia, many fighters among the women of Ireland, England, and America; brave women like Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Anita Whitney, Ella May Wiggins, women who stood firm against the terror of the "masters of the bread" in strikes, women who faced prison because they dared to speak and write against the last war; Louise Devereaux of Seattle, Kate Richards O'Hare, Dr. Marie Equi of Portland, and many others. But the one I must make you see and feel in our own women's magazine at the present moment is Clara Zetkin of Germany.

Never shall I forget the first day I heard her speak. It was a summer day in Moscow, in 1921. Over three hundred working men and women and delegates, from every country of the world, were gathered in the throne room of the palace of the former czar. On the platform were seated many of the revolutionary leaders of all countries, Lenin, Tom Mann of England, many others from Italy, Germany, America, and Clara Zetkin of Germany with her noble head, white hair, her beautiful smile, sitting in the midst of them.

Suddenly Radek, a brilliant speaker, rose, and taking her by the hand, led her to the front of the platform and announced, "Today is Clara Zetkin's sixty-fourth birthday," and then in his human, loving way, paid a beautiful tribute to her long years of work for women. One by one, the great men paid loving tribute to her. Last of all, the greatest of them all, came Lenin, who had been her teacher and friend all through her stormy days in Germany,

leading her to correct her mistakes, and always remembering her long service to the working class.

Her voice was like a beautifully toned trumpet when she replied, pledging the remainder of her life to our great cause.

A few weeks after, it was my great privilege to sit with her and about ninety others of our sex in an International Conference of Women. She had come to us from arduous work in Germany where she was a member of the Reichstag, but her voice moved everyone with its strength and power, always reminding us of our great responsibility, to get all women *together*, and especially to organize the working women of all countries, industrially and politically. It was so wonderful to see her greet the forty women who came to us during the last days of the conference from the Far East, some still wearing their veils over their faces. Men wept as Clara Zetkin, the chairman of this great women's conference, came down the aisle to meet them and to tell them through their interpreter to take off their veils. "This motherland of ours seems like a fairy tale to us," one of the women said.

Of course, Clara Zetkin and I had many talks together about the women of America. She couldn't comprehend why the "enlightened" women of such an "advanced" country as America did not rouse the entire country about the fact that 2,000,000 children worked under terrible conditions in this country.

She predicted the coming of fascism in Germany, and the whole world was aroused by her voice raised in the Reichstag, when she, as its oldest member, opened it just before the coming into power of Hitler and his gang. Her flaming words—her picture—went to every country through its press. Then she left her homeland to take her place again in the Communist International, and of course, could not return to the land of fascism. But up to the time of her death in 1933, at the age of 76 years, her voice and pen sent out ringing words to the women of the world. And as she had bitterly assailed her Social-Democratic comrades during the World War, she again put the responsibility upon them for not preventing the terrors of fascism by a united front with the Communists. Lenin wrote

of her bravery, together with that of many other individual Socialists during the last war, when she was sent to prison for her convictions while the Second International capitulated to nationalism and went unreservedly into the war.

One of her last acts was to send out a call as chairman of the International Red Aid, parts of which I must quote:

To all who work with hand or brain!

To all who are honestly striving to promote the onward march of humanity!

Look at Germany, where capitalism, which is dying, and feels itself threatened, expects salvation from fascism. Fascism has set up a regime of physical and mental annihilation, whose cruel deeds far surpass those of the Middle Ages. Through the whole world are heard the cries of indignation on account of the cruelties practised by the brown terror against its victims. Countless numbers have been murdered. Thousands are in prisons and concentration camps. Fascism has maimed and crippled countless people, driven them as refugees over the frontiers, deprived their children of bread and shelter. But in spite of everything the workers are fighting undauntedly, heroically, against fascism. Solidarity with the fighters, and aid—material aid to secure the bare lives of the victims of murderous fascism—is the urgent demand of the hour for all whose thoughts and feelings are in revolt against the monstrous deeds of the fascist terror, which is dripping with blood. . . .

Women with occupations! Remember that fascism deprives you of the rights acquired in fierce struggle, and denies you independence and work. Remember that the "Third Empire" wishes to degrade you to the position of "serving-maid of the man" and a child-bearing machine. Do not forget the brave women fighters whom fascism has tortured to death, whom it has placed behind prison walls.

Scholars, artists, teachers, writers, members of the free professions! Do not forget the bonfires on which fascism burns the cultural products you have created and carefully preserved, the destruction of which deprives humanity of a source of spiritual development. Our material aid for the victims of the swastika terror is a sacrifice for that internationality for which the enlightened minds of all peoples have striven. Fie on the shame

(Continued on page 24)



**A. CORTIZAS
SCULPTOR**

ELLA REEVE BLOOR

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A STONE CA

Published by Longmans
Green and Co.

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Now she was asking herself if she had not made a mistake. There was so little one could do here, and to that little she was unable to find, or make, an approach. She didn't know enough. Perhaps she ought to have gone to New York when Frances Quayle had made that step possible. Frances was a New York girl who had worked in the Winbury strike. She had written Ishma to come North and attend the Workers' School on Eleventh Street. A friend would give her a room, another would provide meals, and the School would grant a scholarship. "Just a few months of it," wrote Frances, "and you will not be dismayed by the most backward sec-

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But she didn't go. Her heart had gone with a move that might divide her again from Britt. She thought of those four years away from him and the wound of that separation was still raw. What could be. Could it be that she was not a revolutionary but was only a wife?

The day was warm, exhausting. It was without reflection. She gave up trying to find a way before her, on the other side of the street. She was walking steadily along. In her right hand she carried a covered pail. Under her left arm was a bundle of switches, their ends tapping the air as they struck the pavement. Willow, probably, for making baskets. She had entered the street from the fields that stretched out on that side. Where Ishma was walking she faced the street with an air of clinging respectability. In the front window of the house she would be something set out to show to the neighbors. The window which she was passing had been closed before it—the only table in the house she had seen called there—and on it was a vase of white flowers. The curtains, very ragged, but white, were drawn. The vase, a sign of undefeat. The next window was open but the little stand was courageously there. It was a model of a ship. At the next house a sign was prohibited. The Bible.

Visitors in Dunmow were never invited to the "flats." The least desirable part was the valley where two streets crossed. Graduations in poverty could be noted. A little more dingy, a little more hopeless, a little more abode of the submerged. Ishma thought of the humblest hut might hold the most lordliest heart, the most revered character. But up there, man's first fight was with his own companion and teacher as often as enemy. They were after your neighbor's job, which meant your own.

The old woman was taking slow, steady steps, plainly weary. Ishma overtook and passed her, carrying the street to talk to her, or carry on with what ordinarily would have done. She was in no hurry, having had all the poverty and ugliness of the town that she could walk under. But a black woman she paused and turned back. "What would you asked herself. "I knew I would turn back."

She greeted the old woman and took the weight of it surprised her. It was heavy on her arm, and she wondered what was in it. She had no hint, and gave the bucket no attention. What it contained was a poverty-stricken matter of the switches was open. Ishma had that.

"Yes, they're for baskets," answered the old man makes over old shoes an' peddles 'em."

THE STORY THUS FAR:

Ishma Hensley 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 and until the little farm worked by her husband, Britt, yielded a livelihood for them and their son, Ned, she would have to work.

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 she advanced to welfare work. She knew 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 her distaste for the welfare work. As her loathing for her work grew, every day became more difficult than the day before. She hadn't realized how effectively the position would seal her mouth. Bringing temporary relief to a family could mean little to her when her desire was to get the living truth to them, something that would wipe away forever the necessity for "relief."

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A STONE CAME ROLLING

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The old woman was taking slow, regular steps, but plainly weary. Ishma overtook and passed her, without crossing the street to talk to her, or carry the bucket, as she ordinarily would have done. She was in momentary rebellion, having had all the poverty and ugliness and hopelessness that she could walk under. But a block beyond the old woman she paused and turned back. "Why didn't I stop?" she asked herself. "I knew I would turn back."

She greeted the old woman and took the bucket. The weight of it surprised her. It was heavy on her own strong arm, and she wondered what was in it. The woman gave her no hint, and gave the bucket no attention after Ishma took it. What it contained was a poverty secret. But the matter of the switches was open. Ishma could talk about that.

"Yes, they're for baskets," answered the woman. "My man makes over old shoes an' peddles 'em. He goes around

an' gets all the shoes folks are ready to throw away. He used to be right handy makin' 'em over, but his hands are trembly now—he's nearin' eighty—an' he sells most of 'em without fixin'. He ain't gatherin' up many now. Folks are wearin' their shoes plumb out, an' cobblin' fer themselves. But Jim makes enough to feed himself. An' I feed myself. I've always done that. I never took a penny from a man, an' I've had two husbands."

Her head rose proudly. "Lucy Boardman ain't never took a penny from anybody. You're workin' for the welfare, ain't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Boardman."

(Continued on page 28)



By **FIELDING BURKE**

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(Continued on page 28)



By FIELDING BURKE

Mayme Brown, Editor

I AM sitting in a sharecropper's cabin in Alabama writing about the editor of a Louisiana newspaper. This editor is a Negro woman and it seems appropriate for me to be writing about her here where I have been meeting and talking with sharecroppers. This woman editor who has made a place for herself by hard work has not forgotten to think about the sharecroppers and to fight for them in the columns of her newspaper.

The first time I met Mrs. Mayme Brown, editor of the *Louisiana Weekly*, was in her own home. We rang the bell of a large house. It was a chilly, rainy evening and the first thing I noticed when we entered the door was the crackling log fire at one end of the long room. Mrs. Brown her husband, who works for the railroad, was on one of his regular trips to the Coast) met us at the door and her greeting made us feel that we were welcome.

The sharecropper's house, in which I am writing, is on a hill, a beautiful location, and outside in the yard the peach and plum and pear trees are blossoming. But winter is not yet over. When the wind blows, as it did last night, it comes through the cracks in the walls and floor and the broken windows. When it rains, water seeps in and the house becomes damp.

The second time I saw Mrs. Brown was in her private office as editor of the *Louisiana Weekly*. It is impossible not to like and admire her, though I can imagine that people whom she fights, when she is fighting for some issue, do not feel comfortable in her presence. She is a handsome young woman—beautiful, especially when excitement comes into her face as she speaks

about her experiences and about the things she wishes to do to help her people. I would like to put down on this paper, so that people's fingers could feel it, the almost electric energy that came from her and made the interview so exciting.

After knowing some of her experiences, it is not hard to understand why she concentrates on the one theme of her own race.

She was born in 1900, in Springfield, Illinois. Her father gave her a good education. After high school she was graduated from Fisk University. Leaving the university, she was eager to get out into the world and make her own living. She says that Negro parents sacrifice so much to give their children education, that she felt a responsibility to justify the sacrifices her parents made in sending her to school.

She was very young when she got her first job at teaching in a town in the South. In the business part of the town she had seen a pair of earrings in a jeweler's window. She wanted them. With part of her first month's salary in her pocket she went down to buy those earrings. She was very proud, because it was the first money she had ever earned. She went into the store and asked the price of the earrings. They were too expensive. She had to tell the jeweler that she could not take them. He looked her over, staring at her over the counter. Then he said, "A good-looking colored girl like you ought to get her a white man to buy her trinkets like this." A feeling of indignant shame did not leave her for a long while. Perhaps it never has.

Later she taught in another place in the South. During that year there was a lynching. She had known vaguely about

lynchings in Illinois. At Fisk University the students had been protected from such harsh facts. She had never realized that these things actually happened to her people until the ugly fact was there before her. She could not forget.

Still later she taught in another Southern city. A white woman was killed, left in the streets dead. Anyone might have killed her. The headlines in the newspapers, as usual, said the murderer was a Negro. Day after day Negro men were arrested, charged with the crime. The streets were patrolled by white men, and Negroes were warned in the newspapers and in their churches to stay off the streets. Negro teachers were told by the white superintendent not to walk near the public square on their way to and from school.

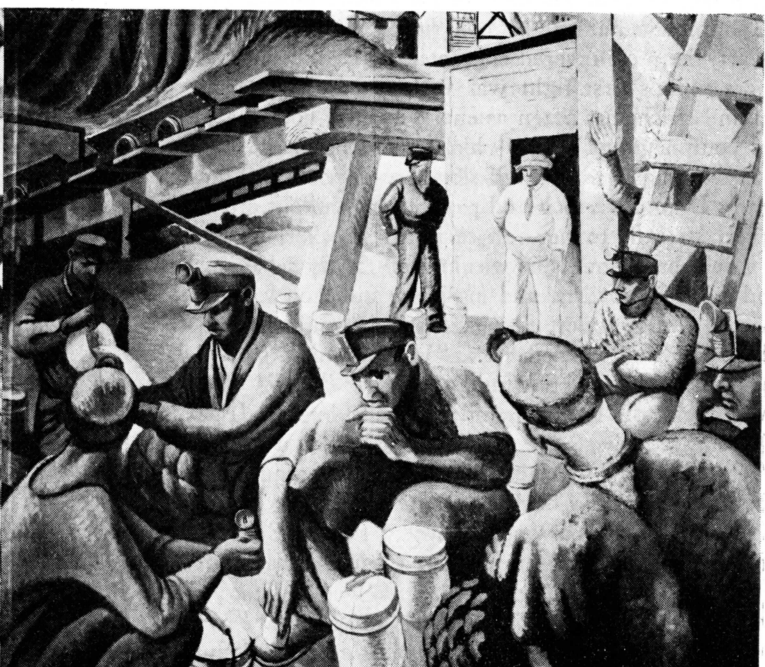
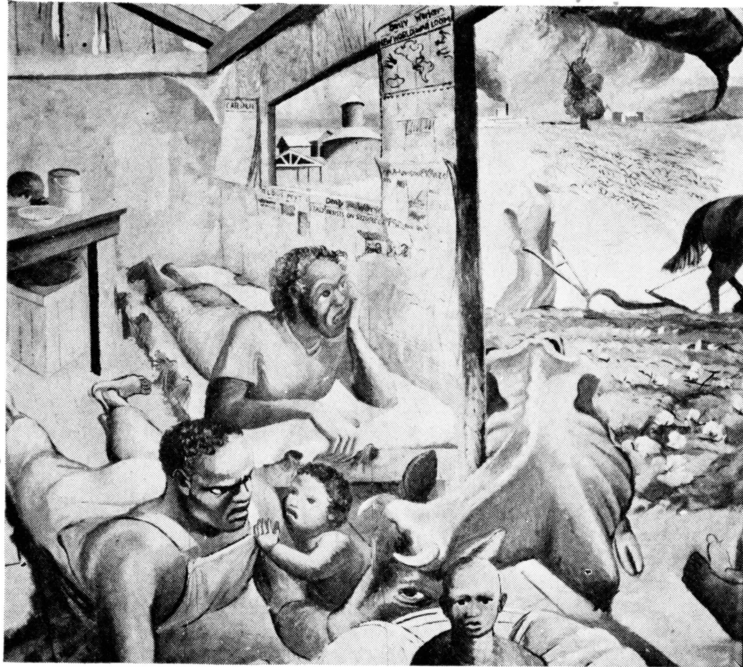
It happened that her way home was through the public square. And every day she walked home just as she had walked all the days before the murder occurred, straight home from school across the square. The white men on the square stared at her. Behind her, as she walked every day, there were muttered warnings that drifted after her, as fog drifts through a swamp.

As I understand her action, it was not a meaningless individual rebellion. She was trying to the best of her ability to say by her action that she was refusing to shamefully hide or humbly accept the general accusation against her people.

She gave up teaching to work on a Ne-

This intimate sketch of one of the few Negro newspaper women of the deep South shows her in the thick of the fight for Negro rights, and raises some questions about her attitude toward war and fascism.





gro newspaper, the *East Tennessee News*, and later, while she was working for another newspaper in Louisville, Kentucky, she married. She and her husband moved to New Orleans.

The *Louisiana Weekly* took her on to de rewriting. In five months she was editor of the paper. Her husband, an unusual man, has helped her to do the work she likes. He has never stood in her way, and has always encouraged her.

While we sat in the office she was interrupted several times. Once it was to talk over the telephone to an organizer of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People about a Negro boy who had been beaten up the Saturday night before by some detectives in plain clothes who thought he looked "suspicious" as he walked along the street. Mrs. Brown finished talking about the case. She put down the telephone and said, "Has it come to the stage where we can't walk the streets unmolested?"

She has written editorials in favor of the sharecroppers, the Scottsboro boys, who are still in the Birmingham jail, and about Angelo Herndon. Neither in her office, where she is looked up to, nor in her home, does she forget that it was the advantage given her by parents who had some money that helped her to become a successful woman, and that others of her people have not had these advantages.

She has plenty of ambition, as a woman

Life in the South is the theme of the mural which Joe Jones painted for Commonwealth College in Mena, Arkansas. The panels shows below depict a sharecropper's family, miners, and a lynching.

and as an editor. At the same time she is a reformer of the best type.

Sitting here in this sharecropper's home, where I have been made so welcome, with the typewriter belonging to the organizer on a bench before me, trying to see by a dim lamp over which I have slipped a sheet of paper for a shade so that I can get a little more of the light, I think of the women, wives of white tenants and sharecroppers and Negro tenants and sharecroppers. Two of them sit by me watching me type (they are learning the "touch" system so they can organize better, write leaflets and letters that can easily be read). And I think of the men coming home from the fields and the women I have seen who worked in the fields all day, to come home to cook supper at night and care for the children. Sitting here I think of Mrs. Brown's answers to certain questions that I asked.

I asked her about war. Was she against war? She said that she had not thought much about that question during the last war since she had been so young at the time. "But," she said, "I am against war." Her answer was vague. As we spoke of war her passion left her. She seemed to have no special feeling. I asked her about fascism, and again she spoke in a dull unresponsive, objective manner, as if that question, along with the question of war, did not concern her.

I pointed out that war brings misery to millions of people. I said that a government should spend the money it now spends on wars and war preparations to feed all our half-starved children. She said bitterly, "Yes, down in Georgia recently, a Negro farmer's wife had quadruplets. No

one paid any attention to them. All but one of the babies have died."

I said, "Doesn't that have some significance for you?"

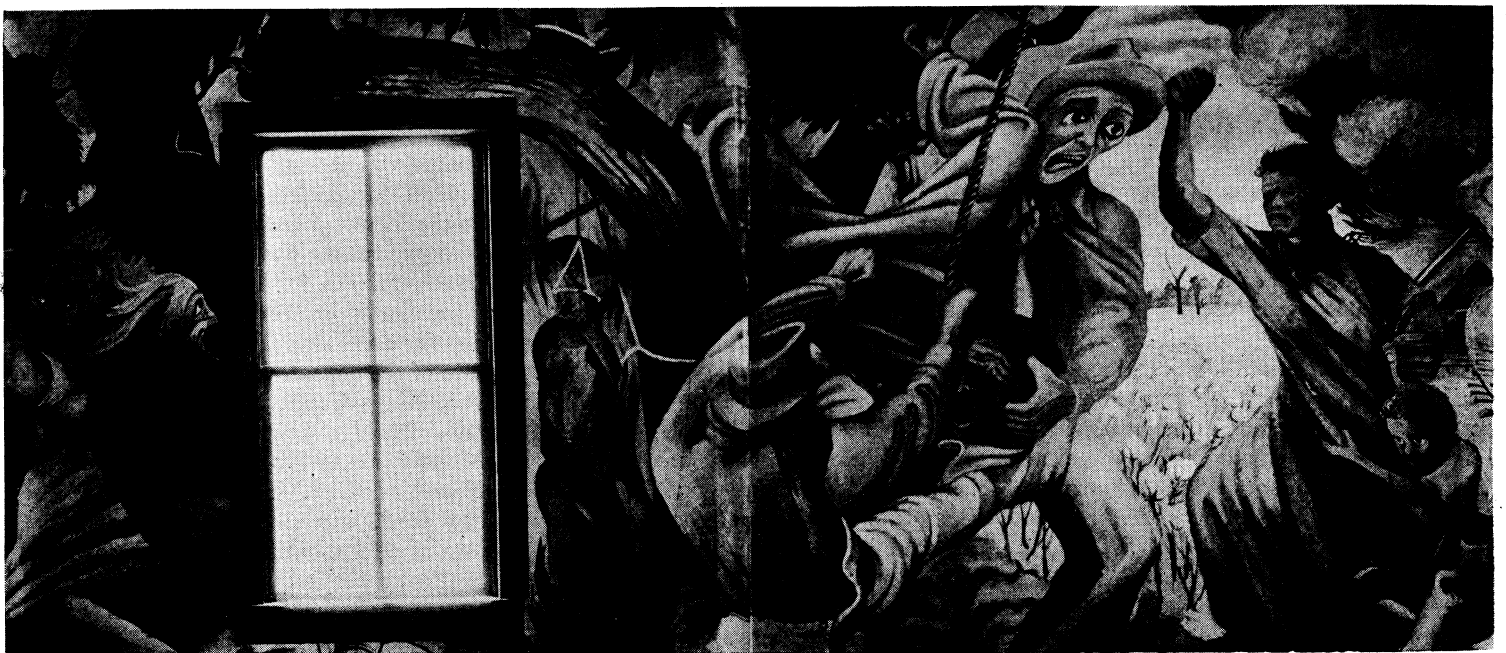
She said, "Yes. I must fight for my race."

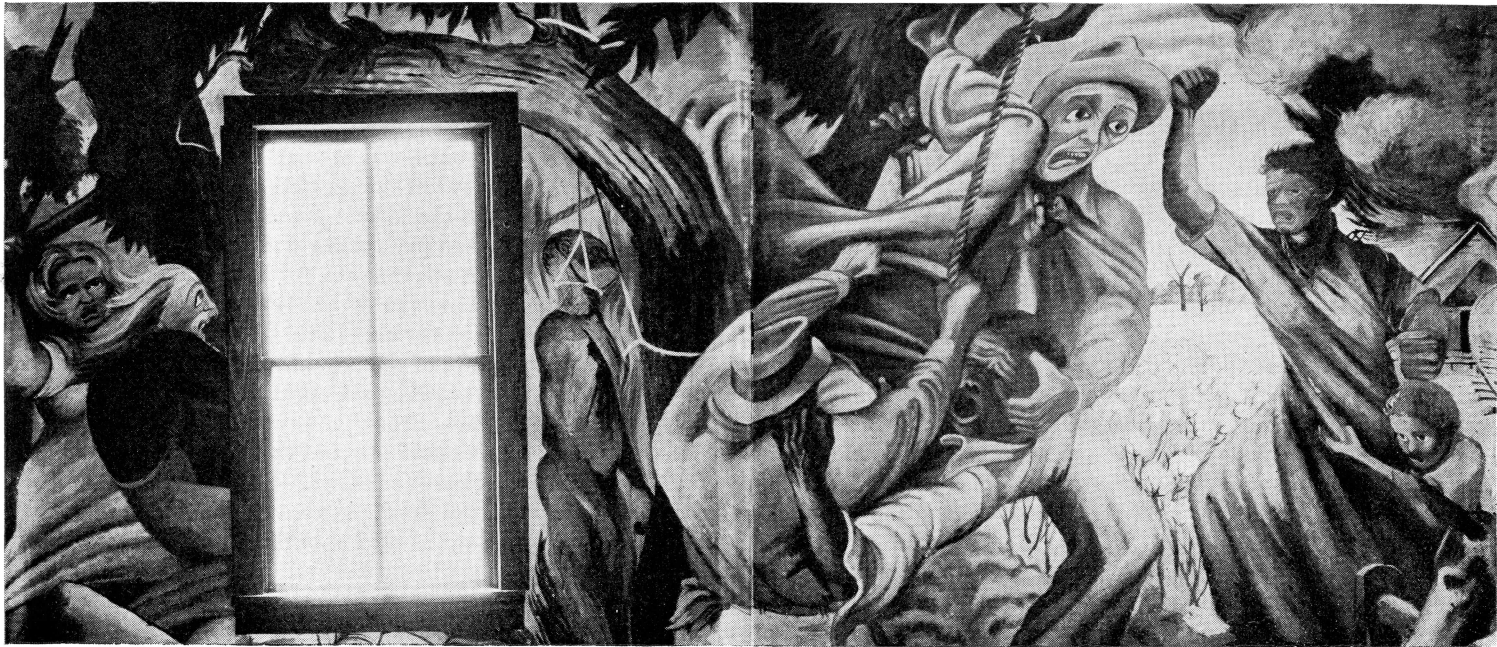
I had to go on to another appointment. It was necessary for me to hurry, because that other appointment was also important. But I wanted to stay. I wanted to say to Mrs. Brown: "All this is splendid, your passion to help your people. But the problems of your race are the problems of the whole working class though most Negroes have the double problem of race and poverty. The problems of your race are inextricably tied up with the problem of war. Negro women do not want their husbands and sons dragged off to war. And some of them, who lived through the last war, do not want them dragged off to fight for a country that pushes them down into the ditch after the fighting is over.

"The problems of your people are inextricably concerned with fascism. If fascism comes, you and every one of your race will be shunted off into nothingness. They will be denied education, and there will be persecution that will make what is happening now seem a holiday.

"The struggle to free your people is part of an international movement that seeks to abolish wage slavery at the same time that it works for the full freedom of oppressed races."

I wanted to say this to her then. But I had to go on to the next appointment. Now I am saying it to her. I hope she reads this. Knowing how much I admire her, I hope she will consider what I have said.





TRADE UNION NEWS

By ERMA L. LEE.

Fascism and Women

TWO hundred women have recently been discharged from relief projects in New York City for the crime of being single. Victor F. Ridder, Works Progress Administrator, is thus following up the precedent set in Washington, where thousands of women were forced out of civil service and other positions under Section 213 of the National Economy Act. As 96 per cent of all workers on the W.P.A. projects were taken from relief rolls, on which utter destitution was required for eligibility, the plight of these women is desperate. Mr. Ridder has proved himself to be without human sympathy, decidedly anti-labor and lacking even political sagacity. The Single Women's Committee of the City Projects Council, 139 West 22nd Street, New York City, is urging that protests be sent to Mrs. Roosevelt and to Mr. Ridder. The first attack of fascist Germany was on women who worked, then on racial minorities. America wants no fascism. Protest now!

Printers' Helpers Organize

Another labor frame-up is recorded with the conviction for assault of Murry Melvin, twenty-two-year-old vice-president of the Allied Printing Helpers' Union in New York City. When the newly organized printing helpers were locked out of Typographic Service, an advertising agency, last fall, Melvin led the picket line. Three weeks after an alleged assault a strikebreaker suddenly identified Melvin as his assailant. One other strikebreaker testified, and on this evidence Melvin was convicted and is now serving an indeterminate sentence. An appeal is being prepared.

This young union grew to a thousand members in fifty shops and newspapers in ninety days. It is an organization of all those who are not eligible for membership in the printing craft unions and so far embraces copyholders, both men and women, proof-boys and messengers. Their wages are from \$14 to \$16 weekly and the hours usually whatever the employer thinks is necessary. Members of the Pressmen's Union, Newspaper Guild, Typographical Union and League of Women Shoppers picketed with the locked-out workers.

Building Service Strike Settlement

The outcome of the Building Service Workers' Union strike is a classic example

of losing a successful strike—that is, of resorting to arbitration when 90 per cent of the union is out on strike and just a little show of militancy by the officers would have meant a decent settlement. This strike followed a particularly effective organization drive, a magnificent strike turnout, and unprecedented tenant and public support. On orders from Bambrick, their president, the workers returned to work, and over a thousand of them were refused their jobs, and now that Arbitrator Silcox has granted a \$2 increase the realty interests refuse to pay it. Gains were made in the strike and the union will go on, but next time the workers will have more to say about the settlement.

Intelligentsia Nonsense

Ordway Tead, lecturer on personnel administration at Columbia University, chose three young women for jobs in a department store and cafeteria because they were "dignified and well groomed," and praised them for stating they would work after marriage, but severely criticized them for attempting to take a stand on unionism, on which they were to "consult those higher in authority." If Mr. Tead were really qualified to speak on unionism he would know that it is the lack of a trade union standard of living that forces married women out to work, whether they like it or not, and certainly if these women marry the unorganized or unemployed Columbia graduates they will either go out to work or starve. The bewilderment and despair of college graduates in the face of the present economic chaos and the resultant diminishing opportunities is a severe indictment of the Teads and their like.

LaGuardia's Labor Board

Mayor LaGuardia is quoted as wanting to set up a city board to handle labor disputes. This is not his idea; it's a "brain trust" idea of the federal government and is a forerunner of attempted compulsory arbitration and the outlawing of strikes. There is a Peace Board in Toledo, Ohio, set up to banish strikes, but they continue as before. These impartial, fair arbitration schemes are notoriously unfair to labor. When labor begins to fight for a decent standard of living, then come these schemes to hamper it—good citizen committees, mayor's committees, impartial boards, government mediators, and now "peace

- Buy only union magazines
- Curtis publications are non-union
- McCall publications are non-union



boards"—none of them appointed or in any way controlled by labor.

New York Labor Party

Police brutality, illegal arrests, frame-ups and a total disregard of civil rights are widespread in recent labor troubles. The basic rights of labor are being crushed. Has labor no way to answer? What should we do? In New York City the answer is to be a Labor Party. More than fifty outstanding local labor leaders have united in a call for the formation of a Labor Party on May 24. One hundred thousand copies of "Labor Party News" carry this statement into the unions:

"At the 55th Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Atlantic City, the representatives of fifteen international unions, a majority of the delegates from State Federations and City Central bodies, as well as practically all the delegates from federal unions, supported a resolution favoring the formation of a Labor Party."

When bricklayers, carpenters, printers and fur workers make the laws in the legislatures and enforce them in the courts, then and then only will illegal picketing arrests cease, bail be not excessive, frame-ups end. Only a worker is qualified to judge a worker.

Hospital Workers' Union

The Association of Hospital and Medical Professionals, 20094, and Hospital Employees Union, 171, A. F. of L., are cooperating in the organization of nurses, doctors, technicians, office workers and maintenance workers in hospitals, and although only six months old, have already got results. An increase of three dollars a month was secured for nurses, and a full day off for porters and elevator operators at the Bronx Hospital; ten days vacation with pay for the pharmacy workers at Beth Israel; salaries for some internes, and the campaign is on for a straight eight-hour day for all. Local Councils, the basic structure of the organization, now exist in Bellevue, Kings County, Israel Zion, Beth Israel, Brooklyn Jewish, Mt. Sinai, Beth El, Montefiore and many other hospitals in New York City. The conditions of living, bad food, excessive hours, and wages as low as \$45 monthly are a menace to the health of hospital workers, which in turn menaces the patients. A union is long overdue.

Detroit Darning Club

"We have started a darning club, may turn it into an auxiliary later, as our men are trying to organize. Please don't use my name yet. Good way to get the 'darn' darning done and educate yourself, too, for we read aloud from your auxiliary page. No dues, but to be a member, must put in dime for bundle order of THE WOMAN TODAY. Thanks for rebate, it buys refreshments. Suggest article about Detroit's Mary Zuk."

WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES

By AGNES BURNS WIECK

Pacific Coast Women

You don't think of women in strikes of seamen and longshoremen, but the hand that holds the skillet may reach out to ships at sea. San Francisco sends this significant story of women affiliated with the Maritime Federation of the Pacific.

Affiliated also to the American Federation of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, through Local 39-44, Warehouse Union, International Longshoremen, this auxiliary is headed by Mrs. J. H. Garret, president; Mrs. Agnes Doyle, secretary, and Mrs. Lucille Baker, treasurer.

Not only does this auxiliary utilize its purchasing power by demanding the clerks' union button, thus aiding the unionization of their city and even distant factories, but it plays an important role in the Maritime Federation.

During the Santa Cruz lookout no women's nagging weakened the strike morale—on with their aprons and down to the docks went auxiliary women, setting up a strike kitchen for the pickets. When Santa Cruz men faced prison on frame-up felony charges, no women's tears created panic—women's action brought funds for legal victory. Labor trouble at the Hayward Poultry Producers' Plant found the auxiliary quickly dispatching food to neediest families involved, thus strengthening the weakest links in the chain.

Dances and whist parties provided nearly \$500 for donations to Vancouver, B. C., Gulf Ports, Sailors' Union, Ship Builders, Modesto Defense, aiding men framed in Standard Oil Tanker strike; Tom Mooney and other political prisoners; and the campaign for repeal of the anti-labor Criminal Syndicalism Act. A real record of solidarity!

Secretary Agnes Doyle voices the Pacific Coast spirit: "All auxiliaries in the East Bay were called together to establish a united front where we could work out a progressive plan of action, for we women follow the progressive lines of the I.L.A. We firmly believe that all auxiliaries and trade union bodies should have as their motto the slogan of the Maritime Federa-

tion of the Pacific Coast: "An injury to one is an injury to all."

Forward, Vermont Women!

In the hills of Vermont, where striking marble workers are waging a fierce struggle, picket lines have been cheered by the idea of a women's auxiliary. In our April issue, Isobel Soule pictured the plight of the women and children of these forgotten Americans whose sweat and toil have enriched the feudal Proctors of the Vermont Marble Company. A militant women's auxiliary will give new courage to these embattled strikers and spur them on to victory.

An Inspiring Visitor

En route from the Workers Alliance convention in Washington, D. C., Mrs. De Rorre was welcomed at a WOMAN TODAY luncheon by representative New York women. Greeting her was Rose Nelson, leader of the Progressive Women's Council, famous in the New York meat strike; greeting her in the name of unity was Erma Lee of the powerful Typographical Union; in the name of peace, Clara Bodian of the American League Against War and Fascism. Farm women were heard from when "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor honored Katie with a ringing speech, for this veteran of many struggles is now rallying farm women to action. Tom Tippet, author of the mine novel, "Horse Shoe Bottoms," paid a moving tribute to this courageous mine woman, Mrs. De Rorre. Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union, Harold Hatcher from the Workers' Alliance of America, Grace Hutchins of the Labor Research Association, and Grace Lumpkin, distinguished novelist, were among the many guests. Songs of labor and women stirred the audience when the sweet Scottish voice of Marion Maxwell, auxiliary leader from Hillsboro, Ill., greeted Katie and THE WOMAN TODAY.

"It was a great day for us mothers," said Mrs. De Rorre, "when unity of the unemployed was achieved, when the Farmer-Labor Party was endorsed by the Alliance convention and a national wom-

en's committee launched. We mothers know the workers have power to change things in this country when they all stick together."

Akron (Ohio) Ready

Akron, Ohio women may play a decisive role in the next struggle of their men, for the recent hard-fought strike in the rubber plants showed the need of a Women's Auxiliary to counteract the company-union propaganda invading strikers' homes through press and radio. Against this undermining, thousands of militant men maintained for five weeks an eleven-mile picket line, often in sub zero weather. Forcing important concessions, learning valuable lessons from the strike, they are determined to end company-union rule. That little handful of spirited women who did valiant duty in strike kitchens day and night may prove the vanguard of a powerful Women's Auxiliary.

Hands Full With 400 Chicks, but . . .

Spring is here and everything looks good. I have my hands full with 400 chicks, the cow and all. During the stormy weather we had to stay in the coop in turns at night to keep the heat up but they are coming along fine now. I manage to find time for THE WOMAN TODAY.

Yes, certainly use my name on the Regional Advisory Board. Being on the state legislative committee of our auxiliary, I realize the need for such education. Already, from the three copies, I have been enlightened on so many subjects I have long wanted to understand. Every copy gets better. I am so enthused about it. The writers speak out in such a true and righteous fashion to arouse mothers and women workers to action. Every auxiliary and club president in the land today whose aim is to educate would be at a loss without such a guide. The magazine could have no better name than THE WOMAN TODAY.

The Springfield auxiliary has set aside the first meeting in each month for educational purposes. I am proposing that we discuss these articles. The Mother Jones Auxiliary at Belleville sold every copy the night Mrs. Glossop brought her bundle. My first bundle was half sold before I reached our meeting. The bundle idea is good, for many women can raise a dime that can't a dollar for a sub.

My daughter Louise got a kick out of that article by Leona Howard on reducing, not that she needs it but we miners' wives all need humor.

Mary Voyzey, Springfield, Ill.

SUMMER SCHOOLS FOR WORKERS

By Mary R. M. Griffiths

SPRING classes are drawing to a close; that used to mean that studies were laid aside until the fall. But now workers in every section of the country look forward to two, four, six, or eight weeks at a summer school—a place where they live and study together with other workers from different industries and occupations and often from many different parts of the country.

When the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry was planned for the first time in the summer of 1921, serious doubts were entertained as to how workers could possibly leave their jobs or stop looking for jobs for as long as six or eight weeks. A score of other doubts entered people's minds, but the arriving students dispelled fears and doubts. Much, very much, has happened in the field of summer schools for workers since that summer of 1921. The purpose of all the schools, though not stated in the same words, is essentially this: to offer young people—some of the schools are open to men as well as to women—an opportunity to study subjects in which they have a vital interest and to train themselves in clear thinking; to stimulate them to take an active and continued interest in economic and social problems.

The purpose of the schools determines the choice of subjects offered. First place is held by economics—the name under which come such persistently perplexing problems as wages, hours, labor legislation, unorganized and organized workers, conditions of workshop and mine, living conditions, strikes, lockouts, unemployment, etc. These questions are not lectured about by people who may never have seen a factory or a worker's home. These problems are *discussed* with the students by people who, in addition to academic training, have made contacts with the industrial field, have come to know intimately the lives and problems of workers, and who have an understanding approach to these questions that baffle and oftentimes embitter the lives of workers.

Second on the list of studies, as a rule, is English. And here again the student finds an opportunity to widen and deepen daily experience by coming into contact with other scenes, unknown environments, different kinds of people and undreamed-of struggles, through reading. Books that deal

with economic and social life in different parts of the world or in America are read and discussed. Books are treated, not as an escape from a wearying and drab existence, but as photographs and interpretations of a pulsing, vari-colored life, in which each has a part—an active part. The desire and talent to write and speak are systematically encouraged.

Other subjects, such as history, psychology, science, are offered at some of the schools and these, too, deal with those phases of the subject that have interest and significance for the worker student. A workshop—usually called the Social Science Workshop—has borne witness to the ability and skill of students in dealing with facts.

Many workers to whom the idea of getting to know and understand things better appeals very strongly, immediately begin to wonder whether they are sufficiently prepared for such study. "I didn't go to school in this country"; "I only went to public school"; "I left school when I was thirteen and now I'm thirty-two, and I've forgotten all I ever learned." These remarks are usually heard when the subject of summer schools is brought up. The qualifications, stated in the various announcements, are few: age 18 (or 20) to 35, schooling through the sixth grade or its equivalent, at least two years' employment in industry (or, for the Office Workers' School, experience in an office), good health, and interest in the problems of our economic order.

"How are the schools financed?" is a question often asked. The answer is not the same for all schools, though each school does seek the financial aid of foundations and individuals. Committees are organized in various sections of the country, and they undertake to raise money and seek candidates for the schools.

This Year's Summer Schools

This year five schools expect to offer summer courses for workers. The Bryn Mawr Summer School, meeting on the campus of Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa., near Philadelphia, plans to have sixty students from June 13 to August 8. Address: Miss Jean Carter, 302 East 35th Street, New York City.

The School for Workers in Industry of the University of Wisconsin opens its six-week session for men and women on June 28. Address: Miss Alice Shoemaker, Sterling Hall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Mary R. M. Griffiths has an enviable record as instructor in workers' schools; at the Bryn Mawr Summer School, 1928-29 and 1932-33; at the Women's Trade Union League, 1922-35; and at the School for Trade Union Education, 1936. Miss Griffiths is an active member of the board of directors of the Bryn Mawr Summer School and of the board of the Affiliated Workers' Schools. Previous to her American experience she taught for the Independent Labor Party in England, and at Townbee Hall.—Editors.

The Southern Summer School, which met last year in a rustic inn situated on a mountain top near Little Switzerland, North Carolina, expects to meet again in North Carolina for six weeks during July and August. It hopes to have about forty women from industries typical of the South and from organizations of agricultural workers. Address: Mrs. Louise L. McLaren at the temporary winter office, 302 East 35th Street, New York City.

The Summer School for Office Workers, to be held this year at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, will open its four-week session for men and women during August. A special two-week Institute will be held during the first half of the session for those whose vacation is limited. Address: Miss Orle Pell, 302 East 35th Street, New York City.

The Western Summer School for Workers expects to meet at the University of California for four weeks. Address: Mr. John L. Kerchen, 301 California Hall, University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

The Affiliated Schools for Workers which act as a coordinating agency for these schools, and to which they are affiliated, with the exception of the Western Summer School, has its headquarters in New York City. It welcomes inquiries concerning the schools, and will gladly give information about them. Address: Miss Eleanor Coit, 302 East 35th Street, New York City.

The Workers' University of Mexico believes that a closer and far more intensive contact between the thoughtful students of social and economic matters, the teachers and the workers in the United States and Mexico is extremely important for both countries. The idea that the Summer School of the Workers' University of Mexico can serve toward this end is uppermost in the minds of the directors of the school in organizing the summer session. The best of Mexico's teachers and leaders in the country's new social movements are connected with the Workers' University. The school is affiliated with the Federal Department of Education, and it has organized a course of study and activities for foreign students this summer which will prove of the greatest interest and value.

For information address the Universidad Obrera de Mexico, Rosales 24 Y 26, Mexico, D. F.

HOUSEWIVES

GET TOGETHER

Rose Nelson

I Join

My husband has been out of work for a long time and as a housewife I had to struggle to make both ends meet. Our struggle was hard, it exhausted me mentally and physically. On this particular day, I felt gloomy.

I was shopping. Passing a certain street in my neighborhood, I noticed a large crowd of women surrounding a speaker. I drew closer and heard that she was speaking against the high cost of living.

On my way home, I saw the same crowd and another speaker. I stopped to listen.

"Yes, we are poor, we cannot buy the necessary food for our children because prices are too high. Yet we must do something about it. We must organize."

I was informed that she represents the Progressive Women's Council that organizes all housewives against the high cost of living. The same evening I went to their meeting to see what it was all about.

These women to my surprise had a broad knowledge of everyday occurrences. They spoke about war and fascism.

I became a member of the organization and I hope to help it in all ways. I wish to urge all women who are not members of the Progressive Women's Council to join now. Together we can wage a successful fight for better living conditions.

E. K., Brooklyn, New York.

Welcome, Minneapolis Consumers' Voice

The Minneapolis Women's League Against the High Cost of Living launched the *Minneapolis Consumers' Voice*. Its purpose is to bring together housewives to work toward the raising and the maintaining of the standard of living and to protest against those conditions and those practices which lead toward unfair prices.

We extend to it our warmest greetings.

Mother's Day for Peace

Thirty-nine women's organizations sent representatives to the Mother's Day Peace Conference called by the Progressive Women's Councils of Greater New York. Seventy-four delegates came representing many auxiliaries of benevolent societies, settlement houses, Democratic clubs, Public

School Parents' Associations, Workmen's Circle Auxiliaries, Chapters of the American Jewish Congress, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the American League Against War and Fascism and the National War Veterans.

Mrs. Julia Church Kolar, representing the American League Against War and Fascism, was the guest speaker at the conference.

"Mothers are the ones who give life to the future citizens of our country, and intelligent mothers should be in the fore to protect these lives from the danger of war," she said.

A resolution adopted at the conference called on all delegates present to develop a broad national movement for peace. A continuations committee of 31 was elected to further the work of the conference. The Mother's Day mass meeting held under the auspices of this conference was an enthusiastic success.

The Mother's Day Peace Parade of 5,000 persons in Cleveland included besides workers' organizations, the American League Against War and Fascism, the Western Reserve Post of the Veterans of Future War, the Home Fire Division, the girl's division of the Future Veterans at Flora Stone Mather College and the Women's College of the university. Youth and student groups from Ohio University, Fenn College, Oberlin and American Student Union chapters in a number of Cleveland High Schools participated. The Knights of Pythias, the American Eagles, women's benefit organizations participated in the conference to organize the parade. The parade was endorsed by the City Council of Cleveland.

The Mother's Day Peace Parade in Philadelphia included the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Prior to the parade there was a radio talk on why mothers should get together for peace.

In Minneapolis there was a city-wide Mother's Day Peace Parade. In Paterson and Passaic, N. J., there were mass meetings celebrating Mother's Day as a day on which to call upon women to unite for peace.

Mrs. James R. Smith, of Claremont, California, who was elected the "Mother



Cut-out by Lucille Corcos

Photo by Kaplan

of 1936" by the Golden Rule Foundation, declared in a Mother's Day address that mothers are dishonored by war and poverty. "War is a dishonor to mothers because it holds cheaply the sons who are their fruit," she said. "Poverty is a dishonor to mothers because it denies them the right to bread and to security for their children."

On the East Side of New York City, working class mothers held a meeting. These mothers told of the dread of being burned to death in old tenement houses. This was plainly put in the talk of Mrs. Sheba Ziprin, an East Side mother who said: "Today is Mother's Day. But after today we have tomorrow and 364 other days to look forward to in the hopelessness and darkness of dreary flats; 364 days and nights of constant fear that our children will burn to death in houses that are fire-traps."

The Women's Neighborhood Club of Harlem (N.Y.C.), has planned its activities to get the women of the neighborhood together to work for the reduction of high food prices and high rents. A series of talks has been arranged on how to work for the improvement of school conditions and to get decent hospitalization, particularly for the Negro people.

On May 8, the club served tea to the women of its neighborhood in the Hotel Grampian where Miss Helen Holman gave a splendid talk on why mothers are celebrating Mother's Day this year as a day on which to send out a rallying call to the women of the nation to fight for peace and against attempts to foster reaction upon the peoples of this country.

VIEWS ON NEWS

(Continued from page 3)

president of the Federation and Mrs. Butler of Minneapolis, secretary.

The women of Minnesota have given the lead—a Farmer-Labor Party for 1936! What a mighty stride forward for this movement, if the women in other states would get their organizations behind the Farmer-Labor Party.

It is the women who can best work out the program for the local Farmer-Labor Party to force the monopolies to lower food prices, for a minimum wage, for better conditions in the schools, to abolish compulsory military training in schools.

The National League of Women Voters Convention adopted an addition to their 1936-38 program for class-room freedom of teachers.

Mrs. Roscoe Anderson of St. Louis said that 22 states have teachers' oath laws and that there is a trend toward their enactment in other states.

Miss Earle of Massachusetts stated that the American Legion apparently intends to make the United States totalitarian on this question. Miss Earle warned the League to be on its guard and not to be "caught napping" as was Massachusetts where, she said, "We did not seriously consider this issue until it was too late, probably because we regarded what had happened as something too absurd ever to become a matter of concern to us."

Mrs. Fritz Marx of Cambridge, American wife of a German professor now at Harvard, appealed to the convention of the League to take action against such attacks upon civil liberties. Laws similar to the teachers' oath laws, she said, forced her husband, formerly in the Department of Public Welfare at Hamburg, to leave his country.

The ferocious attack upon Ethiopia by Fascism only indicates that unless the peace forces of world awaken and act concertedly to ward off war, we may awaken and find war upon peaceful peoples. It is not yet too late to act for the retreat of Italian Fascism from Ethiopia. The People's Mandate to Governments for world disarmament initiated by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and sponsored by many women's organizations is a good beginning for women who are for peace.

The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs is planning a drive to "further the employability of women," and to repeal Section 213, which resulted in the discharge of hundreds of married women in federal government



"Mussolini is SUCH a man—he sees something he wants and he just takes it."

employ because they are married to men with government jobs.

A bill to repeal Section 213, introduced by Congressman Celler, is now on the calendar of Congress. J. J. Cochran, Democrat of Missouri, is blocking passage of this repeal bill.

The Conference for Women's Rights held in San Francisco, was attended by delegates from the International Longshoremen's Association Women's Auxiliary, Federation of Negro Women's Clubs, Utopian Society, Lucy Stone Club, San Francisco Council of the Democratic Party, and the American League Against War and Fascism. Unofficial observers came from the Waitresses' Union, Laundry Workers' Union, Interprofessional Group of Business Women and from Parents' and Teachers' Associations.

A continuations committee was elected of 27 members to prepare for a broader conference for peace and women's rights.

CLARA ZETKIN

(Continued from page 15)

of the fascist incitement against people of other races, especially on the indescribable shame of the anti-Jewish pogroms. Working people of all races and nations! Reply to the anti-Jewish pogroms in Germany by fighting against fascism and actively supporting its victims.

Clara Zetkin was animated and inspired constantly by the wonderful achievements in the Soviet Union. Living in the midst of this new world her happiness overcame her physical weakness and suffering. Just a year before her death when she was celebrating her seventy-fifth birthday, she sent happy greetings to me, as I was celebrating my seventieth birthday.

I want to close this brief sketch of Clara Zetkin with her own words about the Soviet Union:

The new world of the future is rising on the ruins of the old, and—in a hard struggle with the old. It is the passionate yearning of millions which is being built up by the effort of countless brains—and the work of innumerable hands. It must not only be understood. It must be loved. It demands admiration.

These were almost her last words.

\$200.

In Cash Prizes

See Page 32

This story of the Margon strike was secured through EVELYN WRIGHT, long an active member of the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union and now secretary to the head of the Welfare Department of Typographical Union No. 6 where, during the depression, she showed rare sympathetic understanding and executive ability in handling hundreds of union and city relief cases. At her suggestion, ETHEL POLK, who has been active in this strike, has written the details of this most promising cooperation between white collar and factory workers' unions.—Trade Union Editor.

STENOGRAPHERS- MACHINISTS COMBINE

THROUGH snow and sleet, through some of the bitterest cold days New York has ever experienced, seven young girls picketed up and down in front of the two entrances of the Margon Corporation at 233 Spring Street, New York City.

The story of these girls, all members of the Bookkeepers, Stenographers, and Accountants Union of the A. F. of L., is a story of a new solidarity, one to be seen in New York for the first time: the solidarity of white collar and factory workers!

The seven office employees, who had worked for the Margon Corporation for from two to nine years, had absolutely no set hours. They came in at 9 a.m., and worked up to anywhere from 6 to 12 at night. Claire Mitchell, who was staff chairman, as well as being secretary to the employers, not only did routine work, but also handled Mr. Konoff's private correspondence—in fact, probably did his entire family's mail for him. In other words, Miss Mitchell did a \$40 a week job for \$28 a week. This was the highest salary—the others receiving wages ranging from \$16 to \$25—in each case below the union minimum.

The Margon Corporation is a million-dollar firm that produces dolls' parts and slide fasteners. Oddly enough, it is owned by two alleged "liberals," Alexander Konoff and Samuel Marcus. Some months ago, the factory workers, now members of the International Association of Machinists, asked the office workers what their attitude would be toward a strike at Margon. The answer came without hesitation: We will not scab and we will not pass through your picket lines! The firm stand taken by both office girls and factory workers was decisive in negotiations with the bosses; there was no strike—the factory workers won union recognition, wage increases and better conditions.

But Messrs. Konoff and Marcus did not very long tolerate such a situation. They were faced with a solid front which had to be broken if they were to retain supreme authority in their business. They decided to eliminate from their office staff the two girls who had led the others in taking their stand. First, Sunny Grill was discharged. The reason given was slow season, etc. However, she was told (off the record)

LATE STRIKE NEWS

Since this article was written for "The Woman Today," the strike has grown to greater significance. The Central Labor Union of Hudson County and the Essex County Trades Council of New Jersey, the Bakery and Confectionery Workers Union and the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union of Bayonne as well as many other Jersey unions have thrown their weight behind the Joint Margon Strike Committee. A conference is expected to take place shortly to discuss a settlement. This conference is a direct result of the pressure brought to bear upon the Margon Corporation by organized labor in New Jersey. The two bus lines operating in Bayonne have refused to transport strike-breakers. As a result, the 30 or 40 strike-breakers who commute from New York have been forced to do so by the Jersey Central Railroad, which is extremely inconvenient and much more expensive. As a result of the co-operation of the Building Trades Council of Hudson County, practically no skilled labor of any kind is to be found in the plant.

The story of the Margon strike is now an inspiring lesson of the strength and solidarity of organized labor. Today the only problem is a financial one. Ten union workers, two girls and eight men who are carrying on the strike in Bayonne must be fed, housed and in some cases clothed. With the financial as well as moral support of the friends of the labor movement, the Margon strike will be a victory for all organized labor.

—E. P.

that, after six years of satisfactory work, she could no longer be trusted. Several days later, on January 21, Claire Mitchell, staff chairman, explained to the employers that the effect of Miss Grill's dismissal would not aid toward efficiency and harmony in the office. If a lay-off were actually necessary, she suggested, it should be done on the basis of seniority. Claire Mitchell was immediately fired.

The bosses' next move was to ask the staff, politely, to pledge that under no circumstances would they strike, support a strike of the factory workers, or refuse to walk through the latter's picket line—in other words, a yellow-dog pledge. The five B. S. & A. U. members, equally politely but firmly, refused to do anything of the sort. They were told that they needn't return to work again.

In answer to this lock-out the Union

declared a strike against the Margon Corporation and its subsidiary, the Conmar Products Company. Thus, on January 23, mass picketing began, both at the Margon plant and at the homes of the employers (the latter picket lines taking place on Sundays).

Scabs and thugs to protect them were hired. Herman Blume, the office manager, was recently exposed as having held a city job and received pay for work done by a substitute hired by him, at which time he was in the employ of the Margon Corporation, netting himself a profit of \$11,000 at the expense of the city.

The first arrest took place in Brooklyn where 18 B. S. & A. U. members were held for disorderly conduct and obstructing the streets.

Thus, after three weeks of striking, the seven strikers began to learn what position the police hold in relation to labor disputes. In a little over a week 58 arrests took place, under the personal supervision of the captain. No sooner did one magistrate after another dismiss these cases than new ones were brought in.

On March 2 the 250 factory workers of the Margon Corporation, to whom the office girls had given such full support, decided to go out on strike to uphold their own agreement, which was being violated, and to force the reinstatement of the office workers. A joint membership meeting was held that night. The spirit of the 257 strikers was firm and the solidarity expressed in the meeting was something to be remembered.

Since then, despite outbursts of police brutality, despite dire poverty in many cases, despite even the lack of funds of the Joint Margon Strike Committee, the determination expressed at the joint strike meeting has remained steadfast.

The Margon Corporation has bought a plant in Bayonne, N. J., and intends to escape the strike and loss of profits in that way. The workers of Bayonne are aware of the threat that a "run-away" shop brings to the standard of living. The trade unions there have already begun to respond to the call. Messrs. Konoff and Marcus will learn that the arm of the labor movement is long and carries with it the strength of organized labor!



AS THE WHEELS GO

PART II

"Oh, if it's so, let's get the priest. Where is the priest?" the older men now cried and formed a circle around Take and Leta. They were glad to have the affair take such a turn though most of them knew why Leta had spoken. It was better to have a hurried wedding than to have one of their own villagers humiliated in public, on a Sunday.

Someone was about to go and call the priest when the miller interfered.

"I haven't been asked whether I want to give her away today. And she is still my daughter," he said slowly and, taking Leta's hand, he walked her out of the inn.

A while before Marcu had humiliated himself; now he had spoken to some friends of the impending marriage between Take and Leta. He had told them how good and careful a worker the boy was and how glad he would be to let him work the mill while he would spend his old days traveling from village to village to see the homes of the people whose corn he had ground. True, Take had done an unheard of thing, asking to be married in a hurry, that the wedding guests should be those who happened to be at the inn, and not such as are sent for, as was the custom of the country, to come in the gaily painted wagon of the father, to which all his horses are harnessed. But then hadn't Leta just said that she and Take had agreed to be married that way? Was Stan the cause of all that? Why had he left immediately after Take's arrival? Stan was handsome and any one of a dozen girls would willingly have become his wife if her father had let her. There seemed to be no assurance about what a man like Stan might do. They loved his flowers and his stories and admired the heads he carved out of stone, yet a man was not expected to waste land on flowers and time in doing useless things. It was wrong of Marcu to shame a man like Take.

The innkeeper's daughter reappeared behind the counter. "What will you have, Take?"

But what these people didn't know they didn't know. The miller had watched Leta grow from a knee-high mite to a full-bosomed, broad shouldered woman who could do as much work as a man. She was as willing at the millstones as at the loom. Father and daughter had come to be like brother and sister. He had chosen for her husband, a man to carry on the mill, a man to whom she would bear many children to carry on the work of the mill. She had let him choose a man for her; her first son to own the mill when the time came for his father to rest. And suddenly, in one moment, he realized that he hadn't known his daughter at all, for he knew that what she had said about having planned just such a wedding as Take had proposed was not true, that she had said so out of the goodness of her heart, willing to harness herself to a yoke with a man she did not love, merely to save him from public humiliation. Take could never appreciate the greatness of her spirit. She was no woman for such as he.

He had a mill, Marcu had. He had no male descendants to leave it to, but he wasn't going to hang the stones of that mill around the neck of his daughter, now that he had just learned to know her. That continual turning of the stones, turning back to where they had been, again and again, had made his mind go back again and again to where it had been instead of going forward. That was why he had only one thought—to marry his daughter to a man who would think only of the mill.

Father and daughter walked side by side from the inn to the mill. Passing in front of the church they crossed themselves and reaching for each other's hand they gave themselves over for the first time to the feeling of a great need of each other. She

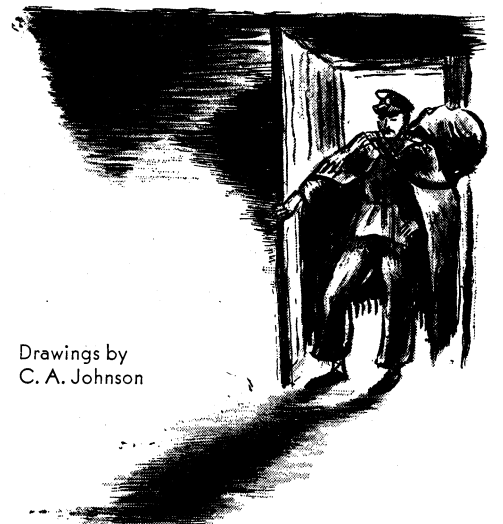
had found a father, he a daughter. The mill was but a house of stone in which two pairs of stone driven by a water-wheel were turning incessantly. At the door of the mill Marcu paused to look at the discarded millstones that had ground out the corn of the villagers for fifty generations and had been placed outside as monuments to the dead millers.

"I used to be so proud of them," he said. "Now I am proud only of you, Leta." And father and daughter kissed. "When I was proud of these stones I was not happy. I was only proud. Now my new pride makes me happy and gay. You shall drink with me to my new pride."

Then Leta looked long at her father; she had not known him for what he was.

Marcu's and Leta's departure from the inn emptied the place. The villagers suddenly remembered that they had work to do at home. The fiddlers too walked out. Only the innkeeper, his daughter, and the returned soldier remained. While the innkeeper put the tables back into place and gathered the pitchers and glasses, he spoke to Take without looking at him:

"You hauled in the net before the fish



Drawings by
C. A. Johnson

had settled into it. Cast your net again, my son."

The soldier leaned against the wall with a pitcher of wine in one hand, a glass in the other. He looked at the smiling cripple, understood what her father had said, and stared before him. The eel had slipped through his fingers.

When Leta went to see Stan she found the door closed. The village bargeman had rowed him across the Danube. Yet her heart sang with joy. Her father offered to go and find him and call him back but Leta wouldn't have him go. Stan would come back of his own accord. The power that made him go would bring him back.

The people of Petra were worried by the fierceness of an early winter, but the miller seemed not to care what was happening. He had been worrying about his mill ever since he had been old enough to stand on his feet. He had seen his father worrying every day of his life. These millstones had weighed heavily on his father and grandfather and great grandfather, but their weight had been lifted from his, Marcu's, chest. For twenty years he had had a most precious jewel beside him and had not known it. And she was worth a thousand mills. What cared he for the wind and the cold now! That fool, Take, would have gone on fathering children that they should become millers, slaves to a pair of turning stones. And there was this Stan. He had seen him almost every day and yet, because the stones had been grinding and there had been so much work to do, he, Marcu, had not even looked at him. Marcu believed Stan would be back when she would want him. Would she send him for the boy? Did she know where he was? Or would she herself row across the Danube and go in search of him over the width and breadth of the land? She never looked down the snow covered road to watch for his return as she had watched for Take's return. She had some-

times doubted whether the soldier would return. But she had no doubt that Stan would come back . . . for her alone.

Take was practically living at the inn. He had not come near the mill. The military cap on his head, he sat at the table, a pitcher of wine before him, drinking slowly but never saying a word to anyone. Even on Sundays, after church service, when those who dared to go out on the road stopped at the inn for a glass of wine and a chat with the neighbors, and the youngsters danced to keep warm, Take sat at a table, a pitcher of wine before him, and stared at the floor as if he had lost something. His was the silence of sorrow. But the villagers knew that Take's sorrow was for the mill.

Life had come back to the mill. It was good to see the stones turn and to smell the odor of freshly ground corn. It was good to hear the water splash from paddle to paddle on the turning wheel outside. A crowd of villagers had trooped in crying, "Good luck! Good luck!" It was good to see the mill turning again. And Marcu was always lavish with the bottle on such occasions.

Stan would be coming soon. Every field but that of his mother had been plowed. She went to the door and looked down the road.

And lo and behold, Stan was coming down the road.

Leta had pictured to herself his return. She had expected him to come back wan, haggard and lean. Stan came back fuller faced and gayer than ever. He entered the mill holding his hands in his pockets, as if to signify that he cared not to have anything to do with it. For a moment Take stood still, gathering himself to spring at his antagonist. The people crowded back against the wall to make room for those two to fight it out there and then.

Stan smiled at them but spoke to the

miller's helper:

"It is the mill you wanted, Take. I wanted the woman. As long as the two were wedded together, there could be no peace between you and me. There is one woman in this village who wants to be the miller's wife. The innkeeper will buy the mill for her."

After one look at Marcu, Stan said to the miller:

"I too want a dowry from you, a dowry to go with your daughter, Marcu. I am not marrying an orphan. I want all the used, old, discarded, millstones from in front of the mill. And on them I will carve the faces of all the men who have used themselves up grinding corn. And the stones now turning I want also. Speak! Is it a bargain?"

There was great rejoicing the following Sunday at the inn; they danced and sang and drank much wine celebrating the wedding of Stan and Leta. And the gayest of them all was Take. He too was being married, but he was happy because he got the mill. The saddest of them all was Marcu who wondered at his blindness, and how close he had been to giving away his daughter to a man who cared little whether his wife was the most beautiful or the ugliest woman in the village so long as he had the mill.



IT HAPPENED ONE SUMMER

(Continued from page 5)

lessly she went to a cupboard and took potatoes from a bag, and started peeling them.

"For the Lord's sake, Ida, what you peelin' them 'tatoes for? This ain't no time for cookin'."

"So it ain't," she agreed, and pushed the potatoes into the bag. After a moment she automatically started peeling them again.

The guests stayed on. They were all tired. Mary Taylor's eye ached, and they covered it with handkerchiefs soaked in cold water.

Suddenly, a knock on the door. They all stirred, and sat up, expectantly.

"Who's there?" Ida called.

The door was pushed open. It was the landlord.

"Say, Mis' Richards . . . Oh!" He stopped, as he caught sight of the group, which included two white men. Pamphlets were spread on the table.

Ida Richards looked at him, took in his gaze and followed it around the room. For the first time she really looked at the landlord with eyes that were open and unafraid.

"I came for the rent. You got the check?"

"Yeah, I got it."

He waited.

"How about fixin' the window?"

"It ain't fixed yet? I spoke to the janitor this morning."

"Well, I got that check. But you ain't gettin' it till the wondow's fixed," she was speaking very slowly, tasting her words.

"What do you know about that?"

"But I spoke to the . . . Anyhow, you

know it's two dollars more now."

"That so?" she looked at the group. The expression in their eyes reassured her. "Well, I ain't got two dollars more, and any time I do get it, it's going into our stomachs. What do you think about that? Now—goodnight! When that window gets fixed you'll get the rent, fourteen dollars of it, not a cent more."

The little man looked around, and backed towards the door.

"I spoke myself to the janitor. Goodnight. Goodnight, folks," he said, with a forced smile.

Ida slammed the door after him and leaned on it.

"Sorry we was interrupted, friends." And in her eyes there gleamed a spark of fire which her husband had never seen before.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 17)

"I've seen you goin' around. Miss Annie Campbell, she's head up at your office, she sent me word to come up, she had a dress for me. But I didn't go. An' I ain't goin'. I've worked all my life for what I got, an' raised two families."

"Where are your children?"

"Ever'wheres. I get letters from 'em. They say it's hard times all about. So me an' Jim we make it for ourselves, an' don't ask them for nothin'. They say children don't pay for their raisin'. Who wants 'em to pay? If parents can't give their children raisin' they ought to be ashamed of it. I didn't have a single one go out for hisself 'fore he was thirteen."

There was something queer about the old woman's figure, Ishma noticed. Her abdomen seemed to hang low and was protuberant in the lower part rather than the upper as was usual with the old and poor. They came to a house where a woman was standing on the steps. She was young, and not utterly despairing. "Howdy, Aunt Lucy," she said.

"Howdy, Emmer. Has Tom got work yit?"

"No. But they haven't cut us off relief. We're thankful for that." She looked guardedly at Ishma. It would be wiser not to complain.

Ishma knew about her. "You have two small children. Are you getting any milk for them?"

"Not a drop. They eat fat-back gravy. It ain't agreein' with the least one." Ishma looked so kind, she dared to say it.

"It's too swampy here for a garden, isn't it?"

"You said it. But there's a hump by the kitchen door, and I've got a tomato vine on it. We got three tomatoes off it today." She was still tasting the juicy tomato, one could see. "You been all the way to Blue Creek, Aunt Lucy?"

Mrs. Boardman laid her switches down. "Yes, but I ain't so tired. No use holdin' them switches while I'm standin' still."

"You'll die sayin' you ain't tired, Aunt Lucy. She's been a hard worker, Mis' Hensley," said Emma Burke, betraying the fact that she, too, knew who Ishma was.

"Been!" protested Mrs. Boardman, and Emma patted her shoulder. "You're a hard worker yet, only there ain't so much a body can get to do."

Mrs. Boardman accepted the apology, and Emma turned to Ishma. "I've heard people talk about you, Mis' Hensley. They're all glad you're doin' relief. They like you."

"I'm giving up the work, Mrs. Burke." Ishma had made her decision. Emma's face fell. "But I'll try to get you put on the milk list before I resign." Emma's face lifted. "Won't you come in?" She had

been ashamed to invite her into the bare house, but now she was ready to show the worst.

"No, we can't stop," Mrs. Boardman answered for Ishma. She wanted to go on, and she wanted help with that carefully ignored bucket. Emma had become cheerful. That milk!

"You're carryin' her bucket. Make her sing you a song for it. Aunt Lucy knows ever' song that ever was."

The old woman threw back her head, her eyes bright with happy fire. Her face was a patch of wrinkled smiles. "Singin' has kept me alive. But I ain't goin' to do none of it now. I've got to get along."

"Would you think she could work and her like that?" said Emma, touching the old woman's abdomen. "She's worked twenty-five years and had two children since that happened."

"What is it?" asked Ishma, wondering.

"Rupture. All her insides are outside her skin."

"I can't believe it!"

"There they are. Just tech 'em." Emma grabbed Ishma's hand and pressed it against the old woman's swinging "insides." She would never forget the touch of that shaking, jelly-like bag of living substance out of place. It was as big as a half-bushel measure. Could a person live like that? And work? And smile and sing?

Lucy saw her consternation, and was proud of being the cause of it. She had swung along for so many years with her affliction that her familiars had ceased to be interested.

"How, how can you do it?"

"I don't do it. It's the Lord. He does it. It ain't me at all." She eyed Ishma triumphantly. Here she was. A bride of the Kingdom. "Folks might say I've had a terrible life," she continued. "My first man got drunk, an' beat me, an' nearly broke my back over an iron bedstead. My two oldest boys got smashed in a wreck, smashed till they wasn't more'n a patch of blood on the ground. My second man was always mad about my first man's children, 'cause I'd help 'em whether or no, an' kept cuttin' up about it, and I had to support ever' one of 'em till they's old enough to get out. Then my house got burnt, with all my quilts an' beds an' things, an' the furniture I'd got from my mother. But the Lord has been with me! Praise His name. He has been with me all through it!"

"With you? And let you be served like that?"

She was amazed at the spark her words set off. Lucy Boardman's face flamed, and her eyes seemed to shoot murder. One could sense her tremendous vitality, the full source of her endurance, as she directed her indignant fire against Ishma and all the forces that might possibly be out to cheat her of the reward of faith.

"Don't you say anything about my God!"

I've worked for Him all my life, I've took poison out of the devil's hand, I've stood ever'thing a human bein' can stand, an' I'm goin' to have what I've worked for! I've got a place waitin' for me in heaven, not at anybody's feet either! I'll be right up in the row with Jesus! An' you ner nobody's goin' to take that away from me. My God is a just God, an' He'll give me my rights!"

"I only meant that you deserved more in this world. Why should you have to wait until you die before you can have any of the fruits of your toil and faith?"

"Because it's God's way, that's why. If He wants me to wait, I'll wait. I'll go on workin' for Him an' praisin' Him till I kain't turn in my bed an' death's a-rattlin' in my throat. I'm not goin' to take any chance. Heaven is mine! I've bought it over an' over, day after day, year in an' year out! I've given up everything but that. I ain't had *nothin'*."

And that was the thing that was burning her vitals. She had had nothing.

"I know you'll get heaven if anybody gets it, Mrs. Boardman."

She was fire again. "You ain't hintin' that nobody'll get it?"

The look in her eyes made Ishma want, above all things, to reassure her. "You needn't worry about what you are going to get. Not for a minute. You rest easy about the future. You'll have the best there is. But I can't help wanting you to have a little more comfort right here."

"I don't need any. I don't want any. The harder I've got it here, the better I'll have it there. I can hold out. I can hold out to my last breath. Sometimes I wish I could make it easier for my Lu Ann, down in the swamp country, with thirteen children, draggin' along with malaria. I wish I could make it better for her. That's my temptation. Then I pray the Lord to forgive the sin of my mind, and he does."

They walked on in silence. After a block or two, Ishma said, "I want you to go to Miss Campbell and get that dress."

"You don't think it's wrong to take something I never earnt? I ain't ever done that."

"You earned it twenty million times over! You go and get it. Make them give you a pretty one. The prettiest one there. Mrs. Hamilton has sent in half a dozen dresses. You get the very best one."

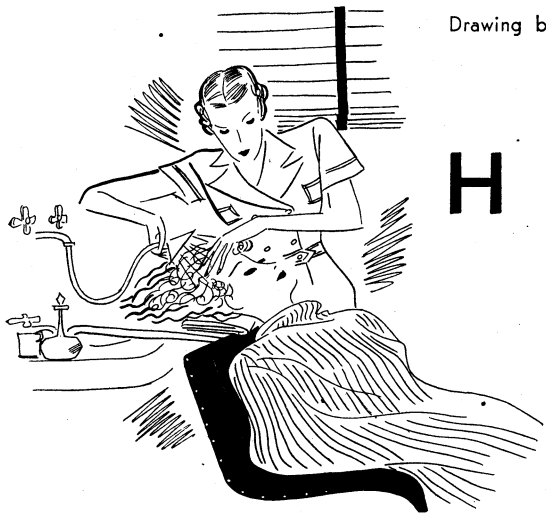
"Mis' Hamilton? Ay, she's a little woman, an' big-bellied like me, only for a different reason. Over-eatin', maybe. Her dress'll fit me."

"Don't let them put anything ugly on you. Look them all over, and take the prettiest."

"A purty one." The seventy-year-old eyes dropped like a girl's, looking at a pretty dress on herself. Then she resigned the picture.

(Continued from page 30)

Drawing by Horte



H A I R S T O Y O U

A few suggestions on keeping and beautifying your hair, at little or no expense.

Leona Howard

FROM WAY BACK popular song writers and other birds of that feather have sung about woman's crowning glory being her hair. Fortunately, it's the one female charm that can be heightened with no more outlay than that needed for a good brush, a mild soap, an inexpensive herb or two, and a certain amount of strength in the elbow. You may have an assortment of features that leaves you dissatisfied or even disconsolate, and your skin may differ from the rose in texture and color, but you *can* have good hair. And quoting the man with only one leg, "that's better than nothing."

First of all, don't think that because you've had a finger-wave ground into your locks and sat sweatingly and patiently under the dryer for an hour, that you've done your all. On the contrary, while you may have prettied yourself a little, you've done really nothing for your hair. In the first place not only the lotions but the shampoos themselves used in the average inexpensive beauty shop are made of the cheapest possible ingredients, and to them can be traced half the conditions of unhealthy scalp and dandruff extant.

It comes to this: the more thick, goeey setting lotion that is slapped on your hair, the easier it is to scrape your tresses into the neat ridges one is pleased to call a coiffure. All well and good as far as making your wave last a day or two longer, but very bad for the scalp and, ultimately, very bad for the hair itself. The lotion dries to form a curd on the scalp, preventing the pores from excreting their natural oils and lubricating the hair to keep it soft and pliant.

Further, when you return the following week to be washed and rewaved, an inferior alkaline soap will be used. This will merely wash the surface dirt off the hair itself, and has no effect on the scalp curd except to increase it, storing up trouble for the future. After a slip-shod shampoo they remould your hair into its plaster-of-paris waves and send you out into the world again with the beginnings of a nice healthy case of dandruff. And I should like to make editorial comment right here that the loveliest hair arrangement in the world doesn't compensate for the unpleasantness of dandruff manifesting itself on the shoulders of a dark dress.

What to do? You say you can't afford the more expensive hair-dressing establishments and you want your hair "to look nice." Granted that your waves must be sculptured by hands other than your own, you can still give your hair the finest care at home.

As briefly as possible, here is the best method for the prevention and cure of dandruff. Brush. Brush your hair every night before you go to bed. If you're a little loathe to do this right after a wave, dismiss your fears, for once you accustom your hair to a nightly brushing you will find that it grows more accommodatingly and becomingly, and that contrary to your expectations, the brushing does *not* ruin the wave. Besides, when you are thus exercising your hair, brush it up and away from your head, in the opposite way to which it grows naturally. This technique

encourages a springy, wavy quality that gives your wave a far more natural appearance than any hairdresser can.

Follow the brushing with finger manipulations. There need be no hocus-pocus whatever about this. Simply thrust your fingers into your scalp and massage in a simple rotary motion. There is, however, one especially good exercise. You plant all ten fingers close to the sides of the neck and do a jerky St. Vitus sort of motion all the way up to the crown of the head. Also, slow massage at the back of your neck is excellent to stimulate circulation. Bad circulation, in case you don't know this, is at the root of many scalp and complexion faults, and eliminating it is a big step forward in self-beautification.

Next, and important. Once a week, or as often as you insist upon having your hair waved, give yourself a hot oil shampoo. It's simple and quick and extremely beneficial for practically any head of hair. Slightly messy, of course, but then so is eating squab, and think how expensive that is. Heat a couple of table-spoons of olive oil, and after a really thorough brushing and massaging, part your hair, and with an oil-saturated wad of cotton, go over your whole scalp, making a part wherever necessary. Follow with a little mild auxiliary massage to work the oil into the scalp. Place a thick towel over your bed-pillow to protect it, lay your head down and go to sleep. It's fine to leave the oil on overnight, but if you can't, you can't; however, it must stay on at least an hour if it's to do any good.

The next morning shampoo your hair with tincture of green soap diluted with warm water. This you buy at the drugstore, and very inexpensive; fifteen cents worth will take care of three good cleansings. At least two soapings are needed for a thorough shampoo, and three are preferable.

If you're willing to go a step further in hair glorification, a rinse made of camomile tea leaves is grand for the hair itself and gives it a lovely burnished appearance. This herb comes from the corner drugstore too, costs very little, and is prepared just as tea is—by boiling and straining.

Here's one strict taboo; don't use a dirty brush. Swish it through soapsuds every night, rinse it with hot water, then cold, and place it on its side to dry. If you do this religiously you will notice that your hair is not nearly so dirty when the time comes to wash it, and that it retains its gloss of cleanliness much longer.

A spray is invaluable for a good shampoo. They can be bought, the parts sold separately, at most Five-and-Tens, or for well under a dollar at the cut-rate drugstores. The more forceful the play of water on your head, the quicker and cleaner your shampoo will be.

There is still the problem of the wave itself. All right. If you've followed this routine for an entire week, and given yourself a really superior shampoo, trot around to the beauty shop and have your hair curried into your favorite coiffure, but without the gummy lotion. And if the operator protests and says your wave will not stay in, say, "It will if you do it properly."

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 28)

"I'll take it," she said. "A purty one. An' I'll send it to Lu Ann."

Lucy stopped before a tiny two-roomed house, both rooms fronting on the street. One of them was a living and sleeping room, the other a kitchen and workshop. Ishma could smell worn shoes. Looking through the window she saw a decrepit old man fumbling about. In one shaking hand he held a coffee-pot. She saw him lift it uncertainly to his mouth and drink from the spout. Turning her head quickly away, she said good-by to Lucy Boardman and her bucket.

DOWN IN the hollow, in the very lowest part of the "flats" lived the Negroes. It was Saturday afternoon, but there was no sign of gaiety on the streets. There was hardly a sign of life. Perhaps most of the dwellers were over on Main Street, roaming up and down, hoping for a chance to earn a "coke," or a loaf of bread to take home.

Ishma became aware of eyes at windows and half-open doors, of drifting figures about the rear sheds and wretched back lots, where a burnt and unfertilized vegetation attempted to bear food. Life was still here. It hadn't been utterly starved out.

Turning a corner she saw an old Negro woman out in her yard counting the astonishing number of blossoms on a tall, yellow-flowering stalk.

"How many, Auntie?" she stopped and asked.

"Be's like they's sixty-six, an' all from one seed that I put in the ground mahsef. I got it from Mis' Walker, the lady I work fuh. I kaint say I works fuh huh now. Nobody can say dey works anywhere now."

"But somebody must be working, Auntie?"

"No, we's jest perishin'. That's all. We's jest perishin'. You standin' right heah whah de streets cross. Now you look up an' you look down, you look east an' you look west, an' not a soul dat lives in any house you see has got work. Evah whah you goes there's nothin' movin' but you'sef. It's been six months since Mis' Walker told me she couldn't give me no mo' work. But she lets me come on Sunday an' wash up de dishes. Then I gets my dinner, an' a quarter, an' scraps to bring to de ol' man an' my granchile. I ain't had what you could call work in six months—not a tap at a snake. I tell you, honey, our bellybuttons air just hangin' loose."

She was hungry, one could see. And she was not the kind of Negress who looks plump and young at any age. She looked as if her bones had borrowed skin from a much larger person. Her thin hips could be crushed between two hands. The wrinkles of her face lay on one another in little piles.

"Are they cuttin' white folks' wages agin? Dat's what I've heard."

Ishma hesitated before the old eyes that begged her to say the bitter news was not true.

"Is dey sho' nuff cuttin' white folks' wages some mo'?"

"Yes, they're cutting again."

"Lawd hep us! What we goin' to do?"

"Do you know Sim Wiggins, Auntie?"

"Dat cullud man? Sho' I know Sim."

"There's a meeting at his house to-night, for those who are out of work."

She was not too starved to chuckle. "Law, his house won't hold 'em. Dey'll have to go to de fields fo' dat meetin'."

"They're going to talk things over and decide what to do. You be there, and tell everybody to come."

"It's all fuh us cullud folks?"

"There'll be one or two white people, to help you talk."

"You be dere, honey?"

"No. But I'll come next time."

Ishma knew that she had no business in the "flats." "The Negro section is well taken care of by so-and-so," she had been told. "You are not expected to go there. In fact, you are expected not to go."

Next week she would not be a city employee. Her movements would be unrestricted. She needed the money that she was earning, but more than that she needed her freedom. She would find real work somewhere, and forget these days of constant inner humiliation. She knew many more people, she had made contacts of psychological value, but at too dear a price. One could not feed at the trough of the dead and escape poison.

She turned back up the hill, for she wanted to be at Holderness before night. Derry was coming out with his niece Evelyn, and she wished to be there when they arrived. Evelyn was to stay at the farm from Saturday night until Monday morning, provided she was happy.

(To be continued)

LET 'EM EAT CAKE

(Continued from page 13)

not voted additional taxes. This nearly reassured their renomination on primary day. Nearly. . . . But the workers upstairs decreed otherwise.

No sooner did the Assemblymen disband than the leaders of the workers opened their session, and the following resolution was read:

Whereas, we have held the halls of legislature for a period of nine days, and

Whereas, the regular Assembly has been thoroughly exposed by the Workers' Alliance as an impotent, inefficient tool of the public utilities, banks, and big industries, be it therefore

Resolved, that the Workers' Alliance divorce itself completely from the state machinery of finance and capital, and adjourn to immediately prepare for a state machinery of its own.

This was to be done through a Farmer-Labor Party, and all present thundered their approval.

As we left the gallery Mrs. Spain pointed to the flag which hung above the rostrum, and said: "That should be taken

down and the emblem of the Public Service Utility of New Jersey should be put in its place."

Some one espied Assemblyman Thomas, who had called the workers "paid agitators" and had sent a wire to the Governor asking him to throw them out or feed them caviar and chocolate eclairs.

"Hey there, Mr. Thomas, how about some caviar and chocolate eclairs," he called out.

"I'll take a hamburger," retorted Mrs. Spain.

Tired but hopeful, the workers began to straggle out of the building. "We'll be back with votes, and men, and we'll be sitting down here, where we belong."

"Write in your magazine that we women are determined to build the Farmer-Labor Party," said Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Spain as we parted.

Relief was not yet in sight—but something more vital—a new hope of infinitely greater significance had entered their lives. They had entered the capitol to appeal to their lawmakers. They now left it convinced and determined that they must be the future lawmakers.

TEMPEST IN A MILK BOTTLE


(Continued from page 11)

of the employees," said Mr. Mangold, "how could you expect a tie-up?"

Mr. Ross replied to him: "Only a small percentage can force a strike on the rest." He looked around the room and asked: "Is this a labor meeting or a stockholders' meeting?"

Soon Mr. Reis made a motion that Borden's use the monies spent in opposing labor unions to arbitrate labor disputes. Although the resolution was held out of order, it was put to a vote and defeated by 2,768,877 to 950, over Mr. Reis's complaint that the employees' 800,000 shares were being cast against arbitration, without their knowledge. Betty Hellinger presented a resolution for a secret vote of the employees holding shares; but she was ruled out of order. The envoys from the League of Women Shoppers returned to Manhattan, more enlightened and more determined to support the Milk Drivers' Union in their struggle for a contract with Borden's.

fashion letter



ONE more mystery of life has now been dispelled for me. Jean Stewart has written out of California to say that smocking is easy to do. She has sent directions and I have tried them out and know that I'm not different from other girls after all. I can smock and I can smock good. The letter says:

It is best to use a dotted swiss or a material with a small check or square. . . . If plain material is used it is necessary to first mark the cloth with dots as shown in the diagram. Figure 1. Fullness desired can be regulated by the distance of the dots from each other.

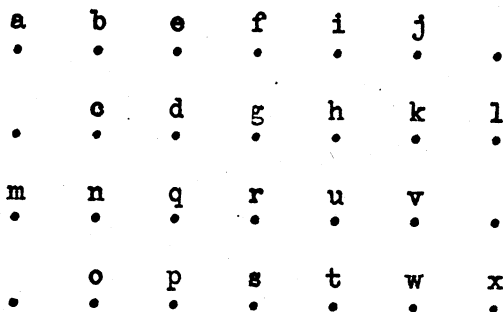


Figure 1

Draw the needle through *a* so that the thread is on the right side. Then catch point *b*. Draw *a* and *b* together as in Figure 2. Draw needle through to wrong

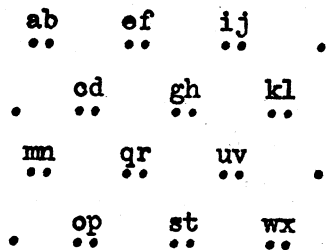


Figure 2

side of material and bring it out at *c*, being careful not to draw thread tight here. Then draw *c* and *d* together in the same manner as *a* and *b*. Take needle through to wrong side and bring it out at *e*. Draw *e* and *f* together and then go down to *g* and *h*. Continue doing this until end of row.

Then start at *m* and *n* and do the same as before. When the *mn op* row is finished,

you'll find the smock diamond-shaped. Just keep doing this for as many rows as will make the proper depth. If you wish, you can make the diamond more definite by over-casting the crease from *cd* to *ef* to *gh* to *ij*, etc.

This is an ideal way to dress up little girls' frocks while retaining their simplicity.

Sticky Weather Notes

Weather in these parts is now blowing hot one day and cold the next, but let us face the fact that in most of these United States we shall soon settle down to a fairly steady tropical steaminess. If you have to work and stay put in a spot not of your choosing, during this trying period, take your pick and either *look* cool or *be* cool. To look cool, wear sheer filmy floating dresses that require slips beneath. But thin materials soon get wringing wet where they touch you, if it's what I mean hot.



Some lucky girls in summer look pale and elegant in anything, but for those who, alas, look red and boiling, dark colors next to the face are kinder than white or bright colors. Have white clothes with dark yokes, collars or scarves, with hat and maybe gloves to match.

I hope some more of our readers hear



So give me, oh give me a coarse and heavy cotton or linen—easily tubable and with a dash of starch in it, maybe, to make it stand away from me. Then—no slip is necessary and if you're a slim thing, don't wear anything but panties underneath. Try making or buying a suit of such material (bed ticking is what I'm going to have) with short or cape sleeves. Button the jacket over your skin and if you must be modest, twist a bandanna round your neck.

Let such underwear as you must get into, be cotton or linen. Silk is too sticky in steaming weather and methinks wool is preferable to it. Don't forget about cotton nightgowns.

Give a thought to those bright inexpensive India print squares for summer. Some pretty inspiring blouses, robes, dresses, jackets and beach things can be made of them.

and that will tell us what they know. We don't get around much.

—Gwen Barde.

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