

JULY 1936

10 Cents

the Woman Today

dup?

In this issue:

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 GWEN BARDE...
 HELEN BURNS WEICK
 DR. HANNAH BROWN...
 MARY K. SIMKHOVITCH...
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 WOMEN OF THE
 CARIBBEES by
 LINA DEREKTOR



NATIONAL CONVENTION of the
 WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE
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the Woman Today

JULY, 1936.

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WOMEN of the CARIBBEES

● Martinique:

"You must meet Carlotta," said the taxi-driver.
"You must see Carlotta," said the boy in the library garden. "You must know Carlotta," said the young man who sold stamps.
So I found Carlotta, in a little shop, tucked away in a remote corner of a winding narrow street, whose galleries and occasional gardens behind lovely walls intrigued me. Carlotta's beautiful brown face and stately bearing made no effort to conceal her disdain for the curious and bargaining tourist. The baleful glance she threw in my direction softened when she discovered I was a friend and not an intruder.

Eagerly, then, she told of the underground movement, of the progress being made by the growing unions. Drawing me to a dark, back corner, she spoke of the rising ferment of the mill workers; eloquently she described the strike of the previous year. News of the continuing unity of the People's Front in France, and of the beginning of the united front in the United States and England brought them courage.

Carlotta was busy studying and reading. (Continued on page 4)

● Trinidad:

"Is there social service in Trinidad?" I asked. "See Audrey Jeffers," came the answer. "What is the strength of the unions here?" "Ask Audrey Jeffers," was the reply. "Have women the vote?" "Meet Audrey Jeffers."

Toward dusk, I called on Miss Audrey Jeffers, exponent of all good causes in Trinidad, and its leading woman. Framed in a tropical and fragrant arbor setting, on her charming and hospitable porch, she stood waiting to greet me. Her serene dignity and warm, soft-spoken welcome assured me at once that here was the quiet strength and firm courage which had characterized so many great women leaders.

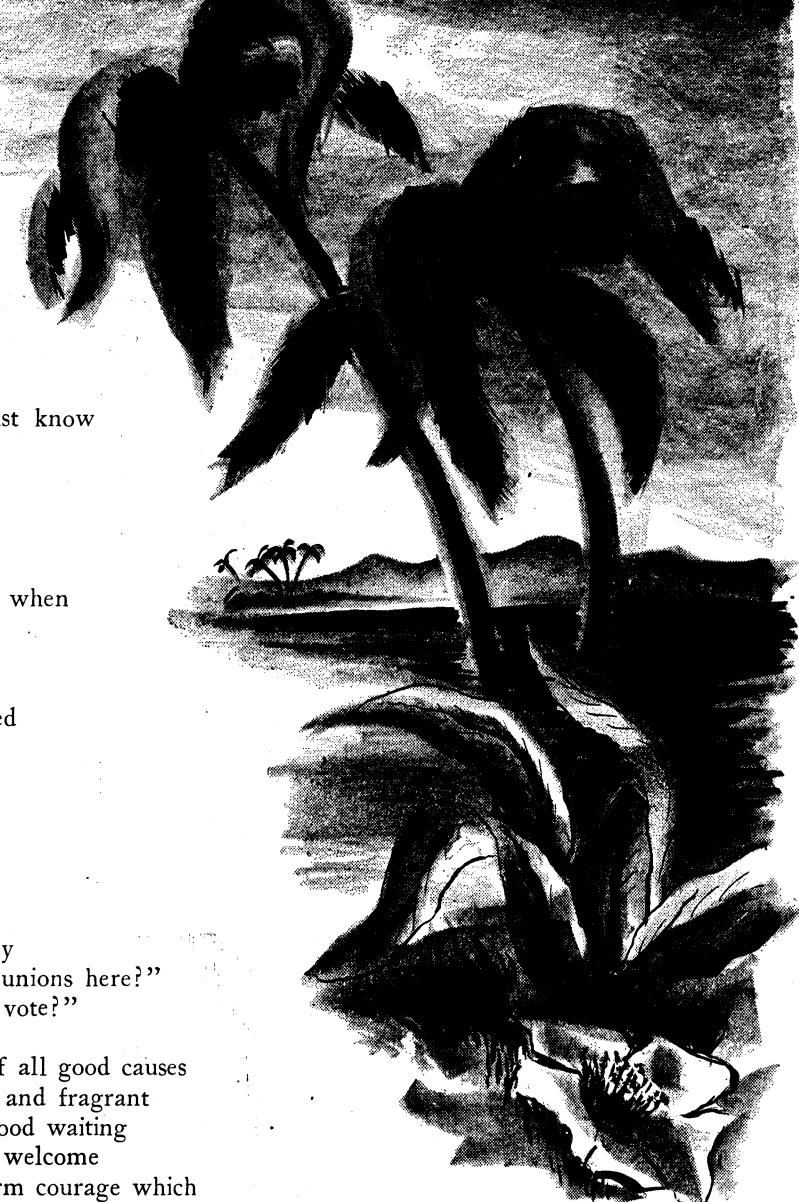
Her critical appraisal of local conditions indicated a deep understanding of the problems of her people. Here was a champion of human and civil rights. Graduated fifteen years previously from the University of Edinburgh, Miss Jeffers has devoted all the time since toward improving the conditions of her countrymen, toward raising their living standards, toward increasing medical and educational services. Her untiring efforts helped materially, by "unending and organized clamor," to bring to a successful conclusion the fight for women suffrage. (Continued on page 4)

● Caracas:

Venezuela: Gomez had died. Lopez was ruling. What had happened to the smoldering resentment of a long suffering people, after a thirty-five year old merciless dictatorship?
Everyone I saw spoke with hatred and bitterness of the old regime, with hope and enthusiasm of the new. The agitation for freedom came from all corners, spontaneous and irrepensible. The successful demonstration of practically the entire populace of Caracas on February 14 seemed to assure the extension of further civil liberties, promised by Gomez's successor, Lopez. Here was no public to be trifled with. Conspicuous in the agitation for liberty, freedom of speech and the extension of all educational, artistic and cultural opportunities is Senora Maria Louisa Escobar. Well-known throughout Spanish America for her many compositions for the piano, for her devotion to native forms and traditions, for her magnificent cartoons, Senora Escobar is in a very favorable position to aid in the struggle for freedom. Freedom for artistic expression, encouragement to women to enter spheres outside the cloistered shelter of the home—these are her watchwords. Small, blonde, animated and completely charming, her Spanish heritage, coupled with her French training, lend to her expression a warmth and piquancy, a vigor and a beauty of great loveliness. (Continued on page 4)



Drawings by C. A. Johnson



● Martinique

English, as well as French reports, in order to interpret her comrades' labor activity in other parts of the world.

"We need more and better schools; we need better and more food; we need work and freedom for our people," said this new woman of a new age. "We need to work for freedom, freedom to think and to speak, and to live. And we must learn now to know. We must educate ourselves to be ready for the day when we can call our beautiful island, the jewel of the Caribbean, our own, when many crops will nourish us well, instead of one crop nourishing us poorly or not at all."

When I left Carlotta, her melodious voice followed me, so earnest in its halting, deliberate and precise English, and the memory of her enthusiasm and hopefulness remained with me for a long time.

● Trinidad

She introduced the "penny kitchens" so that several thousand children might eat a nourishing, well-cooked meal at least once a day. She established homes for the old, the sick, and the homeless. She introduced the dissemination of birth control information in the clinics, despite the fact that 50 per cent of the country is Catholic. She organized the only social service the country has known. She is training social workers to share and carry on the burden of making Trinidad a better place for the Trinidadians. In her struggles, however, she is receiving notable aid from the unions, whose surprising strength is made up of one-third of the population of Trinidad. Support is coming from important official sources, and in turn is being given, particularly to the Minister of Education in his new program for vocational training in the secondary schools.

In her combat with the reactionary forces of the church, and with ignorance, she remains cool and patient, a veritable mountain of strength. She is working toward the day when all the services which



she has initiated under private support shall rightfully take their place under public jurisdiction.

● Caracas

"The women of Venezuela," said Senora Escobar, surrounded by her collection of fine modern paintings of her country, "are not accepting Lopez without question. He is on trial—we vote for our new President the end of April and we expect the sincere execution of his promises. We, the women of Venezuela through our Association for the Promotion of Art and Culture, of which I have the honor to be president, sent to Lopez our program. In that program, we demand for the extension of education, in the provinces as well as in the cities, for the extension of medical and hospital services, for the prevention of diseases, for the introduction of sanitation, for the pre-marital training of young people, for the extension of the franchise, for labor's freedom to organize without interference, for freedom of the press, and for the encouragement of art and music. Many of these demands," continued Senora Escobar, "General Lopez has incorporated in his campaign addresses as part of his proposed reforms. But we are critical and watchful. We know there are many of the old regime who are waiting for an opportunity to destroy our new-found liberty. We know the great task ahead. But we have strength in unity. The student's union, hand and field workers, professional men and housewives — all stand together. We will not be again betrayed."

Whether Lopez is equal to the faith placed in him, whether in spite of his old connection with Gomez, he is honest in his eagerness to bring a new life to his country, remains to be seen. Perhaps the forces of reaction, the opposition of the remaining

favoured groups, will prove too much for the present reformer and this new period. If, however, there is need for continued revolutionary activity, I believe the small, determined hand of Senora Escobar will be felt.

I count the day spent with her in her tiny salon, and in a drive through the glorious countryside, with the magnificent Andes all about us, as a high light of a most interesting trip.

● **Havana, Cuba:** The vote for women has just been won in Cuba. Women for the first time, five in all, will take their places with the national deputies in the Cuban Congress. Leading the long fight for recognition has been Marquesa de la Tietra. This fascinating Spanish woman rightly evaluates the newly won power of her sex. "It must be used," said she, with characteristic Spanish tempo and gusto, "to win more freedom for women, greater opportunity in all fields, and most of all in rearing children in health and security. We need more schools, and more schools—everywhere. It is education that will save us. We must use what money there is for this purpose and not for more armies, more soldiers. We must see that more women enter the professions. The university must be reopened and remain open. We need libraries. We must carry on the fight for equal rights in all fields of work and opportunity."

Later in the day I attended a meeting of the Feminist Alliance, and met Seniorita Carbonell, one of the new deputies. Her intense and interesting manner, her serious purpose, revealed the militant feminist, conscious in purpose, and determined in its execution. No political revolutionaries here, but important factors in the growing awareness of women in backward places.

On my return from the West Indies I was truly proud of my sex, and those of its representatives working for the better life. That oft-repeated cry: for freedom, for opportunities, must be heeded because its universality is too consistent to brook denial.

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES

● In the leading article of the June issue of *The Fight*, a magazine published by the American League Against War and Fascism, Bishop McConnell makes a statement that, although it is perfectly obvious, has never to my knowledge been stressed before in anti-war groups. That is, "It certainly never could be charged that in the last war women showed any unwillingness to face desperate situations—especially those of them who went out to help in the unimaginable wretchedness of after-the-battle conditions in France. To one who has any imagination at all it is just as

serious to grapple with the sordidness and selfishness and moral squalor of the working of the anti-peace forces long before the war breaks out."

If the June issue of *The Fight* (a woman's number by the way) is any indication of the attitude of the women in the American League Against War and Fascism toward the sordidness and squalor of the day in the struggle for peace and against fascism, one is compelled to admit that these women are courageously prepared to face the desperate situations before war breaks out.

I have been a devoted reader of women's magazines. I have been a member of a peace society and have worked for peace platforms in other organizations of which I am a member. But this is the first time I have seen the place of women in war and their dangers under fascism discussed in realistic, frank and simple terms in a magazine. I think all women should give a vote of thanks to Miss Helen Buckler, who states clearly and dispassionately the role of women in the hands of the war-makers. Another thank you should go to Miss Marion Cuthbert for her moving article "She'll Work for Almost Nothing" (Continued on page 8)

● "Madam, is it lawful for a weary traveler to refresh himself with a dish of tea, provided it has been honestly smuggled or paid no duties?"

The speaker was John Adams, an outstanding leader in the American Revolution, seeking a cup of tea at the house of one Mrs. Huston, as he traveled through Falmouth, Massachusetts. It was during Revolutionary days when women of the new America had pledged themselves to have no tea imported via Great Britain.

"No, sir," Mrs. Huston answered, "we have renounced all tea in this place, but I'll make you coffee."

"I must be weaned," said Adams. "And the sooner the better."

The women of '76 had the true revolutionary spirit and nothing could stop them in their determination to see it through. They knew that the united colonies ought to be free and independent States, "absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown." Just as truly as the men who signed the Declaration of Independence, they believed:

"That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness), it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. . . .

"When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

And so the women also, with the men, declared:

"We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

The story of women in the American Revolution has never been fully told, but Mary Beard, co-author with her husband of a remarkable book called *The Rise of American Civilization*, has been more keenly interested than any other writer in the part played by women in American history. She shows that despite the discrimination against them in education and in political life:

"The revolutionary records seem to indicate patriotic valor on the part of women commensurate in fervor with that of men."

The women managed to know about the issues involved in the Revolution, even if the men did expect them to stick to household matters, and they became a decisive factor in the situation. They formed committees to see that no profiteers were able to hoard goods, to sell later at a high price. These women were the second line of defense, producing what was needed—spinning and weaving, making candles and sending supplies to the army.

They kept the farms going while the men were away, and did the sowing, ploughing and reaping. If they had lead and pewter they gave it to be melted into bullets. They were united in a boycott of all luxuries from England and went without many things they had been used to having. Anyone who did not stand by the boycott had his name published as an "enemy to American Liberty" and a traitor in the community. Men and women together supported the Patriot Party with an enthusiasm that extended its influence into every Colonial household. The spirit and strength of these revolutionists and their methods of working are well described by Jack Hardy in a forthcoming booklet on the American Revolution of 1775, prepared by the Labor Research Association, to be published by International Publishers.

Women writers were already beginning to emerge and take their part in the strug-

SPIRIT OF '76

Grace Hutchins

gle. Mercy Warren, sister of James Otis and wife of James Warren, wrote satirical farces answering the Tory plays that were shown in New York theatres. Even as publishers and editors of newspapers women were taking their places, as Mary Beard describes them, "encouraging the writers of stirring pleas for independence, trying to make the pen as mighty as the sword."

Rather than let her farm and crops fall into the hands of British troops, Catherine Schuyler, who lived near Saratoga, New York, set fire to the fields and watched them burn. In Amelia County, Virginia, girl patriots banded together and agreed:

"Not to permit the addresses of any person, be his circumstances or situation in life what they will, unless he has served in the American armies long enough to prove by his valor that he is deserving of their love."

● Today an increasing number of American women, descended from these patriots of revolutionary times, have no use for the false "patriotism" and red-baiting that are so often advertised by the Daughters of the American Revolution. These "professional patriots" of the D.A.R. and other such organizations worship dead radicals but the *R* in their name stands for *Reaction* not for *Revolution*.

An example of their false and dangerous so-called "patriotism" was the Hearst-
(Continued on page 30)

"Daughters of the Revolution" by Grant Wood reminds us of those ladies of today who bask in the glory of their revolutionary ancestors, but who greet every progressive movement of 1936 with vile attack.

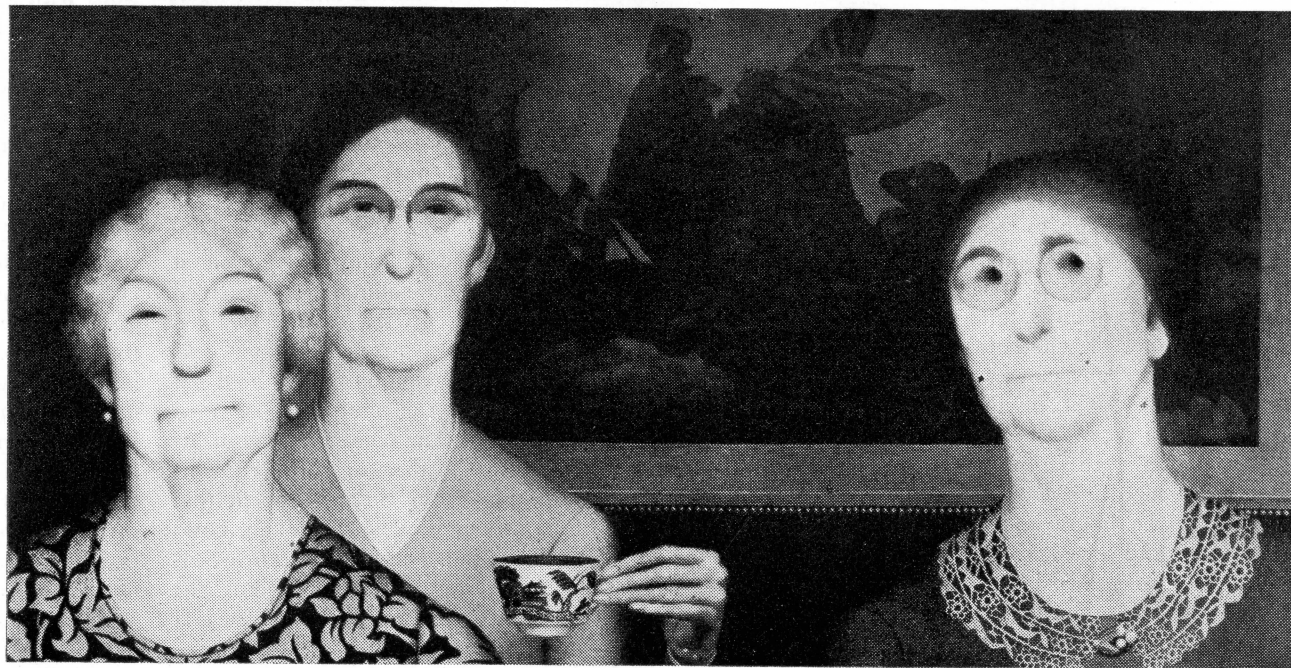


Courtesy Walker Galleries

July, 1936

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"Daughters of the Revolution" by Grant Wood reminds us of those ladies of today who bask in the glory of their revolutionary ancestors, but who greet every progressive movement of 1936 with vile attack.



Courtesy Walker Galleries

● In 1920, exactly a century after the birth of America's chief exponent for women's rights, the wives and mothers of America for the first time in history asserted their prerogative as citizens and cast their vote at the polls. It was a hard-won victory, and one for which Susan Brownell Anthony, a militant suffragette even before the term was invented, hoped and worked throughout her long and active life.

Adams, Massachusetts, Susan's birthplace, was in 1820 typical of the New England towns of a hundred years ago. There was the meeting-house and the school which only boys were allowed to attend while the girls waited till the hot Summer months to acquire a scant education. There, too, was the tavern, and the small settlement of houses over which the husbands ruled supreme under the English Common Law recognized also in America. A one-sided affair, that law. In the dispassionate language of Blackstone, it specified that since through marriage man and wife were one in the eyes of the law, the legal existence of woman was merged in that of her husband. "He is her baron or lord . . . and is entitled to her earnings and the use and custody of her person." He had the power to choose her associates, to restrict her personal and religious freedom, to "correct her faults by mild means" whenever he saw fit, and to have sole legal charge of the children.

Although Susan's Quaker father made no distinction in the upbringing of the boys and girls of his household and early encouraged his daughters to be self-supporting, particularly when, after the financial crash of 1837, he lost his cotton mill and had to seek employment as a salaried man, he differed little from the husbands of his day. His wife lived entirely in the shadow of his supremacy. As a girl, the daughter of Baptists, she had been frowned upon by the Quakers for her beautiful voice, which she was often heard to raise in song while sitting at her wheel. After her marriage, however, she sang no more, except to lull to sleep the babies that came with unflinching regularity. Pregnancy and childbirth, according to the modesty of the day, were for her periods of trial and humiliation. She refused to leave the house during the last months, and hardly confided in her mother who helped her with the sewing of the baby clothes and hid them away from the sight of the men till the appointed hour. Mrs. Anthony did all the housework as even in prosperous times her husband hired no servant. Besides taking care of the house and of the children, she spun and sewed, cooked and baked, and in boom times boarded as many as eleven workers from her husband's mill. Susan, like the rest of the children, was assigned her par-



Susan in her forty-eighth year. . . . Lower right: Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Bloomer in the reform dress of 1851.

ticular tasks from the day she was old enough to undertake them.

At fifteen Susan became self-supporting as far as she was permitted by her salary of \$2.50 a week for teaching the three R's to the children of Rochester, N. Y., where the family had moved. For the same work men teachers were paid four times as much. Susan chafed at the injustice, but fifteen years were to elapse before she left the schoolroom to enter public life on behalf of the temperance and anti-slavery movements. Those years, however, had been spent in preparation. The radicals of the day, like Garrison and Phillips, came often to the Anthony home and spoke freely. But it was not till 1850 that Susan met Lucretia Mott and also Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was to become her lifelong friend and co-worker. Two years before the meeting, Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Mott had attended a conference in London on abolition and had been fired to indignation, particularly when they had been allowed only to peer at the proceedings through an iron grille. They laid their plans, which were shortly to be put into action.

In 1848, that year of revolutions on the Continent, the women of the New England States flocked to a militant convention at Seneca Falls. The countryside swarmed with carts; many of the women walked for miles to assert themselves. Two weeks later another convention was held at Rochester where the embattled women drove out the men and conducted the meeting themselves. Neither of these conventions was attended by Susan, deep at that time in her temperance work. When, however, she participated in a temperance convention in Albany and on demanding the floor was told to listen and learn, she left the meeting and organized a separate pro-

test meeting of her own.

In 1852, at the first Women's Rights convention in Syracuse, she was elected secretary. Then her work began in earnest. In order to spread her views, she traveled to all parts of the country, lecturing and writing incessantly. To us today, the demands she made for her oppressed sex seem moderate enough, but there was no limit to the insults to which she was subjected. In many places she and Mrs. Stanton were greeted with such demonstrations of hostility that they had to be led out of the halls through a back door for fear of violence. In Syracuse the irate males threw rotten eggs at them, and knives and pistols were seen to flash. Some years later, at the height of Susan's activities, the Mayor of Albany, who was sympathetic to her views, sat through the various sessions with a gun across his knees to protect her against the mob. Once, earlier in her fight for women's rights, as she was canvassing from house to house for signatures to a petition requesting the State Convention in Albany "that married women be entitled to the wages they earned and that they be granted equal guardianship with the husband over their children," a gentleman of the cloth, passing from her fine eyes and sensitive mouth to an examination of her figure, said: "Miss Anthony, you are too fine a physical specimen of woman to be doing such work as this. You ought to marry and have children." Swallowing the insult, Susan answered gravely: "I think it is a much wiser thing to secure for the thousands of mothers in this state the legal control of the children they have now than to bring others into the world who would not belong to me after they were born."

Susan was no eccentric as some of her enemies called her. True, at the height of



Susan in her forty-eighth year. . . . Lower right: Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Bloomer in the reform dress of 1851.



Susan B. Anthony

FRANCES WINWAR

the dress reform movement—when the women endeavored to abolish their stays and the half-dozen stiffly starched petticoats that puffed their skirts to the conventional circumference in favor of loose Turkish trousers gathered at the ankle and worn under a short shirt. Susan, at the

day. "No genuine equality," she maintained, "no real freedom, no true manhood or womanhood can exist on any foundation save that of pecuniary independence."

At that time, too, she obtained backing for her party paper, *The Revolution*, in



Susan B. Anthony

FRANCES WINWAR

the dress reform movement—when the women endeavored to abolish their stays and the half-dozen stiffly starched petticoats that puffed their skirts to the conventional circumference in favor of loose Turkish trousers gathered at the ankle and worn under a short skirt—Susan, at the instance of Mrs. Stanton, adopted the new mode to hearten her more timid sisters. Pulpit and fireside rose up in arms against the barbarous innovation of the “bloomer”, inspired by an illustration in the works of the wicked Lord Byron. Women, and among them Susan, were mobbed in the street or baited by mischievous boys who danced round them chanting:

“High-yo!
In sleet and snow
Mrs. Bloomer’s all the go.
Twenty tailors take the stitches,
Plenty o’ women wear the britches.
Heigh ho
Carrion crow.”

Susan abandoned the mode. At that time, however, she sacrificed her long hair in the cause of woman’s liberation.

● Though not many, her triumphs were outstanding. In 1850 she organized the first delegation of women before the Albany legislature. Ten years later, through the Women’s Party, she influenced the New York legislature in extending property rights to married women. Then came the Civil War. Susan was indefatigable in her work for the emancipation of the Negro, and as secretary of the Women’s National Loyal League strove to have women, as well as Negroes, included in the Fourteenth Amendment that gave citizenship to the former slaves.

With the abolition of slavery and the subsequent growth of industrialization, women workers were more in demand in the factories. It was then that Susan created a Workingwoman’s Association to aid women to organize and fight for equal pay with the men, and for the eight hour

day. “No genuine equality,” she maintained, “no real freedom, no true manhood or womanhood can exist on any foundation save that of pecuniary independence.”

At that time, too, she obtained backing for her party paper, *The Revolution*, in which she carried on her work of enlightenment and agitation; but after a stormy career the paper was discontinued with a debt of ten thousand dollars that Susan assumed and was years in paying off.

In 1869 she succeeded in obtaining a Congressional hearing for woman suffrage. Little, however, was accomplished except for the establishment of a National Woman Suffrage Association of which she was elected president. She took her success too literally. In 1872, she voted, starting out at seven o’clock in the morning to be among the first to cast the ballot, acting on what she believed her legal rights under the Fifteenth Amendment. She was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced

to pay a fine of one hundred dollars. “May it please your Honor,” she wrote to the judge, “I will never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty.” She never did.

For many decades hers was a familiar figure on the lecture platforms of the United States and even of London and Berlin. In her red silk shawl, labeled by the reporters “the oriflamme of suffrage battle,” she made her impassioned appeals: “Disfranchisement is not only political, but also moral, social, educational and historical degradation. . . . Disfranchisement means inability to make, shape or control one’s own circumstances. . . . That is exactly the position of women in the world of work today.” She fought for unmodified suffrage for women, not for suffrage limited to property-owning or tax-paying women.

Always Mrs. Stanton worked hand in hand with her, so that Theodore Tilton was moved to say, “. . . These noise-making twain are the two sticks of a drum keeping up . . . the rub-a-dub of agitation.”

And they kept it up despite hardships and abuse, Susan not ceasing that rub-a-dub, literally heard round the world, to the day of her death in 1906. Marriage and a home of her own she renounced for her chosen cause which was her life and her faith. “I pray every single second of my life,” she said, “not on my knees, but with my work.”

Though the final triumph was yet fourteen years away, she heralded it in her last speech, in Washington, shortly before her death. “Failure is impossible.” It was her epitaph.



Note the date of The Lily, - 1852. Mrs. Stanton was not wearing the blood-red dress in 1848. She wore it two years, 1851-1853.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., JANUARY, 1852.

NO. 1.

men for The Lily.

A rich Autumn's

wintry song,
more lovely and

refining the air.

If you'd find
its emblems the

sons 'tis blending;
bring betwixt.

owers to bless,
d in distress;
and lone garret

erty's gloom.

ow it is sad,
is revelling and

ayor and entrea-

and duty.

we at the shrine
torturing crime-
s foul wrong
d crushes the

tion the poor

Elizabeth Cady Stanton



This is a photograph of a part of the Lily - one of the first photographs of Mrs. Stanton in the blood-red dress. It was taken in 1851 or 1852. It is a very fine specimen of the dress.

OUR FASHION PLATE.

We take pleasure laying before our readers the figures in the plate, represents the dress most

If our readers are curious to know which of

OUR READERS WRITE

by Bessie Byrd



● Hello again. We are still receiving so many letters of praise, valuable suggestions and timely criticism that I just couldn't resist telling you about them. Our readers want more color, a different picture on the cover, a larger magazine, a more resplendent magazine. Good! We will be more than glad to comply with all these requests and, what is more, we will absolutely promise to carry out all these suggestions, providing—ah, here comes our side of the story—you swamp us with subscriptions, hundreds of them, and then watch for results. Are you all participating in the subscription contest? You haven't much longer to go, so get on the job in your neighborhoods, your clubs, your organizations. Leave no stone (nor pebble) unturned and on to a circulation of fifty thousand by January First.

The following letter, written by a domestic worker, should be of particular interest to that group of women who happen to be one of the lowest paid and most exploited class of women workers in this country, the domestic workers. Especially

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES

(Continued from page 4)

ing." The situation that faces the Negro woman has appeared all too seldom in our women's press. The interdependence of white and Negro women in fighting those forces which make for fascism has been ignored almost universally.

But when I fall to mentioning articles where shall I stop? Certainly I cannot pass by the story of the German women under the Nazi regime. It came too close for comfort when the actual propaganda from German leaders was translated on the printed page. I had more of a picture of what it would be to be a woman in Germany through the pathetic propaganda written by German women themselves, enlisted to bring about their own enslavement, than by the male propaganda. But

singled out for discrimination are the Negro workers, who are very realistically tackling the situation—through organization. Is there a union of domestic workers? Read on, fair readers, we'll get to it. Dear Editor:

I would appreciate very much if you would print a few words on the subject of domestic workers. I am one myself and I know the bitter experiences we have to go through to be able to hold on to our jobs.

At present I am not working. I lost my job during the hotel workers' strike because I was not able to do the work of two women in one day. Because I was trying to save my health, I was called a communist and got fired. I have not been a communist before, but now I am. Nobody seems to pay any attention to houseworkers. The whole world is moving ahead—while every worker is fighting for his rights, we stay behind. We still have to work 14 to 16 hours a day. On our day off, if we speed up and finish a day's work in half a day, then we are free. Yes, free—free to go to sleep and wake up when the sun is down; see no sunshine day after day and month after month. This goes on and on and when we can't go on any more then we are on the street corner, all for \$35 or \$40 a month, or we work for room and board.

For the sake of thousands of young girls who have the will and courage to fight and better their conditions, would you please print a few words about domestic workers.—A. H.

This is not an isolated instance. We have known cases where the exploitation and drudgery were practically unbearable. We are very willing to devote space in our magazine to letters of this kind telling us of experiences or asking for advice. There is a domestic workers' union where both Negro and white workers are carrying on very valiantly, and we suggest that those

the uncomfortable part of it was that it did not sound "foreign."

One of my prized possessions is a copy of the special women's number of the *Old Masses*. After I had read June's *The Fight* I took down from my shelves that old crumbling number. I have given my love to the *Old Masses* and I have often said that they didn't make them any more like that. But as I turned over the pages I realized that the new magazine before me had its old forerunner beaten in the realistic approach and the understanding it showed to the "woman question." The *Old Masses* material was dated. That may be a compliment. It may be that the winning of the immediate demands advocated in that old paper has given it its air of

interested write for particulars to Erma Lee of our Trade Union Department.

Space, these days, for chatter is very limited—so will be meeting you in some future issue.

Minneapolis,
Minnesota

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time telling you how fine I think the magazine *WOMAN TODAY* is and how proud and happy I am to have an opportunity to help in introducing it to the citizens here in Minnesota. As you know, we are selling the magazine now each month to our friends and interested people. In introducing the paper, wherever I go I always strive to talk subscription as I feel that you would feel more secure to have a year's subscription sent in than sending out monthly bundles. Many of my friends tell me that after reading the first issue that has come into their possession, they sent in their subscriptions.

My suggestion on bundles would be that trade unions and women's organizations take at least one or two subscriptions for their organization and that in such an organization either the chairman or education or the secretary could devote a few minutes at the regular meetings to giving short talks on the subject matter of each monthly edition. I am also sure that it would not be asking too much of these organizations if they would pledge themselves for a bundle of ten to twenty-five copies to dispose of among their membership. It certainly would be a wonderful help to the magazine until it gets well introduced to the people who have the appreciation and understand the value of *THE WOMAN TODAY*. For myself, I most sincerely recommend that this be taken up as a project in the organization work. We can do no better for ourselves than to pledge to make *THE WOMAN TODAY* a success.

My best regards to the readers of *THE WOMAN TODAY*.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. CHAS. LUNDQUIST

antiquity. If that is so let us hope that this women's number of *The Fight* will soon have an air of antiquity, but to give it that air women—and men too—must get hold of it and digest what it has to say before they go into action. I suppose by this time there is a new issue of the magazine; but surely there are left-over copies of the women's issue which may be had. And even if you are one who sits on the sidelines, get it while you still may. It may be that in time it will be a collector's item as the first time women's real place in the war racket was set down in black and white.

Mary Cary.

The Fight is published at 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

THE WOMAN TODAY

FROM KITCHEN TO CITY COUNCIL

● Last Summer a small bright-eyed mother of two children made headlines all over the country. It was during the meat strike in Detroit and Hamtramck, Mich., that Mary Zuk's fiery speeches against the high cost of living started rallying women to the picket lines in front of meat stores. Soon we heard her ringing voice at open air meetings, parades, city councils and on the radio, urging housewives to unite against high prices. Later in Washington, Secretary Wallace retired in some confusion to escape her hot denunciation of his plow-under scheme. Roosevelt "had no time" to see her or the delegation that was protesting the high price of food. None of us was particularly surprised.

Pearl Alterman



Nor were we surprised to find that the Republican administration of Detroit and the city council sided with the meat packers and refused to take a stand against the high cost of living in the city, despite the fact that the comparative rise in prices was greater in Detroit than in any other place in the country. Injunctions were issued forbidding women to picket meat stores. We were convinced by now that we could expect no action from either political party.

As a result of the meat strike, the women decided to organize permanently into a Women's League Against the High Cost of Living, with a program of reducing the price of food, gas and electricity, rent; of abolishing the sales tax; of promoting better housing; and of cooperation with trade unions and farmers' organizations to maintain a better standard of living. Mary Zuk was unanimously elected president, while a farm woman and a Negro woman were elected vice-presidents. From the very beginning the league recognized the necessity of uniting farm and city, Negro and white.

When the Hamtramck People's League was formed, with a hundred per cent labor program, Mary Zuk was naturally chosen as one of the three candidates for councilwoman. The campaign was exciting and not without its humorous side. Reactionary organizations and papers raised their ridiculous scares, and the Hearst press even came out with the idea that if the People's ticket was supported it would mean the break-up of the family.

Nevertheless, Mary Zuk was elected by an overwhelming vote, and proudly took her place in the council, determined that the women of Hamtramck were "going places and doing things."

Mary was born in a mining town thirty-one years ago at Neffs, Ohio. Her father was a coal miner and she remembers coal strikes ever since she was a tiny tot. When she was fourteen she had to leave school and came to Detroit, where she worked for the Dodge company off and on until 1933. During that time she married Stanley Zuk, also an auto worker, and they have two children, Irene who is twelve, and Stanley, Jr., eleven. In 1933 she joined the auto union, and Dodge fired her for union activity. But not before she had proved that a mother can organize and still take care of her family.

Mary's election campaign had the firm support of other mothers. She represents the strong sentiment among women that they are capable of organizing and leading. A short time ago seven hundred women of Hamtramck met in a special rally to discuss demands to be placed before the city council, and they drew up the following program:

1. To build a clinic in Hamtramck that will be of greatest help to women.
2. To investigate the sanitary conditions in factories and big stores where women are employed.
3. To increase relief and stop evictions of unemployed.
4. To take the initiative in building playgrounds for children and a recreation center for older boys and girls.
5. To have the city council petition the Federal government for appropriations to build new homes in the city.

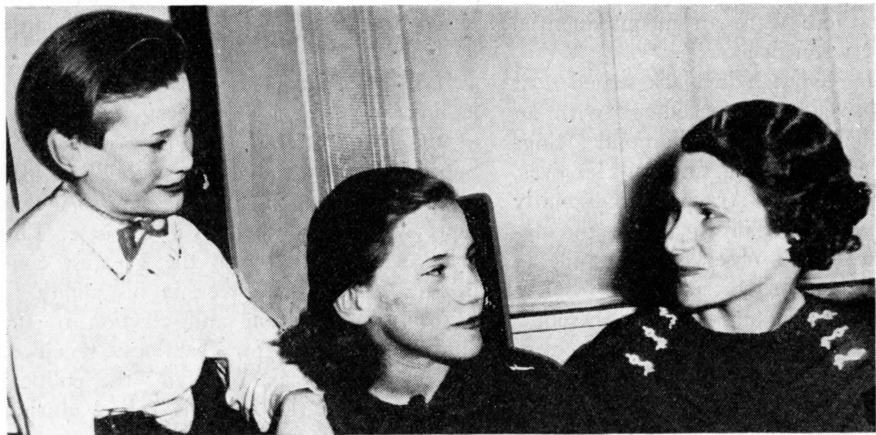
The morning after the rally, these demands were presented to the city council. I've had no greater thrill than watching the women take over that meeting and tell the council that the time had come not only to Spring clean the city, but to Spring clean the city hall. This touched a tender spot, for a campaign was on foot to clean up the streets, plant trees, etc. The women were more thorough. They wanted a complete job. Gambling was rampant—why not clean it up? What about politics? Leafy streets, flowery words for Mother's Day are appreciated—but what about the need for clean new clinics that would be appreciated 365 days a year?

The resolution based on our demands was passed. Now it remains to see that the council carries out the task. At that meeting of the council I overheard one man say, "The women are all right. They know how to fight. Next election we need more of them." No longer "a woman belongs at home among her pots and pans."

Women are coming into their own in Hamtramck, Michigan, and are showing the rest of the country the way.

●
It started with the meat strike in Detroit, which was led by Mrs. Mary Zuk. Then the women got "going places and doing things," as is told by Pearl Alterman, Executive Secretary of the Women's League Against the High Cost of Living.

..... Pearl Alterman



by Thelma Nureberg

● The court room in the Supreme Court in New York City was crowded to capacity as the case against Charles (Lucky) Lucania and his eight co-defendants, charged with "compulsory prostitution," was unfolded. Lucania sat directly under the stolid, imperturbable face of Judge McCook, as indifferent to the proceedings as if his stay there were an inconsequential interlude between drinks.

The young woman in black seated next to me followed the proceedings with an absorbed air. Several diamond rings sparkled over her gloved fingers. Her eyes, heavily mascaraed, strayed occasionally from the witness chair to where the defendants sat, and I observed her smile to one of them in a brown suit.

"Those guys are sure in a tough spot," she said, puffing vigorously at a perfumed cigarette. "They aren't so bad. I know cops that are plenty worse. These boys are salesmen. That's what they are—just salesmen."

Salesmen of human merchandise! Salesmen who foster prostitution, whose easy revenue and mode of life leads them into divers rackets. Thomas E. Dewey, the district attorney who prosecuted the case, claimed that "Lucky" and his thugs operated rackets involving narcotic, policy, stolen goods, Italian lottery and industrial activities.

Charlie (Lucky) Lucania was revealed as the boss of 800 to 1,000 bodies, which earned for him \$35,000 a night in gross receipts. In New York City alone, the lords of vice are said to have netted twelve million dollars a year, and their territory and income were to have been extended nationally until the annual revenue amounted to nearly half a billion dollars.

The parade of witnesses and defendants revealed a most vicious business which capitalized on the misery, unhappiness and poverty of young women, and learned its methods of enterprise from the monopoly owners of factories, stores and mines.

"Charlie said he would like a syndicate placed on a large scale, the same as the A & P stores are a large syndicate." Thus spoke one of the witnesses in the trial. She added, "Like that (the system) in Chicago."

Another defendant admitted that "we were going to put every 'madame' in the city on our payroll and then we would raise the prices on all houses."

So efficiently was the network of vice organized that independent houses were being wiped out. Jean Martin, a "madame," testified that she resisted the syndicate, and submitted only after being knocked unconscious with a lead pipe, necessitating eleven stitches in her head.

Others told of being whipped into line at the point of a gun, or of having their houses smashed by strong-arm men when they balked at the demands of the combine.

Girls were booked and sent from house to house, like a vaudeville circuit, paying ten per cent of their earnings to the gang, while from 25 to 30 per cent went for board and bond which was shared jointly by both "madame" and racketeer.

This monstrous chain had (and still has) its links in political and official circles. One of the gang offered Mr. Dewey's aide a Supreme Court judgeship, with \$250,000 to be put up as forfeit, if he saw to it that there were no convictions in the case. This bribe was offered with the greatest confidence of the racketeer in his ability to secure a nomination and election to the Supreme Court—for services received. Mayor La Guardia recalled "the political prominence of the Lucania fellow during a primary contest," and spoke of the intimidation of the police "by the spectre of political influence."

During a vice trial in Chicago, it was revealed that one place on the North Side took in, weekly, \$4,900. Protection, paid weekly, consisted of: "The Top" (the Chief's office), \$200; two men in his office on the vice-squad, \$50 each; three lieutenants in the local police station received \$50; six men on the beat each got \$10. The Flivver Squad maintained the peace for \$50, which was split among them, and three desk men were oblivious to what was going on for \$25.

● As witnesses succeeded each other in the Lucania trial, evidence piled up which revealed terrorism, theft and assault. We have mentioned above the punishment meted out to those entrepreneurs who refused to bow to the dictates (and extortions) of the syndicate. Those of the company who spoke up were treated to gang vengeance and underworld reprisals. Torture was the lot of the girls who "talked too much."

Witness Thelma Jordan stated: "I know what the combination does to girls who talk. Plenty of girls who talked too much have had their stomachs burned with cigarettes, their feet burned and their tongues cut."

Many of the girls who testified were in their early twenties, and as they gave their testimony, I wondered what had driven them into this profession. Several had been married; their husbands had either died or had lost their jobs, and there were children to support. Many of them had started to earn their living early as clerks, domestics or factory workers.

"Helen" Thomas, born in New Jersey,

● There isn't much difference between Charlie (Lucky Luciano) Lucania and the rulers of steel, aluminum, cotton or any other large-scale industry. They all crowd out the small competitor and maintain their rule by terror and force. But Charlie dealt in human bodies—with politics on the side.

left school at seventeen and worked for a year in a factory. After that, she did housework for five years and then married. She had two children when her husband died and left her penniless.

Helen Kelly, aged 19, stated that economic circumstances forced her into a house of prostitution. She had come to New York in October, 1934 to get married, but instead, she was placed in a brothel by her supposed sweetheart, who kept her under guard. She left after a time, secured a job as a waitress, with earnings totaling \$11 a week, and finally had to return to "solve an economic problem," according to her testimony. During her first week back in the "house" she took in \$314.

All of which bears out the correctness of a survey, made by a special committee of the League of Nations, that prostitutes come mainly from occupations in which workers are underpaid and overworked, or, in other words, from menial or unskilled labor.

The fact that prostitution always increases during periods of depression indicates how inextricably associated the problem is with economic conditions, always affecting the lowest paid workers first. Thus we find prostitution among Negro women on the increase. Whereas formerly the average of arrests was two white women to one Negro woman, since 1932 the proportion has been reversed!

Intelligent people have now come to accept the prostitute as an economic problem, rather than a moral one. Of course, the police forces of the various cities still send out plain-clothesmen to pose as gay cavaliers who flirt with these unfortunate women. Only to clap them into jail. Discharged, they are free to go on the streets again, for they will find no work available with many millions unemployed. The economic crisis will be just as they left it, despite New Deal propaganda to the contrary. They are forced to resume the only work they can make a living at.

For the most part, the girls who figured in the Lucania trial did not choose their profession willingly. They were forced into it by an economic system which permits women to work long killing hours at below-subsistence wages, a system which countenances the unemployment of millions but denies them the relief necessary for a dignified existence—if they are able to secure relief at all—a system which per-

HUMAN WARES, INCORPORATED

mits the greatest luxury for the few to exist side-by-side with the utmost poverty and need for the many. Certainly, a decent wage and human hours of work, and an adequate program of social security will do more toward decreasing the number of women who must sell themselves than all the "vice raids" and arrests in the world.

● Society can combat the evils of prostitution successfully, as is shown by results secured by the Soviet government in coping with this problem. There, an organized effort is being made to eliminate prostitution by the most effective cure—employment; and the Departments of Health, Justice, and Heavy and Light Industry are cooperating effectively to this end. This is being done through the medium of the prophylactorium, which has been established in many cities throughout the Soviet Union.

Let us accompany a girl who comes here. On her arrival she is examined by a woman doctor, and then meets Dr. Semion Markovich Danishefsky, a pleasant, amiable man in his late thirties, who organized this institution, and whose aim is the rehabilitation of prostitutes through work, hospitalization and education. The prostitute is enrolled as a "rabotnitza" (worker) and is told that after a day of rest she must enter the workshop and earn her right to the benefits she will receive. During the first two months she is learning a trade she will receive the minimum wage of fifty-five rubles per month. This sum pays for her room, board and medical care. After she has mastered her trade, her wages are advanced to from ninety rubles to 150 rubles, according to her ability. Her expenses never exceed fifty-five rubles per month, so that any sum earned above that can be banked. The period of stay here is generally a year. Before she leaves she is examined by a Health Commission.

The girls residing here are at no time made to feel a sense of guilt or shame. The doctors, psychiatrists and teachers are selected with the utmost consideration for their very difficult and highly complex tasks. During my several visits in these

buildings, I was convinced that the atmosphere of "reclamation" and "reform" which is characteristic of American or European corrective institutions is entirely lacking here. One gets the impression that this building is a workshop and school where women are living temporarily until such time as they will be "well enough" to take their places together with millions of others working towards the construction of a new society.

There are many inducements towards the development of good habits and interest in educational, musical, theatrical, writing and art matters. The teachers keep a watchful eye on pupils who show promise and do their utmost to assist those who are talented. One girl made such remarkable progress in her studies that she received a scholarship and attends the Moscow University. She lives and works in this institution, although she is freed from work when examinations are due.

The orchestra club boasts of a gifted violinist, Fenya Vassilevna, who is now studying in the Music Technicum. Fenya was only fourteen when she was admitted here, a bezprizorni (homeless waif) whose eagerness to escape four walls and discipline was a problem to the staff until they discovered that music gave her pleasure. They arranged music lessons for her, with excellent results. Today Fenya is well-known as a violinist, and shows promise of becoming a great artist.

Nearly four thousand women have at one time resided in this building, and most have,

Sovfoto



upon leaving, fully adjusted themselves to society. Several years ago there was a congress of women who had at one time lived in these institutions. The object of the congress was to establish their mental and moral progress since talking up work in factories, offices and even the professions. Some had married and were mothers.

The members of this strangest congress in history met to relate experiences. Not one of them complained that they had been persecuted for their former mode of life. The predominant note stressed progress and well-being.

One of the most poignant letters I have ever read was written by a woman udarnitza (shock-worker) who is now the mother of three children, and who has won several premiums for her work on the collective farm. "What would have been my fate under Tzarism?" she wrote. "Mine and thousands of my sisters? Devoured by disease, or exhausted by vice and drink, we would have been forced to turn to begging, to die like dogs on the streets."

Undoubtedly the greatest factor in the rehabilitation of these women is the elimination of unemployment and the degradation of poverty. In the twelve years since the first prophylactorium was organized the Soviets have utilized every means to eliminate prostitution. The fight was waged against prostitution—and not the prostitute.

"In a society where each member will have useful, social work, there will be few women who would prefer prostitution," said Dr. Danishefsky to me. "Only defective women, or women with sexual abnormalities, would pursue this calling. Such persons would be treated like sick people, in special institutions."



● Retraining for life and useful labor: Dr. S. M. Danishevsky, Director of the Moscow Prophylactorium, and some of the residents of the institution. To the right, a former pupil of the Prophylactorium is shown at her work in a clock factory.

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The story thus far:

● Advanced from the machine to welfare work through the efforts of Bly Emberson, a mill owner, who is secretly in love with her, Ishma Hensley fulfills her new work with great zeal. She knew she would not like it, but the opportunity to make friends among the workers and be welcome at doors which she could not otherwise enter was too important to be put aside because of distaste for charity. As her loathing grew, every day became more difficult than the day before. She had not realized how effectively the position would seal her mouth. Bringing temporary relief to a family meant little to her when her whole desire was to get the living truth to them; something that would wipe away forever the necessity for "relief".

Britt, her husband, who is working a small farm, senses her unhappiness, and works with greater intensity so that his efforts will yield a livelihood for Ishma and their son, Ned.

Unable to endure the mockery of temporary relief, Ishma gives up welfare work, and returns to the only work which she loves—organizing the workers.

"... Yes, it's work we want,
O fathers!
Yes, it's work that we must have!
Only work can ease our hunger!
Only work our children save!"

IV

● Dunmow was a suffering but a courageous city. A bank failure pulsed through it, reaching the tenderest, most cultured nerves of citizenship. It was stung in its cruder parts by wage-cuts that honeycombed its foundations. Uncertainties mounted, bringing amazement to houses of serenity. But with all this, the city fathers were daring enough to vote funds for a Fourth of July celebration.

Factory workers were permitted to select a choir from their own ranks. There were many good singers among them, and if they won, the banner would be accorded to them.

This year something new was permeating the factories. It was not given so serious a

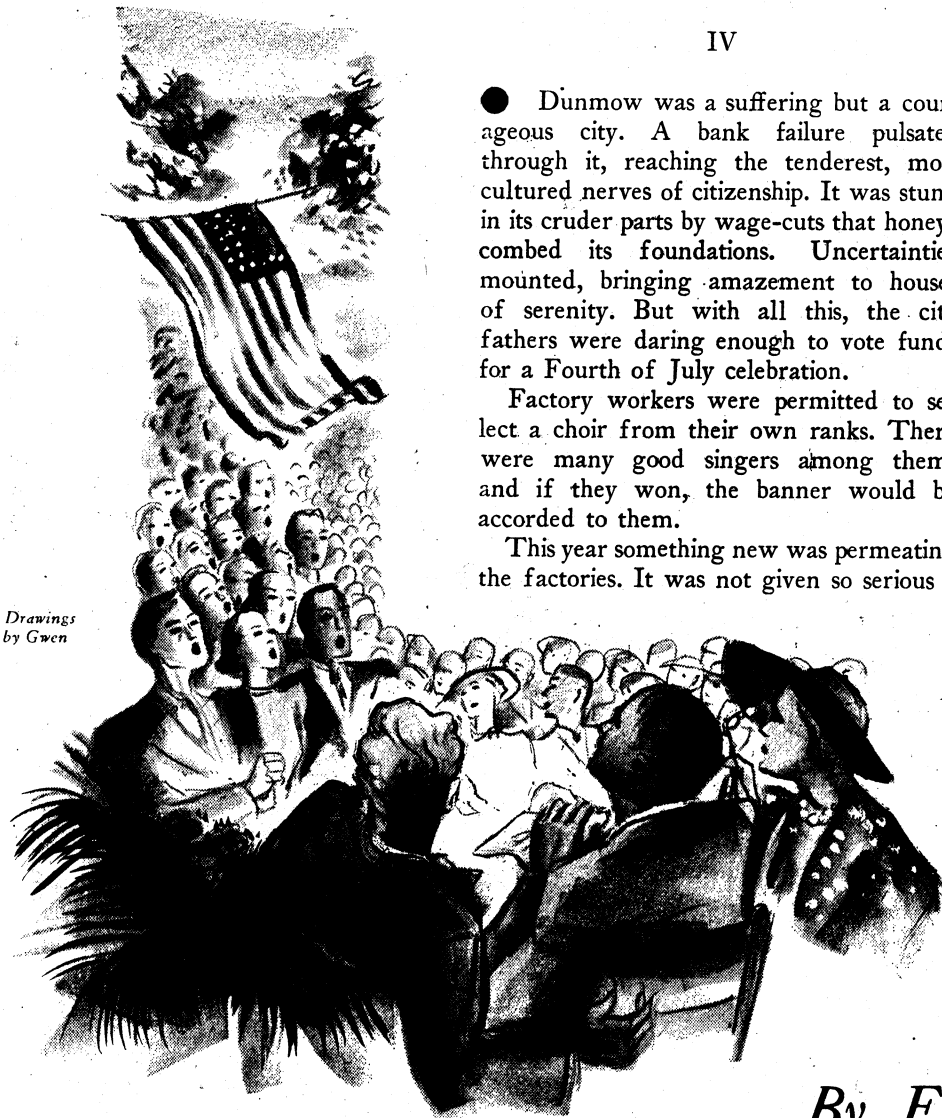
name as disloyalty or rebellion. The foremen were watchful, and deep as they could plumb, they found no evidence of united action against authority. Mere individuals who muttered were soon discovered and dismissed. However, preparations for the barbecue were made with special care for the preservation of a homogeneous society. An unexpected delegation asking permission for all workers to make a united march to the barbecue grounds was wisely discouraged. The celebration, explained the mayor, was meant to show the solidarity of the community, and not of a particular part of it. Nothing must take place that might induce a feeling of cleavage in the gathering. There was no more reason for a united march of factory workers, on this day of general fraternization, than for a united march of all who were not factory workers. The mayor, smiling and courteous, was sure the delegation would see that. The delegation didn't see it, but retired in submission.

● Ishma and Jim Conover were more successful when they went meekly before the committee to ask permission to enter the unemployed as a single group, with chosen members to enter contests. It would help keep up their morale, Jim respectfully offered. The surprised committee thought there were not enough of them to be considered as a group. Not so many of them, Jim admitted, but they were beginning to feel that they were out of everything, and it would be nice to do something about it.

"They're gettin' a hang-dog look that nobody in Dunmow ought to have. They're fine fellers that oughtn't to be let down. Business is goin' to need 'em again sometime. We want to let them know that they are our buddies, with work or without it. Some of them are our best singers. They ought to have a chance at that banner, and it would be grand to see them walk away with it."

"It's a fine idea," interrupted the mayor, who was sitting with the committee. "If we can keep our unemployed loyal and self-respecting until they are back in the ranks, we'll be doing God's good work, and be an example to other cities."

● At the extreme upper end of the lake a space had been set aside for Negroes, with their own tables, soft-drink stands, watermelon wagons and speakers' platform. The bitter fact of segregation would not be allowed to dilute their joy or taint their liberal slices of barbecue meat. A fine Negro, safely Democratic by reputation,



Drawings
by Gwen

By **FIELDING BURKE**

came up from Tuscaloosa to make the principal address.

The main body of joy-makers gathered early on the morning of the Fourth, and waited good-naturedly for the ranking citizens who were to occupy the platform, and who arrived with impressive delay. At ten o'clock the mayor arose to welcome the assembly. After a graceful, circular bow to the dignitaries at his side and rear, he threw his arms wide toward the thousands in front of him and saluted them in the name of their candidate for Governor, the candidate for Senator, and in the name of democracy. He then introduced their first speaker, who was, as he should be, their first citizen.

Judge Anniston arose. His white, abundant hair glistened bluish, his clean-shaven face was nobly ascetic. He had no growing paunch. He seemed cut out of crystal, nothing hidden, nothing flexible.

The judge said that he was there to accord the people a brief greeting and to congratulate them on the fact that Dunmow, by all records and statistics, was the most orderly and law-loving city in their proud, old state. There was no danger of distempers and unrest threatening the security of home and fireside in their noble commonwealth so long as the people themselves upheld the principles of democracy as propounded by their great Jefferson, and the ideal of liberty as set forth by the founders of the American nation. Whatever hardships the rigors of the times might put upon them, he knew that they would stand firm until the breaking of the clouds and the return of the sun.

The mayor introduced the next speaker, Mr. Enoch Hamilton, who was proud of having begun life at a carver's bench, and whose name was now written high among the magnates of the South. His subject was "Faith in America." He was glad to see that faith in American ideals and resourcefulness was coming back to its right place in the minds of business men. And every individual before him, whatever his station, could help to strengthen this returning faith. He sat down, feeling warm approval about him.

Pomeroy Watts had been invited to say an optimistic word, but had prudently declined. Predict an increase of business before his workmen, and at the same time cut wages! Bly Emberson had been asked to represent the hosiery manufacturers, and had refused. He told the committee that he did not know what to say to hungry people. He also declined a seat on the platform. Verna, his wife, could not induce him to reconsider, and not wishing to surrender her own place, she had dressed herself regally.

* A STONE CAME ROLLING . . .

Bly, after wandering over the grounds, had taken a seat by Ishma and Britt when the speaking began. "Going to see it through?" he asked as he sat down. And Britt said, "Yes. But I'd rather be stakin' tomatoes and sprayin' beans."

Derry had come along, but there was no seat for him. He had little Evelyn Emberson with him. They were both wanting to find Ned. Ishma suggested the lake as the most likely place, and they set off toward the water.

The mayor was rushing the speakers somewhat, truncating his introductions, and holding his watch intimidatingly. The crowd had grown restless, the odors from the pits too tantalizing.

There was a breeze fluttering about, but Ishma felt hot and stifled. "Let's get away!" she said to Britt.

He pressed her arm. "No, Mrs. Emberson is going to speak. You want to hear her."

● Verna was on her feet, and Bly was staring at her in amazement. The mayor had introduced her as the wife of one of their best-beloved fellow-citizens, but entitled in her own right to their deepest regard and admiration. She took her stand firmly, quite sure of herself and her message.

She spoke of the spiritual hunger which "was as real as physical hunger" and beseeched her listeners to be partakers of divine suffering. She paused, then stopped the rustle of applause with lifted hand. "One more word. Because I have heard it said that some of us now on this platform do not heed the sufferings of those who are struggling with poverty, sickness and misfortune, I want to tell you of a man I know—the owner of a large manufacturing plant and a supply store—but whose name I must withhold. He had many debtors. Some of them had been owing him for years, unable to diminish the amount by a penny. Last week this man canceled every debt on his books, and wrote his debtors that they owed him nothing."

Some one shouted: "His name! Tell us his name!"



* Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Verna dropped her eyes. "No, I cannot tell you that."

"Tell us! Tell us!"

A man rose in the audience and called out, "I can tell you! I got one of those letters. It was Bly Emberson!"

Ishma, in pity, would not look at Bly's face, but she saw his hands, with knuckles white, clenched on his knee. "Why didn't she kill me?" he whispered to no one. Then, with the thought that he must get away, he leapt to his feet. This meant recognition. His name was shouted back and forth over the heads of the audience. Some one tried to stop him. He broke away, and hurried on until he was out of sight of human eyes, beyond the sound of human voices.

Verna took her seat, triumphant. It had turned out better than she had planned. She had mentioned no name, but the honor was given where it was due.

The mayor struggled vainly for his florescent speech. They would now have the singing. The Blairwood choir, totally unused to open-air singing, or singing without accompaniment, did their best. The second choir called was the Emanuel Lutheran.

The judges slipped a piece of paper to the mayor, and he arose. Before he could make the announcement, Jim Conover was looking up at him, speaking in a low voice.

"Yes, yes," said his honor. "Of course! The unemployed—let them come in. We'll hear their choir."

"They're coming," said Jim, looking
(Continued on page 26)

Mrs. Selma Seestrom

● The women of Minnesota played a prominent part in the calling of the conference on May 30 and 31 in Chicago for the purpose of exploring the field as to the launching of a third party in 1936.

Delegates from 23 States attended this conference. Many came from California, Washington, Alabama, Missouri and other distant parts of the country at considerable sacrifice, showing their realization of the growing need of a real people's party. The delegates were picked because of their prestige and influence, and represented a real cross-section of the opinion of the country. The conference proved, I think, that the time is ripe for such a move and a great deal of progress was made in that direction. It is true that many of the leaders of the Non-Partisan Labor League were not present, although they sent messages to the conference expressing their interest.

Women must feel the necessity of electing a block of Congressmen and Congresswomen—"disciplined Farmer-Labor Congressmen," as Vito Marcantonio, Congressman from New York, stated it—to act in the interests of the broad mass of people. The feeling of the group was that Minnesota should call a convention not later than Labor Day to launch a third party movement on the basis of developments in the conference.

The conference struck me as very unique. The chairman, Rudolph Rautio, was not afraid to admit an error in parliamentary procedure and made those present feel that no "steam roller" tactics were being used. Delegates felt free to speak their minds and many reported real progress being made in various States toward independent political action. For the first time, no organization was excluded from sending delegates to such a conference, and the decisions arrived at during the conference

expressed the unanimous opinion of the group present. Any motion that tended to split the conference was withdrawn or a compromise substituted that met with the endorsement of the whole group. This certainly made for unity and cooperation. The absence of any long keynote speeches certainly reminded one of a rank and file gathering trying to find its way.

After people from different States had reported on the progress made in their localities, committees were appointed to carry on the work of the conference. These committees included committees on program and principles, organization, and State and legislative districts, which will carry on the work begun by the conference. A Continuations Committee of twenty-five was selected as an advisory committee to work with the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association—the originators of the conference.

I was especially interested in reports from States outside our own State of Minnesota, where the Farmer-Labor Party has made a great deal of headway, and I look forward to seeing similar movements in other States. One of the delegates from California, Mr. McLarty, chairman of a coordinating committee of all liberal organizations, reported that his committee is uniting behind a Farmer-Labor Party movement in his State. This includes the well-known Epic movement as well as other progressive groups in California. Similar movements are gaining considerable headway in such other States as Washington, Connecticut, and many others.

Minnesota has a grand opportunity and also a tremendous responsibility in helping to forward such a movement. I feel confident the party in Minnesota will accept this leadership and, together with the Continuations Committee, will see to it that all

ON THEIR WAY . . .

A national Farmer-Labor Party is on its way, and Mrs. Seestrom, one of the most active Farmer-Labor Party women in the State of Minnesota, played a very important part in the calling of the conference to explore its possibilities. She says that women must support such a party for their own, as well as their families', sake.

farmer, labor, professional and other liberal groups attend the Farmer-Labor Party convention.

Women throughout the country have a big responsibility in helping to build a Farmer-Labor movement which will act in their interests. Those who have known poverty and want through the depression, and who have found disappointment in the promises of the old line politicians, are seeing new hope in the move toward an all-inclusive Farmer-Labor Party. It is important that women through their organizations and through the big movements—such as the Townsend Old Age Pension Clubs, trade unions and farm unions, women's organizations, anti-war groups, Negro organizations and other progressive movements that are supported by those who are honestly working for better conditions for the common people—should build a Farmer-Labor Party which will wield real power in coming elections.

● This youngster is only one of two hundred and fifty children whose fathers are serving sentences—from one year to life—in 37 State and Federal penitentiaries. Their crime? Having the courage to fight for their homes, their right to live, their right to strike and organize.

● These boys and girls and their mothers are the wards of the Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense. Every month this organization sends them a relief check to help make ends meet. It also sends regular relief to Dad in jail to help provide him with the small comforts that make prison life easier to bear.

● From June 1 to September 1, the Prisoners' Relief Department conducts a special Summer Milk Fund Drive for the children of labor's prisoners. Its headquarters are Room 610, 80 East 11th Street, New York City. Their fathers gave their freedom in labor's common cause—certainly their children deserve our support.

**HELP KEEP
ME STRONG
TILL MY DAD
COMES HOME**



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DESIGN FOR LIVING

Mary K. Simkhovitch

of Greenwich House, New York City, tells of the effect of bad housing on children and makes a plea for slum clearance.

● Many people ask, "Why is not the Multiple Dwelling Law enforced?" Did we not pass laws providing that there should be a private toilet for each family, instead of toilets in the hall? Did we not provide for fire retarding? Why are the laws not put into effect?

The fact is, they are gradually making the landlords comply with the regulations. But many of the owners are discovering that if the necessary improvements are made, rents too high for the present occupants of the tenements will have to be charged. Yet the houses will not attract the next higher income groups for whom there is present accommodation in apartments of a better type.

Demolition has been undertaken by the New York City Housing Authority, with the result that 1045 buildings, or a frontage of five and seven-tenths miles, or thirty-eight acres have been cleared out. This process will continue. In other words, buildings must be altered—and some of them can be salvaged in this way—or demolished.

But demolition and rehousing ought to go hand in hand. Indeed, many of the people in the old cold water flats must stay, because they know there is no other cheap housing available. They cannot afford to live in decent dwellings whose rentals are higher than those low income families can pay.

Buildings are being condemned, but they are not all demolished when condemned. The result is that windows are smashed in these structures, entrance is effected by the homeless who camp out in these shaky structures, and worse still, boys and girls play in these buildings. A neighborhood woman, who attends the Greenwich House, and whom I have known for many years, told me the other day she had found boys and girls playing together in the toilets of these old houses, and she herself was watching this particular building and driving them away.

But where are people who have been residing in these cold water flats going to live? 66,000 old law tenements still remain in New York City.

The only answer to this problem is public housing. We cannot afford to let people live under conditions that are a menace to health, to say nothing of the fact that many people go astray from lack of a home life which it is impossible, or very difficult, to secure in the dark rooms of these flats.

It is well known, as was pointed out by the report of the Crime Commission of the State of New York in 1928, that most criminals have a history of juvenile delinquency behind them, and that the majority of delinquents began as truants. The areas of bad housing and of high truancy and delinquency rates coincide. Seventy-five per cent of those coming before the Children's Court are between thirteen and sixteen years of age.

It is the American city life, with its lack of plan for childhood that has led to delinquency—but especially is it the poverty, unemployment and bad housing that has so cramped the lives of young people, allowing for insufficient food, sunless rooms shared with others, and lack of opportunity for play and for recreation, that has made the life of city children so difficult. The city must be planned for its children. That means there must be neighborhood planning in the city, as there is in restricted residential areas in the suburbs. This will be a hard task—for our highways are set and neighborhood patterns fixed accordingly. But it can be done. Streets can be relocated, and the principle of zoning extended. But this is a long process. In the meantime, there are some perfectly obvious changes that can take place. Our school buildings should be opened for the younger children from three to six in the afternoon, and in the evening for older young people and adults.

Neighborhood houses are needed in many districts not now supplied with them, and the work of the neighborhood houses should be more generously supported. But especially must we demolish houses unsuitable for occupancy, and see to it that the dispossessed tenants are rehoused at rents they can afford to pay.

It is not, of course, the bad plaster or old plumbing which are immediately responsible. Within the crowded tenement there is no place to play, and play children must. The tenement children have no protection in making associates unseen by their mothers. And so the children become the prey of some bad, older associate and gang life develops.

Immorality is closely connected with overcrowding, lack of privacy and use of common toilets by a number of families. At too yearly an age sexual matters are inescapable where there can be no privacy. The sharing of bedrooms by adolescent boys and girls is often an unavoidable evil.

To live in a dark, sordid, and dirty house sets patterns and standards or lack

of standards which are hard to overcome. In such houses, it is not easy to be clean, it is impossible to play, and it is difficult to sleep. Congestion makes for family discord which makes the life of children full of fear, with their main objective to go away, to get out, and to find their fun and real life elsewhere.

We cannot say, of course, that bad housing is the only cause of delinquency, but we can say it is a major factor. And further we know, especially from English experience, that where old buildings have been torn down and tenants rehoused, in the new environment the delinquency rate has been strikingly diminished.

Our young people in this country are provided with schools. But we have been accustomed to regard where they live as a private matter, and not a public concern.

The fact is, we have gradually worked out standards in America in certain fields, but other fields have been totally neglected. If the government can subsidize families by giving them schools, if we can give subsidies for shipping, if the State can establish standards in work, it surely can insist as well that children shall not be brought up in homes that are dark, unsanitary and overcrowded.

Public housing means government subsidy, both in a lowered interest rate, and government grants, as well as loans. But housing is more self-liquidating financially than any other kind of public works, and brings as well a measureless social gain. Decent homes for our people are a basic need. Many of our social difficulties will fade away, or at any rate be greatly lessened, by the erection of decent dwellings. Private enterprise can cope with the great field of housing for the groups who can afford to spend from \$8.00 to \$12.00 per room a month. But for those to whom this is impossible an American standard of decency should be provided.

Pass the Wagner-Ellobogen bill! Now is the time when every woman should tell her Congressman just where she stands and what she expects. The Wagner bill provides for a permanent Federal agency to receive public funds, issue bonds and maintain standards, while decentralization is provided for in the fields of land acquisition, construction and operation. This bill will line up the United States with every civilized European state in providing homes for its workers.

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THE EDITORS

THE WOMAN TODAY



NAMING THE CAT

(Adapted from the Japanese)

A very old man and a very old woman
 Had a kitten so wise it was almost human;
 They fed it with milk, they stroked its fur,
 They did all they could to induce it to purr;
 One thing only was a pity—
 They had no name for the kitty.

The old man thought, and he thought aloud:
 "Let's give our kitten the name of Cloud!
 Then he will learn to be lofty and high,
 For what is loftier than the sky?"

Thunder thunders from a cloud—
 He will have a voice like thunder,
 Make the neighbors shake and wonder,
 And he'll grow up high and proud,
 For what is prouder than a cloud?"

"That won't do," Old Woman said,
 "For though the clouds are overhead,
 Though they look so proud and white,
 They are very weak and light.
 They are lighter than a feather,
 The wind can blow them all together.
 Why not call our pussy—Wind?
 What is swifter than the wind?"

What is fiercer than the wind?
 Yes! We'll call our pussy—Wind!"

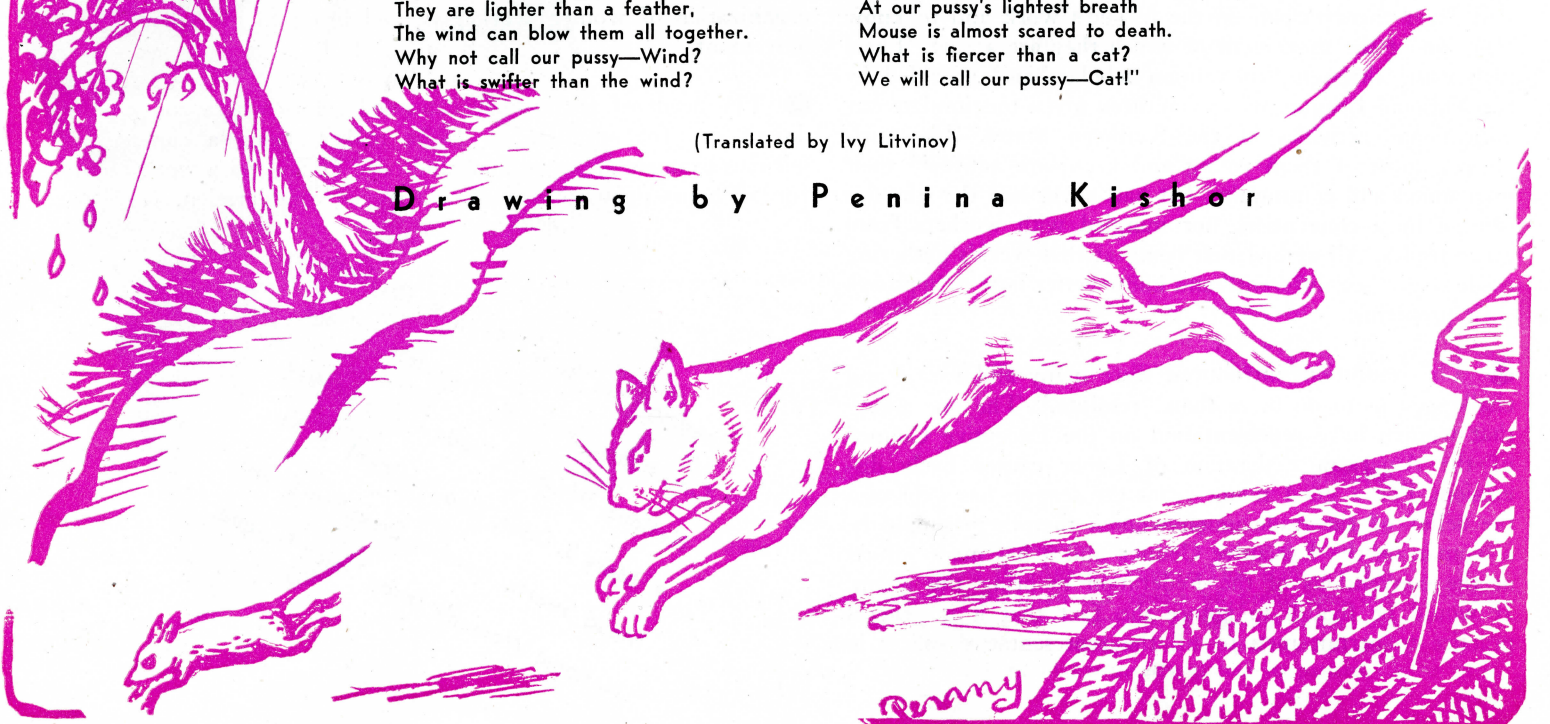
Old Man said: "And that won't do!
 Wind can swing the trees, it's true—
 But a wall
 Will not fall
 For the strongest wind of all,
 What is stronger than a wall?"

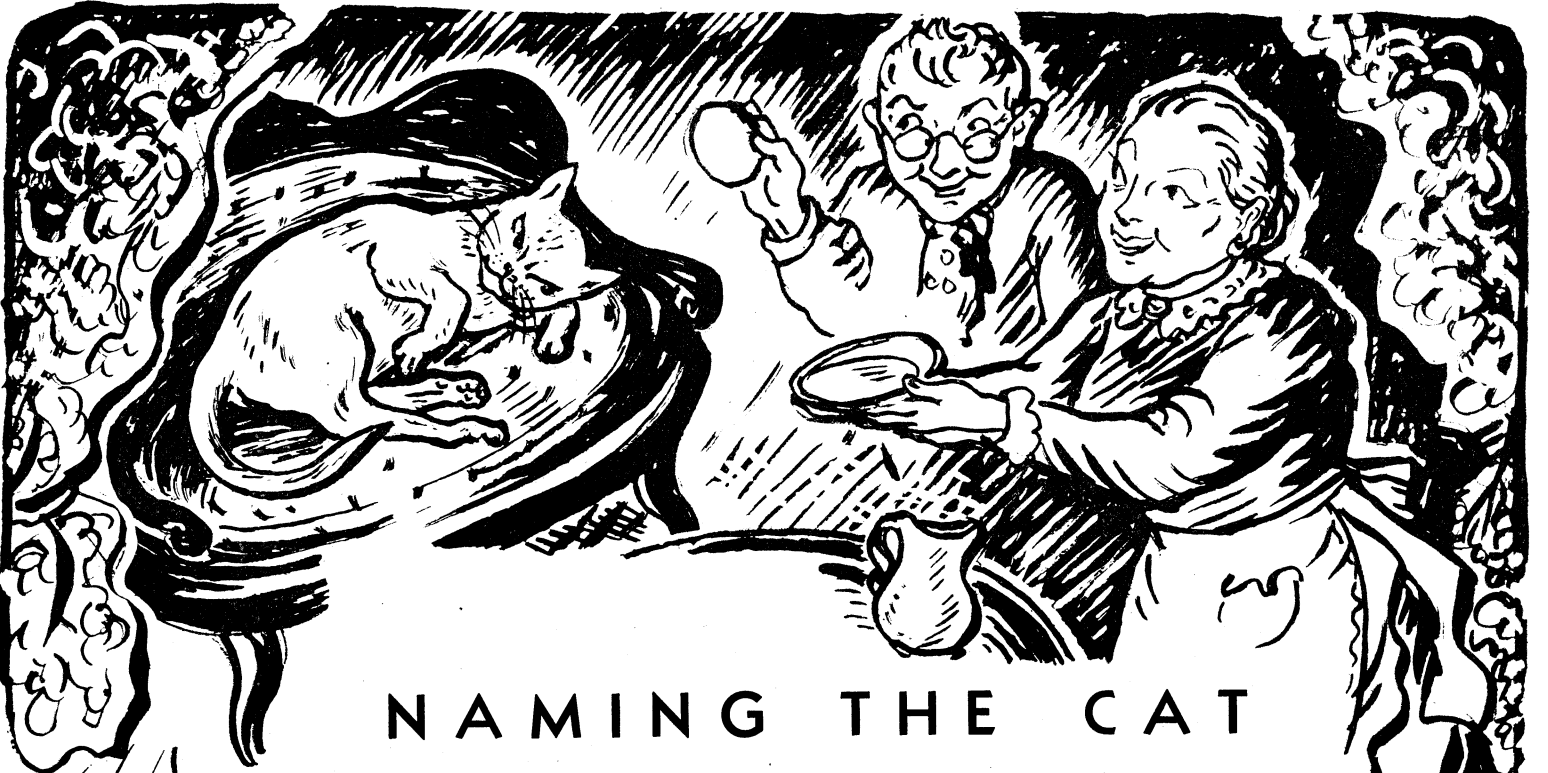
"Are you deaf?" Old Woman cried,
 "Don't you hear—right inside—
 Where the creeping mouse is lurking,
 How its sharp white teeth are working?
 That's the thief who steals the house!
 Let us call our pussy—Mouse!"

"Call him Mouse—our lovely cat!
 Any other name but that!
 At our pussy's faintest sound
 Mouse will scuttle underground.
 At our pussy's lightest breath
 Mouse is almost scared to death.
 What is fiercer than a cat?
 We will call our pussy—Cat!"

(Translated by Ivy Litvinov)

Drawing by Penina Kishor





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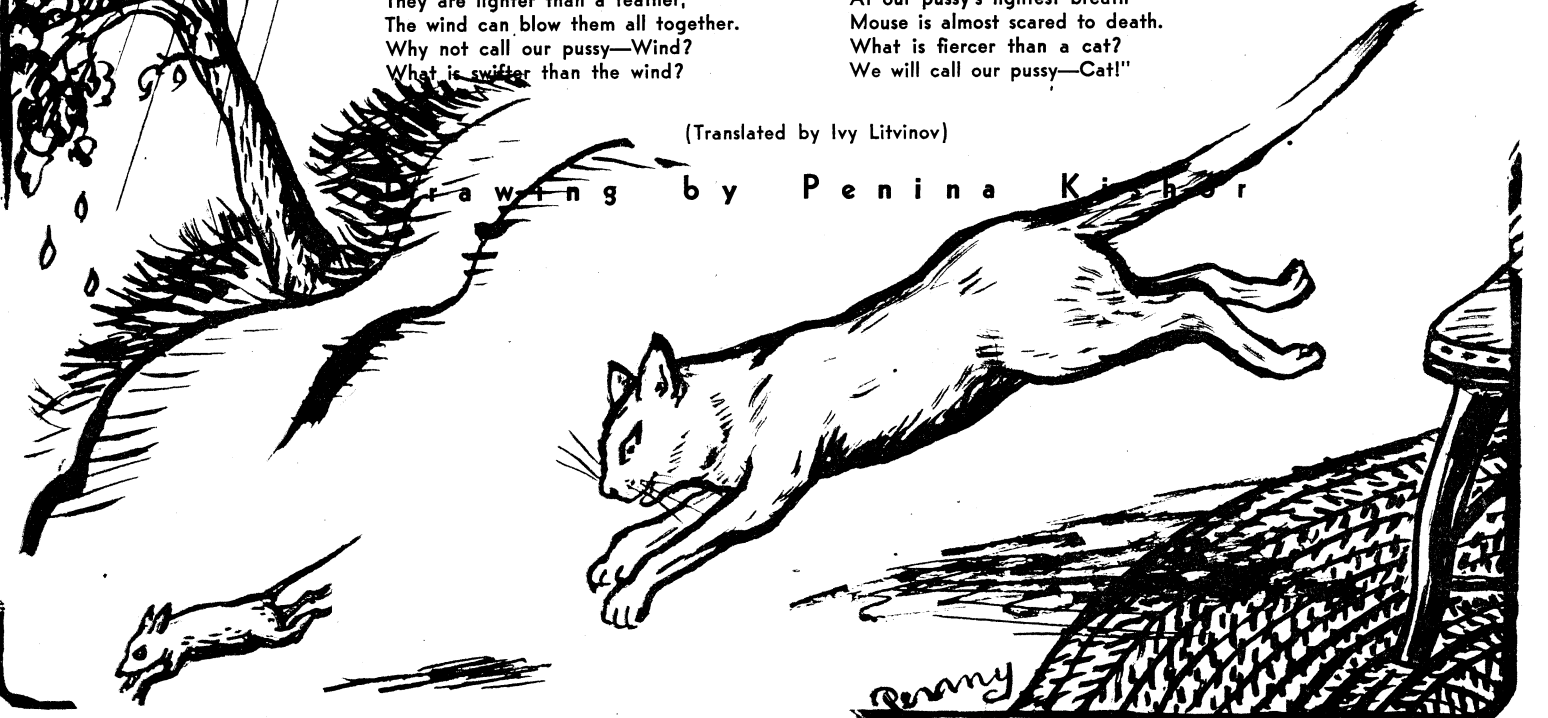
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WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE

● The Triennial Convention of the National Women's Trade Union League held in Washington, D. C., May 4-9, was one of the highlights of its program for the year 1936. We definitely set out, when planning for the convention, to make it an event of national importance, important primarily from the standpoint of timely and constructive action in furtherance of a movement in which we have a responsible stake.

● Delegates came from 18 States and represented 25 trades, coming from our affiliated league units, National and International Unions, and State Federations and Women's Auxiliaries to Men's Unions. It is significant that the delegate body showed many of the active younger girls for whom this was their first league convention. Their zeal and enthusiasm permeated that week's sessions. In order to progress, every movement needs the enthusiasm and fresh outlook of each incoming younger group. To me this was one of the most heartening aspects of the convention. But these lively newer and younger delegates were not alone in spreading a new spirit and in expressing devotion to their cause. The "old timers," as they were referred to by some one, shared the spotlight with their devotion and seasoned experience.

● A group of textile workers was a real joy—alive, alert, and eager to participate in the league's work and to know more about the movement of which they are a part. These girls came through "convention scholarships" provided by the National League, which had been given to stimulate our educational activities in the Southern States. The girls chosen, most of them young and keen, are active in their own union and community, but had never had the stimulus offered by a convention, nor mingled with workers from other trades. All agreed that being at that week's gathering made them "see different" and know better how to approach their problems.

● The resolutions introduced were many and varied and challenged us to do more than "resolute." The one asking that women have representation on the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor caused lively discussion. For a good many years the league has expressed the belief of the trade union women that there should be a woman on the Executive Council and it has made efforts at the conventions of the Federation to bring this about. It would be foolish to ignore the fact that it is general practice to permit men to fill the representative offices in

practically all organizations. Trade unions have followed and will continue to follow this practice unless women, themselves, assume responsibility and plan to represent this group. That strategic representation, that would open up opportunities for women all down the line, is representation for women on the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. This should be our aim and should be accorded us as a right. But this aim will never be realized unless the trade union woman is, herself, present at the conventions, as delegate from the National and International Unions. To attempt to secure the election of a woman to the Executive Council with less than a handful of women at the convention and with practically no voting strength is futile and a waste of effort. Our first step, therefore, must be to secure in the National and International Unions the election of women as delegates to the convention. The National Women's Trade Union League at its convention decided to take the lead in demanding such action.

● The convention considered seriously the general organization problems which face us as trade unionists in reaching the great body of wage-earning women, and adopted recommendations which will serve to stimulate the interest of International Unions and emphasize not only the great needs which lie in the situation but the great possibilities for augmented labor strength and unity, which a widespread organization of women workers would bring to the labor movement.

● The needs of particularly depressed trades where conditions cry for organization (shirt makers being a conspicuous example—10c an hour and only \$2 and \$3 a week for 52 hours of work) received a special consideration. It

Reading from the top down • Elizabeth
Christman, Secretary-Treasurer of the
National Women's Trade Union League.
• Mary B. Drier, Vice-President • Mrs.
Maud Swartz, member Executive Board,
National Women's Trade Union League.

by Elizabeth Christman

IN CONVENTION



was voted that an auxiliary group to the league be appointed, made up of liberal and public spirited individuals who would respond to the humane challenge which inheres in this situation, that carefully prepared information as to wages, hours and conditions be available in order to stimulate interest and cooperation. Wise planning and patient and persistent ground-work were urged as essential.

● Again the league devoted a day and a half to an economic discussion centered around "Workers and Their Government in the Machine Age." * The delegates agreed that this feature struck a "new high" in supplying much pertinent information. We were fortunate in getting real authorities to present the various phases of the program, in fact we had persons of front rank. We were reminded not to be frightened by that heavy title "Technological America" because it merely described America as an industrial country—a nation of the industrial arts. A picture of how utterly dependent we are upon the machine and the power that guides it was given to the delegates. I doubt whether many of us either have the time or inclination to stop to think of what would happen to us all if the power which makes our present civilization possible were to stop functioning.** It was a vivid presentation of our simple past and rather complicated present mode of living and working.

In the second section of the program, "Labor's America," the speakers showed what the government has attempted to do in the past three years in shaping this technological America.

The third section discussed what organization and collectivism of the workers has done to reshape the environment of this technological industry.

● In setting forth the league's program the convention showed strength and vigor in facing the problems which lie ahead. Good times or bad, the labor movement cannot afford to stand still. It must grow or it will perish. And women in the labor movement must take their full responsibility.

* A syllabus with comprehensive or authentic data was prepared for the delegates.

** It was pointed out that we are living today in a world totally different from that of years gone by. We have emerged from the Machine Era and entered the Age of Power. This transition has altered almost beyond recognition our modes of production, our means of transportation, and our methods of communication. As a consequence of these profound changes the economic, social and family life of the civilized world has greatly altered its pattern.



"FIGHT BACK"

by Erma Lee

● "The immediate answer is to organize and strike," said Rose Schneiderman, president of the New York Women's Trade Union League, upon hearing of the decision of the Supreme Court against the New York State Minimum Wage Law.

In the League clubhouse on Lexington Avenue in New York City she discussed the legal opinion of the five judges. "I'd like to see those five judges live on the pitifully uncertain wages they are forcing millions of women to accept. In this State the laundry owners can now go back to paying girls \$3 and \$4 a week. Also in sixteen or seventeen other States there will be a rush to cut wages, and when women's wages are cut men's wages drop too. The whole standard of living goes down."

The "freedom of contract" which the majority opinion declared was involved in the minimum wage law was met with this question: "What freedom of contract is involved when an undernourished woman with children to support applies for a job and is offered a wage on which she can't live? 'Freedom of contract' then becomes 'freedom to starve'."

"This decision wipes out the 31 cents an hour guaranteed 20,000 laundry workers in New York City alone, and 60,000 restaurant workers throughout the State are now without protection. New York State now says to these most oppressed workers: 'The State cannot protect you or help you out of your miserable condition but when you crack under the strain we can send you to our State madhouse.'"

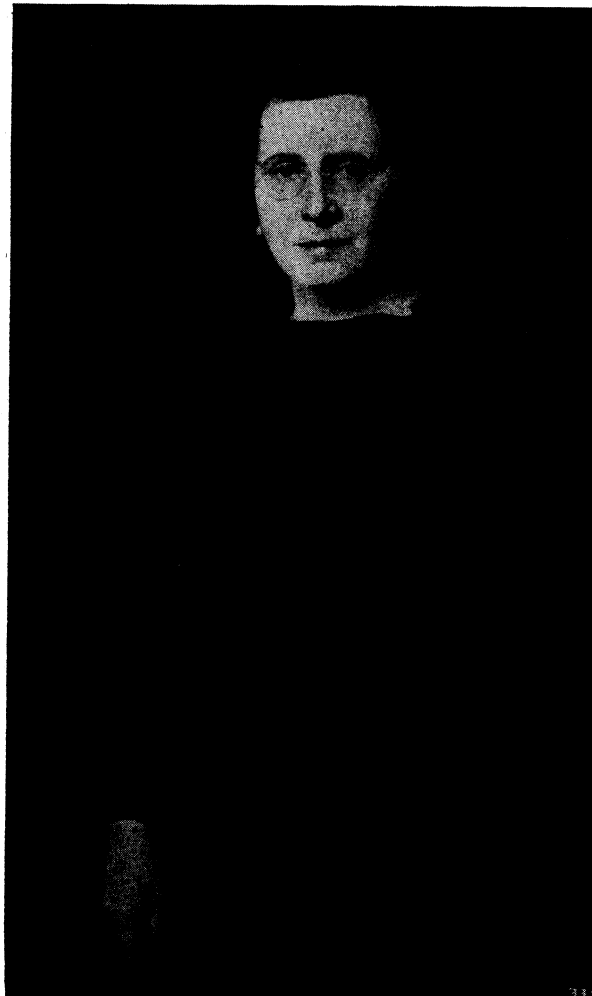
● Rose Schneiderman (right), President of the National Women's Trade Union League, defines the term "freedom of contract" and tells the Supreme Court that women will organize and fight back.

"Does the Supreme Court think the wage workers of this country will take this decision lying down? Never! We will fight back! We have already asked Commissioner of Labor Elmer Andrews to draft a bill which will get around the majority decision of the Supreme Court. We are not through.

"If we could send enough organizers into the laundries, restaurants and factories we would soon make our own minimum wage law. Organize and strike—that is the immediate answer to this decision."

Miss Schneiderman has always stressed organization into trade unions. Twelve years ago when I joined the Women's Trade Union League the first assignment she gave me was organizing laundry workers. I stood at the laundry doors in the cold, snowy Winter evenings, handing out leaflets calling these women to shop meetings on their way home. Very young girls and middle-aged mothers worked on cement floors, unheated buildings, often standing all day in water.

From that job I was sent to help in an organization drive among white goods workers, stationed in a hall on the lower East Side, to work among the inexperienced and highly exploited Italians, Jewish and Negro girls in that trade.



Two years ago I hurried to a League meeting to hear Miss Schneiderman's first report after her experience on the N.R.A. Labor Board in Washington. "The N.R.A. has opened the way to labor to organize; what they get out of it depends entirely upon the degree to which they organize into trade unions."

Today, when the decision of the Supreme Court appears to have thwarted twenty years of work by the League for a Minimum Wage Law, Miss Schneiderman again says: "Organize!"

VIEWS ON NEWS

(Continued from page 15)

"Those whose earnest desire it is to raise the status of all women have become, through endorsement of the sweeping terms of the equal rights amendment, the allies of reactionary industrial and commercial organizations which oppose such legislation as shorter hours and minimum wage laws for women because it may increase the payrolls.

"A review of the facts shows that labor legislation for women has not only improved their status, but that of men in the same industries. Shorter hours for women in an industry employing both men and women means shorter hours for the whole working force, while the level of wages drops where women's wages are depressed. This is one reason why some employers fight labor legislation for women with such bitterness

—they know it means higher standards for men as well."

Tens of thousands of working women have been forced to fight on the picket lines for the right to live; to fight against a fate which befell the unfortunate women who recently testified in the Lucania vice-ringing trial. Women strikers have been thrown into concentration camps during the 1934 textile strike.

It was these courageous women who forced through minimum wage laws in a number of states. These laws limited, to some small degree the intense exploitation of women and children.

No group of women will gain equal rights, even if it be written into the Constitution, without in the first place fight-

ing against the terrific exploitation of the millions of women who must toil to exist.

At the same time the trade unions and women's organizations cannot be indifferent to discrimination practiced against women in the United States in legal and civil life.

The Equal Rights Amendment can be reworded to secure equal rights for all women, but especially it must protect women who work against savage exploitation and secure adequate state assistance for working mothers.

A letter to the editors of THE WOMAN TODAY from members of the National Woman's Party will be published, with our reply, in the August issue.

(Continued on page 30)



● I sat in American Federation of Labor headquarters here, listening to excited talk. Five union officials were in the midst of a hearing on ways of bringing the workers among the twelve million Negro people into the labor movement. Everyone agreed on the importance of this. It would be necessary, first of all, to weed out the letter and the spirit of racial inequality that now exists within many unions. To this end, some one suggested naming a Negro leader among the high officials of the A. F. of L.

"What!" One of the union officers, so opposed to the thought he could scarcely believe his ears, whistled down the long table. "Why, if we put a Negro on the Executive Council the next thing we know they'd be expecting us to put a *woman* on!"

I confess I was a little shocked. It was July, 1935, a time when both women and Negroes, many of whom were not organized, were surging forward on picket lines, writing — sometimes with their blood — a valiant new chapter in the story of American labor. On those picket lines ten Negro workers had been slain during the year before that day at Federation headquarters. That was the first of two years that saw 250,000 women shouldering banners and



food buckets in strike struggles. Yet here was a union official who, while charged with seeking to erase discrimination, was himself guilty of prejudice against both women and Negroes.

Not that I hadn't run into that attitude before. Arriving in Washington from the

July, 1936

from HOPE to ACTION

Marguerite Young

South eight years ago, I was astonished to discover that the national capital is almost as utterly a Jim-Crow town as one could find in Dixie. The Federal government itself segregates them in public buildings, and denies them equal working opportunities. As for women, I had watched the government adopting rules and laws, climaxed by the infamous Section 213, cutting off thousands of married women in its service. It was the same in party politics. Republican and Democratic conventions alike, as I saw them in Chicago in 1932, etched a pattern that seemed universal: women were the embroiderers of the altar cloths, the cleaners of the pulpit; to men was reserved the right to say the mass. Personal experience and observation showed me the professions were full of sex discrimination. Newspaper women were denied toilet facilities in the press quarters on Capitol Hill! The great news agency I worked for cut wages according to "need," and automatically cut a bigger slice off the pay envelope of one writer because she was a married woman.

But that reactionary attitude and all its works are doomed. I have heard its doom pronounced by labor and middle class groups who personify a great new drive against discrimination.

I watched the recent convention of the National Women's Trade Union League with joy and inspiration. *Despite the fact that standpat A. F. of L. leaders already had completely sabotaged the whole work of its special committee on the Negro question, so that its most progressive committeeman resigned in disgusted protest, the trade union women made good the old man's fear concerning women.* They unanimously endorsed their secretary's proposal that a woman be placed on the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. More important, they laid down a practical program whereby they can gain not only this, but also the strength in numbers and democratic discipline which can change the face of the whole labor movement and the living conditions of America's millions.

Organize, organize, organize—that was what the convention repeated at every step of its week's discussions. That was the keynote that sounded back and forth, coming

particularly from those speakers who know what it means to toil long hours in the factory, shop and office at low wages.

The Women's Trade Union League already embraces a solid half million.

Perhaps the most important aspect of this their first convention in seven years was that their cry, "Organize!" sprang so directly out of the actuality of those years' experiences, and hence went hand in hand with a strikingly realistic understanding of the progressive policies and fighting practices which alone can realize that slogan. The bitter years unquestionably had imprinted upon the hearts and minds of these women one all-pervading thought: their bread, their clothes, their families, all that their future shall include of peace and plenty depends wholly on their own struggle for it. Their leaders and their guest speakers struck this note, but it came even fuller and more movingly from the young girls who learned it haunting employment offices and placating the landlord and the bill collector, facing spy and bullet in strikes and watching the reactionary press and public official gang up against the very thought of labor and liberal rights.

Pitting themselves against these, they stood for aggressive measures: not only did the delegates indict the drive in Congress for gag laws to stifle labor, liberal and peace expression and action, but they put their finger on the main instigator of the "un-American" propaganda which "encourages the growth of Fascism," and determined to boycott him — William Randolph Hearst. Not only did they condemn teachers' oaths; they demanded that the La Follette investigation of all attacks on civil rights be continued. They set themselves a program on which to *advance*, calling for a thirty-hour week, minimum wage laws, and adequate unemployment relief.

Showing a high degree of political consciousness, they declared that independent political action is imperative; hence they will cooperate with the A. F. of L. "if and when" it decides to act for a Farmer-Labor Party. And there was no "if and when" about their conviction of the need. The resolution said bluntly: "Industrial or-

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"Discrimination against women and Negroes must cease!" said the National Women's Trade Union League Convention. Miss Young, newspaper woman and author, reports the event



ganization is not sufficient in itself to obtain for these groups (workers in white collar and apron and overalls and farm garb) the full measure of their legitimate aspirations, but political organization is necessary so that representatives may be elected to State and Federal office who will vigorously support the reforms necessary to implement the program of the organized workers." Supplementing their main proposals, the women delegates supported a constitutional amendment to prevent the Supreme Court from striking down such laws, once won. And, aware that all their hopes hang by the thread that holds their country out of a war, they cited the fascist war fomenters, condemned American preparations, and demanded preventives including public ownership of the munitions industry. They called for cooperation with other organizations which work for peace.

The women trade unionists then gave this meaningful program the underpinning without which it would be mere words. They took definite steps to weld and spread their own organization, such as frequent

gatherings of those active in various regions, and called upon the A. F. of L. to aid them. They urged reduced dues where those now required are more than lower-paid women workers can bear.

There still exists much prejudice and actual discrimination against women in the Federation itself. Under a specific policy dating back to President Gompers' regime, the Federation headquarters hires no married women, and any woman who has a job must resign upon marrying. There are but three exceptions to this rule throughout the big office building with its staff of hundreds of office workers. Also, there is a clear practice of requiring women to perform secretarial work while they are down on the books with the classification *and the wages* of stenographers. Some unions discriminate against women members: the barbers, with jurisdiction over the army of beauty parlor workers, simply will not admit women to membership; the electricians admit telephone operators, but place them in a separate department wherein they do not enjoy full membership rights.

Apparently with these things in mind, the Women's Trade Union League proposed placing a woman on the Executive Council. That is an old slogan, raised at the 1918 convention. However, at that time the women urged enlarging the body by adding a woman; now they mean to elect a woman as one of the present number. And what is more, they are pushing the election of women delegates and officers in the regular course of things in the unions. That is getting right down to bedrock.

In such an atmosphere, the women trade unionists naturally remembered their comrades-in-discrimination, the Negroes. They threw their influence toward stamping out racial discrimination in the labor movement, and pledged themselves to special efforts toward guaranteeing this, by organizing Negro women workers.

The convention of the Women's Trade Union League constituted more than a bright hope. It was a milepost on the road to realization of the American dream of equal opportunities for all.

● There have been suggestions from several sources that the day the Schechters drank champagne shall be celebrated as a national festival to be called Recovery Day. It would be much more logical, I think, to choose instead June 1, when the Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, enfranchised the women and children of America and decreed that they could work just as long as they pleased and for whatever wages any employer cared to pay.

This is the day on which the watch fires should burn in all high places and block parties be conducted along Park Avenue. It is interesting to speculate on the form which the celebration may take in future years. Of course, there ought to be a parade, but it will have to be scheduled for very early in the morning, since otherwise the groups upon whom liberty has been conferred will be unable to participate on account of previous engagements in the factory or the sweatshop.

Sing, all ye little children, and sing, ye working women! Praise the name of Pierce Butler, since he has made it possible for you to watch the evening sun rise up and go down through the narrow windows above your loom!

And do not forget to praise as well Justice Roberts, who voted right when the great test came. Nor should you forget Justice Sutherland, the kindly man in the long gray beard, who says that you can be exploited to your heart's content and that no State may step in to cry out, "Hold, enough!" And mention, too, in your paeans of praise Al Smith, who rose up from the sidewalks of New York to the high honor of addressing twelve duPonts at the Liberty League dinner, where he asked them to join with him in giving thanks to God for arranging that there should always be a strict constructionist majority on the high bench.

SING FROM YOUR SWEATSHOPS

Heywood Brown

But, though all these famous men will be appropriately remembered and honored in the great days to come, we must look elsewhere to find the chief hero upon whose name and fame Recovery Day will be established. At all the sumptuous banquets some imposing gentleman, such as N. M. Butler, will rise with wine glass in his hand and say, "Ladies and gentleman, I give you Joseph Tipaldo." And he will turn and make a bow to the framed portrait of Liberty Joe.

Joseph K. Tipaldo was of humble birth, like Hoover and like Lincoln, but he rose to the position of owning a laundry in Brooklyn. The laws of the State of New York set a minimum wage of \$12.40 a week for women laundry workers. Joe knew where he could get them wholesale, and so Joe paid them around \$8 a week and falsified his books to make it seem that he was respecting the law. He was indicted for forgery.

This, of course, turned out to be a fallacy of the ignorant lay mind. New York's Court of Appeals found that he was within his rights, and now the Supreme Court has cited him as a hero. It seems that Liberty Joe was really a friend of labor all the time. Pierce Butler has pointed out that Joe was defending the right of the free worker to bargain as he chooses. He was standing stalwartly for the freedom of contract.

(Continued on next page)

WITH UNITED HANDS

- From the heart came this speech of MARY MASON JONES, Corresponding Secretary of the Washington Committee of the National Women's Trade Union League, and it went straight to the hearts of the delegates at the N.W.T.U.L. Convention. The speaker introduced the accompanying resolution on the organization of Negro women.

● Madam President and Delegates of the National Women's Trade Union League:

The fact that I seem to be the only Negro woman here as delegate or alternate would seem to indicate the very great necessity of the organization of Negro women. I understand how difficult is the task, for in laundries and similar industries where Negro women are employed, at the least hint of organization these women are fired. Sometimes when they attend meetings called for purposes of organization, representatives of the bosses are also present, and upon their return to work next day, they are given choice of the union or their job.

Organized labor as represented by the American Federation of Labor stands above creed, sex and color in theory, but in actual practice locals are permitted to nullify the principles of the organization as a whole. I

speak from actual knowledge. I have known Negro hodcarriers to go out with the bricklayers; later when these had gained their point, and the hodcarriers desired to strike, they received no support from the brickmasons whatever, but were humiliated and defeated. I had a classmate who was a member of the linoleum layers' union, but whenever he presented the name of his father or brother, who were as skilled as he, enough black balls were always cast to keep them out.

The sympathies of the Negro should be with his fellow workers; they, however, have compelled him to serve as a strike-breaker and as a reservoir of cheap labor to be used or thrown away at need. What he has received of seeming kindness, of education, of health improvement, of employment, has usually come from those who represent the employer rather than the workers.

Now what shall we do about the whole situation? The white woman needs utmost sincerity of purpose, and the Negro woman needs to be educated out of her traditional beliefs and alliances with the exploiters of labor.

You must not bring us here to support you, and then deny us the right to work for our own support. We know that work is not an affliction, but a great opportunity and privilege. We demand the God-given right to work, and resent the terms "scabs" and "rats" when locals have barred us from their society.

None may reach the heights till all are united in the fight. When we have overcome our prejudices, the women of the world, white and brown and yellow and black, will stand with united hands striving together for the achievement of the life more abundant.

● RESOLUTION ON NEGRO WOMEN WORKERS, INTRODUCED BY THE WASHINGTON COMMITTEE, WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE

WHEREAS, the National Women's Trade Union League has, throughout its history, maintained a policy of no discrimination between workers on the basis of color, and

WHEREAS, the National Women's Trade Union League has clearly recognized the importance of the organization of Negro women, and

WHEREAS, at no time has it been more necessary to launch a vigorous campaign for the organization of Negro women, and

WHEREAS, at present, in many locals within the American Federation of Labor artificial barriers of color have been set up between workers by constitution, by-laws, and custom, and

WHEREAS, These artificial barriers serve to prevent Negro women from freely accepting trade union membership, and

WHEREAS, although no legal barriers exist, yet in practice, discrimination on the basis of color is evident in the Civil Service,

THEREFORE, Be it Resolved, that the National

Women's Trade Union League in convention assembled, go on record for fostering, during the coming year, an energetic campaign for the organization of Negro women and for the abolition of the artificial barriers of color within the labor movement, and

Be It Further Resolved, that a Committee of..... persons shall be elected at this convention and that they be instructed as follows:

1. To devise ways and means of carrying on a vigorous campaign for the organization of Negro women, particularly in the garment industries in Chicago, among the laundry and domestic workers in the city of New York, and in Washington, D. C.;
2. To carry on a vigorous campaign of education among trade unions now affiliated with the American Federation of Labor in support of the passage of the Randolph Resolution to abolish discrimination against Negroes

within the A. F. of L., which resolution was introduced by Brother Randolph, President of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, at the Fifty-fourth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor;

3. To carry on a vigorous campaign to effect the abolition of racial discrimination within the Civil Service, particularly in Washington, D. C.;
4. To publish such educational pamphlets as are necessary to serve the two-fold purpose of winning Negro women workers to the labor movement and of educating white women workers to the need for true unity with their Negro sisters within the American labor movement.

Be It Further Resolved, that the Executive Council of the Women's Trade Union League be authorized and instructed to give what financial aid is feasible to the prosecution of the work of this committee.

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● Arthur Brisbane may sell his services for what they will bring, and so can Judy O'Grady. Pierce Butler is very democratic about such things, and he will permit no authority, local or national, to interfere with Mr. Brisbane's \$5,000 a week or Mrs. O'Grady's \$8. The liberty of both is being preserved.

They will be closely followed by William Randolph Hearst blessing God and warning us against dangerous Communist doctrine such as that uttered by Chief Justice Hughes, who said, "I can find nothing in the Federal Constitution which denies the State the power to protect women from being exploited by overreaching employers."

But Van Devanter, McReynolds, Roberts, Sutherland and Pierce Butler could find it, all right. Trust those boys. They can find the needle of an exploiter's right even though it be buried in the Sahara Desert.

These gentlemen have now departed on their vacations and will not be with us again until October. They will sleep well, I imagine. The roar of the never-ceasing looms will lull them to slumber. Sing, all ye working women and ye little children! Sing the judges to sleep and praise the names of Liberty. Joe, Randolph Hearst and Buttling Butler!

(Courtesy New York World-Telegram)

N O M A N ' S L A N D

● Don't Kill Your Wife . . . Let Us Do the Dirty Work" is the slogan of the laundry owners. Indeed, it's plenty of dirty and killing work for thousands of women and girls who work in laundries.

The Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that the right of the employers to hire and exploit women for as little as possible must not be interfered with by the State or Federal governments.

Under this decision over 25,000 Negro and white women who work in laundries in this State are doomed to No Man's Land. . . . What does this decision mean in dollars and cents? Mr. Tipaldo's laundry in Brooklyn has increased hours to 49 a week and the pay will be \$12.40. Under the Minimum Wage Law women and girls received \$15.79 for 49 hours.

The Department of Labor has already received numerous letters from laundry workers reporting that their wages have been cut to \$8 and \$9 a week. The following letter, written in 1933, gives a good idea of just what kind of treatment the laundry workers are subjected to without any legislative and union protection.

(Received July 7, 1933)
Yonkers, N. Y.

Department of Labor:

Being a working girl I am appealing to you for help.

Please have a little investigating done in the laundry of Yonkers. Which is the only place the poor working girl can find work at the present time.

In the Cleanart Laundry they have them working like slaves 9 and 10 hrs. a day for \$7.00 and \$8.00 a week. And in the New System Laundry on Hawthorne Ave. they have the girls working for \$6.00 a week.

How do you intelligent people expect a girl to pay for her room, keep herself, feed, clothe herself, pay her doctor bills, and have a tiny recreation on \$6.00 a week?

Please help us to live.

(Signed) _____

P.S.—Excuse pencil as I'm writing between my lunch hr.

Laundry workers work under the worst sweatshop conditions imaginable. The heat in the average laundry would overpower the average person. Women stand all day long at the mangle machines; they must keep up with the speed of the machines and are constantly watched over by sharp-eyed foremen and managers. No talking is allowed. Permission must be gotten to go to the toilet. When lunch hour comes the whistle is always five to ten minutes late and if you're in the middle of some work you are required to finish it.

When six o'clock comes and everyone is ready to go home, the foreman suddenly announces that everyone must work an hour overtime.

Fainting is a common occurrence among laundry women as a result of the speed-up and the heat. Laundry workers especially suffer from rheumatism, flat feet, sinus trouble and tuberculosis, which can be traced to the conditions under which they work.

Negro women are especially subjected to insults by the laundry bosses. They are given the hardest work and the lowest paying jobs. Most of them besides working all day must return home at night and cook, clean and take care of large families.

It is a common occurrence for the laundry owners to hold up the pay of the workers for three and four weeks. Recently many plants have gone out of business owing the workers as much as three and four weeks' pay.

On top of all these crimes, the laundry owners have resorted to actual stealing out of the pay envelopes of the laundry workers. There are high charges for uniform washing and numerous fines which are taken out of the pay at the end of the week. Workers who work piecework rates find their pay envelopes anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar short, and they don't dare complain because it means they'll be looking for another job.

Great resentment has been expressed at the decision of the Supreme Court. It has become obvious that the power of the Supreme Court must be curbed by a constitutional amendment.

The organized laundry workers in New York are taking steps to unify their ranks and strengthen their union. Only the power of a strong union today can stop the greedy laundry owners from their wage cutting schemes. The union is prepared to take action.

The housewives and consumers of every neighborhood can be of great assistance to the laundry workers. Every woman's organization can inspect the laundries in its neighborhood and demand that decent conditions be maintained.

A strong union is the best way to enforce decent wage standards for the laundry workers. The American Federation of Labor has a serious job ahead of it in the laundry industry. All eyes are watching today for *Organization and Action*.

● The New York State Department of Labor was about to impose a minimum wage on the beauty parlor industry to stop low wages, just before the U.S. Supreme Court upset the Minimum Wage Law. Wages as low as \$3.00 a week are paid in cut-rate shops.

● The National Woman's Party was "delighted" at the Supreme Court decision, ruling the N. Y. State Minimum Wage Law unconstitutional. They even employed counsel to fight the law. Let us see how the women who earn as low as \$6 a week feel about it.

● Jessie Taft is Financial Secretary of the Laundry Workers International Union, Local 280, A. F. of L.

Here is what Mitzi Blackman told the New York Post about what she had to do to earn \$13.00 a week, which is above the average pay in beauty shops:

"I started work at ten in the morning. For two months I worked sixteen hours every day in the week, including every other Sunday. And by work, I mean straight through the day, one customer after another, with no stops. Lunch meant a sandwich in the back of the shop and supper meant the same.

"The beauty parlor stayed open until 2 o'clock every morning. One of the girls had a nervous breakdown. I guess I was on the verge of one myself."

● The Supreme Court's declaration that the New York State minimum wage law for women is unconstitutional is a blow below the belt to all of us women who are directly affected.

I am a waitress, and I would like your readers to know just how this concerns me and the thousands like me who saw in the minimum wage law a chance for a living wage. I am paid \$5.10 a week.

The minimum wage law gave us a wage of 18 cents an hour, which, for a forty-hour week, means \$7.20 a week. This, with my tips, which average \$2 a week, would have given me a chance, by very careful spending, to buy enough milk and groceries and even squeeze out a weekly movie.

But the gentlemen of the Supreme Court say no, you should have the right of "free contract." They should have added, "instead of a decent wage."

Free contract for whom? Just once I wish the gentlemen who decided against us would try to live on my wages.

They would know how we feel about the decision. It is inhuman to do this to us in the name of "freedom." Their decision makes a mockery of that wonderful word.

(From "The New York Post")

Agnes Burns Wieck

WOMEN'S AUXILIARES



Mrs. May Peake

● She doesn't look it, but Mrs. May Peake is a veteran leader in the Auxiliary of the International Association of Machinists. Organized over thirty years ago, this auxiliary embraces 200 locals in the United States and Canada, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Now a resident of Colorado, Mrs. Peake has been at the auxiliary helm, as its president, for twenty-seven years.

When the machinist Tom Peake first told his young wife of his pride and confidence in his union, her imagination was fired by what it held in store for the families of underpaid machinists. She got busy and soon the machinists' womenfolk in her home town of Rock Island, Illinois, were forming the Tri-City Auxiliary. Her rousing speeches in union hall and on picket line made her not only an auxiliary leader but later field organizer for the machinists' union, in which she was given a card.

"Look for the union label on everything you buy," is a slogan of the wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of union machinists. "Two million American women," Mrs. Peake points out, "spend a total union wage of \$6,000,000,000. If those billions were spent exclusively on union-made goods, what pressure that would bring on labor-hating employers!"

On the question of war Mrs. Peake holds strong views. In connection with the Senate Committee's recent expose of War Department plans for a military dictatorship in the next world war, she recalls how in 1918 she was summoned before the War Ordnance Department for exposing huge war profits and agitating for higher wages for Boston Navy Yard machinists. Her military inquisitor was actually a paid agent of the manufacturers' association, brazenly serving the war profiteers. While

he and his kind were safe in swivel chairs, millions of mothers' sons—Mrs. Peake's boy among them—were in the mud and gore of the trenches. Today her son, like many more, still suffers from being gassed in the first World War. No wonder May Peake vigorously opposes war.

Mrs. Peake recalls the war hysteria used to frame labor leaders the corporations wanted out of the way. Visiting Tom Mooney in prison, she pledged him the support of her auxiliary women in the fight for his freedom. She recalls, too, the great steel strike following the war. Using her husband's railroad pass—he was a railroad machinist—she raised thousands of dollars toward the strike fund of that historic struggle.

Proud of her auxiliary's achievements in behalf of the machinists' union, Mrs. Peake is not one to rest on her laurels. She sees widespread unemployment, lowered living standards, steel workers still held down, Mooney and other labor martyrs still in prison; and over all, the rising cloud of fascism and war. Progressive in spirit, Mrs. Peake realizes that the union alone is not enough, that the times demand labor's independent political action. She stresses the importance of political education for women. And she believes with *THE WOMAN TODAY* in the unity of all progressive women, regardless of race, color or creed.

By NELL CARROLL

Pharmacists Wives Recruiting

● Pharmacists in unions may be news to many but that's just half the story—pharmacists' wives in New York City have formed an auxiliary that's leading a recruiting drive for their men's union. At a recent Sunday evening affair, this young auxiliary produced a fine blend of labor fellowship through a most successful combination of dramatic entertainment, mass singing, short speeches and excellent refreshments. So impressed were the especially invited non-members and their wives that several couples enrolled in both the union and the auxiliary.

Speakers from the League of Women Shoppers and *THE WOMAN TODAY* brought greetings to this fine group of women aiding their men's fight against long hours, speed-up and low pay. Already, through struggle, pharmacists have won a \$32.50 weekly minimum in the Bronx section of New York City; one week paid vacation; a W.P.A. pharmacist project; reclassification from skilled labor to professional, with increases of from \$93 to \$103 monthly; reinstatements of

discharged men. Picket lines have been reinforced by these determined women.

More Professional Men's Wives

● Another new and progressive auxiliary is that of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians. At a recent luncheon meeting at Allerton House, New York City, this auxiliary heard Dr. Caroline Whitney of the New York Teachers Union and the Auxiliary Editor of *THE WOMAN TODAY*.

Labor's growing solidarity was revealed in the eagerness with which these wives of highly trained professional men sought to learn from the activities of miners' wives in struggle. The depression has made these women realize that the same forces that can starve coal miners' families can also throw their own men into the breadlines. They were thrilled to hear of miners' womenfolk, marching by the thousands, singing labor's protest:

"It is we who plowed the prairies,
Built the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops,
Endless miles of railroad laid . . ."

It was interesting to learn that the Federation president himself had created the plans for certain foundries in the Belleville, Ill., coal field and for whole mining towns in West Virginia. Another Federation man had designed the Lincoln Highway across the prairies. Workers all, kept apart by our capitalist masters, but now uniting in the crisis.

Inspired by the amazing growth in the New York Teachers Union the past year and by the achievements of miners' wives in setting up strike kitchens and recreational centers, this new auxiliary decided to speed up their men's membership drive by making the Federation quarters more inviting—chairs, tables, rugs, curtains and magazines were enthusiastically volunteered. For the promise of this new woman's touch, and the proposal for educational forums to be held jointly by Federation and auxiliary, the men's president expressed real gratitude.

Some of these women have already marched shoulder to shoulder with their men on W.P.A. picket lines. Like the Newspaper Guild, the Federation has both men and women members. It is organized in many important cities. Unity of Federation and Auxiliary will eventually compel higher professional standards on corporation job, civil service, and public works.

A bundle of *THE WOMAN TODAY* went like hot cakes at this lively meeting where twelve new members entered the ranks.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

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toward the entrance gates where a crowd was streaming in. Something in the appearance of the crowd made the mayor say hastily, "Only religious songs are permitted."

"Certainly," said Jim. "They know that."

The crowd came on. They were not marching. No march permits had been issued. But they kept a sort of broken order, enough to suggest an undisciplined parade. There were no banners to attract policemen before they reached their goal. Just their ragged sleeves, stooping, limping, with pinched faces and cowed eyes. There were entire families, the wife and husband walking together, each leading a child, and sometimes two or three children walking behind them. And there were Negroes; as many Negroes as whites. The dingy, jumbled line stretched almost to the gate. When those who were foremost reached the platform they halted before it and began to sing, not as a choir, but as a collective voice.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to him in prayer!
But when Jesus will not hear us,
When no answer he will give,
Then we ask you, city fathers,
Give us work and let us live.
WE WANT WORK!

The last words were an electric shout. Every figure was straight, every right hand went up, every eye had piercing gaze on the leading personages who adorned the platform. The transformation from slump and despair to fire and spirit was, in effect, supernatural. Here was an army. At least the seed of armies.

Yes, it's work we want, O fathers!
Yes, it's work that we must have!
Only work can ease our hunger,
Only work our children save!
We have told our woe to Jesus,
Hungry, naked, as you see,
Now we come to you for answer,
Will you be as dumb as He?
WE WANT WORK!

Again the shout taken up by the entire line, and the dauntless, dramatic pose. But the mayor had recovered. "Where is Conover?" he asked. Jim Conover had vanished.

"I am the leader," said Eph Clarkson, a six-foot skeleton, looking the mayor in the eye. "Mr. Conover was only an advisor."

"What do you mean parading in here with niggers?"

"They are unemployed," replied Eph, gently but firmly, as if he had stated his case.

"That helps you whites a lot, don't it?"

"We think so. We are as strong as our numbers."

"As strong as—" The mayor cast a frantic glance over the vari-colored line of faces, which seemed to him to be composed mainly of eyes, every one turned upon him. But help was at hand. The chief of police appeared below the platform.

"Shall I take 'em out, Governor?"

"Yes, and step on it!"

The chief signaled his deputies. They began gathering up the Negroes and hustling them away. The mayor pulled himself into dignity. He must dismiss the audience, which was taking entirely too deep an interest in the proceedings.

"I have great pleasure," he said, "in announcing that the singing contest has been won by the choir chosen from the factories. Leaders, Miss Fairinda Ferrabee and Mr. Ernest Starbo."

Applause, gratifying but brief. All minds were on the dinner.

"We will now proceed to the table. As soon as your plates are helped, kindly pass on to a shade where you may eat in comfort. Come back for more as often as you like. And everybody please himself!"

There was a surge toward the long table, but those on the platform kept their seats. Plates and drinks would be brought to them. They were not talkative. The mayor, still flushed, kept mopping little beads of sweat from his temples. That shout, *We Want Work!* was ringing about him. The air was still alive with it. Who would have believed there were so many unemployed in Dunmow? The city ought to have looked to it. Somebody had been hiding something. But no doubt Conover had raked every nigger hut and back alley to get 'em. And where was that good-looking woman who had come to the committee with Conover? She'd had a hand in the mess, he didn't doubt. Some one had told him that she was in the city's employ. He'd soon fix that.

The troubled mayor knew nothing of what should have troubled him most: that the four or five thousand workers who had seen and heard the line of unemployed were asking themselves, "Is that what we are coming to?" However, the satisfaction of hunger was the immediate thing. Discussion could be postponed.

● When Bly turned again toward the barbecue grounds, after the hot moments of self-exile, he wandered toward the upper end of the lake. He was losing out in every way. His business was going, and he didn't care. His fortune was gone, and it didn't matter. The old world was slipping away, and he couldn't get hold of the new. All right, he would slide out. But he would like to have a good, old-time fist-fight with somebody first, and feel his blood humming just once.

The sound of a mellow, good-natured voice reached out over the dark, bushy heads of the Negroes. The voice belonged

to the speaker on their platform. He was very young, last year out of Harvard, the Tuscaloosa guest.

"I've got what you call an education, brothers, but I knew your language first. I'm not going to throw the dictionary at you. I've got a little book here with the Declaration of Independence in it, and the constitutions of several of our States, and I'll read a bit from it every time I see a cop with a billy coming this way. I can use a sound head better than a cracked one. And I say the same to you. Take care of your heads, boys. We'll need 'em. When a black man is brave enough to stand up for his rights he's just the man we can't spare. Ten years ago, I'd have advised you different from what I do today. My advice then would have been—run, if shootin' off your mouth had got you in danger. Run like an antelope and hide like a partridge. And not show up until the punk was out of the air. But we don't have to run now. Not every time. And why? Because we're learning that we can stand, if we stand together. Over in Alabama last week didn't we save a young colored boy they'd framed for lynchin'? And right over here in South Carolina, when they's takin' one of us to swing from a tree, the black men and women threw down their hoes in the field, and the white croppers come along too—right along with us—and didn't we gather in the road and make that mob give up that man? More and more the white men are gettin' ashamed of havin' a race under their feet that bad men can abuse and cripple and burn. Can cheat and make slaves of. And that brings me to my point."

He paused and swept his eye about for possible signs of the law. But evidently all uniforms had been drawn to the odors at the lower end of the lake.

"The reason that the workers are so slow in getting hold of their own world is that they leave so many of us out. We leave ourselves out. A bunch in Alabama forgets about a bunch up in Montana. A bunch in Connecticut forgets about a bunch in Arkansas. Right here in Dunmow the workers won't so much as line up with the workers in High Point, Salisbury, an' Charlotte, an' Rockin'ham, an' the Twin City. All here in a bunch an' won't line up. It's bad, brothers, when we stand apart an' let 'em pick us off in little bunches.

"Now about this overproduction that they say is keepin' twenty million of us hungry and half naked. My friends, there ain't any overproduction. There's no more goods lyin' on shelves now, no more food in storage houses, than all the people could use in twenty-four hours. The wheels could start turnin' in every factory, an' the happy farmer could go out and plough. But is that what's goin' to happen? Nix, brothers. They'll keep on burnin' coffee in Brazil, pullin' up peach trees in California,

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● Summer hygiene is, first of all, year-round hygiene. The care that has to be given to the bodily functions, the attention, for instance, to diet and elimination, to work and recreation, to rest and exercise, to air and to cleanliness, are, in the main, the same all the year through. Nevertheless, there are several specific problems in personal hygiene which are apt to arise at this time of the year which deserve special consideration for "the woman of today."

The summer months are a period of increased bodily activity. The woman who has spent most of her winter days at some indoor sedentary task—in the classroom, at her desk, at the machine—and her evenings in an equally sedentary fashion at home, at the theatre, or at meetings and lectures, is apt to devote much more time to outdoor activities with the coming of warm weather. Hiking, riding, tennis, swimming, gardening — any number of physical exercises enter into daily life during the Summer, and these may raise several special problems in personal hygiene.

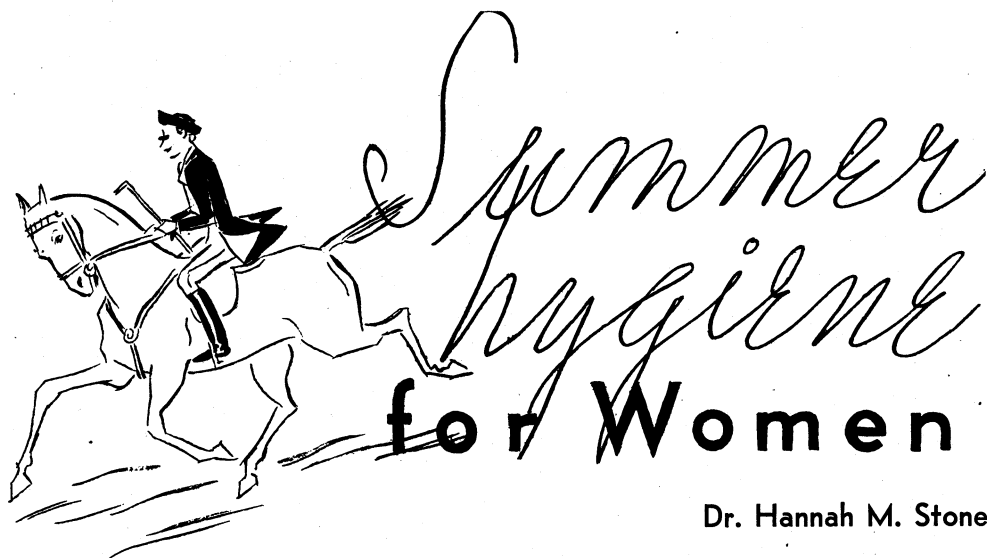
Of first importance is the question of the relation of physical exertion to the specifically feminine function of menstruation. Vacations are often arranged long in advance, and the vacation period may happen to coincide, in part at least, with the menstrual period. The woman may then be in a quandary as to the extent to which she

should or should not participate in the usual vacation activities. Should she go in bathing? Is it advisable for

her to go horseback riding, to play tennis, or to dance?

Although the menstrual flow is now rightly looked upon as a normal physiological process, nevertheless, for many women the days of menstruation are days of additional stress and strain. A general feeling of lassitude, of apathy, is common, and some may even suffer from various degrees of discomfort, ranging from a slight heaviness to severe abdominal pains. It is a time, therefore, which does require special care and special hygiene.

Should the woman go in bathing during her menstruation? A few women do with apparently no ill effect. Many women, however, are still imbued with a sort of "hydrophobia" at the time of their menses, and abstain entirely from contact with water for days before and during the menstrual period. This, of course, is entirely



Dr. Hannah M. Stone

unnecessary. The fear of water has no physiological grounds. On the contrary, cleanliness is particularly indicated at this time. Nor is there any objection to tub bathing, if the water is kept at a comfortable temperature, although the shower or sponge bath seem to be the most convenient forms of cleansing during the menses.

Whether a woman should actually go in swimming at this time would depend largely upon her particular condition and the character of her menstrual periods. Generally speaking, I would say that it is well to abstain from aquatic activities during the actual days of the flow. The pelvic organs are in a state of physiological congestion at this time and it is not advisable to subject them to chilling or to sudden changes of temperature.

What applies to bathing applies, perhaps in a lesser measure, to other physical activities. The woman accustomed to athletic activities need not restrict them entirely during the period. Severe exertion, however, and especially competitive sports, should be avoided in order not to cause undue bodily fatigue or any increased congestion of the pelvic organs.

In this connection it may be well to mention the menstrual problem of the adolescent girl in the Summer; her periods are apt to be very irregular both in time of appearance and in duration and quantity. Sometimes a few months may elapse be-



tween periods. At this age the girl is undergoing marked physical and emotional changes, and it is well that she should not be subjected to any unnecessary strains and stress. If the menses happen to appear while the young girl is at a camp or Summer resort, she should abstain, for the time, from

any strenuous athletic activities and especially from any competitive games that may require bodily or emotional strain.

Another point which is of importance in connection with menstruation is the fact that during the Summer months the menstrual periods, even in adults, are apt to be rather irregular, and sometimes they may even be delayed for several days. One need not, therefore become unduly alarmed.

● Another important aspect of summer hygiene is the question of the "sun-bath." Sun-bathing is a popular Summer diversion, and the process of "tanning" has almost become a ritual at the waterfront or even on house-tops. The young woman who, for one reason or another, may be unable to go in swimming, can at least bathe in the ultra-violet rays. The rays may be salutary and the tanning adds an appearance of health and vigor. It is well, however, to bear in mind that too sudden and too long an exposure may result in an unpleasant and even painful skin burn. I have known many a girl who had to spend the larger part of her vacation with lotions and bandages because of too enthusiastic an exposure to the sun rays during the first days. A liberal application, before the sun-bath, of ordinary coconut oil or of any of the many preparations available for this purpose might well prevent blistering and discomfort and may even serve to enhance the tanning of the skin.

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● Dr. Hannah M. Stone is the Medical Director of the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau, New York, and also of the Marriage Consultation Center at the Community Church in New York. She is the author of "A Marriage Manual."

● Write your health problems to Dr. Stone, who will answer in our columns.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 26)

driving cattle over precipices in Montana, dumping potatoes and meat into New York harbor, and letting flour grow yellow behind locked doors. Well, they do let some of that yellow flour out."

A laugh, like big music, went up from the listeners. It helped to get a certain stale taste out of the mouth.

"Let's suppose a case. Suppose that some great disaster were to sweep ten million families out to sea and leave 'em on a desert island to starve and rot. That would be what you might call an act of God, maybe. But suppose a manner of government that humans have set up and directed drives ten million families into the pit of poverty and starvation? That's no act of God. That's our fool selves actin' like lunatics. What humans have set up they can take down. When one system don't work they can try another, as our great Lincoln said. Whoever says we've got to have a capitalist government when we want a workers' government, is givin' the lie to the great founders of these United States. For here's what they said."

A policeman approached the assembly, with quickened step and an air of listening earnestly. It was Branson, assistant to the chief.

"Here!" shouted the policeman, signaling with his black-jack. "Stop that and come down! That's sedition. We don't allow that around here. I've got orders to watch out for your kind of talk. Come down! You're under arrest!"

The young Negro got down from the platform. The black men around the policeman glared. They could make mincemeat of him in a few minutes, but if they did that, half of them would be dead before morning. They kept silent. No back-jaw. For all the big talk of their young speaker, they knew better than that. And the policeman knew that they knew it. A well-dressed, middle-aged Negro moved civilly up to the law.

"This man is a guest of the city," he said. "We'd like to have him get along without any trouble. He'll be going out today."

Bly had come up. "Hello, Branson! I've been listening too. The man has been saying just what you'll find in that book he's got there. The Declaration of Independence used to be read a lot at barbecues, but lately it has gone out of fashion."

"You don't mean there's anything in it about tearing down the government?"

"Why not? There's been many a government chucked, and likely to be many more before we get too good to need 'em. Let me read you what the noble American fathers said about it."

He took the book from the Negro speaker and stepped onto the platform.

"Look here, Mr. Emberson," said the

now white-faced Branson, "I don't think you'd better read that. It sounds like one o' those red books that they found in Charlotte. Are you sure you've got the right book?"

"You heard Judge Anniston over there this morning telling about the principles of the great Jefferson, didn't you? And how we must be true to them? It was that very Jefferson who wrote this book."

"I'll take your word for it, but this feller can't talk any more."

"I guess he's ready to quit anyhow. It's time for their dinner."

"Yes," said the ex-speaker, spreading his mouth. "It's hungry time with me."

● Verna and a few friends had started in search of Bly, and had halted to observe the unusual proceedings on the Negro platform. When Bly had taken his place and begun to speak, Verna stood speechless, her eyes wide and her face white. Amy Bigrose patted her assuringly. "Dear Bly is having his fun. Don't be unhappy about it." And others about her echoed Amy.

The group, from under the trees, watched the three rowers land. "Evelyn has decided to step out," said Amy. "Who is the boy?"

Verna's eyes, in scrutiny, were asking the same thing. "I don't believe I know," she said. "But Derry is with her, and I think my daughter is old enough to select a friend or two for herself."

"I wish you meant that, Verna. I commend Evelyn's taste. He is actually beautiful. A sort of foreign beauty."

"Gracious, I'm sure he's not a foreigner!" Verna's knowledge of "foreigners" was mostly confined to the back streets of Southern towns where she had seen sleek, dark heads with well-like eyes poke out from shop doors festooned with garments for sale.

"Of course not a foreigner," said Virginia Grant. "With that skin and hair. Just look at him."

"I'm looking," Amy assured her, "and I find that figure and complexion strongly reminiscent. There's a young Hensley man going about with just such burning brilliance. He has a wife that makes you expect to hear somebody shout for a red carpet—the queen is arriving. But she's as simple as beans when you know her, and always hoves to in a print dress. I've heard there's a boy who belongs to them. No doubt that is he."

"I think I've heard Bly say that she once lived in Winbury," said Verna. "He is quite fond of her," she added carelessly.

"So was Beverly, my husband," said Virginia with the same insignificance. "She was married to a man named Bailey, a very indifferent sort."

Verna was suddenly all alive. "When was this, Virginia?"

"Three years ago. During the Com-

munist invasion, when the big strike was on. She made herself very obnoxious. Hand and glove with the reds."

"There is some mistake," said Verna chillingly. "It can't be the same person. I let my child visit her."

"My little daughter was crazy about her too. She fascinates the young. Without making any effort either. I took my daughter to see her often, when she was in a hospital, convalescing after an accident."

"You are not talking about the same person," insisted Amy, determined to be Ishma's friend. "If she is Hensley's wife, and that is their boy, she couldn't have been married to a man named Bailey three years ago."

Verna turned on Mrs. Grant. "What are you concealing, Virginia?"

"I didn't think it necessary to tell everything. Really she's not ordinary, Verna. Whatever she did, she had her reasons."

"Are you defending her?" Verna's eye of justice put her friend on the stand, and Virginia surrendered.

"He left her and married a Winbury girl. No, that's not right. She left him. But he married again without getting a divorce. I was grossly curious, and investigated. So I suppose Ishma—"

"That's the name!" cried Verna.

"I suppose she wasn't actually married to Bailey. But that doesn't matter much in her social stratum. Or ours either, does it? Unless one is married to Bly Emberson. And we can't all have him."

"Shall we join the gay party?" asked Sara Faber, quite ready to go. Verna's eyes were full of shocked reproach. "Now that we know? An immoral person—and a 'Red,' didn't you say, Virginia?"

"That isn't the most serious part of it. She is in the employ of Enoch. And Bly. And the city." Ada's voice was importantly heavy.

"Oh, no!" Amy corrected her. "She has resigned."

"Knew she was going to be found out, I suppose."

"It wasn't that. Bly was telling me. And Derry too. She couldn't bear the—the restriction."

"She must be utterly abandoned." Verna's intonation sent the guilty one to the bottomless pit.

"It wasn't the sort of restriction that would occur to you, Verna. It was mental cramp. One can look at her and see she has to move freely in her own horizon."

Verna was afflicted with a sudden revelation. "She was at the bottom of that awful demonstration of the unemployed. Did you ever see anything so publicly indecent? Just when everything was going so wonderfully—the speeches, the singing, all in a holy, reverent spirit—she introduces that mockery! When we were striv-

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● I wonder if there are many women whose minds go blank when they read a lot of numbers. I just see black spots when they go up into the high figures. Even such small statistics as 2 "tbs," 3 "tps," cups, drs. and oz. are confusing and when it comes to counting calories I am hopelessly lost. And yet, I love to plan and cook a meal that combines economy and nourishment, is good to the taste and attractive to the eye and does not take up too much time and energy in preparation. Such a meal has to be *planned*. Build your meal around a principal dish. Be it a leftover that can be made into something good and interesting, or something you have to go to market for, it has to combine and link up with the other dishes. Give a thought to what will "go well together" just as you do with clothes. You will learn measurement of ingredients not so much from what recipe books call for as from experience, a sense of taste, and caring enough to take a little extra trouble.

In the South we have a dish called "Hoppin' John." It's nothing but little fresh black-eyed peas or "cow peas," cooked with a piece of bacon or salt pork and served with steaming hot rice and sliced tomatoes and fresh onions on the side. It is the combination that makes it so delicious. But fresh cow peas are not easy to get out of the South and though the dried ones are very good I have found lentils to be a most satisfactory substitute. You can soak them overnight to save on the cooking, boil without the salt pork if you like, but garnish with strips of crisp breakfast bacon, pouring the fat over them, serve with hot rice and accompany with sliced tomato and fresh onions.

If there are, by chance, any lentils left over, put them back in the pot with the water in which they were boiled, add a cup of tomato juice, a little more water, a chopped-up fresh onion—green tops and all—a sprinkling of chopped parsley, celery or water cress or all three, salt and pepper to taste and you have as good a soup for the next meal as you could want.

I once went to visit an orphan asylum with a friend and in the spotless kitchen a large cauldron of rice was being cooked. The thick mass rose and fell in heavy goopy bubbles and for a moment I thought perhaps they were preparing paste for the paper hangers. That is *not* the way to cook rice. I give you a choice of two good methods:

Wash a cupful of rice, then throw it into a large saucepan of salted boiling water. Let it boil briskly for twenty-five minutes without a cover, then pour it into a colander and let cold water run freely through it. Still in the colander, put it into a hot oven or over a pan of boiling water and let it steam until thoroughly hot again. It will be light and fluffy and each grain will stand separate.

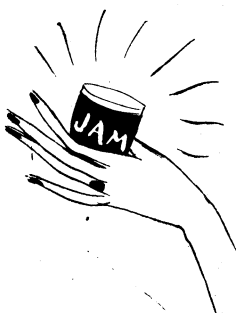
The other way is the Chinese method. Wash thoroughly one cup of rice and put it into a boiler with one and a half cups of boiling water (very slightly salted). Cover the boiler with a tight-fitting top, turn the light down very low and let it cook this way *without removing the cover* for twenty-five or thirty minutes, or even longer. Every par-

ticle of water will have steamed off and it will have retained all the nourishment. Though it is not so light as the other way, it is richer in flavor.

● And now, along with fresh onions and more-and-more lovely tomatoes and asparagus, strawberries have come into the markets. I am told that those who can afford it have been eating them all winter but it is more practical for most of us to enjoy them when they are in season, at their best, and to prolong the treat by "putting up" as many as we can when the price is lowest. The words "putting up preserves" need not frighten you. I have memories of years gone by, of bowls and bowls of fruit and pounds and pounds of sugar, numberless screw-top jars, flushed faces and tired backs. But I have learned more than one thing since then, and now I make a jar of strawberry jam as casually as I make a pot of tea for breakfast. Whether there is only so much as a saucerful of strawberries left over or if I have bought an extra box or two for the purpose, it is no trouble at all, and worth it in any case.

First wash, then cap the berries. Put them in a saucepan without any water and let them simmer and boil gently for about ten minutes. Then add about three-fourths as much sugar as you had fresh fruit and let it boil for another five minutes. Pour it into small jars and when it is cold pour a thin layer of melted paraffine on top—that is if you can refrain from eating it all up within the next few weeks. One of the most delicious combinations for dessert or breakfast, or almost any excuse, is this same strawberry jam served with cream cheese which is prepared as follows: Buy 10c worth of the cream cheese that comes in a long mold and 5c worth of thick sour cream and mix thoroughly, beating and stirring until it is light and creamy. Eat it on toast with jam. If you can't keep your supply of jam equal to the demand try this trick with cream cheese: Prepare as above but add salt, red pepper, a dash of grated onion juice and several stalks of celery chopped fine. Spread thick on little "ritz" crackers and top with a crisp slice of cucumber and a sprinkle of paprika to add to the gaiety.

There are, we know, many thousands of people in America today who do not have enough to eat, who are homeless and starving, but there are other thousands who have jobs—jobs that pay enough to buy food and shelter. But these jobs are deadening in their dullness, crushing all the joy out of the day, and eating becomes just a means of keeping alive for the job. But if thought and pleasure are put into planning and preparing a meal, it can become a bright spot in the day, something to be looked forward to, restful or gay and amusing, something intimately yours, the work of your individuality and skill. It is indeed, dear Women of Today, a power not to be lightly disregarded.



● Meals *can* be fun—especially when your friends ask (between gasps of enthusiasm): "How did you **EVER** make it?" And isn't it fun (with many a "it's nothing at all") to tell? Let's have it.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 28)

ing to uphold ideals—to put the fear of the Lord into people, and—”

“And they put it into *us!*” Amy gave a ringing laugh. “There, I’ve been wanting to break loose ever since it happened, and now I’ve done it.”

Verna eyed her in scorn, without effort. “You may laugh, but Bly will take a serious view of it. I must tell him as soon as possible what that woman is. He doesn’t suspect her.”

“Let me know if you convince him. A man is never more obtuse than when a woman he admires is under attack.”

“Admire her? A woman who lives with two men? You don’t know Bly, my dearest Amy.”

“Nobody said she lived with two men. Not at the same time, anyway.” Amy’s eyes returned to the group by the shore. Ishma had her arm over Ned’s naked shoulders. “Of course he is her boy,” said Amy with a wistfulness not at home in her eyes, but very becoming to them.

Verna’s lips tightened cruelly. “Derry must have known it all the time. He brought her here! What deception! I’ve tried for years to get Bly to break with him. And there stands my child, so innocent. . . .”

“And happy,” added Virginia, as Verna’s voice failed. “Don’t call her away, dear Verna. Another hour won’t hurt her.”

Mrs. Emberson, for her own reason,

decided to postpone action. She must find out how much Bly knew. When her friends proposed a return to the end of the lake, she let herself be drawn along with them. Virginia was questioned again, but would add little information.

“I simply don’t know, Verna. But putting this and that together, I should say that she was originally married to Hensley. She came from the mountains, and this man has “mountain” written all over him. But why and how she took up with Bailey is not fathomed. After the split with him, she must have gone back to her husband, and glad enough to get there, I should say. I’ll chisel the whole story out of Derry, if you want it.”

“Make Derry Unthank say a word he doesn’t want to say? You can try it!”

They reached the gathering, and found one topic raging—the unemployed demonstration. With dinner safely stowed, all could give the matter an undivided mind.

Virginia wanted to face Ishma, who was in the group with Bly, Britt, and Doctor Schermerhorn.

“Oh, Mrs. Bailey, it is a long time since we met! Three years, isn’t it?” said Virginia, meeting Ishma’s eyes.

“A little more,” returned Ishma, taking Britt’s arm, and putting her other hand on Ned’s shoulder.

“And this is—” Virginia’s inquiring eye was on Britt.

“My husband, Mr. Hensley.”

Virginia was politely astonished. “But

the boy? Your son?”

“Ours,” said Ishma, claiming her kingdom.

“But—I don’t understand!” Amy was whispering at her back, “Please, Virginia, please don’t!”

“It’s very simple,” said Ishma. “I have been twice married to my husband. In the interval, when you knew me, I was Mrs. Bailey.”

“Oh, yes, simple enough. How stupid I can be! I suppose you like Dunmow better than Winbury. But don’t you miss the comrades? This city, I am told, is still quite free from the Communist influx.”

“Yes, the Dunmow workers are not so advanced in economic knowledge as the workers of Winbury.”

“Now you’ll hush,” said Amy, half aloud. And Britt came forward handsomely. “Mrs. Grant, my wife has told me how kind you were to her when she was in the hospital at Winbury. I have hoped ever since that I might some day meet you so that I could thank you.”

A flush covered Virginia’s pale face. Impulsively she offered her hand to Britt. “Don’t thank me. I would do the same again if I had the opportunity.”

“Well!” Bly mused, “I’m getting information.”

“I could have told you,” said Derry, “but it wasn’t necessary.”

“No,” Bly replied, “it wasn’t necessary.”

(To be continued)

VIEWS ON NEWS

(Continued from page 20)

A Strong Union Will Enforce Minimum Wage Standards

Recent Supreme Court decisions, especially its ruling on the New York State Minimum Wage Law for Women, leave no doubt that that group of men is the enemy of labor and all that is progressive. It is necessary to enlist every organization, in the drive to abridge the powers of the Supreme Court.

In the meantime, there are certain immediate steps to be taken. As soon as the minimum wage ruling was passed, wages were cut in some industries, and there is the constant threat of lowered wages. Moreover, the effects of the decision will be—indeed, are being—felt in other states.

This is a situation that requires immediate action. “Fight back!” says Rose Schneiderman on page 20 of this issue of *THE WOMAN TODAY*. “Organize and strike!” These words will be taken up by women throughout the country, until they echo and re-echo from every sweatshop, laundry, restaurant and beauty parlor.

Now, more than ever, must women feel the need for organization. *A strong union will enforce minimum wage standards!*

SPIRIT OF '76

(Continued from page 5)

Liberty League idea of a new “Declaration of Independence,” put out by the Hearst newspapers a year ago, on July 5, 1935. It was a contemptible effort to identify Communists with criminals in the United States and was labeled “a declaration of freedom from crime and communism.” The Hearst papers will probably revive their misrepresentations and unprincipled red-baiting in connection with the Fourth of July this year.

But those who signed that 1935 attack on the revolutionists of today are themselves members of the American Liberty League and other potentially fascist organizations. They are Tories who profit from the present capitalist system and are opposed to the idea of any revolutionary change. They are enemies to American liberty, traitors to the spirit of 1776.

Opposed to them stand all progressive forces of this country—those who are working for a Farmer-Labor Party to block the advance of fascism in the United States; those who are true to the revolutionary traditions of Americanism—these are the American patriots of 1936.

SUMMER HYGIENE

(Continued from page 27)

I should like to mention one more phase of personal hygiene during the Summer. There are certain types of parasitic infections of the skin which are subject to transmission through the medium of garments that come in direct contact with the tissues. I am referring to such conditions as ringworm, pediculosis and other minor infections. These may not be serious but they are always annoying, and it is well to make every effort to avoid their spreading. One should, therefore, as a routine precautionary measure, avoiding borrowing or lending any intimate article of clothing, such as bathing suits, underwear, slippers, towels, and so forth.

These are but a few of the more personal aspects of Summer hygiene for women. The present emphasis in the science of health, however, is not merely upon the negative idea of the prevention of disease, but rather upon the positive ideal of developing good health and well-being. This ideal might well become the aim of every woman today.

fashion letter



An harangue on life and such, with a little fashion thrown in.

Gwen Barde



● Men are everlastingly being amused by women's attitude toward women. And the one thing that never fails to start them rolling all over the floor in monsoons of merriment is the strained and calculating expression with which one woman eyes another's clothes, missing nary a detail. Men should, by this time, know that this is no laughing matter. But, bless their hearts, we need their happy, innocent gaiety as a relief from the terrible trials that do beset us.

How is a man to know the awful gone-to-pieces feeling in a woman's breast when she finds that the dress she has spent too much time making, or too much money buying, makes her look home-made or frumpy or too old or too young? Intelligent and loving though a chap may be, let his woman compare unfavorably with the other femmes prowling around, and he will, subtly or not, let her feel like an old rug. I don't complain, but merely state a law of nature. This is Nature in the Raw, the Survival of the Fittest, the Battle of the Ages, and the Reason Why the Female of the Species Is More Deadly than the Male.

Anyway, that's the reason it's so interesting, nay—imperative—for women to furtively observe and wonder where that girl in the blonde hair got those white slippers that make her big feet look so small, what you call that shade of lipstick, and how to make the corner hairdresser give you a wave like that, only a little more over the ears.

Ah, that's the kind of news I'd like to print on this page and come more subscriptions, hence advertising, hence funds, it's not impossible. But I'd like to do it with a difference. Thus:

In the Blank & Co. stores this week there will be an Introductory Sale of Yoo-Hoo Silk—a new everlasting product made with pleasure by the Amalgamated Silk Throwers, Dyers, Weavers and Finishers Union No. 711.

The International Milliners' Guild will sponsor this Fall, under their Union Label No. 222, as beautiful a collection of hats as these old eyes have even seen. There is an exciting variety of styles, but the news is that the materials, which are synthetic

and exquisite, permit health-giving violet rays to reach the hair. (1)

All this goes to show what a little ginger beer does to your correspondent.

● We had a delightful visit from a reader of THE WOMAN TODAY a few weeks ago. A grandmother, sixtyish, who finds it difficult to write because of stiff fingers, came a long way to see us and to reveal to the readers of this page a discovery of hers.

She has always disliked dresses that go on over the head, and now, with high blood pressure and rheumatism, she finds them impossible. She has two solutions to this problem: First, this lady told me, she became entranced with an evening dress of her daughter's—because it was a wrap-around, with a back opening (Fig. 1). So she made herself a dress just like it (the neckline is high in front). Then she made a loose jacket of the same material—this being the easiest way to cope with the sleevelessness and backlessness of that particular pattern. Also, to be on the safe side of that skirt which *might* flap open, she made a petticoat of the same material.

This costume was quite a success, but then this clever grandmother put on her thinking cap and selected a coat pattern with very good lines. This she made up with a slip to match and lo, a second easy-to-get-into dress. The slip was a wrap-around, this time.

All this looks to me like the beginning of a Trend.

● Figure 2 shows a belt trimmed with rick-rack braid. Also a gilet made of nothing else.

Figure 3 shows an evening dress with the shoulders built up of thickly clustered violets. And another with a belt of flowers.

Figure 4 shows a daytime dress with black-eyed susans (artificial, all these flars are) down the front instead of buttons.

Figure 5 shows a sport jacket edged in dinky blue fringe on the right side and red fringe on the left or port side—reversing that order in the back. Nuts but nice.



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