

Woman Today

DECEMBER 1936

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PARIS WOMEN FASHION NEW WEAPONS

By Helen Morgan

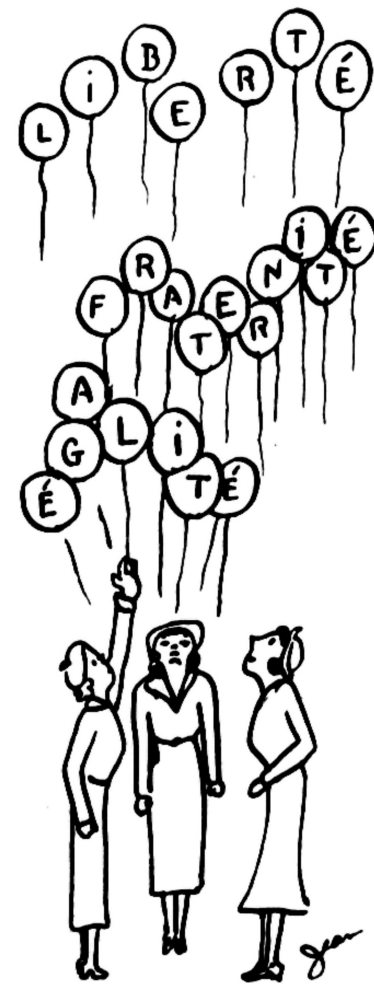
THE triumph of the Front Populaire in France has served as a revivifying influence upon the woman suffrage movement in Paris, the world's stronghold of femininity. Some such stimulus was believed vitally necessary. Commentators quipped that it was beginning to seem that the role assigned to the French suffragettes was to appear with their shouts for "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" every time their menfolk went to the polls, as regularly as the roses in May—and to fade as quickly.

But the victory of the People's Front admittedly puts a new complexion on the matter. The very principles of socialism will make it mandatory that the government grant the feminine demands for the right to vote—providing that all the women of France loudly and insistently express that demand.

The spectacle, itself, of a crisis so severely affecting the destiny of their land, in which they were able to take no frequent part, did much to strengthen the ranks of the suffragettes. The pre-election hullabaloo raised by women was even bolder and more fervent this year than in 1935. Then, startled Frenchmen, cherishing the illusion that women are rightfully gay, but never politically minded, blamed the springtime. Not drums but the distant tinkle of laughter greeted this overture by an all feminine cast.

This year observers hazard the guess that those beginnings of revolution will soon draw to their logical conclusion. It is believed that the bill for full electoral eligibility, which has laid in the lap of the parliamentary commission for several long months, will be taken out, dusted, and given a good airing. Of twenty-eight European states, France is one of four that has never given its women any franchise rights.

This is a country where wives are not allowed to sign checks. They cannot go for a holiday outside France without the written permission of their husbands.



Drawings by Jean Lyons

THIS apparent backwardness of French women is readily explained by Mme. Louise Weiss, who is not only the keynoter but the nominee (self-appointed) of today's fighting feminist party. It is true that France has had its crises before. But France has never before had a Mme. Weiss.

She is a firebrand leader who seized command in 1935 and who almost literally dragged French women from their traditional post in the home or behind the cash register, to become vociferous in the Rue de la Paix and in the Boulevards. Her leadership is a strange, and happy combination of the militant qualities of Mrs. Pankhurst and the particular aptitude of the French woman for wit and wile in gaining victories over her menfolk.

In her apartment near the Trocadero in Paris, she agreed promptly to the suggestion that the women of France, without the vote, have exercised more influence in shaping the affairs of their country than the suffrage-endowed women of other nations.

It is this fact which has dismayed lesser leaders and has confined questions of women's rights to the salon. It is not men who have been the greatest foe; it is the women themselves who, up to now, have not wanted the vote!

Before the war, Mme. Weiss elaborated, every French woman had a man—brother, husband, friend or father—through whom she exercised considerable influence. Yet changing times have wrought the same situation in France which exists elsewhere a growing number of spinster and of independent women in business and professions who must now turn to the vote for their own political and economic protection.

Her contention is borne out by labor figures. There are six and one-half million registered women professional workers, and three and one-half million workers in other categories. Paris alone has three hundred women attorneys. France has fifteen thousand women doctors.

STRONG and masculine though she appears, Mme. Weiss is not at all ignorant of the advantages that lie in stressing strictly feminine weapons. The whole campaign which she has fostered, in fact, has been lavish in its use of coquetry and pageantry.

The climax in her graphic campaign came at the last elections when she decided to run for Parliament—and did. As a "symbolic" candidate for Parliament, she received 11,262 votes from the residents of the fifth arrondissement in Paris. All over the country, other municipalities invited "symbolic" candidature by women, similar to that of Mme. Weiss.

Men as well as future women voters were urged to drop cards into the 48 ballot boxes placed throughout the fifth arrondissement. The cards provided for an expression of opinion on the question, "Are women as capable as men in defending the moral and material interests of the population of France?"

Out of 39,000 households in the Montmartre district, (Continued on next page)



nearly 15,000 men and women dropped cards in the ballot boxes on election day, favoring woman suffrage. Protagonists point out that it was, in addition, a very rainy day!

Altogether, Frenchmen are getting used to the idea. At a solemn public function, during the campaign, it was reported that not even Lebrun, President of France, was shocked when hundreds of toy balloons were released during the

playing of the Marseillaise. This is a typical dramatic strategy on the part of Mme. Weiss. The moment was ripe for a reminder that part of the French population was still "enslaved." Accordingly, as the balloons floated through the air, the French President was presented with a letter asking "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality" for women.

Mme. Weiss's first contact with gendarmes, a year ago, resulted in her arrest. Yet not before a score of those brass-buttoned gentlemen had run for shelter, sneezing and coughing and half-blinded by a sudden barrage of heavily perfumed face powder let loose by earnest suffragettes.

This introductory powder-puff attack not only drew the attention which Mme. Weiss wanted; it made the people laugh. The Frenchman can get sympathetic about anything that touches his wit. And this did.

A straw vote at election time netted about the same number of votes favoring woman suffrage last year as this. Seven thousand of the votes were cast by men. Further tangible strides were made in the two towns of Villeurbanne and Dax. Supplementing the regular Municipal Council, the population of these villages elected, by registered vote, auxiliary councils of six women to act in advisory capacity on all questions of municipal interest.

MME. WEISS strode into leadership when she became disillusioned with the turn of international affairs. She was editor of *La Europe Nouvelle* for eighteen years at Geneva. She collaborated with Aristide Briand in the League of Nations.

Then she decided that the cause of disarmament was lost. Thereupon she figuratively invited herself to the tea party where her sisters in Paris had been politely protesting against political inequality for fifty years, and upset the fest with a command to "Fight!"

This alien voice, with its uncompromising dictate, so shocked the sisterhood that it was necessary for Mme. Weiss to enlist her own troops, raise the finances, and plan the strategy, single-handed. Gradually to her side have come, mainly with offerings of "moral support," various allied organizations. Her most active henchwoman has been Maria Verone, President of the French League for Women's Rights, who in 1932 managed to stir up enough fuss

in Parliament that an order to the Minister of Justice resulted, in which he was told to draw up a bill extending women's rights. The order was as far as it got. The Minister never got around to the task.

The present bill was passed by the House in 1935, but has been unable to get past its traditional enemy, the Senate. Powerful forces have been lined up against the suffragettes. Curiously, the Radical-Socialists themselves withdrew support in the fear that women were an easy prey to the political doctrine of fascism. Center groups, particularly, have been reluctant to endorse the measure out of their apprehension that women would naturally drift to either extreme.

Within the ranks of women themselves, Mme. Weiss must contend with the politically uninformed and the politically polite.

The former are being educated with lectures, open air meetings, and pamphlets in an attempt to develop their political awareness. The latter are led by the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, and represent the vanguard of the tea-party which the dynamo from Geneva so shattered. Their stand is one of those yes-and-no platforms where the real issues, if existent at all, take shy refuge behind silken skirts. They wish to preserve family tradition, social order, and the conjugal and maternal virtues of women. Their program states that they believe in the right of women to vote and to work, but they also believe in the "rights of husbands."

They cling to the method that has proved vulnerable before a formidable array of kings and dictators, the method of "contact with political personalities"; in short, the "dignified way."

In her second attack, Mme. Weiss changed her strategy from coquetry to pageantry. A week after the powder barrage she led her cohorts on a pilgrimage to the Place de la Bastille. The women's ankles were bound in chains. At the Circle, they threw off their chains with a triumphant shout, echoing the hoarse cries of revolutionaries who, nearly two centuries before, erected the monument to freedom upon the spot of the razed Bastille.

Further stimulus has come from girl and women workers of Paris. Strikes and mass protest demonstrations have sharpened their social awareness. It is small wonder that the passing gaiety of the French capital is lamented by many. Mourners' only compensation is that, even in her most militant moments, the French woman is still colorful, and a little bit mad.

Mme. Louise Weiss was born in 1893. She is a writer and newspaper woman. In 1918 she founded "L'Europe Nouvelle," a publication devoted to the cause of international peace. She was editor of "L'Europe Nouvelle" until 1934.

Mme. Weiss has spent the major part of her life in the cause of world peace. In recognition of her services to France and humanity, the Legion of Honor award was conferred upon her by the French government.



THE WOMAN TODAY

Peace and the Trade Unions

By Louise Bransten

War must be fought before it begins. Labor, allied to other groups standing for peace, is the most powerful force against war.

ASK almost any trade unionist what he thinks of war and he won't hesitate to answer: "I don't want war." That's the reaction a normal person would have to such a question. Even a munitions manufacturer would tell you that he personally doesn't approve of war—far from it!—but since every other nation is preparing why isn't it common sense for America to prepare too? "After all," say those who profit by selling high explosives and the latest devices for blowing human beings to bits, "after all, by keeping this country prepared, we're giving ourselves a guarantee that there won't be any war."

That reasoning is usual enough and false enough. It isn't limited to munitions manufacturers. Vast sections of the population still fall for just such sophistry. There are workers who feel that they would gain high wages during a war. Some people believe that war would cure unemployment. The forces of war are organized. They utilize sophistry to sell the people the idea that preparation for a bigger and better war is one way to stop war.

The first world war dispelled the old illusions that war is fought to save the world for this or that, or to prevent future wars, or to guarantee a new deal to oppressed people. When national overlords see a chance for profit, a chance to chisel a new market, they sweep the people with them. These forces with their organized drive toward war can only be defeated by counter-organization.

More than any other body in America, the organized labor movement has the power to prevent war. At its fifty-fifth annual convention in 1935 the American Federation of Labor formally recognized the importance of labor's condemning war. President William Green's address to the convention, in which he took a definite stand against war, expressed the desires of millions within the trade unions. But workers must also see to it that the resolutions passed at the American Federation of Labor mean more than Gompers's statement in 1914 that "labor has everything to lose and nothing to gain in a war." These brave words were spoken before America entered the world war. Three years later Gompers was a powerful instrument in arousing "patriotic" fervor for imperialist war.

Why didn't Gompers stand by his anti-war position? His words could only have meant more if workers had been educated to realize that they must fight the group whose interests were completely opposed to theirs. Pressure from an enlightened union membership could have given real meaning to Gompers's words. The hope now—the legitimate hope—is that workers have learned that they must fight those groups pushing toward war. Toward this end the Pacific Coast maritime unions went on record through their federation "in favor of an embargo on munitions and war materials and against the shipping of these materials to aggressor nations." This resolution, subsequently passed in essence by the California State Federation of Labor, was a direct challenge by the working people of California to those interests that profit by war.

WHAT about the man who says, "War means that wages will go up. I won't have to go. I'll work and earn more money." Higher wages—for a brief period perhaps—but what about subsequent economic disintegration and depression? Higher wages for a handful, while masses of workers and their families are shot and gassed. War brings fascism which must break the trade unions in order to preserve private profit. Germany and Italy have shown what fascism means to labor. Trade unionists are learning that war and fascism go hand in hand.

The actions of the fascists and war-makers show that they are preparing. Take the Tydings-McCormick Military Disaffection Bill, introduced at the last session of Congress. This bill could punish a worker by fine or imprisonment if he criticized federal war appropriations or if he protested the use of the National Guard in a strike. Significantly enough the National Guard has been used sixty times during the past year to insure "domestic peace." William Randolph Hearst, who supported the Tydings-McCormick and other anti-labor Bills, has repeatedly encouraged vigilantism.

ON the record, labor opposes war. Opposition must be translated into action instigated and pressed by masses of workers so that their leaders will voice the sentiment of union members. On the West Coast where the maritime unions refused to ship war cargoes to Italy, their action had limited meaning without the support of other unions. When labor learns that the fight by one union against war is the fight of all unions—when labor is educated to recognize that war must be fought before it begins—the war forces can be checked effectively.

More and more American workers make common cause with workers of other countries. They are beginning to realize that the victory of fascism in Spain would be a blow to the organized trade union movement everywhere. The organizational base for action against war is the trade union movement. The entire population which can be mobilized for war must ally itself with organized labor in order to form an effective pressure group that can force the government to take steps against war.

Through working with the American League Against War and Fascism organized labor has found in numerous instances throughout the country that professionals, middle class people, church groups, youth, women and intellectuals are ready to defend the rights of labor in order ultimately to defend themselves. A year and a half ago only a handful of unions were working with the American League. Today in New York City alone more than one hundred and thirty-five local unions of the American Federation of Labor and several District Councils are cooperating with the League. Labor bodies throughout the United States are taking part in League activities.

Labor alone cannot prevent war. Public opinion must be mobilized to support its actions. Labor allied to those groups standing for civil liberties, for peace and for democracy, can become invincible.

Negro Women In Politics . . .

By Marion Cuthbert



MARION CUTHBERT
A secretary of the Field Division of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association.

NEGRO women today are entering politics. They have been quietly participating in things political for a score and more of years. But the fruits of that participation are now increasingly evident. During the national election Negro women played conspicuous parts in local, state and national organizations.

The entry of Negro women into thinking about major issues confronting our national life is a continuation, in some respects, of such participation dating from the middle of the last century when the abolition of slavery and the granting of woman suffrage stirred the country. Then a Sojourner Truth could touch an audience to the quick or turn the tide of a meeting by her flashes of insight, her rare good sense and homely wit.

Today no amazing dark woman rises to astonish an audience by her temerity and delight it with her thrusts. The stage is not set for such participation, for the country is now compact and full of tense business, and participation can be much less centered in outstanding individuals and must to a greater degree be the collective work of numbers. So Negro women who a generation ago would have been pointed out as unusual and brilliant, now work, with no undue sense of the part they play as individuals, along with other women of their own race and white women in the planning for communities and for the commonwealth.

SOMETHING of necessity, the particular necessity of a minority group, as well as the natural moving into the political area of all women in our country, has brought the Negro woman to her present position as regards politics. For, because of the changed nature of economic life, she found herself in a country no longer secure in the doctrine of personal industry and the belief of sure reward to the toiling. Under such conditions a minority group such as the Negro, hedged around as he is by prejudices, phobias and the pressures of other masses of the horde of the poor, lives perilously. And it is this peril more than the flair for public life which pushes Negro women into the arena of politics.

In every fight for the livelihood of black people in this country Negro women have stood shoulder to shoulder with their men in the struggle. Aggressiveness may be contrary to the essential nature of women, as a distinguished woman interpreter of the modern American scene points out, but Negro women have had neither the opportunity in the early days of our history to avoid harsh labor outside of the home,

nor in later years to assume the physical and emotional ineffectualities of Victorianism. Such turning to public affairs, as they do now, is but the continuing of an interest in the complex conditions of life in which they live, conditions at their worst in the economic insecurity of black people.

But aside from necessity the Negro woman finds herself rather more at home than not in things public because of long experience in fronting the public, and because of certain capabilities drawn from racial gifts and accentuated by these experiences. A commonplace comment upon life in the South has been that two groups only were free—the white man and the black woman. Without exhausting the implications of this comment the surface truth is at once discernible. Black women found themselves, therefore, continually in the position of making claims for their children and taking the initiative in building weak walls of security around their homes. To a genial temperament such experience added adroitness in presentation, flexibility in modifying original demands yet keeping to the central and major part of those demands, and skill in conserving and piling up small gains.

To watch an able Negro woman present her case is in itself something of an esthetic experience. Besides the straightforwardness which she brings from intimate and long experience with the problems of her minority there are added overtones of persuasiveness, glints of a sly humor, the balance of that philosophy which can come only with a literal facing of the malicious character of much of life, plus a delightful femininity.

ASTUTE political leaders, both Negro and white, are aware of these gifts of Negro women, and will undoubtedly seek to make even greater use of them than at present. Because this is true, Negro women need to be on their guard against exploitation, unconscious, perhaps, but nevertheless a use that could be only so termed. When all of the Negro group face the greatest number of economic restraints of any minority group in the country, and when this is particularly true of the economic barriers confronting Negro women, there is a natural tendency to surge forward along whatever avenues offer advance.

In the tumultuous scene which our American society presents today the Negro woman needs to bend every effort to understand the fundamental issues involved, to weigh long time victories over against short time gains, to think in terms of national good as well as minority benefit. She needs, moreover, to think carefully of what further uses her already established relationships with church groups, social work groups and other liberal groups are to be put, (Continued on page 30)

SOJOURNER TRUTH

Born a slave toward the end of the eighteenth century in New York State and freed in 1827, Sojourner Truth became an anti-slavery worker and lecturer. Although uneducated, she was renowned for humor, sarcasm and quickness of repartee, which more than once got her out of a difficult situation.



THE WOMAN TODAY

Spain's Women Speak . . . Through Isabel de Palencia

By Gudrun Borg

I WISH I could give every woman in the United States the feeling of Isabel de Palencia.

This famous woman of letters, novelist, art critic and historian has been drafted by her country to leave her books and pictures, her home and personal life. She has been appointed Spain's first woman minister—to Sweden. But before she begins on this work she has another more urgent mission to accomplish. She is to represent the millions of Spanish fighters, who are laying down their lives for democracy, to the men and women in the United States and Canada who respect freedom and fair play. She is to refute the lies of so many of our newspapers about the Spanish Civil War. She is to enlist money for the foods, medicines and arms our Spanish brothers and sisters so sorely need. She must convince us unalterably that their cause is our cause.

She makes two speeches every day, one every afternoon, one every evening. Sometimes meals must be sacrificed, sometimes sleep. What of it! This is Isabel de Palencia's sector of the battlefields of Spain.

She stands before you, a small woman dressed in dull black without a decoration. From this dark sheath her personality shines clear: her wide, generous mouth, fine, dark skin untouched by makeup, hair black as her dress, spirited brown eyes.

There is no time for small talk. She comes from a land where women are clawing the dirt with their bare hands to make barricades. Where women trained only for their "place in the home" and the most despised work in the fields or as servants have organized and found shelter and protection for 20,000 homeless children left behind by mothers and fathers fighting or killed in the war. We plunge into the thick of the subject—the Spanish War for Democracy.

"The women are behind us as women have been in no other war of history," she answers my question, "because the women of Spain realize with the other peasants and workers that a victory of the fascists means the end of democratic freedom—the end of the good hope of work and decent living conditions for them and for their children!"

I try to think what you, what the women of America would ask next. "Is the Civil War, then, a struggle between capitalism and socialism?"

Isabel de Palencia cannot answer that seated. The force of her need to clarify that issue brings her to her feet.

"The confusion in this country about the war in Spain is unbelievable to one who has lived through the first days of battle. There is no issue of socialism! When the fascists first attacked there was not one socialist or communist in the Spanish cabinet!"

"Can you tell about the beginning of the war so we will understand?" I demand.

"I can! I will!"

"In 1932 the Rightists of Spain were victorious in the elections. The liberal forces of the country hated their coming to power, but we had accepted democracy, which means the will of the majority, so there was nothing to do but work for a different result in the next elections.

"Between 1932 and 1936 both Rightists and Leftists built united fronts, welding their forces through every means in their power. But the Rightist government was corrupt and oppressive, and did not keep its promises to the people."

She smiled. "I understand that sometimes happens in America, too."

"So," she went on, "the Left Republican Front won in the elections by a three million majority."

"And being a decent people's government, we at once set about the two reforms needed before Spain could take her place among the world's democracies:

"First, to make the army an instrument of defense instead of a political oligarchy that was a threat to government and people."

"Please make that clearer," I asked.

"Well, for years the army has acted as a sort of political boss in Spain. The military officers would issue a manifesto and a cabinet would fall. The Republican Government knew our progress could not go forward until this political power of the army was broken. There were 18,000 officers in Spain, in some places an officer to each five privates. The government felt some of these officers should be retired. We offered them full pay for life, giving them salaries of the rank just superior to theirs at the time of their retirement. Seven thousand of them accepted. But the military official class all resented the loss of power.

"The second measure of reform concerned the landlords of Spain. You know, there were many Spanish aristocrats who owned hundreds of acres they had never seen. Others kept the most fertile land of the country as hunting preserves. Some had overseers, and poor farmers worked their fields

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Spanish women with their babies fleeing from the village of Serra Mulliano as rebel planes bombard their homes.

The Soviet Union's Abortion Law

By Margaret Sanger

RUSSIA was probably the first country in the world to give official sanction to abortion. By so doing it courageously faced a world wide evil, and took the first ethical and scientific step, so it appeared, in solving it. For the greatest danger in abortion, when it is forbidden, is that women must place their lives in the hands of quacks and submit to unhygienic conditions at a time when all the safeguards of science should be at their disposal.

However, even when Russia enacted the law permitting abortions, providing that they must be performed under scientific and hygienic conditions by physicians in hospitals, it was recognized that this method of family limitation was a tragedy at best. Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, writing in 1920, pointed out that it is only bitter necessity that compels a woman to give up motherhood. "We need only see the agitated and sad looks of the women who have had abortions," she said, "to understand the price which a mother pays to obtain freedom in this way. Those who seriously want to remove these nightmare questions of child murder and abortion must work constantly to build up the new life where motherhood will occupy its proper place."

The Russian law sanctioning abortion had three objectives: to safeguard the lives of women by placing this operation in qualified hands, to control population, and to free the individual woman for other work. Over and above these objectives it carried out, logically and fearlessly, the Soviet idea of granting to every woman the power of individual choice as to whether she should or should not have a child.

But birth control, *i.e.*, the prevention of conception, is unquestionably preferable to abortion, the destruction of the foetus after conception has taken place. It is preferable for both physical and psychological reasons. No woman who has submitted to an abortion, even when performed under the most ideal conditions, can fail to be aware of her weakened physical condition, of a sense of guilt or profound and bitter depression. She has halted the forces of nature in mid-channel, and nature is exacting her price.

Thus it seems strange that Russia sanctioned and provided for abortion first, and birth control second, as a sort of after-thought. Birth control was initiated, according to statements by Dr. W. Lebjedewa of the Research Institute and other authorities, as a means of combating the spread of abortion, not as another and better method of controlling population.

THE new law on Abortions and Aid to Mothers is at once a reversal of the earlier libertarian philosophy and

Margaret Sanger is the president of the International Birth Control Information Center and of the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control.

Mrs. Sanger attended the nurses' training school of the White Plains Hospital and the post-graduate school of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. Her life has been devoted to the study and dissemination of safe and adequate birth control methods.

a seeming contradiction within itself. Coupled with clear cut and adequate provisions for state aid to mothers and children, in the form of maternity allowances, confinement care, nurseries, kindergartens and so on, is a section forbidding abortions except for therapeutic reasons, that is, when the continuation of pregnancy endangers the life or threatens serious injury to the health of the pregnant woman.

The government provides for the woman's care in her career of motherhood to a degree which puts other countries to shame. It provides her with all she needs save the most important thing—knowledge of how to plan and space her children, and the right, if she wishes to exercise it, of *not* bringing a child into the world.

Why this reversal in attitude, this contradiction? According to the Russian records, there has been very small loss of life from abortions under the former more liberal policy. Hence the change cannot have been made to check maternal deaths or as a health measure in any form.

During my trip to Russia two years ago, I found that very little actual clinical birth control work was being done, though posters and printed literature proclaimed its value. Supplies were inferior and almost non-existent, and methods at present recognized as the most reliable could not be used for lack of manufacture or importation of materials. American physicians visiting Russia since that time bring back reports indicating that these conditions have not changed much for the better.

The Soviet government has understood the problem. Why did not Russia develop its birth control program, and make this method of control as effective and

well organized as the opportunities for procuring abortions?

I SEEK for an explanation of the forces behind the new law. At the beginning of the Soviet regime, women were taken out of their homes and put into industry, because all available adult labor was needed to build up the country. Women were needed as workers more than as mothers. Hence every available help was given them to avoid and postpone motherhood when they wished to do so. Today, after almost two-score years, the Russian regime rests on firm foundations, and the first major objectives have been achieved. The Soviet government no longer acutely needs women as laborers. It passes now into a second phase where women are needed as mothers. Their usefulness to the state is greater in the field of reproduction than in the field of industry. Hence the new law which provides every incentive for the career of motherhood, in the shape of adequate care

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THE WOMAN TODAY



THE mother looked at her smallest baby. The little girl lay in a tumbled bed, crying. Standing near the bed were two other children, babies still, and across the room was the big girl, just turned six.

"Shut up!" said the mother. "Crying won't make anything." But the baby kept crying.

Little Anne reached over and patted the baby, "Don't cry, honey, don't cry."

"I guess she'll cry herself to sleep," said the mother. "Let her alone."

There were two other beds in the room. Bessie, the big girl, was making up one. She pulled the covers straight and smoothed the pillows. Jane, next in size, kept standing near the baby, watching her cry.

"Jane!" shouted the mother, "get to work, help Bess with the beds."

"Yes'm." And Jane edged around the bed to help.

Little Anne stayed by the baby and kept reaching over to pat her.

The mother went into the other room.

THE house or shack was just one of many such that housed the sharecroppers on the Binger Plantation. Two crowded rooms with a hall in the middle, it offered no comfort and little protection. The bedroom was just large enough to hold the three beds. There were no dressers, no chairs, no closets. What clothes the family had were hung on nails around the room. Here and there pictures cut from newspapers were nailed on the walls that were simply the reverse side of the boards that made the outside. There were no curtains on the two windows; there were no spreads on the bed; there were no rugs on the floor.

The other room was a kitchen. A large stove took up the center of the room with the stove pipe going straight up to the roof and through a hole that let in light and air and, according to the weather, rain or snow. A wooden table with one makeshift leg served as the dining board. It was covered with a colorless oilcloth. The dishes were cracked and scarred. On the stove was a large kettle, a coffee pot and a frying pan.

THE mother cleared the table, poured some water out of the kettle, and began to wash the dishes. As she washed she grew rebellious. Finally she threw a plate onto the floor with a fierce scream. "I can't stand it," she screamed, "I will not stay here and slave day after day. I guess I'm human. I guess I want something out of life just the same as anyone else. It ain't fair."

"Why Mother," Bessie ran into the room. "Why Mother!"

Now Mother was crying. Long sobs came from her, and as she continued the children began to cry.

"Don't cry, Mother," they began to say. "Don't cry. We love you."

"I can't stand it," she said. "And I don't see why I should have to. I've always been good, I don't see why the Lord should make me go through all this."

"Oh, Mother don't cry," the children kept saying, not realizing that tears were in their eyes, too.

"It ain't fair. What have I got to look forward to. And you kids, what's the use. You'll grow up to be like

DECEMBER, 1936

Stepchildren of the Cotton Country

By Willie Sue Blagden

me, slaving away for some man. I'm tired of it and I'm not going to stand it any longer. I can go into Memphis and get a job, and then I can send you some money and you can get along better."

"What will Daddy say?" Bessie asked.

The mother's sobs started all over again.

"He won't like it, honey, but he'll have to. There ain't no use in going on this way."

"Don't go, Mother," Bessie urged. "Please don't go. We'll promise to be very good. Honest we will."

The mother looked at the three girls that stood beside her. They were pretty children, all had large dark eyes and sweet fluffy blond hair. Her babies, she thought, but what did they mean? They meant that there was no food, no clothes, no hope for the future.

The baby in the next room was still crying. The child was hungry. Now she wouldn't eat the biscuits. When the rest of them sat down to a meal the baby would turn her face away, and begin to cry.

She didn't like biscuits herself. Maybe she would like to have some meat herself once in a while. Since cotton chopping time they hadn't even had fatback. Next month they would earn a little more and maybe they could get some molasses.

"I'll do the dishes, Mother." Bessie put her arms around her mother. "You just sit there and watch me. Here, Jane, we'll do the dishes."

While the children were washing up the dishes the mother sat still and looked on.

She had no way of tackling the problem except to run away from it. When she thought of leaving the children tears came into her eyes. But what good did it do for her to stay on? She was beginning to hate them, and Jim too. It was not hate exactly, but a fierce resentment that sought an outlet in violent action.

The mother moved her chair out onto the porch. Bessie and Jane cleaned the kitchen and went out to play. The baby finally cried herself to sleep.

Mother sat on the porch, just sitting. Passing by, you wouldn't suspect the turmoil in her mind. She remembered the night she and Jim had walked up the levee to Kate Lewis's house. Kate had a pianola and they had played roll after roll with everybody singing. Mother was just 14 and she felt grown up walking beside Jim in the dark. Jim was nice, but an awful tease.

Coming home the stars were very bright. There wasn't a moon, and the blackness of the night and the faraway stars made her feel a little afraid, so she held tight onto Jim. That was seven years ago.

Suddenly she got up and went into the house. The children didn't notice her. Then she went out the back door and through the field to the pike.

WHEN mother didn't come home for lunch Bessie made the biscuits. She knew how well enough. All you had to do was to put some flour in a pan and enough water to make it doughy. Then they were cooked on top of the

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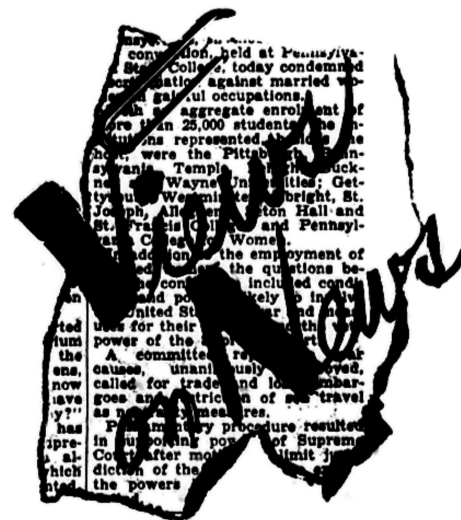
IS NEUTRALITY POSSIBLE?

ONE of the most difficult questions under discussion in the peace movement today is that of neutrality. Most peace groups favor strict neutrality laws of a mandatory nature, that is, compelling the President to forbid the export to nations at war of munitions or other war materials, or the granting of loans or credits for war purposes.

This position assumes that neutrality can exist and be effective, for one country like our own, or on an international scale. It seems clear that this position is not realistic, and that it is probably impossible to attain complete neutrality under the political and economic system that prevails in the world today. If neutrality legislation operates automatically in a mandatory sense, it will often place a severe handicap upon the abused or weaker party to a war, the so-called object of aggression, or victim of exploitation by a great power. For instance, rigid neutrality provisions put into effect by certain countries, including ours, in the Italo-Ethiopian war, worked to the grave disadvantage of Ethiopia and did not check Italy.

Neutrality laws should be drastic, and comprehensive enough to include whatever raw materials can be proved to be for war use. Such laws should eliminate profit from the making of munitions and other war supplies, and should withdraw the right of government protection from anyone carrying on trade in or financing of war materials. This legislation should be flexible, and Congress could be given power to modify its application. The people, expressing their will by pressure upon Congress, should make it clear that no modification of the neutrality laws for any reason can be allowed to involve this country in actual war. Neutrality legislation must be accompanied by a firm mandate from the people of the country against participation in any war.

A realistic attitude on neutrality must take account of the fact that there is a difference between wars carried on among nations, and wars within a country such as the civil war in Spain. In the case of Spain, the policy of neutrality or non-intervention agreed to by various European powers has worked heavily in favor of the Spanish fascists and to the extreme and desperate disadvantage of the democratically elected, legal people's government. Furthermore, the withholding of supplies from an established representative government contradicts a widely recognized principle of in-



ternational law. In a case of this kind an inflexible neutrality is unjust and far from neutral.

DRESS REHEARSAL FOR 1937

IN a special statement to *The Woman Today* Elinore M. Herrick, New York State campaign director of the American Labor Party, made the following comment on the national election.

"The American Labor Party, with 300,000 votes under its own emblem, has definitely arrived as a powerful political force representing the progressive elements of the State. It played a decisive role in swinging New York State's 47 electoral votes to President Roosevelt and in re-electing Lehman to the governorship. Out of this display of political power has been born a new party that will play an important part in the life of the State next year and in the years to come.

"The work of the American Labor Party in New York State has a national significance. The enormous influence exerted on the elections in scores of States by Labor's Non-Partisan League and the popular acclaim that has greeted the League's campaigns leave little doubt that a political realignment comparable to that of Jackson's era is impending. The American Labor Party, as the New York State affiliate of Labor's Non-Partisan League, will line up with similar movements in other parts of the country dedicated to humanity in government. Organized trade unionists allied with all the liberal and progressive forces of the country are at last intent upon building a party of their very own which will represent their desires and aspirations. That party is the American Labor Party.

"Any analysis of the vote recorded under the emblem of the American Labor Party in New York State shows the importance of the actual voting strength of

the party. To that must be added the fact that the strong and colorful campaign waged by the party put steam into the fight and brought many thousands of Roosevelt and Lehman supporters to the polls who might otherwise have stayed away. We are going ahead; this election was an American Labor Party dress rehearsal for 1937, and the future."

A MANDATE TO ROOSEVELT

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT remains in office, backed by a phenomenal solidarity of popular will. To great sections of organized labor, to millions of small and middle farmers, to broad sections of professionals and to masses of unorganized, inarticulate workers the election victory of Roosevelt means progress. It represents a protest against the crushing burdens placed upon the overwhelming majority of our people by Wall Street reaction.

That there was genuine alarm at the threat of reaction embodied in the Republican set-up is seen from the fact that many who had hitherto voted Socialist or Communist threw their support to Roosevelt. Among the labor leaders who organized Labor's Non-Partisan League were many formerly identified with "left" parties. Many farm organizations, liberal groups, leaders in educational and cultural activities, along with groups of war veterans, flocked to the Roosevelt standard.

There is no doubt that Roosevelt has a definite mandate from the people of this country to go forward with a genuine program of social security. That means he is expected to use his position to curb the reactionary activities of the Supreme Court and again to establish the right of Congress to pass laws demanded by the people.

To what extent the hopes and aspirations of those who supported Roosevelt will be realized will depend not so much on Roosevelt, but upon the masses of the people taking advantage of their opportunity to organize their forces for continuous and decisive action in defense of democratic rights and for effective social legislation. This means the strengthening of the existing trade unions, the organization of men and women in the industries of the country, the advance of farm organizations, the building of cultural movements, the creation of powerful anti-fascist and anti-war movements, embracing those who are will-

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Success Story

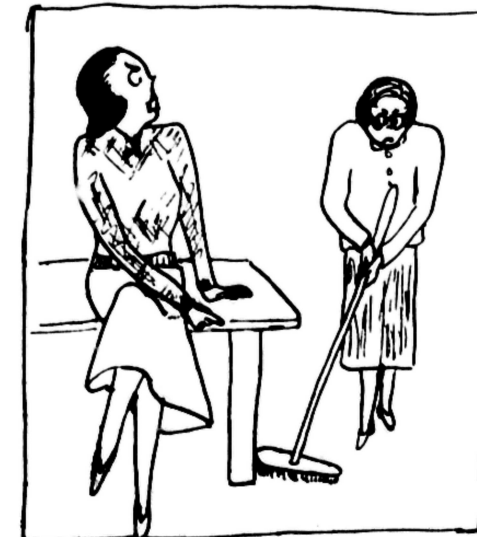
By Jean Lyon



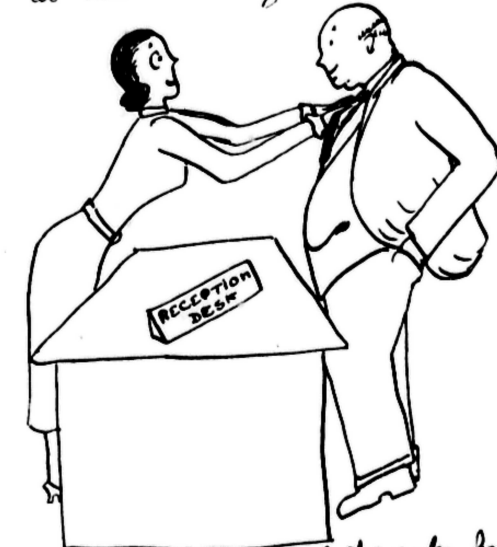
1 Once she was young and innocent - but that was a long time ago.



2 She always took pride in standing at the head of her class.



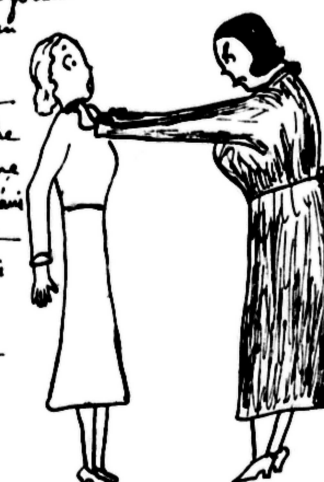
3 She worked her way through college and by the magnetism of her personality she was able to persuade her roommates to do the duller chores.



4 She went to New York to make her way. "Loyalty to my boss, and a wide awake interest in his work were what won me my first promotion," she said.



5 When the girls in her shop formed a union, again by the magnetism of her personality she persuaded some of them to remain individuals - to fight their way along, as I have," she explained.



6 She made a special effort to cultivate the right people, and was soon promoted to the vice-presidency of the company.



7 She is famous now for having revived in her industry the ten-hour day, the six-day week, child labor, and the right of employers to fire workers for joining unions. "I am proud of my record," she said when she was questioned recently in a famous night club, where she was dining with - guess what - big business magnate.

The Frontiers of Today

By Meridel Le Sueur

The pilgrim fathers fought the elements of nature while American pioneers of today fight the forces of reaction.

IT WAS a dark journey over a strange sea that men and women and children took on those frightfully fragile ships, to an unknown land. They dared anything to leave the terrible shores of England and France where they were persecuted for religious beliefs, drafted into the armies of royalty, starved, their land taken away from them. America stood beyond the Atlantic as a dream—a dream of land, peace, bread. Children died by scores on that voyage; men and women were dropped into that hostile sea, that some even thought would end on the edge of an abyss and drop them off into space.

But they came. In the face of these disasters, known and unknown, they came. When they landed it wasn't much better. The rocky Atlantic coast awaited them. America was a deep secret inland. That first year was a year that was so terrible that a record would have been too ghastly. Men, women and children died like flies. They practiced ruses to keep the surrounding Indians from knowing how few of them remained. Yet they would not yield; they clung to that little space of coast, with the unknown America at their backs, the Indians looking at them hostilely from ambush, hunger within them and fear of going on, of going back. They stayed.

After that first terrible year these strong and humble and richly daring people kneeled on the rocks and gave thanks, established a day of thanksgiving for their first year of survival in America.

MANY years have passed since then, many struggles have been fought and won. Many dreams have been fulfilled, many have perished. Later these people and their children had to fight a revolution to free them finally from the tyranny of England. They fought and won with the same persistence and courage that made them face that unknown sea.

They did not forget their reason for coming, for freedom, for land, for peace. They have never forgotten and we will never forget. They came to establish a broad democracy, where a man could stand upright on his own labor, free and equal. They came so that every man could have land—a man on his piece of land, under his own tree—and his fair wage. They came for these reasons.

Today it is as difficult to live as it was that first year for them. Each month we say to ourselves, we have lived this month, how can we live the next month—will we have food, will we have warmth in the coming winter, will we and our loved ones have shelter?

The rich fertile lands of the "bread basket" of the world are ruined, over-worked, depleted. Factories are standing idle. What has happened? Is this what our Pilgrim fathers intended? Is it for this that they came across a sea they thought filled with dragons? Is it for this they stuck it out in a strange and hostile country?

What about the women who left their homes, their families, everything familiar and dear to them, to come to America?

Didn't they come because they wanted food for their children, freedom from caste, education? In feudal

Europe it was only the upper classes who could have these things. You can imagine how women felt. Well, they must have thought, we will go. We will chance it. After all nothing can be worse than this—with our sons drafted into the King's armies, our little children put to work in dark England at the spinning wheels. We will go, we will take our children and go. This they did. And now?

Thousands of children work here in mills and factories for a few cents a day. The lettuce workers and their families fight gas and guns to get a living wage. Our husbands and fathers cannot get jobs. Winter is here. Last year we can remember it was thirty below for a month. What will we do? How will we get clothes and food? What will happen?

THERE'S a new enemy showing its head in the land of the Pilgrims and the pioneers, more fearful than the royalists of old. A vicious international reactionary class is eager for war and violence.

You might think it was another of those splendid dreams that the world sometimes sees glimmering, and that then dies, leaving only a legend, a myth. Jeffersonian democracy. Every man a king. For the people. All those splendid phrases that raised the blood of our ancestors. You might think it was all lost, gone. But it is not gone. It is not lost. A dream has a way of persisting. You think it is dead and it produces a great living song. That's the way it is.

You don't take a journey like that, like our people took, and then the later journey of going westward, ploughing new land, the women putting up new curtains in new sod huts, making new baby cribs out of whatever kind of wood grew in those parts—you don't breed women like that to make slaves of them. There is something goes on in them, some spirit persists. You might destroy everything else but you could not destroy that dream.

Can you close down the schools now? Can you make us starve now when we have helped make a rich, fruitful country with peaches, pears, apples, wheat, berries enough for all? Can you throw our men back to the condition of slavery after they have owned and tilled their land, put hand to fine tool and machine?

The answer is from a thousand, a million, tens of millions of women—you cannot! Women are rousing to these dangers. There's a new kind of pioneer woman now. No longer is she pushing into unopened territory, but pioneering just the same in a great new field—demanding security, jobs, education, standing shoulder to shoulder again with men, fighting war and fascism, standing once more on the side of the living. Another journey upon unknown seas. It's all right as long as the dream persists. As long as we know we are on the side of the living, and not on the side of death, and hatred, and destruction.

This is what we are thankful for. That we are on the side of the living. That we care not only for our own children but for all children. That we are against war, against fascism, because they are against life, against growth, against human brotherhood and the destiny of mankind.



Drawing by Hortie

NEW YORK has fine labor laws. In factories and in retail stores women may work only 48 hours a week and no later than 10 P.M. But when the laws were passed, the word beautician did not exist. Some few women had their hair shampooed and brushed regularly, usually at home, and an occasional manicure. Short hair was rare, and curls were unknown. There was no beauty parlor industry; the few little shops then in existence did not need regulation.

What is the situation today? Almost everyone has short hair and a wave of some sort. Nails are red when political opinions are not even pink. Charles or Marie is milady's dearest friend and is visited regularly.

And this is true not only of the women of leisure, but of factory workers, salesgirls and housewives. Large and small beauty parlors, completely unregulated as to hours, line the streets of every kind of neighborhood.

In the Bronx today there are beauty shops that charge fifteen cents an item. You can be completely made over for \$1.05: a facial, a mud pack, a hot oil treatment, a shampoo, henna rinse, a finger wave and a manicure. Hilda spent over two hours on the seven-item lady above. But it was worth it; her tip was a nickel! Her salary incidentally is \$5 a week.

The girls in this shop work from 10 o'clock until "God knows when." "Why," said this same Hilda, "one right I worked on a customer till 2:30 A.M. I was so tired when I left I didn't even put on any make-up" (the ultimate fatigue to a beauty parlor operator). "My mother was waiting up for me; she went to see my boss the next morning to check up on me."

THE operator comes into the shop at 9:30 or 10 in the morning. She is supposed to have a half hour or even more for lunch. But there is no definite time set aside. If she is working on a customer at 1 o'clock and another is waiting, she goes right on to the next, and sometimes she continues until 5 o'clock without a break. There is no closing hour in these Bronx shops; a customer may ask at 10 o'clock for a permanent wave, and the shop will stay open until 1 to give it to her. The supper hour is as irregular as the lunch hour—a sandwich and a chocolate malted are grabbed if possible.

In many shops the girls are given a day off each week. Verna was not so lucky. She had her day off—until 4 o'clock—and then she had to go back and work until closing time. Verna is a lovely slender blonde; she never gets home from work until 12 or 1 o'clock. Last week her uncle put

WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?

By Helene P. Gans

her out of his house. He could not believe it was work that kept her out so late.

"What do you do when you get home from work?" I asked Lillian. "First I get some hot supper," she said. "All the girls have nervous stomachs, we work under such pressure and eat at all hours. It's too late to go to a show week-nights—I never get home until 10. My boy friend comes over a couple of nights a week. I'm too tired to go out so we just sit around. Other evenings I go for a walk and window shop, or wash my clothes and do a little mending. Sundays I just can't get up and go to church—we work so late Saturday night. One Saturday was I mad at the boss! He promised me I'd get off at 10:30 and I made a date with my boy friend. I walked out of the shop at 1:15 A.M."

IT IS not easy to become a beautician; a stiff course of training is required. There are private beauty culture schools where a girl may become a good operator in from three to six months. The New York public school system offers a two-year course which includes basic hygiene, physical culture training, and academic work, as well as the trade course.

The girls must own their tools—clippers, scissors, emery boards, combs. They pay 35 cents a week to have their uniforms laundered, or they own and launder the uniforms themselves. The sanitary conditions are unspeakable. No health test is required, even though the operators come into intimate contact with their customers. In some shops a clean towel is used for a manicure; then it is folded up and used for a shampoo. After a shampoo the towel is dried and used again. Sterilizing or even washing of tools is carelessly supervised, if at all.

In some shops, the operator works entirely on a commission basis. Paying no salaries, these employers take more girls than they need, so that the customers need not be kept waiting. And here the operator is completely at the mercy of the boss, who gives her good or bad customers. That means favoritism, jealousy, insecurity.

As this goes to press, Bronx beauty parlor workers are on strike. They ask that beauty shops charge a minimum of 35 cents per item to regulate the industry. They want a minimum wage of \$13 a week, a 48 hour week and regular meal periods.

Do these demands seem excessive? The LEAGUE OF WOMEN SHOPPERS has thoroughly investigated the conditions that led up to the strike and has taken a stand with the strikers. Its members are helping beauticians in their strike for a living wage by urging people not to patronize shops on strike, by picketing and other active assistance to the union.

What can we as consumers do to end these conditions in beauty parlors? Needless to say, we cannot patronize shops on strike. In line with the demands of beauticians we should not go to shops charging less than the 35-cent minimum. For those of us who can't pay 35 cents for a manicure or haircut it may seem tough, but we will just have to cut our own nails and hair.

In The Course of Study

By Nancy Bedford-Jones

In 1917 our colleges organized their students to sell Liberty Bonds and knit socks. Today the students are organizing themselves to fight for peace.

IN 1917 American college girls had one most favored, most patriotic, and most tragic occupation: Support of the first World War. Furious knitting and rolling of bandages, feminine encouragement of the male student training corps and attacks on "slackers," courses in nursing and related subjects, use of feminine appeal to whip the war spirit to new heights on the campus—these were the prescribed activities which all over the country swept them into the great butchery to make the world safe for democracy. No amount of critical looking backward can bring to us today a full enough estimate of the tremendous contribution women, including the college girls, gave to the tragic slaughter.

Those girls have since seen, through tragedy and tears, beyond the false glory and glitter to the futility and sham of that war. They have grown into a generation of mothers, the mothers of today's college girls—who in their turn face the prospect of world war and the problem of their relationship to it. How will their reaction differ from that of their mothers? To what use will their womanhood be put in the coming crisis?

IN 1917 the girls of Hunter College, lower middle-class students who had nothing to gain from war, transformed the square of grass on their campus into a "war-garden" and occupied themselves, among other things, with growing vegetables for canning as part of the domestic war program.

In 1934 the girls of Vassar College, upper middle-class students, whose interests at least, are closer to those of the war-mongers in heritage, were led through the streets of their college town by their faculty and president, in cap and gown, in a parade against war—part of the first national student strike for peace.

These two incidents, because they are not isolated but typical, signify the change in the student attitude toward war. The difference between the two generations is that of a complete reversal. Only when tested by an actual war situation can the genuineness of the modern girl's stand be tested; until then, and as we fight to prevent the necessity of such a test, it is decidedly heartening to take their word for it that they will support no war waged by our government. The application of such an attitude takes far more intelligence, courage and patriotism and is a much greater credit to womanhood, than the militarist support of slaughter.

Until the time when men students are called to arms, a distinction between men and women students as far as the war problem is concerned is impossible. To attempt to force such a distinction would be artificial and chauvinistic. It is as part of the whole student movement that the role of our college girls' work for peace must be considered. And yet we must not lose sight of the fact that great numbers of these girls hold leading parts in the campus anti-war trend, that they are valiant fighters for peace, wielding a tremendous influence among both sexes.

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THE Vassar incident of the first student strike has passed into the history of the student peace movement. But it is this history which is responsible for its present climatic development. In that year, 1934, only 25,000 students struck against war. Today there is already hope among responsible student leaders that 1937 will see 1,000,000 out on strike!

That the realization of this hope is not without foundation, was shown by the events of November. As a prelude to next spring's strike, students throughout the nation commemorated Armistice Day by concerted, diligent inquiries into the problems of war and peace—the causes of war, the techniques of opposition to it, the means of wiping it from the earth. These inquiries took the form of Peace Institutes held on the week-end of November 14. For at least one full day, students in high schools and colleges gathered for discussions, lectures and group debates on some of the numerous problems. Reflective of the seriousness and purposefulness with which they tackled the job was the issuance of Joseph P. Lash's and James A. Wechsler's *War Our Heritage* especially to coincide with the Peace Institutes although it is designed for a much larger audience to which to bring its picture of the student anti-war movement.

These institutes, along with other actions such as national radio broadcasts, the organization of trained student peace patrols to take the anti-war fight beyond the campus into the community, and the strike itself, are sponsored by a group whose breadth it is important to note: a United Student Peace Committee made up of the youth section of the American League Against War and Fascism, American Student Union, American Youth Congress, Committee on Militarism in Education, youth section of the Emergency Peace Campaign, student department of the Foreign Policy Association (in a consultative capacity), League of Nations Association, National Intercollegiate Christian Council, National Student Federation of America, and War Resisters League.

EVEN more, this winter the movement is taking on the aspect of an international one, thanks to the World Youth Congress held at Geneva this summer. Here the American delegation brought to the youth of thirty-four other nations a full picture of the motivation and ideology of their peace movement. The Congress itself has set up liaison committees in every country to further its continuation work against war. Behind the scenes assurances were made that in several spots besides America, students will strike against war next spring.

These factors are decidedly encouraging. They will be much more so when the strength of the student anti-war movement is extended beyond the campus to the community and when not only women students but all women stand ready to strike or to make any other sacrifice in the fight for peace.

THE WOMAN TODAY

M'Lady Wants Much . . . and Gives Little

By Marion Doubles

I WAS graduated from high school six years ago, at the age of 16. Our family was large, our house small and crowded, without bath or hot water. My father and brother, the wage earners for the family, were unemployed. The depression had just settled down for a nice long stay and jobs were scarce. Having no special training I was forced to seek employment as a domestic; I say *forced* not because I attach any stigma to the term "domestic" but because I was fully aware of the conditions under which I would have to work and like many other occupations, it's not the work itself, but the *conditions* to which people object.

I finally found a job as nursemaid, there being another girl to do the general housework and laundry. My duties were to assist the first maid with light household tasks and to care for two children, aged four and eleven. The most important qualifications for my position were intelligence, refinement and the ability to deal with children in a psychological manner, as they were considered problems. I soon found that the behaviour problems presented were rather inclusive, ranging from bed-wetting to food idiosyncrasies. In other words, I was to take over a couple of downright spoiled youngsters and undo all the harm that had already been done, making them healthy, normal children.

Well, my employers moved to a larger home and the rent being out of proportion to their income, the first step taken was to reduce the family budget. The whole household revolved around the two children and their welfare was the first consideration, and so they decided they could dispense with the services of the first maid. The idea was that I should assume the burden of her duties also—which I did, with a two dollar per week increase in wages. I am now making five dollars per week.

My hours are from 6:30 until 9. My employer's from 9 to 5. The traditional breakfast of orange juice, toast and coffee seems to be sufficient nourishment for his three hours sedentary work, before a one or two hour intermission for lunch. But a breakfast of toast and coffee does not supply enough strength or energy for a six-hour round of dish-washing, bed making, house cleaning and laundry, before a hasty lunch, consisting of "left overs," bolted between coaxing a couple of children to eat their spinach and lamb chops, waiting table and answering door and telephone. The idea that the housemaid should have a lunch hour to herself would be unique in the history of domestic service.

After coaxing the pampered children to eat their lunch, comes another round of dish washing, scrubbing, cooking and baking before dinner is served. For my employers: meat, two vegetables, salad, dessert and coffee. For me: meat, potatoes, bread and coffee. If I want cream for my coffee I buy a can of condensed milk. After dinner I spend another two hours washing dishes, bathing children and preparing the next day's menu.

Nine o'clock and at last, after fifteen hours of hard work, I am free to go to my room (I being one of the more fortunate in that I have a private one). Usually I am so tired that all I can do is take a bath and go to bed. It is only occasionally that I steal an hour or so for reading or sketch-

ing as I need all the sleep I can get to make up for the long hours, lack of sunshine, poor food and overwork. I have one afternoon free each week and about once a month a Sunday. That's my routine. Would you like to try it?

HELEN is employed in a five-room apartment as maid-of-all work for a family of five, two adults and three children. She has one afternoon free every week and every other Sunday. But before she leaves she must prepare the dinner and when she returns the next morning dirty dishes are scattered all over the kitchen and dining room, not even stacked. Ash trays brimming over, bottles, glasses and newspapers clutter the living room. She must crowd a whole day's work into half a day in order to have an afternoon free. What price freedom! After a hard day's work she would be glad to fall into bed, but no, she must sit in the kitchen until the family retires. Her sleeping quarters are in the living room. An in-a-door bed does the trick. So beautifully public, too, you just can't imagine!

Often in these apartments the bed is in the dining room and although the maid retires before the family does, she still has no privacy. If they want to mix drinks or raid the ice-box for a midnight lunch, they unceremoniously walk through the dining room to the kitchen. She has not even so much as a shelf where she may have a few books.

MRS. Whitney went into the country and picked up Mable, a girl of 14, from a large family of distressed farmers. The girl, knowing nothing of routine housework in a large home, was first put through a course of training for which she received carfare, board and a few discarded clothes for her family. At the end of six years of faithful service she is making \$3 per week.

The house is large, the mother neurotic and socially ambitious, the children sickly, so that between marital disputes, sickness and entertaining the household is in a continual state of disruption. Never having had so much as a quarter of her own before, Mable feels very fortunate and so grateful to her employers. Occasionally, her mistress, with a great show of magnanimity, will tell her on Saturday eve—

(Continued on page 27)



Drawings by Agnes Karlin

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DECEMBER, 1936

DANIEL BOONE

TRAPS CHRISTMAS



1

STONY CREEK was chock full of game. Only, the two dozen trappers living about couldn't get at it. At least not since two weeks back when Major Stranglfroth first retired on the forty square miles of the best trapping country in the state. He posted big signs all over his land: **NO TRAPPING OR HUNTING UNDER STRICT PENALTY OF THE LAW.** Then, to make sure his orders were carried out, the Major decided to build up his own army!

About three weeks before Christmas the kids at Stony Creek read a big poster stuck up in the school house: "First meeting of the DANIEL BOONE PATROL at Major Stranglfroth's on Friday. All children be there. Important!"

2

THE day and hour of the first meeting arrived. The kids were all excitedly seated about the parlor of Major Stranglfroth.

Hickory, a pale, wiry boy, was looking out of the window and saw the long, white, rolling hills. And Hickory happily thought of the bobsled his Pop had promised him for Christmas!

All at once—thundering into his thoughts—came two hard heels, stumping into the room. It was Major Stranglfroth, with the face of an English bulldog. And if it weren't for the Major's Sam Browne belt, you couldn't tell where his chest ended and his belly began.

The Major bristled. Altogether, he looked like some kind of new torpedo. Crisply he placed two mysterious packages on the table. "My men," he barked, "you are all sons of trappers. Some day you too will go forth to partake in that noble profession, once practiced by men like Daniel Boone!" Major Stranglfroth clicked his heels, and shot his head forward.

"Before you leave this room you will all be recruits of the Daniel Boone Patrol." And the Major grinned and showed all his teeth, and made the kids cower closer. "Daniel Boone, who trekked through these very forests, shall not be ashamed of his children. Our motto will be 'Service!' Our duties will be to keep my forty square miles free from trespassers. No person must be permitted on our land! *That* will be our service—our duty!" The Major drew his head back as if he were going to throw it at the kids. "And as the badge of honor for your service—I give *this* to each and every Patrolman here today!"

The kids craned forward. One bundle held a pile of small fur caps, each with a small fur tail—the kind of cap once worn by Daniel Boone. In the other package was a heap of celluloid badges—each with the words: "Daniel Boone Patrol. Major Stranglfroth, Leader."

The Major shoved one cap and one badge into the lap of each boy. "You are to report all trespassers to me. For each name you give me I will present you with a *Special Honor Daniel Boone Badge!* We meet here next Friday—same place—same hour—detailed plans of patrol will be presented. The first meeting of the Daniel Boone Patrol is dismissed!"

Very much puzzled, the kids slowly trudged home through the snow.

When Hickory walked into his cabin and saw his Pop humped up at the fireplace, he pushed his fur cap into his lumberjacket. Hickory's Pop looked like a grizzly in mid-winter—gaunt, sad and big-boned.

"Thought you wuz out trappin', Pop!"

Pop shoved his thorny fingers through his hair, and pushed aside a pile of steel traps with his boot. "No use, son; for the last two weeks country's all posted—wherever you look, no trappin' land open." Then Pop sighed like a wind through a barren tree.

Hickory, surprised, glanced up. "Well—what—what we gonna do 'bout it?"

"Nothin', I s'pose." Then Pop hunched forward like a burnt-out candle. "Guess that about ends our trappin'."

Hickory's mouth dropped open. "You mean—you and me—together—we don't take them hikes—through the hills—no more?"

Pop shook his head. "No place to hike—no place for laying traps—no fur to sell—no money to buy grub t'eat—I'm afraid, Hick'ry, there'll be no bobsled for you—Christmas."

Hickory felt as if his stomach had been scooped out. "Can't we *do* somethin' 'bout it?"

"What kin we do. Can't move off ter other hills—this cabin's all we own. Since Major Stranglfroth bought up Stony Creek and the hills here 'bouts—he won't let nobody use it—even though Lord knows he don't *need* all this land. I guess that leaves us jest 'bout—washed up."

Hickory glanced down at the tail of his cap poking out of his lumberjacket. Then he fairly hissed: "The sneakin' weasel—"

And Hickory jumped up. "An' you gonna stand by and let that—that coyote trim yer ears off?"

"What kin I do?"

"*Plenty!*" Hickory stalked to the door—and pushed off through the snow.

3

WHEN next Friday the Daniel Boone Patrol met, they seemed to have something up their sleeves! Only the Major didn't notice it. He was too busy stumping and scowling into the room.

The Major spoke like he was clipping dogs' tails with his teeth. "Men, are you prepared for your chosen work?"

Hickory, pretending to be very calm, twirled his fur cap on his finger.

"Well no, Major Stranglfroth, not exactly. You see, we fellers been talkin' it over and we reckoned you got Daniel Boone all wrong."

The Major furiously clicked his heels. "Just *what* is wrong with my idea of Daniel Boone?"

Hickory scratched his ear. "Well—first off—Dan'l Boone—he used to kind of *lead* his folks to new huntin' ground—an' not *keep* 'em from it!"

The Major's few long hairs straightened up. "Have you any other complaints?"

"Why, yes," added Hickory, shuffling one boot. "Dan'l Boone would of thought it darn silly if he knew we wuz preparin' for the noble profession of trappin' by helpin' to block off the best trappin' country in the range."

The Major's angry eyebrows spiked forward as Hickory went on: "Then again—we fellers—well, we figger *Dan'l Boone* never would of acted as a spy 'gainst his own people—just for a fur cap and a couple of badges!"

The Major blasted his fist onto the table-top and snapped: "You mean you wish to disband the Daniel Boone Patrol?"

"Oh, no," said Hickory softly, "we *like* the idea—on'y since we reckoned you don't know so much 'bout Dan'l Boone—we went and chose our *own* leader—Raw Hide Chester—he's a crackerjack trapper."

Suddenly the Major's worried face lit up. "Very well, I consent to turn command over to your Raw Hide Chester! However, I shall expect his recruits to assist me with the usual duties of my estate—that is, help me at chopping wood, keeping my grounds in order, cleaning away the underbrush and—generally performing the necessary duties for

my forty square miles of land. I trust *that* isn't asking too much of the new Daniel Boone Patrol!"

Hickory looked at his fingernails. "Yep, that's 'nother thing we fellers doped out. You see, Major, we decided as long as you posted these signs all over the hills—well, you'd just better not expect any of us folks at Stony Creek to hire ourselves out for helpin' you on land that plain don't *want* us!"

Major Stranglfroth tried to click his heels but he was so confused that they missed, and he almost toppled over! "Wh—when did you gentlemen decide on *that*?"

"Oh, this week," said Hickory.

The Major's face burned white, while one of the boys added: "My Pop runs the general store—when he ain't trappin'—an' he says he don't want to trespass on your land by truckin' food stuff to you, Major."

And another joined in: "An' in case of forest fires the folks says they decided not to trespass on your land to put out the fire."

All at once the Major's face took on the soft, sad look of a St. Bernard dog. He had it all planned to appeal to their pity.

"You realize," he cooed, "that the services of you folks will be necessary for my property. *One* man can't watch and care for forty square miles of land."

The Major grimly continued: "You know well enough that I can't get along without help."

"Yes, *sir*," answered Hickory, "just like Stony Creek can't get 'long without doing its trappin' on your land."

For a long time the Major thoughtfully scraped his chin. Then he muttered half to himself and, out loud, added: "Very well, a good Major knows when to retreat. Tell your folks—they may use my land for trapping."

Up leaped the kids! Joyfully they plunged for the door—while the Major growled softly: "That's the thanks I get for getting together the Daniel Boone Patrol!"

And Hickory slid to a stop, and smiled over his shoulder. "Oh, Major Stranglfroth, don't worry, we're all *mighty* grateful to you for gettin' us t'gether. Why, if you didn't we'd *never* of got the hills back again for trappin' and I'd *never* of got—my bobsled!"

And so it was that the pioneer, Daniel Boone, blazed a trail back to Stony Creek—once again to lead his kinfolk on.



By ERIC LUCAS
DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

TIPS ON BOOKS

A NOVEL TO REMEMBER

A TIME TO REMEMBER, by Leane Zugsmith (Random House).

GO into any department store in the country and you will find the characters in this novel. This is not to say that the people Miss Zugsmith writes about depend on the background she has selected to give them life. The story and the characters stand up by themselves and both are deeply interesting.

But after reading the novel I found myself, on going into a department store, recognizing Aline Weinman, and Doni and Matt and even Ralph, the slick assistant manager. In "A Time to Remember" the characters speak New York language, but they are nevertheless people you would find in San Francisco, in New Orleans, in Chicago, or Terre Haute.

A novel has accomplished the utmost it can when the reader feels that he recognizes the characters, that, even after closing the book, he goes on thinking about them, meets them on the street, or in some other place and finds them as familiar as friends or enemies with whom he has shared a part of his life.

There are two especially fine things about the novel as a whole. One is that there are love stories, real love stories in it. And another thing is that though there are tragedies, the ending is a happy one.

This is very unusual for a novel about a strike, but it just happens that it is true, because there was a department store strike won here in New York. And at the end you feel happy and exuberant just as the strikers do, you feel that way inevitably because you are interested in them, because you have gone with them through long weeks of alternate hope and despair, so that their victory is yours also. And you feel happy for Doni, who had such a hateful time being a scab until the day she was sneaking out of the employees' entrance and suddenly straightened up and took the strikers' sign from Matt just as he was being arrested and carried off. You feel happy for her when at the end she finds that Matt, whom she has loved for a long time, loves her also.

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It is impossible in a short review to mention all the characters or even to suggest them. I wouldn't have missed knowing Stell Leamy, whose father was an old and loyal union man, and whose slick husband, Ralph, became a scab.

I would certainly recommend that you get a copy of this book. You will enjoy it. It is a novel to remember.

GRACE LUMPKIN

ADVENTURE APLENTY

PALACES ON MONDAY, by Marjorie Fischer (Random House).

HERE is a book that will delight any child, and what is more, his parents as well. There has to be a special quality in a writer for this to be true. I am glad to hear that the American Library Association is placing "Palaces on Monday" on its lists of recommended books.

The book tells the story of Judy and her brother, Peter (two of the most natural and likeable youngsters that I have come across in some time), and their adventures in traveling half way around the world.

Judy is the kind of girl who dreams of being a great actress some day, and Peter of being an engineer like his Dad. The two are great friends, even though Peter finds it a bore for Judy to be forever mooning over some role she's playing in her mind. Her favorite parts are, of course, Juliet and Portia. And Judy doesn't share Peter's enthusiasms for engines, and she doesn't like it one bit when Peter crashes into her imaginary rehearsals with some commonplace remark about eats or a new game.

Their big adventures start when they set out, the two of them alone, on a trans-Atlantic liner for England, there to transfer to a Soviet boat headed for Leningrad. They are going to meet their parents who are somewhere in that strange land of modern Russia—"that upside down country," the children soon nickname it. Their Dad has taken work there and Judy and Peter are very glad, because there had been no work for so long before that.

From the time they wave good-bye to New York's skyline things begin to happen thick and fast to Judy and Peter. They nearly get into trouble in the American liner's swimming pool, and make several friends on the Soviet boat, among them a little English girl with quaint direct ways and manner of speech. On their long journey from Leningrad down to the southern part of the Soviet Union, where Mother and Dad are waiting for them, they travel partly by boat and partly by bus and rail, and pile one adventure on top of the next. (Dad couldn't get away from his job to meet them, and Mother is sick in bed with grippe.)

High up in the Caucasian mountains, on the famous Georgian Pass, they find an old American Ford and two men in trouble, and Peter proves he really knows something about the inside of engines. And all of this gives Judy her chance to take part in a real movie—a children's movie.

By the time they meet Mother and Dad they have picked up quite a few funny Russian words and many friends, and they quite believe that there is something in that old rhyme which ran:

He planted plums on Sunday
That came up palaces on Monday.

MYRA PAGE

WE RECOMMEND:

The Trouble I've Seen, by Martha Gelhorn (Morrow), as a moving and sympathetic portrayal of the effects of unemployment on the lives of men, women and children. "Enlarge this book a million times and you have the complete American tragedy," says H. G. Wells in the preface.

Calling Western Union, by Genevieve Taggard (Harper's). "The poems translate the strong anti-fascist convictions of our times into living realities, with emphasis on the struggles of labor, the sufferings of the city and country poor, and the part of the humane middle-class person in the intelligent movement against reaction," explains Miss Taggard in discussing this book of poems.

THE WOMAN TODAY

A STONE CAME ROLLING

Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

THE STORY SO FAR:

Forced to strike because of a wage cut, the workers of Donmow leave the mills to march into the streets. The strike is led by Ishma Hensley, Jim Conover and other militant workers.

Strikers are supported by the unemployed, who are led by Eph Clarkson. Small shopkeepers and farmers also support the strike. Fearing a victory, employers, government officials and local police

get together. Certain militant leaders are arrested. Among them are Jim Conover and Red Ewing.

After the arrest of these leaders Conciliator Bentley is called in. The strikers are hungry, tired and discouraged. Bentley sets up a company union with Kik Kearns as president and Hyder Hickman as secretary and treasurer. Kik Koarns is a worker who believes in prayer and cooperation with employers rather than militant action.

Under the leadership of Koarns, the strikers are

sold out. Those not blacklisted go back to work with too much fear in their hearts to continue the struggle. Ishma Hensley is ejected from a company union meeting after Hyder Hickman attacks her for being a Red.

Realizing that she can do nothing more among the mill workers for the present, Ishma decides to work among the unemployed. Eph Clarkson, leader of the unemployed, is kidnapped and brutally beaten by a mob of masked men.

By FIELDING BURKE

● It was a chastened community that moved about its normal duties the week following the torture of Ephraim Clarkson. If Dunmow, as a city, could have blushed it would have lain on the land like a splotch of burning rose. The teachings of Christ really meant something to a goodly part of the population. Father Litmore preached a sermon against mob violence, and his drab old church was overflowing that day. Nor was it filled with despairing stragglers and the poverty-eyed faithful. Numbers of the well-to-do were in the seats. Feeling in need of a cleansing of soul, they had turned to the minister who most nearly spoke the word of Christ in its purity. He gave it to them strong and uncompromising. There were tears and a fluttering of handkerchiefs as his audience filed slowly out, omitting the usual greetings and gossip. For that hour they were Christians.

The City Council decided that the Clarkson affair was not "news." Visiting members of the press were informed that no papers carrying it would appear on Dunmow newsstands. The authorities were positive. They didn't intend to start the streams of sympathy flowing and play into the hands of the International Labor Defense and those who were trying to get their clutches on the unemployed.

In the calm that followed, Stomp came out of hiding and walked the streets unmolested. The unemployed began to hold open meetings. A plan was made for a march to the State capital. Idle workers in all leading towns were to be gathered up and taken to Raleigh. Men could march. They would compel the well-fed to look at them and recognize them as brother humans, not animals who deserve no better than to die in any hole they could find, not even attaining a line in the death column. They would not continue to live meekly under a system that kept them only half alive or condemned them to actual extinction camouflaged by convenient medical

terms. They'd make that much clear anyway.

● In a big upstairs room at Holderness Ishma painted signs and slogans on cheesecloth and laid them away for use in the demonstration. One afternoon Britt came into the room when she was making something that looked queer to him. It was Derry's suggestion, she told him.

"But that thing looks like a snake, big girl."

"That's what it's meant to be. A rattlesnake ready to strike. It's the first flag of the American Revolution—the Virginia flag."

"If I were goin' to strike I wouldn't turn myself into a rattlesnake to do it."

"We want to remind people that this country went revolutionary once and can do it again. You don't like it, Britt?"

She didn't look up to see his starkly disapproving face. For a few minutes her fingers moved rapidly. Then he spoke.

"I don't often ask you not to do what you want to do. Not often I don't."

"You'd rather we wouldn't use this flag?"

"Anybody as almighty good as you oughtn't to walk behind a rattlesnake flag. Not if George Washington walked behind it onct."

"But, Britt—" She looked up and saw such grieved protest in his eyes that she crushed the cheese-cloth together and turned in her chair to drop it into the fireplace. "Got a match, my man?"

He handed her a match, and the next moment the cloth was sending a blaze up the chimney. Britt sat down and laid his head in her lap. It was nothing to please him in so slight a thing, she thought, with



all the deep hurts that were surely before him. Bending over him she put her cheek against the impelling glow of his hair. It was hair whose abundance he tried to modify by wearing it close shorn except above his forehead. There it was long enough for Ishma to hide her fingers in it; long enough to hold pleading shadows that sometimes drew her across a room to put her lips to them. At such moments she felt herself like a flower deepening its color, opening her veins to a secret sun; and knew once more that their love was founded on something deeper than intellect, purpose, or vision.

"If all men—oh, if one in ten thousand—were like you, Britt," she said, as her face touched his, "we wouldn't need revolutions. But, you see, they are not. And that means—" He wouldn't let her say. His shoulders were up, and he was hiding her mouth against his breast.

● Bly Emberson lay back on the rock, holding himself in the dear, the unbelievable peace of death. And after long stillness, he dreamed.

At first he thought it was a land of holiday, then he found that it wasn't. The people were not busy in the old way of sweating for bread and garments and a roof over their heads, but they were not idle. In their smiles he read achievement, purpose and thought that did not weary.

He walked about, and came to a scene not altogether strange. Men, and women too, were building a lovely house, such a house as could happen only in a dream. He stopped and asked a man about the cost of it. The man looked astonished. "Your wages, for instance," explained Bly. "How much are they?"

The man seemed offended. "We work by invitation," he said. "Two of our friends are getting married, and the most skilled among us have been given the privilege of building the house. A man flew

(Continued on page 24)

The Moors Are Coming

By Max White

MARIA CARMEN was a woman about thirty-eight years old. As a laundress she was strong and somewhat buxom. No one ever thought much about whether she was very good looking or not except Pepe Mayor, her husband, who thought she was all right and anyway he liked to look at her well enough.

He was a mule-team driver and took loads of wood and the local cheeses on his cart to Seville where in exchange he got a load of olive oil and whatever the grocer in their little mountain town was needing.

Turning back from the big city where he had tarried in the taverns and the streets, he thought over the new things he was always hearing there and when he got back to Fuenteamarga, where he lived with his wife and their eighteen-year-old son Jose, he would tell her about these new things he had been hearing. This had been going on for years now.

But Maria Carmen kept very busy down by the brook doing the village laundry, whacking away at the various garments as she washed them in the fast moving stream, and it seemed to her she was more interested in her work and her thoughts about the people whose clothes she was washing than in the ideas Pepe Mayor was always expounding.

Vague rumors were always coming from the big city these days and more and more, as the years went on, the ideas became more exciting and disturbing. When there was a rumor that Alfonso was no longer king, Maria Carmen thought things were coming to a pretty pass because not only was Alfonso no longer king, but Pepe Mayor said that now there was no king at all and that the republicans were in power. Maria Carmen shook her head over this because she could not imagine how a country could be run unless there were a king to do it. But she thought these things were concerns of the men and really it seemed to her she could only do her best by sticking close to her work and seeing to it she got the clothes nice and white before she spread them over the bushes to dry in the bright mountain air. So she said to her husband, "Don't bother me with your stories. I've got work to do."

So Pepe Mayor talked more and more about these strange new things to their son Jose. Jose was quite a boy by now and was strong and was always begging his father to take him along when he went to Seville. He said that he must learn the business so that when Pepe Mayor got old he could carry on in his stead. So after a while Pepe Mayor said yes he could come along with him and, as they rolled slowly along the mountain roads and wended their way gradually to the south and the big city of Seville, they talked and Jose felt as did his father that things were fast changing in Spain.

Back home after their first trip to the city together, the

two men sat out in front of the laundress's hut and talked. Maria Carmen heard them and they were saying strange things. They were talking wildly about how the land did not really belong to the gentlemen in the big houses but to the poor people. And she heard Pepe Mayor say that if the people tried to take possession of the land that the gentlemen would surely call the Moors back from Africa to help them defend their riches.

THERE were only two things in the world that Maria Carmen feared. These were the Moors and rats. The sound of either name had the power of driving her quite beside herself. She had seen rats and knew they terrified her. She had never seen a Moor but she knew they were the old enemies of Spain and her blood feared them.

But when she heard the wild talk of her men and how the Moors might come to protect the rich if the poor tried to dispossess them, she shrugged her shoulders and thought things would never come to such a pass in Spain that the Moors would come back. Even if there were no king and the republicans were in power and the land really belonged to the poor, she thought nevertheless that she would never be confronted by a Moor.

But her men, on their next trip to Seville, heard there was a war and that somebody was trying to give the government back to the king by taking it from the republicans. And when they went away again they said they were going to fight in the war. Maria Carmen cried a little because, as a woman, she disliked war but still she did not take the departure very seriously because for years now Pepe Mayor had often been absent from the house for long periods of time and she thought he would probably be right back. He had said he would. But she did wish men were not so foolish and full of wild ideas.

One day as she was washing and brooding about what a fool Pepe Mayor was to have such wild ideas she heard an alarm sound from the church tower. She rushed back to Fuenteamarga and everyone was gathered in the square talking excitedly. Tia Concha's grandson had come from the valley and said he had seen soldiers. And now they were saying in the square that the Moors were indeed coming. Everyone seemed to know that they had been expected except Maria Carmen who had never been interested in these things.

A marching column of men appeared around the corner at the road that led down from the square, and when the people saw them they fled to the church where they barricaded the doors. Maria Carmen was among the last to enter because she hung back, curious to see the dreadful Moors and whether they were beasts or men.

Suddenly there was awful confusion and Maria Carmen felt the greatest terror she had ever known. She heard the noise of guns and something broke the stained glass window and there was a steady grind of shots. The village men were

shooting back at the Moors from outside. Inside the church the old women were moaning and they did not understand why Fuenteamarga should be attacked by an enemy for they had done nothing and were not even trying to get the land away from the rich. And all the time there was this terrible noise and the village men were falling and the women and children who had not got inside the church in time were surely being massacred in their homes.

Don Eusubio, the village priest, looked calm and desperate. Maria Carmen heard him say to Pablo Lao, the blacksmith, "Provided they don't put dynamite around the church. . . ."

She was not quite sure what dynamite was but she knew it was something terrible and made a big noise and what else it did she did not know. Her first fright was now over and she was filled more and more with indignation and hatred for the enemy and now she hated the rich for putting the Moors upon them when they had done nothing. She thought of Pepe Mayor and Jose off at the war and now she felt different about it.

Then came a terrible roar and Maria Carmen was thrown against the wall at the corner of the church under the tower by the side door where the holy water font stood. She was stunned and she did not know how long it was before she regained consciousness. But when she did, she opened her eyes and saw that she was alone. Above her was a fallen pillar and on both sides of it the timbers from the roof made a sort of lean-to. She realized she had been miraculously spared by the fallen pillar. She stirred and found she had no broken bones though her shoulder hurt her cruelly.

Beside her stood the holy water font. And as she looked at it she saw a huge rat jump from a beam onto it. The repulsive beast paused there and looked at Maria Carmen through its beady eyes. She was suddenly filled with wrath and, picking up a stone, she crushed the rat. She drew a

deep breath and felt better. She wiped the remains of the rat from the edge of the font with her black apron. Then she climbed atop it and looked through the high window above. There was no one in sight. She viewed the wreckage of what a few hours before had been a happy village. She climbed through the window and let herself down.

She walked about the village and found no living person. As she sat down to make up her mind about a course of action, she heard a whimper and saw little Jesus, the shoemaker's youngest boy. His legs were crushed beneath a beam and she sensed he was hopelessly injured. Maria Carmen leaned over toward him and looked into his pleading eyes. "Never mind little boy," she said. "I'll make it all right." She got a piece of broken glass and slashed the child's wrist. As he bled to death, she held him in her arms and rocked his head against her breast. Soon he was dead.

Maria Carmen stood up and took down her hair. She combed it out with her comb and put it up again, not the usual way, but the way she did it on holidays. She wiped her tears away with her black apron and left on her cheek a little stain from the blood of the rat. Then she started out to find Pepe Mayor and Jose, for now she understood the war and wished to fight with them.



Drawing by A. C. Johnson

WASHINGTON NOTES

THE WOMAN TODAY has continuously stressed the need for protective labor legislation for women as a means of leveling up the unequal conditions under which women work. There has been some opposition, notably from the National Woman's Party and those industries which employ large numbers of women. But the trade unions and the Women's Trade Union League of America are on our side.

And here we have before us the report of the First Annual Conference of the Washington Committee of the National Women's Trade Union League, held last month. Under the heading, "What Does Legislation Offer Women Workers?" Miss Marion Mel, of the Division of Labor Standards, U. S. Department of Labor, discussed her experiences. We quote from the report:

"Her experience in California definitely led her to conclude that protective legislation has been a distinct aid in raising labor standards. Legislation is particularly important for the woman worker, who is in general less organized and more exploited in regard to hours, wages, and conditions of work than the male worker. . . . Organized labor has and must continue to take the initiative in such legislation."

THE Conference of the Washington Committee of the Women's Trade Union League was opened by its president, Mrs. Agnes King. Among those who figured prominently in the proceedings were Miss Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department

of Labor, Miss Elisabeth Christman of the National Women's Trade Union League, Miss Eleanor Nelson of the Washington League and Miss Clemmie Schuck of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

THE organization of Negro women workers came in for a good deal of discussion, led off by Mrs. Julia West Hamilton, executive secretary of the Phyllis Wheatley Y.W.C.A. The point was stressed that for the protection of all workers, the Negro worker must be organized.

Miss Elsie Gluck, chairman of the Education Committee of the National Women's Trade Union League, made an interesting point in her discussion of the history of working women in the United States. She said that we too often glibly speak of women taking men's places in industry. Actually, she said, much of the work that is now done in factories and shops and even mines, by men, is work that in the past has been done by women, and is work that in some industrially undeveloped countries is still being done by women.

AN interesting conference, this, and an important one. It was attended by the representatives of about 32 local unions and government lodges, as well as about 138 guests.

Mrs. Evans, in sending us the report, writes: "Your magazine is popular with our members—a number of us gave our names for a year's subscription." Thank you, Mrs. Evans.

SPAIN'S WOMEN

(Continued from page 7)

for about 25 cents a day. Great tracts of land remained uncultivated; there was a constant food shortage; both farm and city workers and their children suffered.

"Our people's government knew that to have any sort of good life in Spain we had to give the land of the absentee owners to the poor peasants. So we said they must sell us the land for this purpose.

"But for years the aristocrats had been declaring a very low value on their lands in order to bring down their taxes. Now they were deeply indignant at these valuations they themselves had made!

"The government said, 'Pay us your back taxes and we'll give you the price you ask for your land!'"

So, Senora Palencia explained, the Republican Government earned the bitter hatred of the military oligarchy and the aristocratic landowners of Spain. "And they were unwilling," she went on, "to wait four years for another election. Perhaps they realized that their day for a victory in a democratic Spain was gone forever. So these forces united and attacked the people's rightful, lawful government, to win back by hired armed force what they had lost by the general will."

She paused, her voice becoming fuller with the charged significance of her next statement. "And what I want to make clear—what the American press does not make clear—is how few Spaniards are in the fascist army. There are savage African Moors. There are the hired thugs of the Foreign Legion, whose services anyone with cash can buy. There are the Spanish officers, who had control of ammunition and hospital supply bases. But not the rank and file of the Spanish army!

"I have seen whole troops of common soldiers sit down in the dusty roads refusing to obey the commands of their officers to kill their countrymen. *The whole people is behind the Democracy. That is why the fascists cannot take Spain!*"

"Why," I discovered, "it is just as if the Republicans in America were to hire a foreign army to overthrow the Roosevelt government."

"Precisely!" cried Isabel de Palencia.

I went off on another angle. "But why is there so much talk of the church?" I asked. "And why is the church so largely against you?"

"Not all the church is against us. There is one Right Catholic, from the Basque country, in the Cabinet. But remember in a modern Democracy, church is separated from state. You have taken this for granted so long that very few Americans are aware that the newly elected Republican Government made the first real at-



ISABEL DE PALENCIA

asks the people of America to help the Spanish Loyalists in their fight against foreign fascist invaders with canned milk for the babies of Spain, canned foods, medical supplies, clothes and money.

All contributions should be sent to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Bishop Paddock is the chairman of the committee, located at 149 Fifth Avenue

tempt to accomplish this separation in Spain. Most Spanish schools have up till now been under church control. Thousands of Spanish children have never had an opportunity to learn to read and write. We were bringing education under state control and building hundreds of new schools when the fascists attacked."

Another question came quickly to my lips. "At the beginning of the rebellion," I said, "American liberals everywhere were raising the slogan, 'Hands Off Spain!' Do you think this was correct?"

"No, I do not!" she said emphatically. "Such a policy accepted the attacking fascists on equal terms with the legal, established government. Go back on your own parallel of an attack by foreign thugs on an elected American government. Would you expect other countries of the world to accept such forces as equal antagonists?"

Before I could put another question, she rushed on. "Still," she cried, standing up again with the force of her feeling, "if a policy of neutrality had really been carried out, the war would have been over, and the fascists defeated long ago. But the Germans and Italians sent every kind of help to the fascists, while our sympathizers kept their word, and sent us no help at all."

"Would this be easy to prove?" I asked.

Isabel de Palencia smiled with acrid irony. "Why, there wasn't a Junker airplane in the Spanish army before the fascist rebellion. There was very little ultra-modern war machinery. It is this equipment from Italy and Germany which is shedding the blood of the Spanish people!"

"But why," I wanted to know, "have Germany and Italy gone to such extremes? Merely to expand the fascist territories in Europe?"

"Two much more vital reasons! Control of the Balearic Islands and the Soudan would give Italy a stronger position than England in the Mediterranean. And, what is less known, Spanish mines produce more mercury than any other country in the world. Italy is the only other large mercury producer. Mercury is necessary for the making of ammunition. The control of this mercury would be more valuable to fascist Italy and Germany than an army of millions!

"So if the fascists are not rebuked in their war on the Spanish people, they will hold greatly increased power for making war on other nations. This is not alone Spain's war. It is a test and crisis of whether democracy may survive throughout the world. *Please say this to the women of America. Use all your skill to say it so they will understand!*"

A MANDATE TO ROOSEVELT

(Continued from page 10)

ing and anxious to combat reaction. And effectively to climax this movement it means decisive action toward the creation of a powerful Farmer-Labor Party in this country.

The party of Roosevelt is, in spite of its present great mass support, a party supported by many forces not less sinister than those that supported the Republicans. Inside that party there is bound to be a play of conflicting forces and Roosevelt owes much to those powerful financial interests that supported him. Hence the one guarantee of continued advance is a people's movement dedicated to progress and free of reactionary elements.

Trade Union News

By Erma L. Lee

Waterfront Strike

All maritime transportation workers are on strike on the Pacific Coast and 18,000 seaman and longshoremen on the Eastern Coast have declared a sympathy "sit-down" strike. Their demands are: Preferential union hiring, cash pay for overtime, rather than time off, eight-hour day for ship's officers, cooks and stewards. Long-standing intolerable working conditions have brought about the splendid strike turn-out and steadfast union loyalty displayed in this strike.

Few land workers realize the near-slavery conditions existing on the ships that carry over the seas the food and clothing on which we depend. When you took a trip on a luxury liner or a vacation cruise ship did you notice that the same men served your breakfast, lunch and dinner, and tea in the afternoon? If you investigated, as I did, you discovered these men were up before the dawn, polishing silver, setting tables; then, in spotless uniforms, serving all the meals; washing dishes, cleaning, polishing, far into the night. Their food? Whatever was left over by the passengers, often eaten standing up, between jobs. Their sleep? In a hammock or on a hard, narrow bunk in a stuffy, crowded room, long after you'd gone to bed. Even the chief steward, he of the gorgeous uniform and title, has endless hours, rests in snatches, and when in his home port is compelled to be on duty from 7 to 7 superintending the loading of supplies. Incidentally, he has to buy all those expensive uniforms himself.

Mass strikes come after mass suffering.

American Labor Party

That American trade unionists realize that fascism means the end of their unions and are determined not to have it was proved by the tremendous vote against Landon and Hearst on November 3. Even more encouraging was the large vote for Farmer-Labor candidates and, in New York, the 300,000 votes for the American Labor Party. That labor has come to realize that its interests are not identical with the interests of the employers and their parties, is a long step forward.

My own union, the largest local union of printers, has voted to affiliate with the Labor Party. However, the sentiment in the union is not one of a blanket endorsement because, so far, the list of officials of the New York Labor Party, with a few exceptions, reads like last year's "labor sec-

DECEMBER, 1936

outstanding industrial leader" but provides for no labor representative! Labor unions! Do not wait until it is too late. Send resolutions now to Congress and the President demanding the repeal of this war plan. Demand of our government plans for peace!

New York Guild Negotiating Contracts

Emma H. Little and Freeda Bear Franklin have been elected officers of the New York Times Unit Council of the American Newspaper Guild. The New York City Guild is attempting to make every newspaper man a Guild member this winter. Negotiations for contracts are being carried on with all metropolitan dailies. Dues collected in October were the highest in the Guild's history.

A Union Needed for Houseworkers

In one of Manhattan's large apartment houses, houseworkers are hired for \$12 a week to spend one hour daily in each of seven apartments, the eighth hour to be spent half for lunch and half getting from one apartment to the others. Tenants pay fifty cents an hour for this service. It doesn't sound so bad but the actual conditions are surprising. The girls have only ten minutes for lunch and really clean eight and nine apartments a day, staying a few minutes less than an hour wherever the tenant is absent. It works out this way: The girls get \$2 a day; the house collects \$4 for her work and then, not quite satisfied, speeds the girls up and cheats the tenants and collects 50 cents more. This is the kind of miserable racket Mr. Dewey should investigate.

The housekeeper gives the orders and the girl who complains is discharged. Constant rushing, sloppy work and sneaking are demoralizing to health and morale and, although an attempt is being made to remedy this particular situation, only a union with a shop steward on each job can eliminate such practices.

tion" of the Tammany Democrats. This must be changed. Unions should affiliate and should send as delegates men who really believe in the Labor Party and not politicians who have become suddenly converted. Only in this way can we avoid the development of a Macdonald labor government, and make and keep the Labor Party really representative of and responsible to the workers themselves.

Maritime Strikers Set Example

Maritime strikers in New York City admit to their strike meetings only those newspapermen who can show that they are members of the American Newspaper Guild. Every other trade union should follow this example.

Don't Put the Union Label on War

The "Emergency Peace Campaign" is the name of an organization devoted to acquainting trade unionists of the grave danger to unions if the United States should declare war. Our government's Industrial Mobilization Plan would automatically end the unions' protection of the workers. This plan provides: (1) drafting into the armed services of all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45; (2) court-martial in case any worker "fails or neglects fully to perform any duty required of him."

Senator Clark says this plan gives "the power to call into military service any union or other representative of labor . . ." and is "the power to break strikes." The plan provides for a Labor Division with an administrator who is required to be "an



One hundred and five determined union workers strike at Globe Mailing Company, New York City, owned by Charles E. Whitehouse, Jr., of Rockville Center, L. I. Wages were \$6 to \$11 weekly; hours as long as 95. Many clients are helping by withdrawing their accounts.

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 19)

from Africa with a new design for us to try, and you can see how wonderful it is."

"And they don't pay you?"

"Pay? We don't pay for anything. The world is ours and the fullness thereof." He seemed to think that settled it, but Bly would not let him go. "Not pay for food—or clothes—or houses?"

"Look here, stranger, if a man had to work for what he eats, or puts on his back, or what shelters him, how in eternity would he have time to live?"

The man went back to the building, and Bly wandered on. He saw men and women with black skins moving happily about among people with white skins, and he had another question to ask. He caught a passing man by his outer garment, but let it drop quickly, thinking he might have injured it, so delicate his fingers found it.

The man smiled. "You didn't hurt it, stranger. They never wear out."

Bly thought of the everlasting, unbreakable thread that he was going to make some day, when he got time. "I wanted to ask you," he began, "do you ever have any lynchings here?"

The man turned greenish pale. "Lynchings? You don't mean—"

"Yes. Torture, mutilation, hanging, burning. Don't you do that to niggers?"

The man went aside for a few minutes, holding his hands over his stomach. When he returned his face was still the color of a robbin's egg, but he could speak. "No, we don't do that to any of our citizens."

"Not to communists?"

The man became very gentle. He saw that his questioner was insane. "No, my friend. We are all free and equal here. We wouldn't hurt each other."

Bly went off to himself where he could watch the people. They were all very unlike, with countenances as endlessly different as the features that wore them. The treadmill, bread and butter, get-on-or-die look that in the past had standardized expression, was not there at all. Nothing to remind him of the faces in the old current of humanity, rubbed to sameness by necessitous impact, as stones in a stream take the surface imposed by the ever-passing water.

He looked for his friends, but he could see no one there whom he had ever known except Ishma, who stood far off talking to an assembly of children. She was not fairer than other women he saw, but she was the one he loved. All the women were desirable, but in greatly varied ways, as must be where every individual talent is burnished and active. When Ishma had finished talking she came directly to him.

"I'm leaving for Tibet," she said. "You remember that I always knew what to do with mountains."

Did his eyes tell her of his loneliness? "But I'm coming back," she assured him, her face so near his that he felt taken up into the fair country of her being where he could never lose his way. Her hands slipped from his, and there was no pang of world dissolution as he lost her finger-tips. She was coming back.

"Hey!" said a man, and Bly lifted his head from the rocks to see Heck Moore standing on the river bank.

"Hey!" called Heck. "I've been comin' down here ever' fifteen minutes for the last five hours. I's afraid you'r roll off that rock an' strangle 'fore you knowed you's in the water."

Bly said he was coming off. He looked with a shudder at the water and began to climb down, feeling as if he were stepping from an airplane to an earth that he had not seen for years. When he got to the bank he stopped and picked up a pebble, then a bit of moss, and looked at them inquiringly. Under Heck's eye he threw them away.

They walked toward the mill. The trees were much the same, only they had an air of knowing something that he had nearly found out. The cliff was like a shaggy friend, waiting for him to pass, and there was welcome in the brown silence of the old mill. This was his world, and he was glad to be in it.

● Stomp had been slipping in and out of the Carolina towns, organizing the Negroes who were to join the white unemployed for the demonstration at the capital city. Requests were coming in to the Dunmow authorities asking for his suppression. Couldn't they attend to him? If not, there were those who could.

It would have been very satisfactory to Dunmow to have some other community "attend" to Stomp. But they knew that the offer was purely decorative. No town wanted the notoriety which the communists and the indefatigable I.L.D. had succeeded in giving to Scottsboro. Again and again Stomp was returned to his native city by exasperated officials who accused him of "meddling with their niggers." Inevitably the plans for the coming demonstration leaked out, and the patience of Dunmow was no longer a virtue.

Hickman soon became focused into one aim, to get Stomp. And he and the city fathers would finish the job this time. Ishma and Heck felt the savage purpose brewing, and advised Stomp to go away. But where could he go? He couldn't hope to find a job if he set out wandering. Everywhere he would come against laws, written and unwritten, that would land him in jail. Then, if permitted to live, he would be returned to home authorities. He might as well stay and take his luck. Ishma insisted that he must at least go into hiding until bitter feeling was spent. Sentiment had to change. Southern workers would have to accept the fact that the black man was a worker too, and unite on that basis. And if the whites accepted the blacks as comrades in industry, with a common enemy to fight against, the "upper class whites" could preach themselves blue in the face without affecting the situation.

Dr. Schermerhorn was again ready to give Stomp a refuge, and the Negro leader

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THE WOMAN TODAY

Women's Auxiliaries . . .

STEEL WOMEN MEET

By Margaret Cowl

THIRTY organizations including 15 trade unions took part in a conference in South Chicago, Ill., on November 6, to discuss the organization of women's auxiliaries in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. The conference was called by the Women's Auxiliary of Lodge 65 of that union.

Fraternal greetings to the conference from THE WOMAN TODAY were warmly applauded.

The conference received a message from John Brophy, director of the C.I.O. which said: "Where women understand the issues involved in the labor movement, they can increase the unity and power of the union, even if they are not members. Women's auxiliaries have, besides, a special function of their own. They form a social center for the mothers, wives and daughters where social activities can be combined with obtaining information about the union. There are many cases where the wife made the husband into a loyal union man."

Greetings came from David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. He said: "Our union . . . is heartily in sympathy with the purpose of your conference. We sincerely hope that you will achieve your objective by enlisting the support of all organizations and friendly individuals in your communities for the important task of bringing union work conditions, union recognition and higher standards of living to the hundreds of thousands of workers in the steel industry of this country."

The conference was addressed by Mr. Nicholas Fontacchio, steel organizer in the Calumet area; by Agnes Nestor of the Women's Trade Union League; by Mr. Patterson of Lodge 65 of the A.A.; by delegates from the I.L.G.W.U.; the A.C.W. of A.; the International Workers Order; the Women's Christian Association, the Elgin Trades Council and by speakers active in church and civic organizations. Mrs. Mineola Ingersoll, president of Auxiliary Lodge 65, and Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, financial secretary, outlined the purpose of the conference. Chairman for the conference was Miss Eleanor Rye, delegate to the Chicago Federation of Labor and secretary of the Chicago Labor Committee of the National Negro Congress.

The permanent committee coming out of this conference will be made up of

members officially sponsored by trade unions, women's and community organizations. Its purpose will be to guide and develop the work of uniting wives and women relatives of steel workers, to assist steel workers to strengthen their union and to carry on the fight for better working conditions. The conference also decided to support the housewives of Chicago in their endeavor to keep the People's Gas Company from increasing rates.

The principles and aims of the conference were presented in a resolution declaring that "as women of steel we must bend every effort to further our organization and to enlist the support of our friends through the realization that the benefits of this drive (meaning the drive to organize the steel workers) will be shared by the community as a whole."

This conference is of especial importance to the steel workers because it will help to bring about a change in the steel towns. Its interest to workers in general lies in the fact that it unites community organizations to seek better living standards for workers' families. The conference supports not only the fight for higher wages, but its work is linked up with the struggle against the rising cost of living. Prices must be kept down, if increases in wages are to have meaning.

Better schooling for workers' children, better housing can be won sooner by concerted effort of community organizations supported by the trade unions.

Herein lies the basic lesson of this conference which bears copying by women's auxiliaries in trade unions of other industries and by community organizations.

MILWAUKEE CONVENTION

By Agnes Burns Wieck

MARY Santos, Organizer, and Marian Loos, President, of the Transport Workers Union Auxiliary of New York, made a stirring plea for the inclusion of Negro women in auxiliaries of the International Association of Machinists, at their recent convention in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

After a cordial introduction by Mrs. May Peake, International Auxiliary President and veteran progressive leader, Mrs. Santos said:

"In considering the affiliation of our auxiliary with yours, we propose that you delete the words 'only whites' from your constitution, and substitute, 'All wives, etc.,

regardless of race, creed, color or nationality.'

"Our women decided, by a majority vote, when affiliation was discussed, to stand by this clause.

"We have about 300 Negro workers on the line in our union. The devotion of these men to their union is very great. One Negro member brought in an overwhelming number of authorization cards in our recent campaign, another brought a large number of white men into the union. The same with the sisters in our auxiliary.

"Yes, they come in with a haunted look in their eyes . . . wondering whether they are among friends or enemies. But we quickly show them where we stand. They do their work with sincerity and understanding.

"Let me quote an example to show you that Negro workers have their honor and pride. They do not want to come to us—until we show them that we really want them.

"At the first annual ball of our union the arrangements committee had a heated discussion. 'Should we invite the Negro workers?' Finally the decision was made. A delegation called at the Negro porters' local to invite them. Much to the surprise of our men, the Negro workers answered: 'We have heard all about your arguments. Since there is division of opinion on the question, we prefer not to come, but to wait until you are all ready to have us.' And they stayed away!

"If organized labor does not take a hand to stop the persecution of the Negro workers, who will? To keep them out of the labor unions is a blot on organized labor. A blot which you have the power, in convention here today, to eradicate.

"We appeal to this convention to make history by doing away with discriminatory practices against Negro workers, and by welcoming their Negro wives into these auxiliaries.

"Your action will make it possible for new auxiliaries to join hands with the auxiliaries of the I.A.M.A. and help us find a place for the most oppressed section of the workers under the sun."

After stormy sessions, and much debate, the delegates, many of whom were from the South, voted on the proposal. . . . 28 were for it, 24 against! Now the issue is placed before the entire membership in a referendum. Women in auxiliaries of the nation are watching the outcome of this referendum. This may help to eradicate the blot of discrimination which some unions and affiliates still carry.



Drawings by Gwen

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 24)

called a meeting of his aides to tell them to go on with preparations for the big show. His own disappearance would allay suspicion, and cause the police to think that the demonstration had been called off.

"I'll be with you on the big day. They'll get me then, I reckon, but they'll make a stir doin' it. They're not goin' to get me sly."

But that night they did get him sly. He was at a friend's waiting for it to grow dark enough to make it safe to weave through the shadows in the grove back of the old doctor's house and reach the cellar window that had been left unlocked for him. Five policemen entered, with pistols cocked and ready, and Stomp was taken to headquarters.

The colored section began to rock with the news and the rumors that succeeded it. Stomp was going to be killed in his cell! Stomp was to be taken to Greensboro and lynchers would get him on the way! The Unemployed Council was fixin' to raid the jail and take Stomp out!

Amidst the dozens of rumors an official statement was finally broadcast. "The sheriff would take Stomp to Greensboro that night. There had been strong talk of lynching. The Dunmow jail was not considered safe. The prisoner was in danger from the incensed population, and must be protected."

"Yeah!" said Stomp's friends. "If we don't save him from the sort of protection he'll get, he'll never see Greensboro."

"We'll run him down there," said the sheriff, colloquially, "before a lynching party can get together," and about midnight he started to convey Stomp to safety, strangely enough taking only one car and two deputies with him. "We'll scoot right down 'fore there's a chance for trouble," he said, bravely ignoring a warning sent to him about a posse of lynchers gathering on the Tarboro road.

Between twelve and one o'clock that night, his car reached a point on the highway about a quarter of a mile from where they were to enter the Tarboro road. There he saw a row of cars parked alongside. At the head of the row was a car that he knew very well. It belonged to Hyder Hickman. He turned his light on it and made sure of that. The deputies confirmed it. Everybody knew Hickman's car. It carried a slogan that stood out fiercely under the light. "We take care of niggers."

"I thought, if we had trouble," suggested a deputy, "that it would be down on the Tarboro road."

"Yes, I reckon this is safe enough," said the sheriff, and drove on. A hundred yards farther he was commanded to halt, and two men stepped from the roadside with guns drawn. The sheriff obeyed.

"What's this, fellers?"

"We want the nigger, Sheriff. We're goin' to have him."

A dozen men could now be seen standing behind the two who had first stepped out. They were all in overalls, with broad hats pulled down and white handkerchiefs for masks.

"Boys, you know I'd like to oblige you, but I'm an officer of the law."

"Aw, we're better than the law at handlin' niggers. You turn him over to us and you'll never hear of him again."

There was loud laughter at that, and another voice began its persuasion. "You ain't patriotic, Sheriff. You don't want to save your county a lot of expense. Dunmow'll have to pay the nigger's board in that Greensboro jail."

"Is that Jess Gobery talking?"

"Now, Sheriff, you don't want any names. You wouldn't want to swear agin us in court, would you, an' us tryin' to help you out?"

"Say," called out another, "we'll tear off your coat-sleeve, an' you can prove you put up a fight. We don't want to get a friend like the sheriff inter trouble, do we, boys?"

"I dreamt something," said the hesitating representative of the law, "about a party goin' to meet me down on the Tarboro road."

"Yeah, but this is closer to Guinea Swamp!" There was more laughter, in which the sheriff and deputies took part. That mention of Guinea Swamp put everything all right.

"No more damn foolin', men," said the leader. "Get the nigger. 'Tain't fur to the swamp."

Three men covered the sheriff and deputies with guns, while two more dragged



Stomp from the car. He was already bound and gagged.

"That saves us trouble, Sheriff. Thank you kindly."

"Hold up your arm, Sheriff," said the tallest man, stepping to him. The sheriff held out his arm, and the man seized it, ripping out his coat sleeve. As an afterthought he caught his shirt at the collar and split it to the waist.

"There you are, Sheriff. All fixed up fer doin' yer duty. Turn that car around now an' get back to Dunmow. We don't want any meddlin' with our business. And remember this nigger has left the country. You needn't hunt fer him. Boys, drag the black son of a bitch into the bushes."

The sheriff turned his car and moved slowly back on the road to Dunmow. The men watched until his car was out of sight. Then a flashlight was thrown on Stomp. His black skin had turned ashen. He looked twenty years older than his age. His mouth was bloody and swollen. One of the men took the handkerchief from his face, pushed back his broad hat, and bent over Stomp. The Negro, looking up with animal terror in his eyes, saw the face of Doctor Schermerhorn, with its thousand kindly wrinkles.

"You're all right, Stomp," said the doctor. "We're your friends. We got ahead of that bunch farther down the road."

The face of Stomp slowly resumed its human look. "Lord, I'm saved!" The words came thickly from between bruised lips.

"Untie him," said tall Heck Moore, evidently the leader. A young man eagerly obeyed, and Ishma, standing aside in Britt's overalls, and grasping Britt's arm, watched with double satisfaction the white hands of Vance Wrenn cutting the rope that bound black Stomp Nelson.

"Lord, I'm saved!" was all the Negro seemed able to utter, as the flashlight was turned from one to another revealing friendly faces.

PART IX

● Bly Emberson had been found dead in the pool below Buffalo Bridge mill. Competitors who had cut him on the street, who had sought to boycott him in the market, put on their hats and went out to find some one to whom they could say that old Bly was the best they had, and they would go easy on him if only they could have him back again.

On the first day there was little of the general gossip and excitement usually attending misfortune widely shared. By the second day grief and shock had passed to

(Continued on page 28)

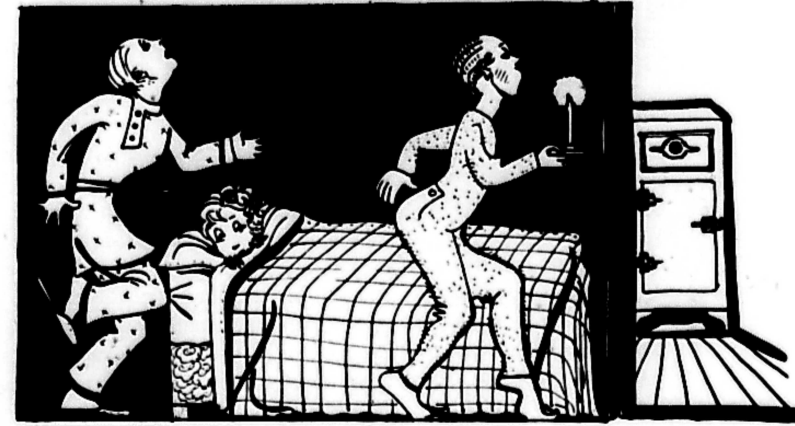
THE WOMAN TODAY

M'LADY WANTS MUCH

(Continued from page 15)

ning to go and see a movie. Mable takes this opportunity to do her bit of personal shopping, as she never takes a day off, saying she wouldn't know where to go or what to do. The truth of the matter is, she saves her pitiful wage and sends it to her family.

Mable is completely unaware in her dumb submissiveness of the great harm



she is doing her fellow workers. But the Mrs. Whitneys aren't. Nor are they unaware that their greatest strength lies in the isolation of the house workers. Therefore, it becomes the duty of every enlightened worker to try to make these Mables understand their true position in society. Even if we only have one afternoon each week, we should get together and exchange ideas. It is time for us to unite in our demands for better working conditions, shorter hours, more personal privacy, good food, and a decent wage.

That there have been a few cases of

houseworkers banding together, I am well aware, but these have been scattered and very loosely knit. In one such case they were directed by a group of society women. Now any reforms that come from that quarter, regardless of the good intentions of the well-meaning matrons, will be superficial and temporary, to say the least. There were classes conducted and sponsored by these society women with the aim of training girls for each separate division of house work, some for cooking, some serving, others caring for children, etc., in order

that they might render more competent service to their employers. But what about the employers who heap all of these tasks upon the shoulders of one girl and expect perfect service in all?

What we need is an educational program for domestic workers, conducted not by social workers or society women, but by people with a deep seated social consciousness; men and women already active in the ranks of organized labor, with an aim toward forming a national union of domestic workers as an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor.

XMAS! AH, XMAS!

The stores invite you, cajole and what-not to spend your hard-earned shekels for a box tied in red ribbon with a sprig of holly in the bowknot.

Enter our shoppers' guide with a sheaf of suggestions under her arm—for what is so evanescent as a box of candy wrapped in green and red?

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bessie Byrd, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of The Woman Today, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Woman Today Publishing Co., 112 E. 19th St., New York, N. Y.

Editor, None.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, Bessie Byrd, 1862 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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Claire Brook, 1862 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bessie Byrd, 1862 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

BESSIE BYRD, Business Manager.
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1936.
(Seal) MAX KITZES.
(My commission expires March 30, 1938.)



"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of few words myself. If I shake my head, that means I ain't comin'."

A STONE CAME ROLLING

(Continued from page 26)

the stage where talking was a necessity. Everything that could in any way be connected with the accident was discussed. Of course it was an accident. Bly had gone to sleep on the big rock in the pool. He had been known to do that before. This time he had fallen off. There were stiff undercurrents in that pool. One of them had sucked him down. Another had got hold of him and washed him against the drift where Heck Moore and Doctor Unthank found him.

The funeral was held at Bly's church. His son had chosen to walk alone, the first behind the coffin. That was his right. In his sore conceit he said that no one but himself had loved and understood his father. The music ceased at the right moment, the last great chord falling as the coffin came to rest on the supports in front of the pulpit. There followed a prayer by Father Litmore, beautiful, trusting, tender. Then the minister rose with his text on his lips.

He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

The service was ended, but no one, not even the dignitaries, had a thought of slipping away. Those who had come by railway decided to miss a train and join the procession to the cemetery. No one would leave until the last shovelful of earth had been patted smooth on the grave.

● The White Oak revival meeting was in full swing for the meeting had reached the stage of rejoicing. Many people had risen to their feet, and those in their seats were beginning to feel the warmth of redemption in their veins. It wouldn't be long until Aunt Rosie Dewhunt would leap out of stolidity and bring her hands together above her head with a clap that all would recognize as a signal to "follow the leader." Pouring out the joy of her heart, she would march up and down, twisting here, curving there, to take in a hesitant follower, until hundreds would be gathered into the weaving line. From the platform, Brother Sam Liseaur had, for some minutes, been casting an entreating eye toward Aunt Rosie. But she wouldn't move until she knew that the joyous stream in her blood had sufficient force to carry her through.

Aunt Rosie Dewhunt had performed her part, and the happy, shouting line weaving in her trail had brought many of the most stolid to their feet. On the edge of the assembly, but within the lighted circle, were a few groups not given over to the prevailing fervor. There were some who were half-skeptical, others who yearned to be

saved but were too shy to thrust themselves forward, and at least one group was composed of socialites from Blairwood, who had come to give their superior souls a dramatic treat. Ishma saw them limed in the strong light, and felt unreasonably incensed by their presence.

She had been standing aside, her inward tumult increasing as she watched the people who, with silent rapture, or unashamedly vocative, were surrendering themselves more and more to the grip of their belief. They had begun to climb the mount of exaltation. The outbearing air would soon tide them to the walls of jasper and chrysolite. For a little while of supreme joy they would occupy a heaven more real than the ground they trod on.

She thought of the many who claimed to be the mouthpiece of Spirit. "Be still and know," they said. Be still, while over your heads a handful of men divide the riches of earth. Be still, while they make ready for the slaughter of your sons and the widowhood of your daughters. Be still, while they build battleships and bombing planes and perfect their nation-murdering gases with money wrung from your work-scarred hands. Down with unions and strikes and whatever binds you together in defense against them! Perhaps God will take war out of the hands of the profiteers if you keep still and pray. To be sure, he didn't in 1914, but ten million killed and forty million mutilated are not more than can be spared in the long day of a god. Keep praying, and next time. . . . Only next time you will be chosen to die.

She continued to watch, her eyes seeing and not seeing. What power that they didn't dream of was in these people? And they squandered it in an hour of illusion. If power like that could be turned against the forces of murder and decay, how quickly the world would be cleansed and free and full of sweet growth; if only they could be made to see the beauty and glory of an earth that was actually within their grasp, with what instancy they would sweep to it! They must be made to see. Oh, they must!

Ishma moved, pressing to the platform. When she reached it, she swung her body up to the little board stage and spoke to Liseaur. He didn't know her, but was eager to be moving through the throng, exhorting, patting shoulders, embracing a broth-



er's or a sister's neck, encouraging all to throw themselves into the ecstatic flow of redemption.

"Yes, yes, dear sister! Take the platform. I will go down among the newly blest."

For a moment she stood very still, overcome by her opportunity. No less than those about her, she was in the grip of emotions that mounted to a flood.

Britt was watching her anxiously. He was holding himself back, trying not to rush forward and bring her from the platform, in his fear of what might happen to her body. She would say things that people could not endure to hear while the frenzy of their conviction was on them. Clash was inevitable. But looking at her it was not hard to believe that she had a chance. She might carry the crowd.

She lifted her hands high, and the crowd caught the gesture. The swaying, surging movement eddied and hesitated. Shouts became murmurs; murmurs became silence. Britt felt clammy with anxiety. She must not speak! What could she say? There were no words to throw before that human flood, transformed, obsessed, but words of its own kind. And he knew she had none.

"Friends," she began, and the single word seemed to lift them to her breast, "you know how Jesus said, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' Nearly two thousand years ago he said that, and today men are still kneeling in faith, only to rise and stagger under burdens that give them no rest and cut short their lives. I want to tell you how to make that long promised rest come true. How to turn your lives of stoney toil into lives as beautiful as you feel they are in this hour that will so soon be over."

A thin but cutting voice came from a packed corner, sneering its way above her own, making sure it was heard, and checking the unlaunched words on her lips. "Sister, did you ever hear of a man named Rad Bailey?"

She stepped back, forced to pause, trying to understand; fighting to understand, as her face whitened and the deep eyes began to go blank. Thrust out of her proud-built world, unable to enter one that she had forgotten, she waited in mental suspension for what help might come.

Britt sprang to the platform. In the suddenly heaving crowd it was useless to try to reach the man who had flung that question, as crushing as if it had been a stone against her forehead. He could only go to his wife's side. Rad Bailey meant nothing to either of them. All that mattered was that she had been thrown back helpless before the host that she had meant to lead.

(To be continued.)



SUGAR and SPICE and everything nice



By Martha Grenner

CONSIDER the Christmas Pudding! Since time immemorial all holiday meals have been topped off with Christmas Pudding. Remember Bob Cratchit and the Christmas Carol! Well, we do our best to imitate it.

Here are a few up-to-the-minute recipes for modernizing the Christmas pudding with an eye to economics.

Date Pudding is seasonable and cheap. Mix a cup of chopped dates with a cup of granulated sugar that has been sifted with a teaspoon of cream of tartar. Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately. Put the whites in first, then the yolks. Transfer to a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake about fifteen minutes.

Steamed Fig Pudding for the large family dinner is delicious and not too difficult to prepare and will serve at least ten or twelve persons. Use six tablespoons of shortening: half butter and half suet or any combination you prefer. There are several on the market that are tasteless and can be used in place of beef fat, but they should be combined with half their weight in butter. Add the grated rind of one orange, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and one-half teaspoon salt. Add two-thirds of a cup sugar, and cream together until light and fluffy. Combine 1 egg, well beaten, with 6 tablespoons of milk. Add to creamed mixture and blend. Mix one cup of very dry bread crumbs (whole wheat may be used) with two teaspoons of baking powder; add one cup of figs cut in small pieces and mix well. Combine fig mixture with first mixture and blend well. Pour into a well greased mold and cover tightly and steam two hours.

Serve with Sauce Supreme Sauce: Add three tablespoons boiling water to one cup confectioners' sugar and stir until completely dissolved. Add two beaten egg yolks and place over hot water and heat thorough, stirring constantly. Melt two tablespoons of butter and add to sugar mixture. Cool, add flavoring, try vanilla with lemon, and add one-half cup whipped cream.

Fruit Pudding an economical dessert which will keep indefinitely in a cool place, follows: 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup of suet chopped fine, 1 cup of milk, 1 cup molasses,

1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup currants, ½ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon mixed spices. Mix dry ingredients together and add suet, mixing thoroughly. Lastly add the liquid. Put in mold and steam three hours. Serve with vanilla sauce, or hard sauce.

Frozen Fruit Pudding is a great treat, and a luscious holiday dessert. Scald two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler. Blend ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon of salt together and add the milk, stirring until smooth and thickened. Cook for ten minutes, then gradually pour over two well beaten eggs, stir and return to the double boiler to complete the cooking. Flavor with vanilla. Cool and add 1 cupful of white raisins, 1 cupful of broken nut meats and two cupfuls of stale broken macaroons. Fold in 1 cupful of whipping cream and freeze. This dessert may be frozen in the tray of an electrical refrigerator.

LET'S MAKE some candy for the holidays. If there are young folks in your family they will enjoy the treat of home-made candy. And for necessary gifts at this time, it is always welcome. You need not be an experienced candy maker to create enough different varieties to fill gift boxes.

One of my favorite candy recipes that I would like to recommend to you for the holiday season is as follows:

Tinted Taffy: 2 cupfuls of sugar, ½ cup boiling water, ½ teaspoon of vanilla, 2 tablespoons of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of butter, a few drops of vegetable coloring. Boil the ingredients excepting the coloring together until a small portion of the mixture dropped in cold water is brittle (265 degrees). Turn into a greased platter and when cool pull until white and glossy. While pulling add coloring. Children will like red and green taffy for Christmas. Only the tips of the fingers and thumbs are used in pulling, and pull straight out without twisting.

A few things to remember. Use a wooden spoon when stirring. Cook creamy candies rapidly and stir frequently until sugar is dissolved, then slowly without stirring. Make the cold water test by removing pan from fire. Fill a small bowl with cold water, allow candy to fall in small drops into the water. If a drop can be formed into a ball that will hold its shape, the candy is done. Candy is ready to beat when the hand may be held on the bottom of the pan with comfort (135°F).



Drawings by Agnes Karlin

THE SOVIET ABORTION LAW

(Continued from page 8)

for mother and child, and at the same time clinches the matter by making it difficult to avoid childbearing.

If this be the explanation of the new law, it is understandable but nevertheless a step backward. Russia is the one country, to my knowledge, which cannot be accused of injustice and arrogance in asking women to bear children, for it gives them assurance of protection and adequate care, medical, economic and social. Viewed in this way, the juxtaposition of provisions depriving women of the right to abortion and provisions for maternity and child care are logical and tenable.

The law is reactionary, none the less. As a feminist, I protest against any woman having children if and when she

does not want them. As a woman I believe that women do by nature want children, given the assurance that they will have a proper chance in life.

Interesting experimentation has been done in Russia in developing new methods of contraception. There is here an opportunity to supply a world need in discovering a contraceptive which can be used by the masses; that is, one which is simple, inexpensive, and which does not need the detailed personal instruction which present methods demand.

Let Russia further develop its estimable program of maternal and child care. Let it hold courageously to its former policy of abortions properly performed if need arises, and let it lessen that need by providing and developing adequate birth control service. With such a well-rounded course of action, Russian women may well become the envy of women in less "enlightened" countries.



The Nursery-on-Wheels has just arrived on the field and the collective farm nurse is "disembarking" the babies for their first feed. The wagon creche was first used in the Kiev region of the Soviet Union. It is a specially equipped wagon which brings the very tiny babies out to the fields where their mothers are working, so that regular feeding is possible.

STEPCHILDREN OF THE COTTON COUNTRY

(Continued from page 9)

stove in the frying pan. There wasn't enough grease so they burned a little, but the children were hungry and they ate them. The baby wouldn't eat. Bessie tried to coax her, but she would screw up her face and cry. The baby would drink water, and that did seem to make her feel better. After lunch they let Anne help them with the dishes, and Anne was very happy because she considered this a special treat.

Daddy came home for supper and mother still hadn't come in. Daddy scolded around, and made the fire in the stove and fixed a batch of biscuits.

But mother didn't come home that night, nor the next day. She hadn't come home at all.

Daddy had to stay home and take care of the girls. There was no food, nothing.

Finally daddy wrote the charities:

"Dear Miss Wilson,

"I have four little girls who are hungry. Their mother left us last week, and I don't know where she has gone. The kids are real good and I thought that you might know some one who didn't have any kids of their own who might

like to have them. They are helpful around the house and are real sweet.

"I don't really blame their mother for going away. If you can take the kids I will go away myself and try to find a place where I can get steady work. Maybe some time I will be able to take care of them again, but now I can't stay with them and hunt around for odd jobs too, so I guess the best thing to do is to let them find another home.

"Yours very truly,
"James Moore."

NEGRO WOMEN

(Continued from page 6)

pressures will come from the outside to put these relationships to many uses, and it is but natural that some of these uses will be doubtful in character.

But any fears for the Negro woman in politics can be dismissed in the light of her record to date in public affairs. It can become a matter for rejoicing that her active participation makes articulate one of the vital forces in our national life.

FASHION LETTER

IN SEPTEMBER, Mrs. E. F. wrote asking for suggestions on making a blouse out of a large piece of linen with an embroidered border, sent to her from the U.S.S.R. It's a pretty late day to



be replying but I want to say a little something against peasant blouses. Taking the words right out of your mouth, am I? Never have I seen such a blouse that is either becoming or has any relation to our style trends. Figure 2 shows a jacket type of blouse that is trim and smart and becoming. Most pattern companies put out such a pattern with variation in sleeve, neck and closing. Right now, this would be refreshing, worn with scarf and a dark wool skirt.

● A brave woman who shall be nameless here recently undertook to make herself a winter coat. To avoid the nuisance of lining it,

she used that very heavy plaid back wool they make men's coats of. She found that it usually consists of two separate fabrics fastened together with sizing or something and a few threads. And that by clipping the threads, the fabrics can be separated. So, to avoid the heavy seams you'd expect in such material, she removed a seam width of the under layer all round. (Cut first and pull apart afterwards.) This took the patience of a saint but the result was handsome. ● One of our fur-bearing readers called our attention to the contract she holds, issued by a fur storage house. "We will not



be responsible," the contract reads, "in the event of loss or damage resulting from an Act of God . . . or invasion, insurrection, riot, civil war or commotion; military or usurped powers. . . ." She just thought we'd be interested and we were. ● Speaking of insurrections, etc., the agonies in Spain bring out only the more ghoulish instincts of the very smart and social. *Vogue* magazine in a piece of very gay gossip-gasping tells how to bear up under boredom, if in Spain, by planning a loony escape with wardrobe intact. Funny story it's meant to be. Plenty of bright, cute war talk is in the air and it's smart to go about yipping that the loyalists are a bloodthirsty mob whose efforts to shoot straight are simply laughable. ● A



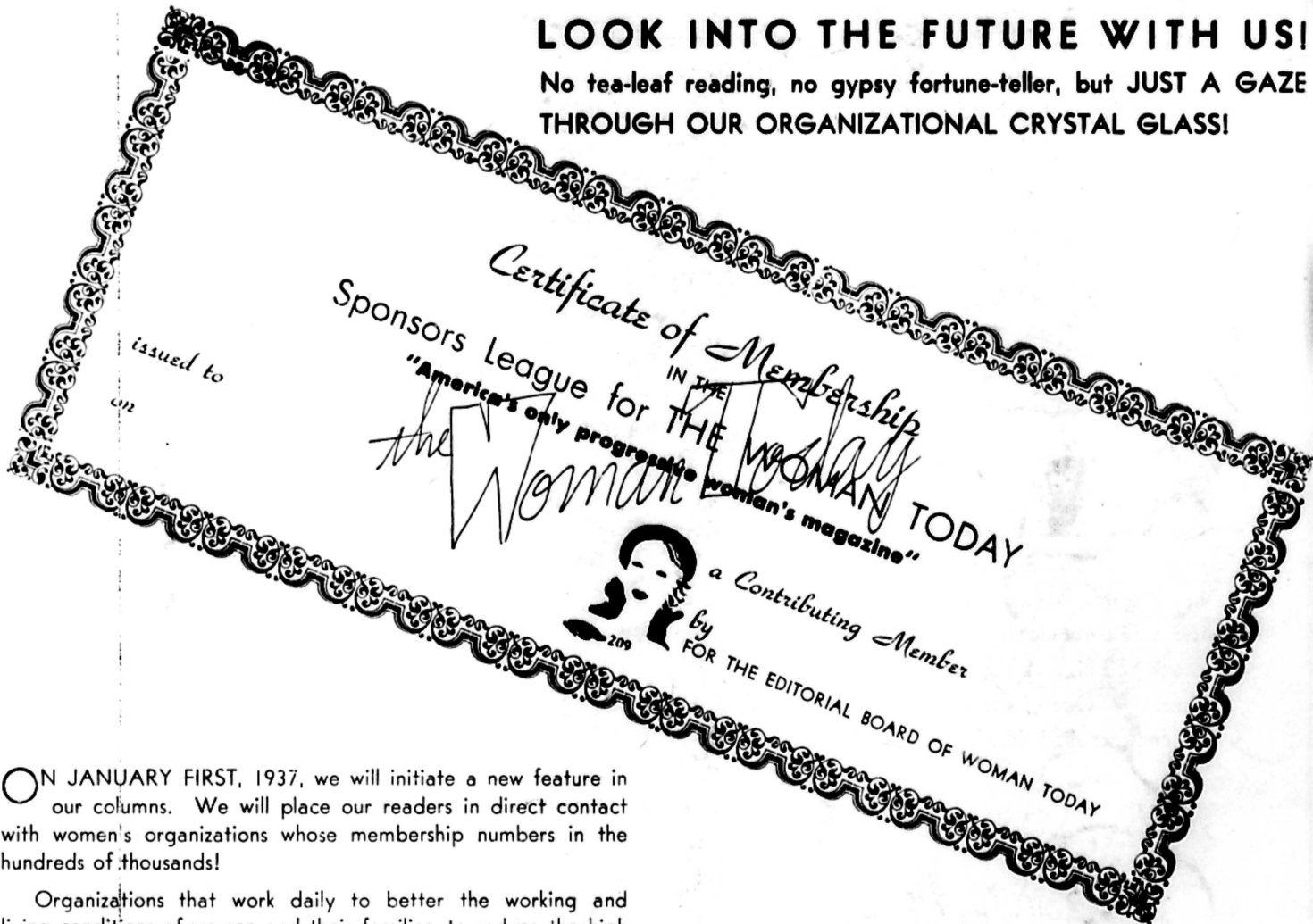
friend of *THE WOMAN TODAY* says she knows how to make one of these useful little creatures and she has promised to perform before my very eyes so I can describe the process to you next month—if we can manage to get together in time. Guaranteed to duplicate your exact measurements. Inexpensive and durable if handled with care. ● By all the signs and portents this letter should have been about Christmas. But at this time of year I resent Christmas and always decide not to have any. Then later, I get into a perfect jizzle of Christmas spirits and fly around in all directions, too late for *THE WOMAN TODAY*.

GWEN BARDE.



The **Woman Today** *faces* **Tomorrow**

LOOK INTO THE FUTURE WITH US!
No tea-leaf reading, no gypsy fortune-teller, but **JUST A GAZE**
THROUGH OUR ORGANIZATIONAL CRYSTAL GLASS!



○ ON JANUARY FIRST, 1937, we will initiate a new feature in our columns. We will place our readers in direct contact with women's organizations whose membership numbers in the hundreds of thousands!

Organizations that work daily to better the working and living conditions of women and their families, to reduce the high cost of living, to strengthen the solidarity of workers and their true allies, to make a better life available for all will be listed in our new **DIRECTORY OF ORGANIZATIONS WITH A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO WOMEN**.

Through this directory, women who work will find their trade-unions listed along with women's consumer organizations, housewives' groups, etc. Closer cooperation between these groups will mean greater help in campaigning for—union recognition, the use of union-made articles, reduction in the cost of living!

These columns will be an index of what the active, progressive, forward-looking women of America are doing to achieve their goal!

AND YOU, GENTLE READER, **must** make this program effective!

First—Join the **WOMAN TODAY SPONSORS' LEAGUE**.

Second—Ask your organization to endorse **WOMAN TODAY**.

Third—Ask your organization to get a bundle order of the December issue.

Fourth—Get a listing of your organization for the **DIRECTORY OF WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS WITH A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO WOMEN**.

Fifth—Come to our office and talk this program over with us.

WOMEN: Do you want to get new readers for **WOMAN TODAY** and earn some extra money, too? Call at our headquarters **today** and discuss our new plans with us. **WOMAN TODAY SPONSORS' LEAGUE**, Room 606, 112 East 19th Street, New York City