

The

Working Woman

Alice Park Collection



no
Oct.

Nov.
1935

5¢

Vol. 6-10/0

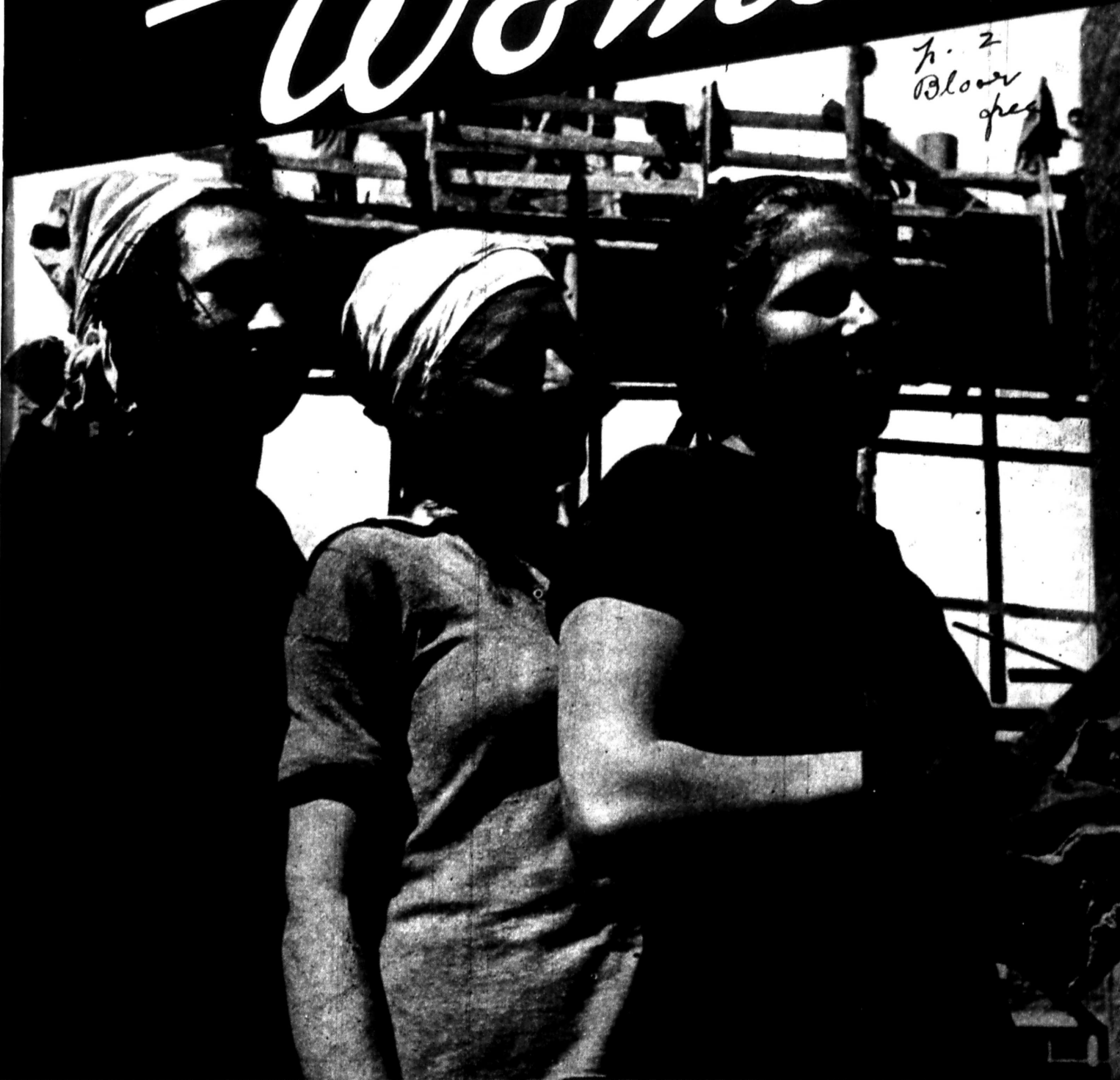
The
Send USA



11-35

Working Woman

*p. 2
Bloss
open*



WOMAN'S
DEVELOPMENT
in the
SOVIET UNION
By Grace Hutchins

THE TRAP
SERIAL STORY
By Meridel Le Sueur
STOP THIS WAR
By Josephine Danzel

*no
Oct.*

THE Working Woman

MARGARET COWL, Editor

Published monthly by the Working Woman Publishing Co.
30 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y.
Subscription fifty cents a year in U. S. and colonies and Mexico. Single copy 5c. Canada and Foreign 75c a year. Entered as second class matter on April 22, 1930, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Volume 6 Number 10

Eighteen Years of Workers' Rule

NOW I want to live forever," said a 60-year-old working woman to the Soviet government. Her declaration is symbolic of how life in all respects has changed and improved for the masses in the Soviet Union.

All trades and professions not harmful to women's health are now open to them. Besides, special opportunities have been created for women to learn how to become skilled workers at the expense of the government, so that women's earnings are steadily increasing. At the same time, the prices of all goods are going down, which altogether means—workers may live well.

The Soviet Government assists women financially in having and raising their babies and they get full pay while on maternity leave. Day nurseries are provided for the little ones.

Women are not dependent upon their husbands for their incomes. By working they add to the family pocketbook so that every member is able to have many luxuries as well as necessities. When we remember that there is no unemployment there, we can imagine how full the life of a Soviet family is. Shock brigade workers are buying automobiles and many workers in the large cities dance to music in the gay cafes. More rest homes have been built, nearer the industrial centers, so that workers may now spend weekends in them, besides having their regular two or four week annual vacation with full pay.

Besides the general clinics which give free birth control information to women, large factories have their own birth control centers. While this knowledge may be had freely, the birth rate is rising and abortions are discouraged. Secure conditions of life have aroused the desire in many women to be mothers and because child mortality hardly exists compared to fifteen years ago, the Soviet Union leads in yearly population increase.

Motherhood is considered a social function by the Soviet government and is protected in all respects.

Happy mothers watch their babies growing into vital manhood and womanhood. It is a generation growing up without exploitation; one that does not know the meanness that only capitalism can produce; a generation in which divorces are less frequent than among the older generation.

The masses in the Soviet Union are preparing to defend in every way, the joyous and happy life which only Socialism can bring: to defend victorious Socialism against the attacks of barbarous fascism and against all imperialist designs.

A few more years of peaceful development, and Socialism's achievements will encourage the masses in all countries in their struggle for freedom.



Soviet photo

Fruits of the Revolution

Not only the masses in the Soviet Union, but workers in all lands, are supporting the peace policy of the Soviet Union. They see in it a genuine fight against fascism. The masses everywhere are fighting the attacks of Italian fascism upon the innocent peoples of Ethiopia; fighting the attempts of all the imperialists to slice up Ethiopia by agreement among themselves, and thereby to take away Ethiopia's independence.

The policy of the Soviet Union in the League of Nations is a policy against fascism; a policy against imperialist plunder; a policy of peace.

A powerful women's movement against war and fascism can be created in the United States if we turn our attention in this direction. It would be the best tribute American women could make to the women in the Soviet Union, who are marching shoulder to shoulder with their men folk along the path of freedom to ever higher goals; toward a humanism that only a Socialist society can give.

Fight all discrimination against women in the United States; Fight high prices; Fight for the independence of Ethiopia; Defend the peace policy of the Soviet Union!

"Mother" is Free

MOTHER ELLA REEVE BLOOR has just been released from jail. Big business in Nebraska had sentenced her and four others to a jail term and a fine of \$100 each, or an additional sentence of 100 days, for their activities on behalf of striking chicken pickers at Loup City.

Through the quick action of her host of friends and admirers, this 73 year old fighter was spared the additional prison term, and she and the others are now free.

Of the \$750 total needed for fines, courts costs and fees, the readers of the WORKING WOMAN responded to her urgent plea with \$34.

There are not many who have given forty years of their lives to the labor movement who can say as she did recently to a much younger man, "Tired? Why I've just begun. We must organize the workers!"

We extend you our greetings and welcome you back as an active fighter in the ranks of the militant working class, our beloved Mother Bloor!

Ohrbach's

ANNIVERSARY DINNER HONORS N. M. OHRBACH

La Guardia Lauds Career of Manhattan and Newark Merchant—Stores Modeled in Bronze.

A dinner commemorating his 50th birthday anniversary and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his business was tendered last night at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Others included Mr. Ohrbach, Justice Zansky, presiding Justice Appellate Division; Mayor Ellenstein, of Newark, and City Court Justice Louis Goldstein. The merchant was lauded as a capitalist "intelligent and courageous enough to understand his workers are his partners."

STA



A Salesgirl's Life

By One Who Knows

OHRBACH employes were among the first in this city to realize the intense necessity for a union of department store workers. They used this union to demand and fight for more pay and better working conditions.

Would you like to accompany Ray during one day on her job? In the course of this day, the conditions which cry for a change will become more clear. I call our heroine "Ray", not "Miss Taylor" advisedly, because this is how the overworked and underpaid employes are termed by the well paid executives, to make them feel like "Members of the Happy Ohrbach Family." It is all very cozy and intimate—from Mr. Ohrbach's point of view.

Picture little Ray—an overworked young girl with a drawn look on her face. She is still a child who has

worked in Ohrbachs since she left high school. Her eyes are constantly troubled because she never knows when the sales force will be cut down, leaving her without a job. It is Friday morning and Ray is coming in at nine o'clock, instead of the usual nine-thirty. When you are told that last night she worked until nine o'clock you can appreciate how tired she must be. But the placard in the locker room announced that the executive of the store demanded the presence of all the employes at the Friday morning meeting.

At the meeting, the ever-smiling executive quiets the whispering girls. She sings out a "Good Morning Girls", which receives a jumbled answer as a matter of routine. Ray doesn't feel any too good. The meetings grate on her nerves. Sometimes it consists of a half hour of blaring brass band mu-

sic. A few girls dance but Ray's feet feel like lead. This is supposed to pep up the girls and put them in good humor. Ray would enjoy dancing in a nice quiet place with her boy friend, if she were perfectly rested. But how her feet ache!

Many times, the meetings are worse. A parade of girls wearing evening gowns passes by. Some girls exclaim at the beauty. But poor Ray scarcely looks. Such extravagance is beyond her salary.

Other times, the meetings are used to answer questions and read letters supposedly submitted by the workers. Most of them are silly and concocted by the executives themselves. But this one sounds on the level—Ray pricks up her ears. It is an honest request by one of the girls for an employee's discount. The letter emphasizes the fact that the employees of all other city department stores enjoy this privilege and that Mr. Ohrbach would benefit by this policy, as well as the employees. In spite of an excellent presentation of this necessity, the request is denied with some lame excuse about "A business in millions and a profit in pennies." Ray realizes that a demand supported by all the workers would succeed, where this individual request was denied.

This morning the girls are modeling winter coats. Ray thinks of her worn last year's coat, nine ninety-five, which must serve her for the coming season. She eyes the forty, fifty and sixty dollar coats longingly, and wonders if she will ever possess anything so luxurious. Maybe she'll meet a rich fellow? She brightens. But how, if she's too tired in the evenings to be good company and would disgrace him with her worn out clothes? Her face droops considerably.

It is now nine-thirty and this form of torture is over. Now to work. The department is dimly lighted and one can feel the silence which pervades an empty department store. The coat racks must be dusted. Ray picks up a few pieces of tissue paper and departs for her station. Her thin body strains as it pushes the heavy coats. At last she finishes. But she is not through. Because of the shortage of girls she must also take care of the stock of one of the girls who is out on her day off. (Here is an other instance which emphasizes the necessity of a union.) This done the stock has to be gone through to remove coats to be mended.

(Continued on page 14)



the TRAP

Pictures by Gwen Barde

Beginning an Exciting Serial Story

By Meridel Le Sueur

MARY CONNOR put the finishing touches to her polka dot dress. It was keen working steady. For six months now she had been working in the big down town offices of the Credit and Mortgage Bank. It was just as Mr. Little, the manager said, it was an honor to be working in such a great organization, you had to begin at the bottom and work up. Mary pulled down the lovely dress over her legs, and when she saw her golden hair in the mirror, her slim young body, she thought it was impossible for life to pass her by.

"Mary, what's keepin' ya?" her mother called from down stairs, "Breakfast is on the table."

"I'm coming, mother," Mary called, putting a dash of perfume on her ear lobes. She ran downstairs into the dining room. "Where's Jimmy?" she asked, seeing her brother's place empty. "Mommy you're crying, are you sick again?"

"Jimmy's been gone since four," her mother cried, blowing her nose in her apron. "Holy cats, since four, I never knew him to get up that early. What's up?"

"Strike," her mother said and sat down. "Strike!" Mary cried, "The big hunky."

"It's bad enough," her mother cried, "Dad out of work now after fifty years as a bookkeeper at the bank, all of us trying to live on the twelve dollars a week you bring, the nine Jimmy brings, and now losing the house because we can't pay the interest on the mortgage. God has given us too much." Mary's mind darted quickly. She might marry Clarence but they were waiting until they could get the

overstuffed set. "It won't last long," she said to her mother. "They'll come to their senses. Never mind mama, I'll get Clarence to talk to Jimmy, he can make him see. Jimmy's a young fool."

"Who's a fool?" Jimmy came into the room, "Mama some coffee. I just came off the picket line for a bite to eat."

"You're a fool going out on strike," said Mary coldly, "When you know you're lucky to have a job. Anybody is. People ought to be willing to work for little."

"Lucky to get nine a week for fourteen hours a day? I should kiss the toe of my employer for that."

"Well think of the people who got no jobs," Mary said. "President Roosevelt says every man must do his share for recovery."

"Listen sis, I learned something since I got out of that kindergarten on the hill. A man learns something from his own sweat."

"It looks like it," Mary said angrily. "Going on strike with a lot of reds."

"Oh, reds is it?" Jimmy shouted "Well, you're green. You've got a lot to learn."

"Well, you listen to me, Jimmy, I earn already three dollars more than you do, and I had no schooling except business college and I'm going to the top. I'm going to have things. Do you think I'm going to spend my life like mama? Look at her, she's slaved all her life and had nothing. Nothing. I'm going places. . ."

"You think you are," Jimmy said. "You're in a trap, baby."

"Don't you talk to me like that Jimmy Connor."

The mother was still weeping, "Chil-

dren . . . children . . . you'll wake your father. He's been in pain all night."

Mary got her hat from the hall rack, "You've got to go back to work Jimmy. Think of dad and mommy. We've got to have that nine dollars you bring in."

"Listen, sis, don't you think that's who I'm thinking of and every other mother and father who've been wrong dry from years of work and now got nothing. I'm thinking of all of them. We got to stick together now."

"Aw that's a lot of rot," Mary flung at him, "every man for himself. That's the way to get on in the world."

Jimmy got up, walked over to her, put his big solid hand on her shoulder, "Listen kid, it isn't that any more. Listen you're a pretty kid," he said tenderly, "You're young and pretty. I want you to have life, pretty things, I want all of us to have something. The only way we can get it is to be together now. The man who's employing us is out to wring the sweet life out of us, don't you know that?" She flung away from him. "You keep your dirty hands off me Jimmy, I don't want to hear any of that talk. I'm going to see Clarence. Clarence won't have none of your jaw . . . let me go."

Her girl friend Hazel, who worked in the same office with her was waiting on the corner. "Mary," she said, "you look all het up. What's the matter?"

"Jimmy's gone on strike," Mary said as they started walking down the hill to the city. "Well that's what we should do," Hazel said bitterly. "The speed they've put on us now, everybody doing two people's work."

"Don't start that," Mary said. If you had passed the two girls you would have seen two very smart-looking

girls, walking on dainty high-heeled shoes and you would scarcely have guessed that the blonde one was worrying about how to support four people on a measly twelve dollars and that the dark one was half insane from five years' working on an adding machine and staying up with a half blind, sick mother, in a light housekeeping room. They were still walking swiftly toward the morning city and Hazel cried out between her teeth, "Mary, I'm scared—for five years I've been living like a machine and my body is not a machine." "Of course we are not machines," said Mary laughing, and she felt all the hope again rising in little fountains over her flesh as if some wonderful future lay in her, full of love and ease. She thought that in the five-minute rest period she would call Clarence and tell him to talk to Jimmy and then everything would be all right. Clarence was so handsome, so wonderful, just to think of him filled her with happiness.

The two girls dodged across the streets, full of morning traffic, streams of people now pouring into the buildings, into the giant doorways, into the giant evil mouths of the office buildings. "Hurry, hurry," said the clicking heels of the hundreds of girls, only half-awake, half-running to their desks, to the thousands of machines that waited for them.

As they turned into the tall doorway of the bank, Mary was shocked as she saw the white pinched face of Hazel. They were caught up in the hurrying, chattering stream, whisked up eleven flights, where again they were vomited out and poured down narrow arteries into their offices. Mary gave Hazel a pat as they hung up their hats. It was going to be a hot fall day. All the

girls were hurrying, they had only a minute to get to their desks, in all their eyes was this hurry and fright.

Mary sat at her desk, her fingers flying, flying over the keys, copying figures, figures, figures, that if one thought about them told terrible tales of bankruptcy, cows and horses and farms, lost, lost forever to the banks and behind these figures stood gaunt women and naked children with rickets, and ruined men.

Mary's mind darted from one trouble to another when she could think but most of the time the terrible rhythm of the many machines, the supervisor walking the aisles kept every muscle tense, and every eye rigid to the paper and the figures. Mary was only waiting until ten-thirty when they had five minutes to go to the rest room, then she would phone Clarence, just to hear his voice . . . by some magic then everything would be all right.

At last the clock gave out a signal and as one, every girl rose and hurried out. If she phoned she wouldn't be able to go to the rest room, but the fear was so awful in her she felt she must hear Clarence's voice. She ran down the hall where the public telephones were. She had her nickel clutched in her sweaty palm. At last she got the Ideal Produce Company where both Jimmy and Clarence worked, Jimmy as a truck driver and Clarence as bookkeeper. She waited listening and at last she heard Clarence's voice but it was like some other voice, guarded, waiting. . . "Hello . . . hello Clarence . . . Is this Clarence?" "Yes," came the hushed voice. "Listen Clarence, Jimmy has gone out with those strikers. . ."

"Mary why are you calling me here? I thought I told you. . ."—"Yes, I know darling . . . but I want you to talk to Jimmy. . . What? What?" She stood for a moment in the booth, then something in her said, hurry, and she ran out and down the hall and slid into her seat just in time but she felt sick. She leaned over her desk like a sick person and tried to keep the supervisor from seeing.

Once she met Hazel's eyes from the other end of the room. They gave her a shock because they were the eyes of a mad person, a trapped animal. Each figure seemed like it stood twelve feet high. Ruth Gordon, the new girl down the aisle, slowly put a sheaf of paper on her desk and pressed into her

(Continued on page 15)



"Listen, you're a pretty kid."

Woman's Development in the Soviet Union

By Grace Hutchins

It is no accident that women enjoy greater freedom in the Soviet Union, the first workers' republic, than in any other country in the world—that they receive fuller recognition for their work and achievements and take a more important and more creative part in the life of the country as a whole.

The attitude of the Soviet government on the subject of women is wholly different from the attitude of capitalist governments. One of the first acts of the victorious working class in the U.S.S.R. in 1917 was to abolish all the laws that made women unequal in production, social life, in the family and in other spheres of life. This action swept away the old divorce laws and those relating to children born out of wedlock. Already by 1918 Lenin was able to state:

"Not a trace remains in the Soviet Republic now of the laws that placed women in a subordinate position."

Protection for the Family

Underlying the marriage and family code of the Soviet Union is the basic principle of absolute equality between the man and woman, the interests of the women and children being protected by law. This code abolished the term "illegitimate" child. All children in the workers' country enjoy equal rights and equal protection on the part of the state.

Whether the women are living in registered or unregistered marriage, the Soviet law protects the rights of women. "The registration of marriages has the aim of facilitating and simplifying the protection of the interests of the man or wife as well as of the children, and the overwhelming majority of the population register their marriages." (F. Nurina, *Women in the Soviet Union*.)

But legislation alone, of course, was not enough, as Lenin himself stated at the First All-Russian Congress of Working Women, when he declared: "We should never permit ourselves to be satisfied by decrees alone."

In considering the present position of women in the Soviet Union, we must take account of the backward conditions of women in pre-Revolutionary Russia and of the extraordinary record of women's advance during the 18 years under the Soviets. Since the revolution illiteracy has been practically wiped out—and it was especially high among peasant women. Women have become economically independent and have taken their places in government, in education, in science, in technical work, in production. *They receive equal pay for equal work.*

Their Brilliant Record

But it takes time for an entire generation of women to learn skilled trades, to become physicians, aviators, machinists, engineers. Even the Soviet Union cannot crowd more than a hundred years into ten. The brilliant record of outstanding individuals among the Soviet women is but a small part of the story. Figures showing 300,000 women as members of various Soviets and executives committees of the different republics and areas last year are out of date almost as soon as quoted, so rapid is the increase in numbers.

Angelo Herndon Sent to Gang!

As we went to press the dreadful news came that Angelo Herndon, young Negro organizer, had to leave for Atlanta to start serving 18 to 20 years on the chain gang. His appeal for a rehearing was denied by the U. S. Supreme Court on a technicality. His "crime" was organizing the Negro and white workers of Atlanta to demand more relief for their starving families.

Only the workers can free Herndon now. Their pressure on Governor Talmadge may yet win a pardon. Telegrams and letters to Talmadge must be sent in a flood. "Free our brother—Set Angelo Herndon Free at Once!" is our cry.

It takes more than two decades to change the habits and ideas of the older generation of men in relation to women. There is often a conflict in the Soviet peasant's family between the desires and ambitions of the girl as she grows up and the deeply embedded prejudices of the man, that woman's place is still by the cradle and the kitchen stove. This conflict was frankly presented in a Soviet film, shown in this country two years ago, entitled *Woman's World*, where the girl fights her way with trail-blazing courage through the men's opposition, to become a tractor driver and skilled machinist.

The fight is being won. Only in the Soviet Union have women an equal position with men, because it is a workers' country.

Much of women's household drudgery has been done away with by means of factory kitchens, public dining rooms, day nurseries, cooperative laundries, and the other facilities provided for women and children in the workers' state. In the minimum of household work that must still be done in the home, many men lend a hand, and more are learning to do so. When both parents have jobs outside the home, it is only fair that the man should take a turn in getting the breakfast and washing the dishes. Lenin recognized this basic principle of true equality.

When Workers Rule

When the workers themselves control industry, eliminate those who live on profit, and establish a government of, by and for the producing class, then the health and welfare of the worker becomes a first consideration. Under the profit capitalist system women are kept in a subordinate position because they are useful to the employers as "cheap labor." Capitalism depends for its very existence on a large body of surplus labor power ready to be bought at the lowest possible price.

Only the Socialist state offers women the right to be independent productive workers, and at the same time live a rich, free life with husband and children. Equality of men and women is maintained in every phase of life in the land where the workers rule, because there are no private owners to profit from exploitation. The principle of equal pay for

equal work removes all economic competition between the sexes so that all who perform equivalent work get the same wages.

All political, social and cultural activities are open to women on the same basis as men. Already women hold a large number of managerial posts in Soviet industry, while more than 10 per cent of the positions of responsibility in various branches of economic activity are held by women. This

proportion increases year by year as more and more women come forward from the ranks, prepared to take such responsibility. This is the natural development in the country that is owned and ruled by the workers themselves.

A Splendid Example

Life. Health. Vigor. Enthusiasm. These mark the work of Soviet women in the building of socialism. "One

must be enthusiastic to accomplish great things," Lenin said, as he paid tribute to the "energy, willingness and enthusiasm of women comrades, their courage and wisdom. These, he said, "indicate good prospects for the development of our work." And his confidence in the ultimate victory of socialism in the Soviet Union has been more than justified, in large measure because of the work of the Soviet women.

The Fight for Peace

United Councils Present Plan of Work

By Tillie Littinsky

THE United Councils of Working Class Women have launched a vital and constructive program for the coming year. Side by side with the continued struggle against the high cost of living, we shall carry through a program against the growing menace of War and Fascism in this country. The program aims to train new forces of women, equipped and willing to function in this particular field.

War Has Broken Out

The menace of war has become a fact in Africa, where the robber Mussolini's aeroplanes have bombed many thousands of soldiers and thousands of Ethiopian people. It becomes our duty to bring the horror and danger of this situation in Ethiopia to our shop mates and neighbors and lodge and church brothers and sisters.

We must make it clear that Fascism starves its people, that it gives them bullets and poison gas instead of bread and a chance to live. In this connection the Roosevelt government's attack on our living standards and our democratic-rights must be clearly brought out. The discrepancy between our starvation wages and the high cost of living in contrast to a constantly mounting war budget must be emphasized.

Supported Anti-War Congress

The United Councils have in the past 11 years carried on education designed to enlighten American women on the causes of war. In October, 1933, we took part in the historic First Ameri-

can Congress Against War and Fascism. We have since then maintained our affiliation with the *American League Against War and Fascism*, mobilizing many hundreds of women for the mass demonstrations and parades sponsored by the League and we are determined to continue to draw ever greater numbers of women into the fight; to defend democratic rights in this country.

Method of Work

Our concrete plans are, that each council will elect an anti-War, anti-Fascist committee of three or five headed by a chairman. The chairman of all the councils will in turn meet with our permanent representative to the American League. In addition to participating in neighborhood and centralized actions of the League we proceed as follows in order to raise the level and effectiveness of our work against war and Fascism:

1. To study the development of fascism in schools, high schools and colleges. This will take three or four lectures. Since this study deals with children, it may serve as a key to rouse and enlist the support of women and men. Particularly is this true of schools where Italian and Negro children attend.

2. To study anti-labor and sedition legislation. This will be a study of some of the laws recently brought before Congress by its most reactionary

members, aiming to gag labor and to split its forces by discrimination against the foreign-born worker, and particularly against militant men and women. This study will be made directly from the text of the bills, so as to equip our chairmen with specific information when approaching other organizations.

3. To exchange experiences. These will be linked up with reports on local struggles and reading of current events and should be used to dramatize our discussions and make them interesting and instructive.

4. To select a special sub-committee whose task it will be to gather material for a collective pamphlet on Women, War and Fascism. For this we will utilize the League of Nations' report on the "Loss of Rights Among Women" and other relevant material.

5. To compile a special list of women working in shops and factories in the different neighborhoods. This list will be handed over to the Trade Union Section of the American League, and ACTIVES asked to cooperate with that section.

Active Aid Asked

In conclusion I appeal to Negro and Italian women, members of churches, parents' associations and so on, to please send their names to our office, so that we may invite them to our anti-war meetings. Only together can we build up an effective resistance to the danger of war and the menace of fascism. Our office is at 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

STOP This War

By Josephine Danzel

SOMEWHERE there is a soldier. He's wearing a khaki uniform, woolen socks, heavy boots and belt or maybe there's nothing on his feet at all. In his hands there is a rifle with a steel bayonet. Or perhaps he is loading shells into a long range gun. He's standing in steaming hot swamp land, or perhaps on a dry, stifling desert plateau. He's feeling very sick. He's feverish from poor water, hungry for good food. He hasn't been able to sleep in the smothering tents. Beside him lie other men, torn into terrible bloody rags of flesh, and the air around him whistles with bullets and death.

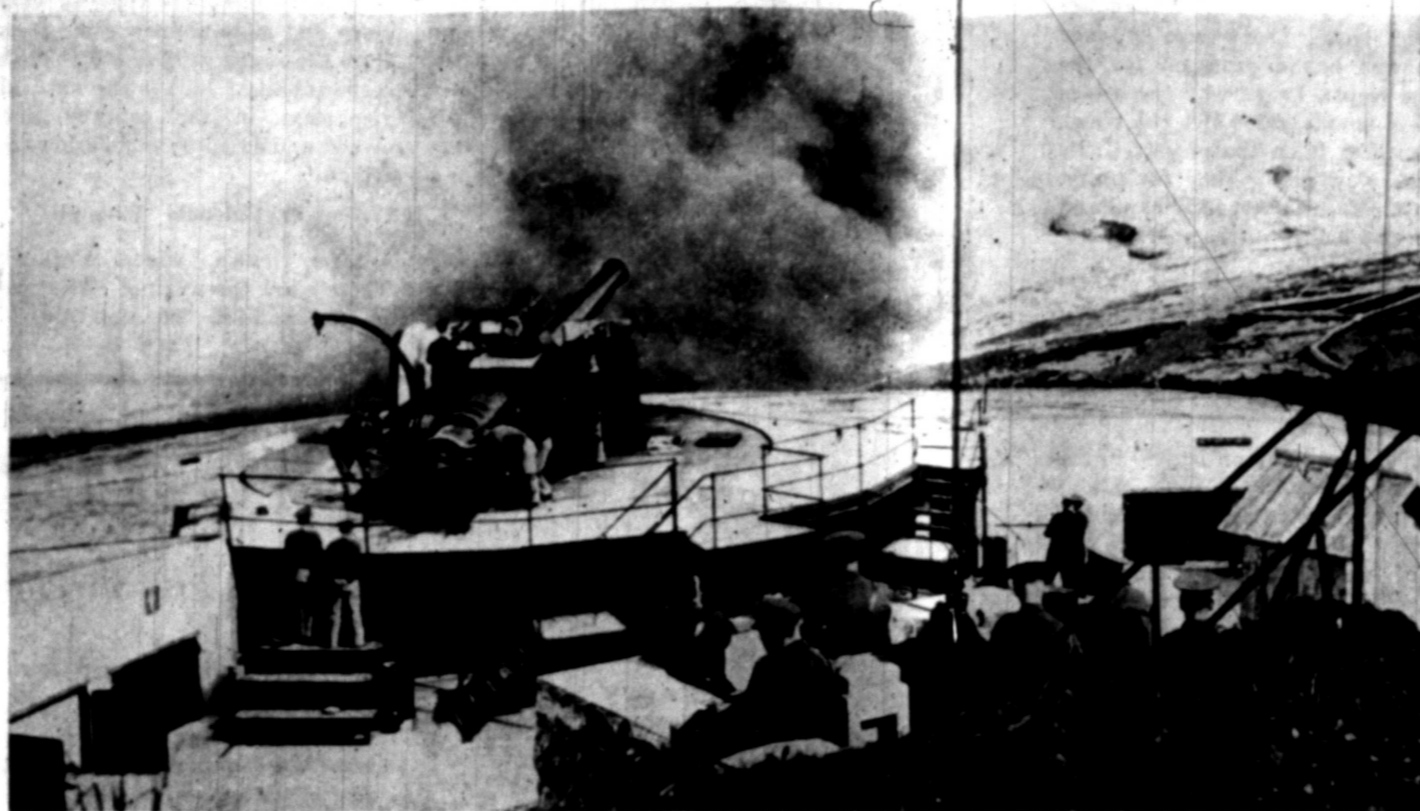
And somewhere there is a woman. She's trying to earn her living working in a factory or store. Perhaps she lives in a hut, just barely subsisting on a farm. Hundreds of miles away the son she bore is lying smashed to a pulp, the husband she loved, the sweetheart she hadn't yet married, is buried in mud, head torn off, body twisted, legs gone. She feels like dying, too.

Fortunes Made from Death

Somewhere else entirely, in mahogany offices, with secretaries and stenographers, are comfortably dressed men, men who've just eaten a pleasant breakfast. They're making money on the uniforms, the socks, the shoes that the soldier is wearing. Every bullet that skims by his head, or tears out his brains, means cash in their pockets, every rifle, every aeroplane, and, when it comes, every container of poison gas, means more money for them.

These are the cold facts of the Italo-Ethiopian War. As I write, and, unless some miracle happens, as you read, these things are happening in the plains and mountains of Africa, in homes in Italy and Ethiopia, in quiet offices in London, Paris, Rome, and New York. Word has just come

Page 8



Rehearsing the English guns at Gibraltar, bottle-neck of the Mediterranean Sea.

that Aduwa, where Italian invaders were defeated 40 years ago, has fallen. Fascist Italy marched on into Ethiopia, the only independent Negro nation in Africa. This is the war situation:

Now the Ethiopian people certainly don't want this war. They don't want to die, to see their country first laid waste, and then stolen from them. The Italian people certainly don't want war. They don't want to travel on crowded troop ships to a tropical hell, to be killed or crippled, or, if they should win their "victory," made to work again for their old slave wages in the old country and the new.

Obviously the people who want this war are the ones who will get something out of it, the men in the offices, the big business interests, bankers and industrialists. They are the forces behind Mussolini and behind war.

Conditions in Italy have steadily been growing worse. This year exports hit a new low, wages went even further down, while prices rocketed, and the lira fell in value. Worst of all—from the fascist point of view—the mutterings of the people were growing louder and louder. They wanted their own trade unions, they were wearied of the low pay and high

prices, and the slow starvation that it meant, they were tired of being constantly in fear of their lives if they expressed any independent ideas under this fascist dictatorship. They wanted freedom.

In a desperate attempt to escape from Italy's economic confusion and gathering ruin, and to quell the discontent at home, Mussolini, who as a fascist dictator is the puppet-symbol of the big bankers and industrialists in Italy, has launched this attack on Ethiopia. Mussolini and the men who pull the strings, think that they will turn the attention of the Italian workers away from their sorrows at home, if they have an Ethiopian campaign to make them forget. They will make mountainous war profits, at the expense of the workers, of course, and will secure in Ethiopia a land rich in unexploited resources, one populated by cheap labor.

Ethiopians Defend Independence

All this sounds very pleasant to the profit-makers. It means prosperity for them, and another yacht. But to the people of Ethiopia and Italy it means blood and death. To the women of Ethiopia and Italy it means heart aches and pain, the burden of crippled

husbands, the sorrow of thin undernourished children.

But things aren't going any too well with the bright ideas of Mussolini. The Ethiopians are a game nation. Their 700 years of independence mean a great deal to them. They are ready

An Appeal to All Workers

By NAOMI DAVIS
A Negro Woman Worker

I am horrified at the war on Ethiopia which is now raging. Every worker, Negro and white must rally to her defense. Only we can stop this war!

I know too, that the Italian workers do not want to kill or be killed and that this slaughter of innocent Ethiopian men, women and children has been brought about by the lying of Italian Big Business using the mask of "civilizing" Ethiopia.

To Negro women I cry: Join with your Italian brothers and sisters. Lay this war guilt where it belongs—at the bloody feet of Mussolini and the bankers. Only the workers of the world, fully united, can stop war!

to fight to the last mountain peak to keep out the fascist troops. And the stifling climate, the rocky hills of their country are on their side. In their favor also is the militant sympathy of the working people of the world, determined not to let fascism get its gory grip on this independent Negro nation.

England and France have a stake in Africa. If Ethiopia is to be divided they want a piece too. Italy isn't going to be allowed to have the whole pie. More than that, should Mussolini get Ethiopia all to himself, there would be a tremendous strip of fascist land, cutting English and French possessions in two; Italian strength in the heart of Africa. This state of affairs wouldn't suit John Bull's digestion at all. And so His Majesty's fleet is hovering around the Mediterranean, primed to close the Suez Canal, and strike at Italy herself if things look dangerous. France and England have supported the League of Nations' plans, either by economic pressure or actual armed force, to halt Italy's land-grabbing.

Italy is in a tough spot. If the Suez Canal is closed, it means she must attack England to get to Ethiopia. Geography is against her. And if the nations of the world use economic pressure or sanctions against her, she is in a worse spot; her country is already at a very low economic ebb.

By ALBERTA BORRINI
An Italian Woman Worker

My people do not want war. They have been forced into it and fooled into it through the murderous lies spread by Mussolini's fascist papers and radio.

I join hands with my Negro sisters and brothers in the name of Italian working women. Men and women workers of all nationalities must band together in this crisis to end a useless, horrible slaughter. We must save the lives of our husbands, sons and sweethearts, who are now dying or being hopelessly maimed, only to make profits for the bankers. These are the ones who are betraying Italian workers into slaughtering Ethiopian workers.

Workers unite! End the war.

And Mussolini makes no bones about saying that if any of these things happen, he's ready to fight the whole world. It's clear to see that the slightest spark will set off an explosion to make 1914-18 look like a Fourth of July fire-cracker.

But how, I can hear you asking, will this touch us, here in America so many thousands of miles away? Newsreels, newspapers, and public speeches have been drilling this false security into you for months and years now; have tried to make it appear that the United States is isolated from the European situation. But America is also a capitalistic, imperialist nation. It also has money to make in war. It also has banking and industrial interests in Europe and Africa.

Roosevelt promises to keep peace. So did Wilson, a few months before he dumped this country into world slaughter. And how explain Roosevelt's war budget—largest in peace time history? Or the removal of all the nation's gold reserve to inland dug-outs? Has this peace-talker also got war up his sleeve?

He has. Once American business interests see a way to make profit by joining the impending war, they won't delay a minute in sending American workers to the front, to die for profits' sake.

Organize Against War

We're in for it—unless we refuse to be led by the nose. There are ways to stop war. Organized public opinion is one way. World sympathy for Ethiopia is making Mussolini pause in his tracks a little. Active organized public opinion is a better way. When your husbands and friends, when you, stop making and shipping ammunition and other war goods; when you refuse to handle war goods on the road or on the docks, it means that the plans of the capitalists are spiked, for a time at least.

All over the United States women, and men too, are finding that organization is priming them in their fight to halt war. If you want to join them, then you certainly want to hear about the American League Against War and Fascism.

Write to them at 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y. If you want to start a real anti-war group yourself, or if you want to join them as an individual. Put yourself on the side of peace.

Page 9

"I take pen in hand—"

Let's Organize

Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Editor:

I was lucky enough to get hold of several copies of the WORKING WOMAN from a friend. I don't work at the Fulton mill, but I used to. I am a relief worker now and am enclosing a story of a part of my trouble. I would like to get the magazine regular, but on \$3.60 a week I can't hardly afford it. But please send me a copy which will print my story as I want to pass it on to other relief workers.

We have a hard time here trying to wake up the workers. We are not able to explain and teach them what they ought to know because we ourselves do not know too much. That makes it more important for the workers to become leaders themselves as the working class are looking for leadership, and a way out of their suffering and misery.

I am about to tell you of my life for the past year. There are nine in my family. I am the youngest of seven children. Our folks have been on the verge of starvation for twelve months. Last September at the time of the strike I went on the picket line. We were forced into a construction camp and we were herded together like cattle. On being released, I had no clothes, no coat or nothing. I and my sister, who has five children of her own, did not know where to turn. My folks were on direct relief here in Atlanta, which was about from \$5 to \$8 per week for the largest families. Thus we struggled along for about six months. How we lived I can't tell you. We just barely managed to hold body and soul together. Our case of so little relief for such a big family is not unusual. There are hundreds of such cases here in Atlanta.

But to get back to my story. As I said, our family with my grey-headed parents, stinting and skimping, managed to barely exist. Then in June, the relief officials slashed us off of direct relief, and put me, a frail woman, to work. Since only one in the family is allowed to work, I was the one to go

on the work relief project. From June till the last week of August I made only \$3.60 per week. Now we have been laid off indefinitely. My mother was forced to skimp along on this \$3.60 to try to feed us.

Imagine, if you can, our condition. I have been a skilled worker in the spooler room since I was thirteen years old. For years I slaved at the spooler frames tying up ends, with all my might and strength, not making enough to have the many luxuries I've craved, and unable to care for my aged mother as I liked to. But I managed to get by with my sister and brothers also working and helping out the family pocketbook.

Now look at us—starving, ragged, living in an unspeakable, dilapidated shack in a back alley. I tell you it is almost more than a human being can bear. I used to worry and feel sad, but since I have been conscious enough to realize that there was a way out for the working class, I try to look into the future, and I ask; what can we do?

My case is not unusual. It is the general rule. Many women, who work on the same project tell me that we should be thankful to get this much.

When I mention organizing they get scared and say "you can't organize against the government, if we had a meeting in the house they might call us reds." I don't know when we will go back to work on the projects. We were suspended indefinitely, until further notice. We do not know if we will get any pay or not. Some of the fore-ladies said we might get pay for one day that is Labor Day. Can anybody imagine living just a week on one day's work, let alone a family? Some of the workers said they were going to write to Roosevelt. Some said let's have a hunger march if they don't pay us. It is not our fault. They had all the summer to locate a building. This is one of the many tricks the bosses are using to keep us from uniting and demanding our rights.

I will bring my story to an end by calling on the workers, regardless of color, just so you are a worker you belong to the working class. Organize

and fight for your rights, demanding a decent living. Learn who is your friend, who has a program for the working people. Learn why the bosses and their agents raise the red scare, and who does it on the project. Let's organize. Now is the time for unity. We must refuse to be bound hand and foot for the bosses to trample on.

—M. X.

One Reader's Opinion

Cushing, Okla.

Dear Editor:

I was just reading an article in the September WORKING WOMAN, under the title of "Do We Recognize Women" and I feel this way in regard to the work of women in the Communist Party. We have some wonderful women workers in all of our organizations. Some are really doing more work in their locality and better work than the men do or maybe could do in their place. Now I am new in the Party and not too well informed. But I intend to remedy this as fast as possible.

I feel it is partly our fault and if we educate ourselves to where we are able to hold executive positions (and I believe there are many who could, if they would only work to this end) I do not see why we should be barred from any position. But first let us perfect ourselves for such work.

—M. G.

Mass Struggle Will Win

Camp Hill, Ala.

Dear Editor:

I read your WORKING WOMAN magazine. I also find that other working women are having the same struggle as we have here, only we are not in action as we should be.

It's another winter facing us and we have no clothes and no books to send our children to school.

I met with a Women's local (of the Sharecroppers Union—Ed.) with ten of the magazines and they bought five. They was glad to get them; they said they was going to try to buy one every month. They said they could not subscribe at the time on account of money.

There are some things that we do not know in the way of conducting struggles, and electing committees to lead these struggles. I believe by mass struggle we can win.

How Do YOU Spend Your Time?

Farm Woman Answers in Full

Julesburg, Colo.

Dear Editor:

I have five children, the oldest a boy 17 years old is through high school. Two other boys 12 and 14 are in their first year high school and the twins a girl and boy of nine years are still in grade school. We sent our oldest boy 14 miles to high school to avoid paying tuition in Julesburg (we live across the line in Nebraska) but there was a great deal of agitation on the part of the Holiday Association and Farmers' Union members about free tuition and it brought results. This year our children are going to Julesburg High School without tuition cost.

The superintendent said they were not making anything on tuition anyhow because children were either kept out of school or sent in Nebraska because parents just didn't have money and he felt that children had a right to the school when parents spent what little cash they had in Julesburg.

The next step is for all organiza-

tions to work for free text books in Colorado. Students must still buy their own books in Colorado high schools.

The average farm woman is a jack of all trades. Besides the housekeeping, washing, cooking, cleaning, sewing, etc., she must raise chickens, which involves keeping the chicken houses clean, and plant and care for a large garden. She must also do her own canning.

I can cut up a hog or beef, salt and cure it if necessary, make sausage and render the lard. I have done nursing and once attended a confinement when no doctor could be had and helped bring a baby into the world with only the help of the father. I wonder if this answers your questions about what farm women do? We still find some time for social activities and most of us attend women's clubs or other organizations. You know I rather envy women who can give their time to the movement. I should like to do that too, but with the housekeeping and chil-

dren and farm work, I have very little time.

Times are getting rapidly worse here instead of better so I believe the "Holiday" will be activated again. Farms are being foreclosed and farmers are being evicted.

I am familiar with the WORKING WOMAN. I like it very much. It's like Grandma's cookies. There are only two things wrong with it, it's not big enough and doesn't come often enough.

Getting food, clothing and medical attention is a problem here. Our neighbor's little boy died on June 27 with scarlet fever. The parents took him across the state line to Sterling, Colorado, two days before he died to be examined by a specialist, but he was ineligible to be taken to a hospital in Colorado because the family lived in Nebraska and the parents were obliged to bring him back home. The father asked the county officials for help with the funeral bill but was refused. This family has been on relief but took a rehabilitation loan in the spring.

Sincerely,

MRS. JOSIE HALLQUIST

(Signature authorized)



The Detroit Meat Strike

THE Detroit and Wayne County meat strike has become known to all housewives and working women all over the country because of the militant activities of the meat strikers. The name of Mary Zuk is known in every household as the "mother" of the Detroit Meat Strike.

How did our strike start? This question has been asked of the Central Action Committee from women eager to begin the fight against the high cost of living. We started our strike by getting a few women in Hamtramck, a Polish neighborhood to call a mass meeting. To this mass meeting came over 500 women who heard the story of the fight against high meat prices in other cities like New York and Los Angeles. They showed by their enthusiasm that they wanted action. At this meeting the temporary action committee was enlarged to 25 which in turn was divided into a publicity committee and so on. The next meeting was held in a public school to which nearly 2,000 people came and voted for the strike.

Mary Zuk, a miner's daughter, who had worked in factories since she was 12 years old and who was for many years an auto worker and now a mother of two children, was elected chairman of the Action Committee, which at this meeting was enlarged to 65 members. The butchers were informed that the strike was being held and were told to close their stores.

To the meeting next morning there came over 125 pickets, who carried signs demanding a 20 per cent reduction in meat prices. The women stationed themselves at each store inspecting bags to see that there was no meat in them.

Store after store was closed and that night practically all stores were closed, the strikers telling butchers to organize with us against the millionaire meat packers who had made millions while we couldn't even buy hamburger "Capusta and cartofle" (cabbage and potatoes) was the cry—but no meat.

The newspapers had big accounts of the strike in the local papers, with pictures of Mary Zuk and the strike committee. As a result of the militant Hamtramck women starting the strike,

groups of women got together in all neighborhoods, meeting in schools and churches, and the following week a general strike was called. A delegation of over three hundred women went to the packers here in trucks and cars, picketing the packing houses, all together shouting while the committee was inside. "We want a twenty per cent reduction in meat."

There were radio announcements of open air meetings, tireless picketing, parades. Delegations to the City Council demanding that they take a stand against the high cost of living were on the order of the day. Pickets were arrested but hundreds of women stormed the police stations and demanded and got the release of their prisoners. The strike received the endorsement of many labor organizations, including the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor.

Finally we started an organization, the Women's League Against the High Cost of Living whose aims are to: (1) Reduce the prices of meat, milk, bread and other necessities of life; (2) To reduce cost of gas and electricity; (3) To reduce rents and to better housing conditions, (4) To abolish the sales tax; (5) To cooperate with trade unions, working people's organizations and farmers to maintain and raise the standard of living. A drive was made for members and an office was opened.

Women Food Workers Unionize

"If we have to pay eighteen cents an hour to a service waitress and give her adequate food to eat, we will go absolutely bankrupt. Why its preposterous even to think that anyone should earn such a high wage."

That was the contention of the Hotel and Restaurant Men Employers' Association of New York at the Minimum Wage Board Hearing for women and minors, held before Industrial Commissioner Andrews. The Association continued to plead before the commissioner.

The managements of many large hotels stated that the wage scale for workers exceeded that of their profits.

Conferences were held and it was decided to send delegations to Washington and Chicago. The delegates were elected at a mass open meeting at which there were over 7,000 people present who gave their pennies, nickels and dimes to cover the expense of the delegates. What happened in Washington became news for the entire country which was waiting to hear what Wallace,—"the man who killed all the little pigs" would say. We all know how he ran away from the delegation. Mass meetings greeted their return. The "Red Scare" was raised but we fought it because from the very beginning we had said that the fight against the high cost of living involved everyone, regardless of their nationality, race, color or political beliefs. Everyone eats meat and pays too much for it—the fight against the high cost of meat is everybody's fight.

At a conference held recently it was decided to end the strike. We determined to build a strong Women's League to fight against the high cost of living. Out of the meat strike have sprung many women who have become mass leaders. Our courageous fighting women, dauntless, have blazed a trail for the women of all nationalities to follow.

Many Polish women were involved in the meat strike as well as women of every nationality, Negro and white who fought against high meat prices. Our Action Committee sent greetings to Chicago, Shenandoah and Cleveland congratulating them on their fight.

—P.M.

They wept about their inability to pay taxes and mortgages; and very conveniently forgot the large sums paid to high salaried executives, the fake stocks and other items.

Labor was staunch in counteracting these time-honored arguments of the Employers' Association. After months of investigation the New York State Minimum Wage Board presented definite facts that the most miserable and horrible conditions existed among the women and minors in the hotel and restaurant industry. In many establishments, women and minors are forced to work longer than the amount

(Continued on page 15)

Happiness for One Dime

By Barbara Alexander

SERENADE—the Tower Magazine of Youth and Love (September issue), caught my eye in a Woolworth store. I invested ten cents and found out that it is entirely devoted to how to catch a man. By a remarkable coincidence, there are many full-page ads dealing with the cosmetics sold at five and ten cent store counters.

It is said that "Serenade" has a circulation of over a million monthly. It specializes in love, slooshy and gushy; particularly with "love at first sight."

Full of sighings and tender murmurings, it announces its platform of morals by the front-cover blurb, which is: "I Married the First Girl I Kissed." Impressed with this statement of ethics, I turned to the story of Robert Young's marriage. It seems he kissed the future Mrs. in a high-school play and then went around with others; so did she, but in the glorious end with moonlight and roses, soft music and thou, he proposed and guess what? She accepted.

The sole article deals with "The

Things That Distress Women Most," by one Louis Bisch, M.D., Ph.D. He thinks they are:

Men Who Disappoint; Lovers' Quarrels; Men's Intentions; Men's Reactions; Over-Sensitiveness; Self-Consciousness.

There is no hint here of the reason why our insane asylums are filling up in America, with bigger ones being built; there is no connection made between this fact and the depression, which is driving many, many men and women of the unemployed and others with increased family burdens, quite out of their minds.

Some Table of Contents!

The titles of the other stories will give you an idea:

"Strong and Silent"—She Loved a Stranger—"Long Before He Kissed Her"—"Marriage on the Rebound"—"Primitive Love Stories."

This last, by the way, tells what are purported to be true tales of how

love is made in Bali, Greenland and New Guinea. The others—how love will find a way in a night club, in the operating room of a hospital, to an office girl of middle age and the most outstanding "She Loved a Stranger" . . . oh, girls, get this.

It opens with two workers, jobless, sitting on a beach. A breathless scene of mystic love tries to show that he can never love anyone but her and vice-versa, and where oh, where will they get work? This soon fades into quick action. The reader's head swims as the Girl gets a job because she is a fast swimmer, and if she will only break world records for a snappy athletic club in Chicago, she will get \$12 a week as a filing clerk. The Boy tries his hand at magazine subscriptions with the old "working my way through collitch" gag, and when that fails, he goes into "politics", which means, garnering workers' votes for the political machine by means of staging huge picnics, and boat rides. (Sounds familiar, doesn't it?) Well, things move faster and faster. She breaks a swimming record; he gets a car; she breaks another record; he gives her a diamond ring. He gets into a jam for crookedness at the polls and after breaking a vast number of records in New York, she turns professional to get the dough to save him. Goes back to Chicago and finds that his political boss is big enough to cover up and flies back to New York to (presumably) marry a young reporter who started standing in line for her heart and hand some time back in the story.

This and other tales are calculated to lull the reader into believing that; (1) there will most certainly come a fairy prince who will sweep into one's life and drive all the nasty old bill collectors and landlords away; (2) that there is not one, but maybe two or three such attractive men with good jobs aching to meet you and you only; (3) the Woolworth stores are betting that having read this tripe, you will be standing in line to buy "Tattoo" for eyelashes and brows (on sale at all toilet goods counters) and "Irresistible" perfume, powder, paint and "Lip Lure", also on sale, and that then, you will surely meet your strong,



broad-shouldered, silent, witty, clever, adoring ONE. (Who has a good job.)

According to the pictures in this issue, all the girls wear magnificent clothes. Their adventures take place in gorgeous pent houses, expensive hotels or millionaire's gardens, and these girls are all working girls, you are allowed to guess, ever so delicately.

The Tower magazines definitely go out to fulfill the day dreams of women and girls who are caught in a hard web of reality which is painful to face. Reading and believing these fake stories will only serve to put off the day when women will have to face the fact that they and their men must fight to improve their lives by organizing among themselves. Cocktails in

A Salesgirl's Life

(Continued from page 3)

Then again, to button belts and to be placed according to length.

Meanwhile, the store is opened. Customers start pouring into the department. The manager scolds her for leaving the stock unfinished and the buyer shouts at her to wait on the customers. She hesitates to offend either one, so she tries to do both. Some customers walk out and the stock is a mess, because it cannot be done.

The stock is finished somehow, and the selling day starts. Girls say to one another incessantly, "Did you open?" This means have you made a sale. Smiles from those who have and a down-in-the-mouth look from those who haven't, including Ray. The customers all seem cross. Besides, the girls pick the customers directly as they step off the escalator and Ray isn't strong enough to hop around. Most of the ones Ray approaches are pitifully poor. The hard luck stories they tell her only emphasizes her poor lot in life. Some of the people are indifferent, only trying to kill time, they'll be "back later."

But now something new comes over the horizon. A woman bedecked with diamonds such as Ray thought were only displayed, not actually worn. A young girl of about twelve accompanies her. Ray jumps forward with a "May I help you, Madam?" Inwardly she knows that these customers are the most exacting, trying to get something for nothing. It is difficult to comply to the woman's request for

the garden and tea for two happen only in the movies and in stories like these. Only a favored few get the mink coats. Barbara Hutton's millions were started in the Woolworth stores, where many times, that 10 cents you pay for an article is by no means cheap. Water glasses which sell for a dime are often eight or nine cents

elsewhere, for instance.

With another world war being drummed up that will kill our dear ones, have we the time to sit home and weep softly over these cheesy romances? Romances cooked up by the bosses in their effort to keep us dumb? In the desperate hope of keeping us silent?

An Invitation to Letter-Writers

If you are not a letter-writer, please start now. We are anxious to hear from women in shops, factories, offices and housewives. Your letters should be addressed to "The Way Out" column, care of this magazine, where your questions will be answered. A private answer will be sent if you ask for it. Signatures are used only if you authorize us to.

In this issue a farm woman tells how she spends her time. How do you spend yours? Ask yourselves, "How much time do I give to help working women I know, to find the way out of their misery?" If you are one who does not yet know the way, ask us and we will help you.

— EDITOR.

stands alone, unable to forget her aching feet.

The rest of the day passes uneventfully except for some barks from the buyer and manaker. Sales—relief—more sales and a careful going over of stock once more.

At last! Six o'clock. Six feeble bells tinkle unnoticed by the customers. Ray knows that a strong union could demand strong bells, loud enough to be heard. But, now, the girls say as loudly as possible to each other "the store's closed." The customer finally understands and finishes her business with more speed. But the work day is not yet over. The coats must be counted and covered while the manager forgets her "company manners" and screeches orders at the girls. The girls curse—inwardly—including little Ray who dreams of a union strong enough to make work pleasant. Now they are begrudgingly given permission to "sign out."

A few mumbled good nights are heard. Ray wonders how she will ever live through Saturday with its noise and confusion.

This is the story of hundreds of girls who work in Ohrbachs. Girls who voiced opinions that unions were all right for laborers, not salesgirls. Girls who figured that marriage would release them from such slavery. But they are beginning to realize that a union in our field is essential; that very few will be economically able to leave their positions after marriage.

It is for these reasons that we Ohrbach employees have banded together and are striving for a strong union of all the workers in the store.

day's work, when the buyer walked up and hissed, "Break it up!" So she "something different," when coats arrive in hundreds of the same style. Almost driven frantic by these people, because the child doesn't like what the mother does and vice versa, Ray finally succeeds in finding a coat which suits both. As the customer is about to pay she asks a familiar question: "Can I get my money back if my second cousin doesn't like it?" The answer is "certainly" with a smile, but refunds are chalked up against sales girls.

A bite of lunch, and, best of all, a seat. The food is rotten and prices are high. A "non-profit" cafeteria with prices every bit as high as those in restaurants working on an appreciable profit.

Back to work, Ray wishes it were time for relief. There are a few customers and all are being served. Ray stands talking to a girl. Didn't the buyer say it was permissible so long as no customers were unattended? She was telling her friend of the quarrel she had with her boy friend because she was always upset after a hard

TO OUR READERS:

The magazine was not issued in October due to lack of funds.

We urge you to subscribe at once; get friends to subscribe and spread the *Working Woman* far and wide.

Editorial Committee.



THERE was an inspiring and uplifting article in *Vogue* lately. It concerned the magnificent gestures of history. And it told the gentle readers how to take their little places in the sun along with Cleopatra, Duse, Nero, Lady Godiva and Marie Antoinette. Guess how! By getting yourself a sable coat, of course—silly.

Sables, they tell me, are very fine this year. As for the workers, the only fur most of them will have, they'll shoot in their own kitchens. But how grateful they should be, for the chance to work on nice things for other people. Even with wage-cuts it is a privilege.

Speaking of Gestures

Now if you have a minute, let's get on with our penny-pinching. Dresses, this year, seem more magnificent if they have a gob of ornament here and there. Some good ornaments are in-



expensive—but if you are far from stores, or haven't the dollar or so to get them, here are tips.

Not Beads of Perspiration

Most everyone has a discarded string of beads or two. Better restring them, after a strong fastening (fig. 1) to the spot you want to ornament. Lay down your string of beads in the design you want and tack down firmly but not too tightly. In figure 2, two colors of beads were used.

If no beads, you can do even more monkey business with braid—such as little pretzels or bow-knots sewed flat. Keep your designs simple and very neat. Figure 3 shows another way to use braid—on any type of dress.

—GWEN BARDE

Women Food Workers

(Continued from page 12)

of hours prescribed in the present state law pertaining to the employment of women and minors in the industry. Examples were given of employees working 11 and 12 hours under a terrific speed-up system. The consequence is that the health of these employees is greatly impaired.

The Speed-Up in Action

Here are some distinct examples as related to the Board by employees. Chambermaids who work in hotels or lodging places and who up to a few years ago were given fourteen or less rooms to clean, today in a large number of establishments are forced by threat of loss of their jobs to clean as many as twenty-five rooms per day. Another example is that waitresses

are forced to handle more tables in many establishments than is humanly possible which forces them to continue to work on the job from the time they begin until the time they are through, without any rest. It was also found that the food served to these workers was not fit to be given to the most despised animal.

As a result of these minimum wage hearings there is a city-wide campaign being sponsored by the Hotel and Restaurant Workers Local 119 and the Cafeteria Workers Union, Local 110, to organize the 60,000 unorganized women and minors in the hotel and restaurant industry.

We urge all women and girls; all members of the A. F. of L. and independent trade unions, to unite for higher wages and shorter hours!

— S. B.

The Trap

(Continued from page 5)

hand a piece of paper and walked on. Pretending to blow her nose she read the paper which said:

"Meeting of the Office Workers Union at Hazel's house tonight. Destroy this."

She saw Hazel's eyes again, this time tender and encouraging. She could hardly see the words. It seemed as if the solid foundations of the world had gone from under her with Clarence's voice and as she typed, the sound of the keys beat out his words . . . "We are . . . we are . . . the office workers are with the truck drivers . . . a hundred . . . a hundred per cent." It beat over and over again.

She stuffed the paper down her blouse. What could she do now?

(To be continued)

Act Against WAR

The slaughter which has broken out in Ethiopia may spread throughout Europe. Send in the signatures against war which you have collected at once. Send for petitions and spread them in your house, shop, and organization. Lose no time.

Write for petitions to the Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East 19th Street, Room 605, New York City.

"The Trap" by Meridel Le Sueur begins in this issue. Do not miss an installment. Introduce this popular magazine to your friends, neighbors. They'll like it.

Subscribe at Once

11-35

THE WORKING WOMAN,
50 East 13th Street, New York City.

Name

Address

City

State

New Renewal

(Check one below)

2 years \$1 6 months 30c

1 year 50c Canada and Foreign, 75c year