

Red Roses for Hillman

By Michael Gold

CLEVELAND is dull. It is as meaningless, architecturally, as a fishball. It is a spiritless, flat American arrangement of buildings and pavements, and the sky and the houses were gray when I came there, and the coal smoke stuck in my throat, and the crowds of sober, Godless, devilless, mindless, soulless, colorless, uneventful and unimportant prosperous Middle Westerners moved for some reason along the streets, and it was all dreary as an afternoon in a Presbyterian church.

Cleveland is a large edition of one of Sherwood Anderson's melancholy small towns. It made me sad, this capital of Ohio mediocrity; and inside the Locomotive Engineer's auditorium, three or four blocks away from the vast gray sweep of Lake Erie, there was something that made me sadder still. I wanted to cry for boredom at what I found there! I wanted to shout, stamp, rage, or shoot myself like a Russian hero out of sheer ennui.

For the most dreary and mediocre performance in the world was dragging its way to a finale in the auditorium. The stales melodrama in recent American history was being repeated by a fourth rate stock company. The biennial convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' union was being held there, and the Socialists in charge of the convention had just spent a week in preserving law and order, in hunting out witches and expelling radicals, in sniffing out Communist agitators and wild-eyed young rebels.

Think of it, they had spent a week throwing the "alleged self-styled and so-called" Communists out of the union. The garment workers of the nation had sent their delegates here to decide and legislate on all the important principles that would guide the lives and destinies of 135,000 men and women for the next two years. They had paid out thousands of sweatshop dollars for hotel bills and railroad fares and auto rides and entertainments.

And a week had been spent in bloody execution of the Communists. That is all the delegates had to show for their time and money. A committee of kosher 100 per cent Socialists had examined the credentials of all delegates. Whenever they found a delegate who was not strictly kosher and Socialist, this delegate was recommended to the firing squad. Then the matter was brought up on the floor of the convention, and there were hours and hours of debate. What an uproar! What excitement and confusion!

All this clamor, this heart-burning, this bitterness, because there were forty "alleged, so-called" Communists in this convention of two hundred men and women! And most of these "Communists" were young, and most of them had long, honorable records in the union, and most of them were unambitious, and loyal, and idealistic, and most of them had new ideas for the vitalization of the union that they wanted to see worked out, and that they had come here to plead for.

If they had been dirty hack A. F. of L. politicians scheming for jobs for themselves they would have been respected and listened to. But no, they were clean, young, ultra-idealists, and so the Socialists threw them out. "Rebels! Mischief makers! Down with them! Down with them!" as Abraham Cahan shouted, Abe Cahan, the editor of the great

Yiddish daily, Vorwaerts, the veteran Socialist and rebel and mischief maker of an elder day.

And Charles Ervin, editor of the Call, the Socialist newspaper that was suppressed several times during the war for disruption, revolutionism, mischief-making and rebellion, came on the platform and howled like a Jeremiah at the young rebels in the convention.

"Feather-bed revolutionists!" he called young men and young girls who work eight hours every day in shops, young workers who starve in the slack season and wear themselves to the bone at the machines when there is work. "You are dominated by outsiders who use you for their selfish ends!" he, an outsider, shouted at them, at these men and women who were daring to risk their jobs, their union standing, everything they lived by spiritually and materially, that certain ideas might be promulgated.

Then Warren Stone of the Locomotive Engineers was brought in to attack the young rebels. Stone receives \$25,000 a year for his heroic stand on labor unionism; and he too told the young leftists that they were a bunch of paid disrupters, spies, and mischief-makers.

And then, as a grand climax, old Sammy Gompers was brought in creaking, Gompers, who wants no changes made in the perfect A. F. of L.; Gompers, who supported the United Garment Makers when they scabbed on the Amalgamated; Gompers, who only the other day called again for the destruction of the Russian people; Gompers, the member of the National Civic Federation, and the friend of presidents, bankers, generals and politicians.

And Gompers, of course, joined in the chorus against the disrupters and rebels, and pleaded for the re-election of his old friend Schlesinger.

It was a grand, triumphant demonstration of Socialism, unity, solidarity and clean idealism, against all that is dark, diabolical, disruptive and Russian. Of course Socialism won; three or four of the girls were unseated, and a few of the men. Some of the left wingers were also scared into acquiescence and were afraid to vote according to the instructions they had brought with them from New York. It was a great victory.

There were a great many other things done at the convention—progressive things, necessary things, but I cannot remember them at all. I chiefly remember that the Socialists spent over a week in throwing out the "so-called leftists."

I went around to some of the leftists to get from them the real reasons as to why they had been so denounced and persecuted. I called on a group of young girls who had been the leaders of the opposition. Two of them, Rose Wolkowitz and Ida Rothstien, had been unseated; the others had voted and fought on the floor of the convention.

I spoke for hours with these disrupters, these paid agents, these rebels and mischief-makers. There were six of them, and they were living together in a big room at the Central Y. W. C. A. of Cleveland, where they were charged seventy-five cents a night for their board. All the other delegates stopped at the fashionable Hotel Statler, and ate most of their meals there. It is done at every convention, this high



Demonstration

O. Nagel

living. These girls could have done the same, but they chose not to; they did not want to run up a big expense account against their local unions.

The girls, none of whom was over twenty-three or twenty-four, were all Russian-born and had worked in American shops for five and six years. They were busy night and day at the convention, but here at the "Y" they joked and laughed and were just sweet, healthy, spirited brave girls.

Ida Rothstien, one of the girls, had a long record of devotion to the union. She had weathered the storms of many picket lines, and had been arrested often for the union, yet she had been the chief victim of the Socialist Luskens. They charged her with disrupting a local meeting, and she had defended herself calmly and simply, telling every one at the convention not to vote for her personally, but for or against her principles.

She was a tall, thin girl, with a mop of coppery hair, blue calm eyes, and a calm, slow smiling manner of speaking. The other girls took the expulsions tragically at times, and became bitter and excited. Ida only smiled and told them not to be sentimental. At a lavish banquet given at the Statler one night for the delegates, Lena Goodman, another

of the girls, suddenly burst into tears and went home. The banquet was costing four thousand dollars; and there was a strike of garment workers on at that very moment in Cleveland, she said.

Ida only smiled and shrugged one shoulder, and said, "Lena is young—she is still sentimental. When I was first arrested for picketing they beat me and put me into a cold, dark cell. I can't tell you how I wept to think that someone should beat me. And I cried the second and third time I was arrested, but then I began to understand that I was in a great fight, and could not be sentimental. We must always keep our heads; we must not care about our feelings of what happens to us personally, we must think of the Cause and not be sentimental."

Ida Rothstien looked tired and pale; the girls told me she was tubercular and had had to live in the country all the previous summer. But she had been forced to come back to work in a shop in the fall and winter, for she has a mother to support. She developed a bad cough and fever at the convention, and had to go back to New York at the end of the first week, though she hated to leave—the tall, calm, brave, devoted girl, the obscure soldier of justice, the mother

of all the exquisite righteousness that is yet to settle on this blinded, bloody race of man.

Rose Pessata was another of the girls, a bright-eyed Spanish looking girl whose golden cheeks were ruddy with life. Rose Wolkowitz, one of the unseated delegates, was more of those brooding, still Jewish women whose deep feelings reach like roots into eternity, and in whose fine, mournful eyes the history of a race is written. She too refused to be sentimental, and took her expulsion with a smile. Miriam Levine was also practical and bright and busy, but little Lena Goodman burned with rebel fire. Her large eyes blazed like lightning.

I saw her go up to several of the men delegates and denounce them and make them hang their heads in shame because they had not voted as they had promised to.

"Men are cowards," she cried in her impatient, rough, sweet voice; "they are all cowards because they are politicians, and are always working for some sort of job in the union. We girls know that we'll always work in a shop and belong to the rank and file, so we fight."

These were the girls that the head of the American Federation of Labor and the head of the Locomotive Engineers and the editor of the powerful New York Call and the editor of the more powerful daily Vorwaerts and other great,

strong, veteran, speechifying Socialists had been brought in to attack and help expel.

What had the girls done? They told me that for the past two years the "left" groups had been preaching the shop delegate system for the union and amalgamation of all the needle trades into one big organization. Schlesinger had opposed all this, and so they had decided to make a campaign against Schlesinger on principle, though they all said he was the most capable leader the union had. It was a fight for principles.

The shop delegate system, as they explained it, was a means of getting more of the rank and file active in the affairs of the union. It was a means of creating a greater number of fighting unionists, with a keen and intelligent interest in all the union's business.

And they wanted the International Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers to fuse into a great combined union that would have twice the power each of them has now. There would be 350,000 members in this new union; it would be one of the forces in America's industrial life.

Schlesinger did not want an amalgamation; he believes in a federation of the two unions. The girls said a federation had been tried and did not work.



Storm in Connecticut

Wanda Gag



Maurice Sterne

Vintage Girl

They differed from Schlesinger and the Socialist officials on the union tactics, and so they were criminals. Yes, they were criminals, for before the convention was over, Salvator Ninfo, an Italian labor politician who was elected first vice-president of the union at this convention, brought in several resolutions that were the creamiest, rarest, finest, juiciest samples of Luskism these aged eyes have ever beheld.

Here are the resolutions presented by a valiant champion of democracy who does not believe in the dictatorship of the Russian proletariat over the Russian bourgeoisie.

Here are the resolutions of a man who probably thinks Lenin and Trotzky are tyrants for having crushed the armed opposition of the Social Revolutionaries and Cadets.

Here are the resolutions of a great free spirit who supports the Call and the Vorwaerts in their fights for free speech, who fights capitalist judges when they sentence labor propagandists.

Resolution 190, introduced by Salvator Ninfo, provides that "any member who is found guilty of having associated with others in conspiracy meetings with aims of undermining the organization, shall be punished by expulsion."

Resolution 191, introduced by Salvator Ninfo, provides that the "General Executive Board shall have full right for

taking over the management and conduct of any local union which, in the opinion of the board, is mismanaged, or which is working against the policies of our International Union."

Resolution 194, introduced by Salvator Ninfo, provides that any member who "deliberately disturbs" a union meeting, or spreads circulars of a "vile and slandering nature," can be expelled by the General Executive Board.

Oh, yes, I forgot Resolution 189, introduced by the sterling democrat, Salvator Ninfo, which provides that "the general executive board shall have the right to try any member for working against the International, even if his local union did not find it necessary to try such a member."

There were other resolutions of a like nature introduced by this clever imitator of Senator Lusk. They all provided that the central officials of the union be given enough power to kick out any poor, lone, idealistic rank-and-filer who dared to say a word against the hierarchy. Obey the law and keep your mouth shut, that was the idea.

Fortunately, President Schlesinger is a little more enlightened than his aides. He tabled the bills. They will probably never be heard from again.

I had a long talk with Schlesinger before I left Cleveland. Schlesinger is an important figure in American life; more important than a hundred congressmen or five thousand movie actors and actorines; he guides the destiny and daily life of thousands of men and women. But as he sat in the hotel lobby speaking to me, his deep-set, suffering eyes burning in their hollow sockets, his lank, moist hand moving about nervously, resting on my sleeve, or clutching at my coat lapel, there was something sad about him, something that wounded one to sympathy. Schlesinger, with his deep eyes and gaunt face, seems a type of the eternal Jew, the suffering Jew who forever wanders and can find no peace.

He went into a clothing factory when he was twelve; he worked at the machine until he was almost thirty; he was always unhappy and sensitive, and now, even as president, he is unhappy and sensitive. Why? Why are there Jews who seem always to bear upon their frail shoulders the burden of all time and space? Schlesinger must not be taken for a mystic, however; he is shrewd and capable, he is the best executive head it would be possible to find in the union now; sad though he seems, he is a force to be reckoned with.

I asked him about his views on amalgamation of the two big unions in the needle trades, and he gave me many reasons why he thought it was not feasible. They were the reasons of a craft unionist. They were the reasons any one could find who did not want amalgamation to happen. Schlesinger is against amalgamation, that is all there is to the matter.

I asked him about the shop delegate system, and he was against that. There were other questions I wanted to ask him, but there was not the time.

The Convention at Chicago.

The convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers at Chicago was dominated by one man as completely as the convention at Cleveland had been dominated by Schlesinger. It is inevitable that a real leader dominate his organization; it is and should be the basis of his power that he is gifted enough to be able to dominate.

But Hillman, President of the Amalgamated, has not become entangled in the strange fears and machinations of the political Socialists. He is a sane, intelligent industrial unionist; his first thought is for his union, and how to keep it strong, flexible, progressive and victorious.

Hillman is one of the great labor statesmen of America, and he does not allow the Leftists in his organization to smoulder and struggle dissatisfied in the ranks. He goes out to meet them, and their programmes and criticism. If the time is ripe for some new form of progress, Hillman will fight for it, and will not look whether it is left or right that is supporting him. He has no prejudices. He has no Socialist party to maintain. He will fight with God, man or devil beside him for the sake of the union.

That is why his convention was not a long, bitter wrangle between lefts and rights like the Cleveland convention. That is why the Chicago convention was a beautiful, thrilling mass demonstration of working-class solidarity; a legislature where great schemes were crystalized and high enterprises mapped out for the next two years; a festival of proletarian joy, where worker embraced fellow-worker after the fighting and isolation on so many scattered fronts during the past two years.

The needle trades are not one of the basic industries of our fair republic, though it is important enough that 350,000 men and women work in them, and are united in strong unions. If all the miners struck for six months or the railroad men for one month, everything in America would totter; the cities would starve, the industries would close down, captains of finance would go mad with helpless rage, and editors and senators and ministers would weep like strong men in pain, they would curse God and die.

But the needle trades are not basic; we could all go without renewing our pants and coats and vests for one year, two years; some of us have done it often. What makes the needle trades watched so closely by students of the class struggle in America is that these unions are populated and led by radicals. The internal fights in the clothing workers' unions are mostly fights on labor fundamentals. Social experiments are made here that ultimately the rest of American labor will profit by. And interesting above all is the fact that these unions are a living monument to the hope, the beauty and the strength that comes to workingmen when they form efficient organizations.

Ten years ago these men and women were tortured slaves. These sad Italian and Jewish immigrants worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day in putrid sweatshops, and starved while they worked. Now they have conquered for themselves a new dignity and freedom (no, the settlement house ladies, the organized charity statisticians, the patriotic aldermen and congressmen did not get it for them, the clothing workers formed a union and fought).

Now they have the forty-four hour week, a decent living wage, sanitary conditions, and control in the shop against Napoleonic bosses and foremen. They carry their heads proudly now before the gaze of the American world that once despised them; it is no longer a disgrace to be a clothing worker, it is an honor. They are aggressive and self-confident, they are impatient to move on. They have accomplished a revolution in their lifetime, and they are ready for another.

The convention of the Amalgamated was held in a Masonic consistory, a dark, solemn-looking temple, airless as all churches are, with tall pillars, a choir loft, and Gothic windows. The temple faced a block of green grass and trees, a little park known in Chicago as Bug-House Square, the meeting place every fine evening of all the suppressed orators, messiahs, self-made philosophers and pork-chop propagandists of the city. Every day the sun shone warm and yellow during the convention week; one came blinking

out of the great electric-lighted hall, and saw groups of the delegates with their badges pinned on them, walking up and down in the lovely May sunlight, smoking and talking.

"We came to this convention with a family of 148 local unions and sixteen joint boards, in thirty-six cities, in fourteen states and two provinces of Canada, and with twenty-six nationalities represented, outside of native-born Americans," said General Secretary Schlossberg, in his opening address. "We publish newspapers in eight different languages. And all of this great family, speaking different languages, coming from different parts of the globe, is united in the great struggle for justice and liberty which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has been carrying on since its inception."

Yes, it was a great joyous family united in that dim Chicago temple. There is something strong and deep and rich in the soul of the Amalgamated. It is more than a union for raising wages and fighting bosses, though it does that successfully enough. It is a brotherhood of earnest men and women—workingmen and women—who are waiting and striving and hoping and dreaming, preparing themselves for the red dawn of Labor.

The platform was a scented jungle of flowers, huge floral wreaths brought here by different Chicago unions, baskets loaded with tulips and jonquils and peonies and red, red roses. The officers sat against this odorous, painted background; Hillman, steady, virile and keen, his alert eyes missing nothing behind their glasses; his boyish, compact body poised like a boxer's for swift decisions and action; then Schlossberg, dark and emotional, a true Jewish type of realist-idealist, handling millions of dollars yearly, conducting a vast correspondence and editing several papers; a man of details who could burst out into grand prophetic flights of oratory; Potofsky, his assistant, slim and blonde-bearded and blue-eyed, a busy man who never stops working, and blushes like a girl when he is forced to make a speech, a practical man of affairs who looks like a Dostoevsky character; then Frank Rosenblum, of Chicago, and Lazarus Markovitch of Boston, and Frank Bellanca of New York. August Bellanca, his brother, a fine, deep-souled Italian who is a member of the Executive Board and a veteran and beloved fighter, was not present; he was sick in New York, sick of overwork and the disease he had caught in the old sweatshop days; the convention sent him greetings and cheered his name.

Out on the floor of the convention I could see Antony Capraro, a husky, brave, poetical young Italian who is a general organizer, and has been in many startling adventures; Antony Ramuglio, another young Americanized Italian organizer from Boston; and little Ann Washington Craton, the plucky, blue-eyed, hard-headed, big-hearted lineal descendant of George Washington, who now organizes Jewish and Italian clothing workers into revolutionary unions. I could see Alex Cohen, and Paul Blanchard, and so many, many others.

What fine, decent human beings in this hall! And every day of the week, at least twice a day, the convention would be interrupted by delegations of the rank and file of Chicago. Whole shops would come from their work, 500 to 2,000 strong; the men with bright red carnations in their lapels, the laughing, sweet young girls of the shops with red fillets bound about their foreheads. They would bring their union's brass band with them, and a new huge floral offering to be added to those already on the platform. An earnest, embarrassed man from the shops would make a speech to the

convention; the band would play the Marsellaise and the Internationale; every one would stand on tables and chairs, and sing and cheer; and this happened twice, three times, four times every day.

"It's just like Russia," said William Z. Foster, who sat quietly in a balcony seat throughout the entire convention. "It's like what I saw in Russia—the same mass spirit, the same mass feeling for a cause. It's a spirit that wins all the battles it goes into—and it's a beautiful spirit."

There were many things discussed at the convention. There was the question of unemployment, that curse of the clothing trades. The Amalgamated is to inaugurate an insurance fund against unemployment for its members. They voted money to working-class newspapers, to the defence of political prisoners, to the aid of the Russian famine sufferers and to the miners and other sufferers of the open shop war in America. They voted to establish an Amalgamated Bank, that would take labor's savings out of capital's hands, and use them for labor. They voted to build many Amalgamated Temples to house the unions in the various cities. They voted to enforce equal pay for women who work in the shops. They voted to organize the sheepskin coat-making industry, and to appoint a new group of women organizers, and to establish locals among the shipping clerks, and the bushelmen, and the overall workers, and the boy's wash suit industry; they voted to establish children's nurseries for the mothers in the union who have to work; they voted on a plan for labor education and a host of other matters.

But there were two great matters that were discussed and voted upon at the convention, and that illuminated with a clear white ray the difference in the leadership of Hillman and Schlesinger, the difference that came out in these two conventions composed of the same type of advanced workers, and made one an arena of bitterness and factionalism, and the other the stage for a beautiful mass demonstration of working-class faith.

One was the question of the amalgamation of both these great needle unions into one immense body. It is an important question. It is a question of power and efficiency—it is a revolutionary question, a problem that confronts all of American labor and must be solved if labor is ever to go free.

In the needle trades unions there has been for years a strong rank and file movement for amalgamation. But Schlesinger, honestly and blindly enough, says the thing is not yet possible. He wants a loose federation.

Hillman made an impressive speech, showing that a federation had been tried in the needle trades, and that it did not work. He said it never worked, and instanced the case of the Triple Alliance in England, that broke down at a crucial hour and betrayed millions of workers. A federation only scared the bosses into a greater show of power, without adding an iota of real strength to the unions; and the convention sustained him in this argument, and voted to call a joint convention of the two organizations to attempt an amalgamation.

There was one other matter that furnished an observer with a yardstick by which to compare the leadership of Hillman and Schlesinger. Both men took a trip to Russia last year. Both went there as impartial reporters for their unions, with no preconceptions or dogmatic hostilities or affiliations.

Russia is dear to the hearts of the needle workers, as it is to most of the radical workers of the world. One must

not speak of the Russian Revolution lightly, even though one may not think its leaders always correct in its tactics. Right or wrong, it is a holy thing; it is the first great labor government in the history of Man; it is the promise that some day men will be free, and that some day there will not be sweatshops and bosses any longer, picket-lines, jails, T. B. sanatoriums and starvation.

But all Schlesinger had to tell his convention about Russia was this: that a Communist named Leo Bogratchov had been sent from Moscow to threaten Schlesinger if he did not join the Third Internationale. The president kicked the red bully out of his office, of course, after he had become quite abusive. The villain went away muttering in his whiskers dire threats to "tear wide open not only our union, but all organized labor bodies in this country."

"I am positive that Bogratchov is behind the radicalism in labor organizations of this country, that the anti-democratic reaction in our own organization is the result of his work, and that the workers in this country must fight not only the greed and selfishness of American capitalists, but also the red menace of Russia," said Schlesinger, parroting an older and more experienced defender of American virtue, the pure and radiant Civic Federationist, Samuel Gompers.

Hillman did not mention a word about Bogratchov. Evidently the red gangster from Moscow has been so busy plotting against the Ladies' Garment Workers Union that he has had no time to drop around to the Amalgamated, to force it also to join the Third Internationale, under threats of rape, assassination, excommunication and circumcision.

Hillman had another report to give his convention on Russia. I wish I could reprint it here—it was one of the greatest speeches I have heard, and a true picture of this man's clean, beautiful, humane, sharp thought.

He told of what he had seen in Russia—the suffering there, and the creative effort to establish a new labor world amidst that suffering. And he said that he was not a partisan, neither a Bolshevik, nor an anti-Bolshevik, but that he was convinced of the sincerity and the power and the intelligence of the Russian leaders. And he said that Russia must be helped, for the sake of the world's reconstruction, for the sake of the millions of famine victims, for the sake of world labor.

"Let me tell you," Hillman said, "that when I went into Russia I was trying to answer the question in my mind, Is there a way for constructive help? Our union had given the Russians thousands of dollars for relief, but could we help them constructively and permanently? It is as if a starving worker comes to our union for help. We can give him \$500 as charity, but it would not help him much; or we can give him a job, and that is real help."

And Hillman found a constructive way for helping Russia. He proposed to the convention a scheme whereby a million-dollar corporation would be established by the Amalgamated union, to take over a five-million-dollar concession in Russian clothing factories, and to run them on American lines. This would give work to thousands of Russian workers, and stimulate others of the industries to new effort. It was real help—it was proletarian help to proletarian Russia.

Hillman spoke for over an hour. He is generally a firm, stern, unemotional speaker, who deals with facts and never utters a useless phrase. He is an executive, and never orates, and he did not orate now. But as he spoke of the dying babies and women of Russia, and as he described the great hopes and dreams that are being halted for the want

of a little bread, a great pathos seemed to shake his frame, and his voice vibrated with pity and love. Every one in the hall had known Hillman for years; and they felt now the deep passionate humanity of the man, hitherto unspoken, but breaking like fire through his usual control. A strong man must love the people before they can conquer, and a strong man was telling of his love. There was a solemn religious silence in the temple as Hillman spoke. When he had ended the delegates broke into a marvelous spontaneous cheering and singing that lasted for twenty minutes. They could not stop; and men and women wept, and an Italian "leftist" from New York leaped on the platform and kissed the pale, trembling president on the cheeks, and Schlossberg, with tears in his eyes, kissed the president, and showers of red roses were thrown at the platform, and the Internationale was sung again and again. Five minutes later Hillman had recovered, and was putting motions and questions in his customary decisive manner.

Hillman's way of leading a clothing workers' union seems a better way than Schlesinger's. He does not fear or expel the Leftists; he leads them when he is convinced their path is the path of humanity's progress.



O. Nagel

A Drawing

April

THERE is a peasant in my blood and bones
Who wants to plunge his hands deep down in soil,
To walk at night across the fields alone
And smell the cool earth odors after toil.

My hands feel empty that would greet the spring,
I open them and close them in the sun;
But they are white, they hold not anything,
They are not aching when the day is done.

Now robins break the silence from a limb,
And I would lead gray horses down a lane
And, singing, plow, until the day grew dim,
Brown waves of earth and golden dreams of grain.

I do not want the barter and the trade
But only springtime up around my knees,
Blue starry flowers and cattle in the shade
Of willows, songs, and sudden wings in trees;

All these and labor for the winter store,
At last the free barefooted hours of morn,
At night the songs of friends outside the door
And whispers from the haunted aisles of corn.

O wages won from towns, O factories,
O streets, the lure of your loud tumult stills!
When April comes my fathers live in me
And I would be with April on the hills!

When April comes my fathers live in me
And floods run down the old forgotten trails,
As when my fathers logged a Scottish tree
Or tended flocks upon a hill in Wales.

Stirling Bowen.

As Might High Ladies

THE girls walk down the long Polishing Room
To wash their hands in the bright tin basin.
They are slender-hipped; shadows show
Where dark hair meets their curving necks.
They walk dreamily as though men's eyes
Were not piercing the soiled aprons
That hang from sloping shoulders.

Dreamily the girls walk down the room.
Dust shifts in the sunlight, shining blue and ochre;
Metal bars flash; wheels whirl and scream,
Spraying with thin, gray powder the faces of the girls
Who walk drowsily down the narrow room
To dip their hands in slimy water. Perfume
Trails them, Mary Garden, and strange, sharp musk
And lilac like a drenched night in spring
With the south wind blowing. Men half turn
From humming machines and watch the girls
Go slowly down the room as in a dream.

Wheels whirl and scream and the girls
Move as might high ladies
Down candle-lit corridors before kings.

Francis Murphy.