

Now That They Have It

Intimate Talks with the Steel-Workers about the Eight-Hour Day

BY ROSE C. FELD

I WORKED sixteen hours a day and more investigating the eight-hour shift of men in steel-mills in the Pittsburgh district. Public opinion, union organization, and benevolent legislation have not yet dug their heels into the field of which I am a worker. *Ergo*, I am free to work from eight in the morning until ten at night, or, if needs be, from ten at night until ten the next night, and none there is who can tell me that it is bad for my health. Sweet are the uses of journalistic perversity, which insists on making its own laws and superintending its own conditions of labor.

In August, 1923, Judge Elbert H. Gary, the brains and the controlling voice in the United States Steel Corporation, made public his announcement to the twenty-odd presidents of the subsidiary companies in the organization to the effect that as soon thereafter as feasible the long turn in the steel-mills under corporation control would be eliminated. September and October saw the movement of the change in operation. Where two men formerly controlled a job during the twenty-four hours of the day, three men now controlled it. It meant more men, more supervision, greater division of responsibility; but, above all, it meant greater leisure

for the great mass of workers, about twenty-five per cent. of the industry, who were working on continual operation jobs.

Leisure—that indeed was the strongest argument that public opinion could bring to bear on the leaders in this industry; that was the argument that the more progressive among the officers of the organization used to convert the more backward members, that was the argument that finally effected the change. It meant that John Brown, first helper at an open-hearth furnace, could go home after his shift and have a number of hours of companionship with his family even as did his brother who worked as a clerk in a shop. It meant that Steve Pavolsk, second helper at the furnace, might have some time to watch his young children turning into stalwart young Americans. It meant that Joe Andrasian, third helper, might go to his room, wash off the dirt and grime of the mill, and go off to town, where the sound of tinkling music tickled the toes of his dancing feet. For it was n't the heaviness of their work that made these impossible; it was the length of hours at the job.

Last year, before the long shift was eliminated, I spent fourteen hours in the night shift at the open-hearth

furnaces at Gary, Indiana. That is how they worked it, fourteen hours on the night shift one week, ten hours on the day shift the next. The men themselves had so arranged it in order to get some leisure after the day shift was over. I came in at five in the afternoon with the men, some of whom were driven to work in automobiles run by their wives; I left at seven the next morning.

Mention the term steel-worker to the man on the street, and what does he see? A hell-hole of fire, men bending over it, stripped to the waist, unprotected from the scorching heat, and working, working continuously, for the number of hours for which they are paid. That picture is as obsolete as is the horse-car in New York. When a huge furnace that can swallow and digest a hundred and ten tons of molten steel is loaded, it is not man labor that does it. It is a charging machine, made up of little carts, which are run into the mouth of the furnace by the movement of levers. High up, on overhead tracks, runs a cage in which sits the crane-man. A push of a lever here, a lever there, and in fifteen minutes the ore, the scrap, the chemicals, have been loaded on the seething fires.

This elimination of hand labor in virtually every operation of the steel-mills means that the worker has more time to himself during his working shift. There are long stretches where his job is only a watching job. He must be there in case Mary, his furnace, gets peevish; but if Mary is in good humor, and as a rule her disposition is sweet, he can sit and talk or read if he has a mind to, or, if he can find himself a bunk, he can steal his forty winks. There is always

a good buddy to wake him if need be. All this does n't mean that the steel-worker, the open-hearth man for one, has a loafing job of it. He has n't. When the furnace is ready to be tapped, when the hole at its back must be plugged out to let the sparkling stream of "buttermilk" run into the giant ladles whose movement is controlled by a crane-man operating overhead, he works fast and heavily. Twenty minutes as a rule will see this job through, twenty more minutes will prepare the furnace for the next charging. When he 's finished that, he 's done a man's job that requires a man's muscle and endurance. He 'll tell you as he rubs his face with his handkerchief that the "old girl sure" was hot."

It was in these periods of rest and intermission during the night—and they came often and lasted longer than the hot working turns—that the men opened up and talked about this need of leisure.

"It is n't that I mind the work," old Pat, a worker of some twenty years' standing told me over the meal he shared with me; "it is n't that. I like the work. I like old Mary. I understand her, and she understands me. I feed her well, and she turns out the finest 'buttermilk' on the floor. Yes, it 's hot stuff, nothin' for a baby to handle; it 's stuff for strong men. Well, as I was sayin', it 's not the work. But, ye see, I 've got another Mary at home. Ye would n't believe it, but she 's jealous of this here Mary. And why should n't she be? Don't I spend the best time of my day with her? Don't I give her all the life and fun in me body? When I come home, it 's so sleepy I am, I can think of nothin' but bed. Well, a woman at

home wants more of a man than to feed his face and hear him snore. I don't blame her none at all, at all. A wife has a right to a husband."

That was last year, the year of all work and no leisure.

Leisure, you see, was what he was talking about, the desire to include something else in a day's work besides working and sleeping. Invariably, the comment of the men was about this.

§ 2

Now that they have it, what are they going to do with it? That is an expression of the street. It hits the nail on the head. Theorists and self-appointed humanitarians, when discussing this business of eliminating the long shift in the steel-mills, used to work out elaborate and fantastic programs on what the liberated steel man will do with his time. In a thrice they saw the ranks of culture-starved workers dashing to libraries, to schools, to concerts, madly interested in one thing only, the cultivation of their souls. They saw a labor democracy made up of intellectual aristocrats. So strong was their faith—in themselves, primarily—and so insistent their talk that before long the world and his wife began to believe this stuff.

It seems rather senseless. What is it that the vast majority of middle-class people do, all of them or most of them eight-hour workers? What does your miner do, your railroad-worker, your office-worker? His pastimes, do they consist of listening to Chopin, of reading Shelley, of taking degrees in colleges? Hardly. Yet for some strange reason everybody talked of the intellectual doors closed to the man whose job was rolling cherry-red billets into rails.

It is only a year since the long shift was eliminated. It is n't quite fair to judge whether or not the worker is using his time to good advantage. But it is fair to ask him what he thinks of the change, what his wife thinks of it, and whether he likes it or not.

"You bet I like the eight-hour day!" That, without exception almost, is the response one meets when discussing the subject. The old man says it, the young man says it, the unskilled worker, the skilled, the semi-skilled, the American, the foreigner. And with but one exception, their wives echo their words. Of that exception, more later.

At the beginning, indeed, there was not a little antagonism toward this revolution in the working day. The older men were at the front of it. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years of service on the long shift had made them contented with their hours. Not having had leisure in their youth, they did n't miss it in their maturity. Partly it was that, but perhaps to a greater extent the antagonism was nursed by fear of a cut in wages.

"What do we want with it?" was the comment often heard among the veterans in the steel-mills. A new aspect was thrown on their problem, however, when a wage arrangement was made whereby the men and the companies shared half and half in the loss of income. In other words, the eight-hour men, formerly the twelve-hour men, received a wage approximating ten hours of service. When the new schedule was put into action, the grumbling had greatly decreased. The men were in a more open frame of mind, willing to see how it would work out. A few weeks, a

month, two months, and opinion grew unanimous that there was nothing like this new régime of the three-man shift on continuous operations. The older men, like the younger men, who had been enthusiastic from the very start, took to their new liberty like birds released from a cage.

The three shifts in the day begin at seven in the morning, three in the afternoon, and eleven at night, respectively. Eight hours of work, eight hours of sleep, and eight hours of leisure. That is how they figure it out.

I took the night shift, the one between eleven and seven the next morning, to get at first hand in informal talks what I had got in the fourteen-hour shift at Gary, Indiana. This time it was in Duquesne, Pennsylvania. Again I chose the open hearths, where the steel is made, in order more truly to duplicate conditions with which I was comparatively familiar. I reached the mills before the new shift came on and watched the three-o'clock men pack up, wash up, and take their leave. One thing at once was apparent. Their eyes were not so heavily laden with sleep as some others I remembered from the year before. The showers had refreshed them. They were going home for a bite and then to bed. Next day they had until three in the afternoon for play and recreation. The week after, the later shift would be theirs, and the third week it would be the shift they liked best, the one from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon.

At eleven at night the mills were working with the third shift. Their buddies, the second-shift men, who had just left, had told them at what stage of operation the steel was in. The glowing furnaces, bright against

the black of the night, were bubbling away with their fiery contents. A hand ladle was pushed in to take a sample of the steel. The running metal was poured into a cup, allowed to harden for a minute, then thrown out. The solid mold was broken, and the pieces were examined for carbon. That told them just what it was the furnace needed, just how soon the heat would be finished, and whether or not a heat would be tapped before the night was over. Once the business of ascertaining the conditions of their furnaces was completed, the men relaxed, and the more peaceful routine of watching the heat and caring for it began.

It takes from eight to ten hours to make a "heat." That is what the contents of a furnace is called. It is then tapped into ladles and poured into large ingot molds. This completes the work in the open-hearth division. The molds are stripped when they become cherry-red, and the hot ingots of steel are transported to the ovens, where they are kept until they are ready to be rolled into billets or rails or sheets. It is a sight never to be forgotten to see the huge metal clamps reaching down into the ovens, lifting the five-ton ingot of deeply glowing steel and depositing it on constantly moving rollers which beat it and shape it and press it into the desired breadth, thickness, and length. The most amazing part of the spectacle is the scarcity of humans at work on the floor. A man in a pulpit works the levers which direct the movement of the ingot on the rolling-tables; a man in an overhead buggy drops the metal arms which lift them from the ovens.

There are over twenty furnaces

at Duquesne. Each furnace has its first, second, and third helper. Each man has a special job and special responsibility in making a heat. Inasmuch as heats are not started or tapped at the same time, I had opportunity to talk to the idle men while others were busied at their tasks. A visitor during the night is a pleasant experience to them. It lessens the monotony of waiting for the day to break.

"It 's the best thing that ever happened to us," one of the first helpers, an American, said to me. "I don't know how I ever stood the long hours. I guess you can do it when you 've never known anything better. But I could n't go back to the other way any more. I 've had my taste of freedom, and I like it. Do you know," he added, and that seemed to him the final proof of his feelings on the subject—"do you know, I 'd hold on to this eight-hour job business even though it meant a cut in wages. I was one of those fellows who kicked against it to start with, but I ain't kickin' now."

"Well, what is it you like about it?" I asked him. "What is it your free time means to you?"

He grinned, and rubbed his stubble of beard.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know exactly. But I like going home to the wife and kids. I like putterin' around the house. I 'm growin' a garden. Do you know, it 's lots of fun growin' a garden. The kids think I 'm crazy spendin' so much time in it, but I don't care. I kind o' like havin' them around pokin' fun at me. They 're nice kids, too. They want me to get a car. I 'm thinkin' about it. That 's what lots of the other men are doin', ridin' around and seein'

places. But me, I guess I want to stick around home for a while and see how my garden grows."

We talked some more about his garden and what he was raising. Then I asked him about his wife. Did she like having him at home?

"You bet," he answered. "We 're gettin' acquainted all over again. I tell you, there 's nothin' like this eight-hour business."

His second helper came over to get some advice on the heat. Putting his blue goggles on his nose to protect his eyes from the glare of the white liquid, my man left me. I walked down to another furnace where the men were sitting on the benches talking and smoking. From there they could manipulate the levers which controlled the heat blast in the bubbling brick ovens. A youngster among them caught my eye, a boy of about twenty-two or four. He was tall and slender, not at all powerful-looking, but the muscles of his arms and shoulders showed unusual development. He made room for me on the bench with a movement that bespoke ease in a drawing room, a rather surprising find in a steel-mill. His language, too, showed more careful training. I taxed him with it, and he laughed.

"Yes, I know," he said. "The men found that out about me, too, but they 've got over remarking about it. They 're good fellows." He had had four years of high school and two years of college. His family were "well fixed," as he put it.

"What made you come here?" I asked him. "What is it you expect to get from it?"

"I love this," he said. "I 've been here almost a year. Steel has always fascinated me, the furnaces, the heat,

the pouring metals, the winding, red-hot rails. It's romance. It was n't easy at first. When I came, I got a job as third helper, the least-skilled work on the furnace crew. I was n't used to manual work, and the labor and the heat in the moments when I had to get near the furnace at tapping time almost laid me out. I made the mistake all new-comers make; I was too eager, too anxious to show that I was a man and could tackle a man's job. I lost about twenty pounds the first two months, but I never lost the joy in the work. I tell you, there 's something that gets you in this interchange of fire and metal. In time my muscles got used to the movement and heat, and the twenty pounds came back, hard flesh and sinew, no fat. A second helper was promoted, and I got his place. Not so bad that. That 's the way to learn the business of making steel." He laughed, then added: "I got eighty dollars in my pay envelop last week. Two weeks' pay that is. That is n't so bad either. And all the time you 're here, part of this tremendous spectacle of machinery and light and little men who run it all. It 's good, I tell you."

"And your leisure, what do you do with that?"

"Night school some of the time, in winter especially. Other things other times." He grinned.

"A girl?"

"Uh, huh. At McKeesport. When I get there, we 'll both be there."

"Get where?"

He looked surprised.

"I 'm not going to tend furnace all my life. I 'm going to follow this molten metal right through. My chemical knowledge is n't all it should

be, but I 'm making that up in the works school. They have very splendid courses on steel-making. Any man who takes it is permitted to go to classes during working-hours. We learn the theory of steel-making in the classroom, and see how it is applied by visits to the various mills and laboratories. I 'm doing some extra work on the side. There are splendid night schools in Pittsburgh. The University of Pittsburgh runs night classes, so does the Carnegie Institute of Technology."

"You 're going to be another Andrew Carnegie?"

"Maybe," he said.

"Tell me," I asked him, "do you believe that the eight-hour shift will bring a better type of labor to the steel-mills, men with your enthusiasm and education?"

"I have n't thought about it," he replied after a moment's silence. "But it seems to me it ought to. I think we 're getting away from the white-collar idea. There 's something, a satisfaction in being a part of this, that you don't get sitting behind a desk. Or so it seems to me. I think other fellows are getting this. The hours and the tales they heard about the work might have scared them off before. I think more will be willing to try it now. It 's not easy to start with, let me tell you, but once you get the swing of it, then you feel the sense of power. I like it."

He expected to tap his heat at five in the morning, he told me, and invited me to come and sit with him after that. He 'd be through then until it was time to leave. What he said is food for thought. Men were getting away from the white-collar idea and turning to the satisfaction

of accomplishment in constructive labor. Is that true? Or does the satisfaction lie primarily in the fact that a twenty-two-year-old boy in an office draws a salary of about twenty-five dollars a week, whereas the twenty-two-year-old in work such as this can get a pay-envelop of eighty dollars for two weeks' work?

Many of the older men with whom I had spoken during the week and during the night shift, upon being questioned, told me that they had sons at work in the mill. Here, too, was an interesting question. If the long shift was so arduous, how is it that a man would willingly choose to have his son work at the same kind of job? Human nature is so constituted that the average man, the normal father, seeks to have his son rise a step higher in the social and industrial ladder. I spoke to the men about this.

"Here I was," said one of them, and his reply is typical, "working in the mill, working long hours, it's true, but making a decent wage. I would n't go back to the long hours now, but I did n't know better then. When my boy was ready for a job, I knew I could find a place for him here, that in time he would be making good money. Maybe he could have got a job in a store in Duquesne or Pittsburgh. The hours would have been easier, but what would they have brought him? Ten dollars to start with, and maybe fifty dollars when he was fifty years old. I could n't see it, and he could n't see it. You see, he was brought up in this town, where everything centers about the mill. The furnaces, the whistles, the smoke-stacks—all this was part of his life. I don't think he thought

of anything else. He just naturally dropped into it. If he had it in him he could get ahead. He knew that. He has, as a matter of fact. He is a roller in the rolling-mills and makes a good deal more than I do."

"But youth wants to play. Did n't he miss that?"

The man scratched his head.

"I don't know. If he missed it, he did n't say anything about it. He did n't know any better. Anyway, he's playing now. This eight-hour shift is giving him all the time he wants."

"What does he do with his time, what do you do with yours?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "I putter around the house and make myself a nuisance to the missus. I take her out for a ride when it's hot. I go around and chat with the neighbors. What does anybody do with his time?"

There, of course, is the real answer. What does anybody do with his time? That's exactly what the average steel-worker is doing with his.

"And your boy?"

"Oh, he goes off to Kennywood Park with the girls and dances." Kennywood Park is the Coney Island of Duquesne. "Or he putters about the old car. He's building a garage right now. That's a good thing; that saves money. If he were working the long shift, he could n't do it, of course. Would n't have the time to. Lots of men are building garages. They buy the cement from the company, and put in their daylight free time at that. Some of them go in for sports. The ball-field is full of fellows from the mill, young fellows mostly. I've seen them play a game of ball right after the night shift. They finish at seven, take a shower,

and go off with a ball and bat. When they come home at nine, breakfast is ready for them. There 's nothing strange about that, is there? City folks who work at desks do the same, don't they?"

They do, exactly. How often on a summer day do you not see the streets of your town filled with young clerks who play a game of ball until they are called in to dinner?

"And your wife," I asked him, "does she like the short shift?"

"I 'll say she does," came his reply, again showing that the mills of Duquesne are natural brothers to the sidewalks of New York.

I spoke to a Russian first helper, who told me with no small pride that steel was being made in Russia by men who had got their training in American mills. He, too, was enthusiastic about the eight-hour shift. His free time? He spent it with his Russian friends, drinking—he winked—many cups of tea. There are "winking" cups of tea in New York, it should be remembered. A German foreman of the floor had some grievance against the new régime, but on inquiry it boiled down to the fact that he resented the difference it made in his pay-envelop. Yes, he made ample to live on, but in the past he turned more money into the bank. A little sleepy boy about seventeen working the levers at one of the benches agreed whole-heartedly that there was nothing like the eight-hour shift.

"Expect to go to school in the winter?" I asked him.

"Nope. Never was no good at school. This suits me better."

"You might become first helper sooner if you went to school."

"Yeah. My father says so, too.

I don't know. I 'd rather play around with the fellers. Maybe when it gets cold I 'll go. Ain't much doin' here in the winter."

Mechanically, he pulled the levers as he spoke. Winter, next winter, and the winters to come, where "there ain't much doin'" and when the eight-hour shift will have lost its novelty, may bring with it a more noticeable change in the use of leisure time. Then, it may be, the young boys, the young men, may get tired of the usual routine of aimless hours and attend the schools that are ready to take them in.

§ 3

I paid a last visit to my young enthusiast of Irish extraction at day-break. He was, as he had foretold, finished with his job. His furnace had been tapped before five, I had caught a glimpse of him on the gallery where he had pushed out the plug that released the flow and sparkle of the hot "soup" or "buttermilk" or "coffee," as the molten steel is variously dubbed. He stood there with a rod in his hand, the farther end of it red hot. The perspiration was dripping from his face, and his shirt clung to his body, but there was a look of enjoyment—I can think of no better word to describe it—as his eye met mine. Later I saw him on the front side of the furnace, building it up with lime, making it ready for the next charge. The third helpers threw shovelfuls of the powder on his long-handled ladle, and with a deft twist of his wrist he packed it up against the broken spaces in the wall. Now he was sitting on his bench wearing the "sweat shirt" men on athletic teams put on after a hard game.

Until seven this crew had nothing more to do. The whistle would relieve them of their waiting. Anxiously they watched the deep blue of the heavens turning to gray and then to a soft rose.

Earlier in this article I spoke about the one exception to the enthusiasm on the eight-hour day. The one exception is a class exception, if the term is permissible.

It was the wife of the unskilled worker who voiced it. Along with the men who do the actual work of running the mills there is a small army of unskilled help, foreigners mostly, whose job it is to keep the yards clean, take care of stock, bring in lime. Unskilled work, in a word, which pays fifty cents an hour. In time these men, if they show an aptitude for the better jobs, are promoted to helpers at the furnaces and jobs in the mills. Many of them are recent immigrants with small or no command of English. The long hours meant no innovation to them. That is what they were used to in the countries from which they came. Their time was spent in working, eating, and sleeping, each following the other without intermission. To-day they suddenly find themselves with eight hours of leisure on their hands. They are spending that leisure in a way that brings the most satisfaction to them, that is, breaking the prohibition law.

It is not conscious criminality on their part. They have always had a resentment against the law which took their wines and beers from them. Therein the new country did not come up to scratch. Not having had much time to think about it or do anything about it in the past, their dissatisfaction had remained dormant. To-day,

however, they have the leisure to take action against it and, as a result, virtually every first generation foreign home has its still and its home concoctions. Friendly bootleggers of their own extraction help along the good work of keeping the worker in good spirits. These good spirits are working havoc in many homes.

A tired-looking Hungarian girl, a baby in her arms and one at her skirts, which dangled around her bare feet, was the first to tell me what many other wives of her kind later repeated.

"It is very bad, this eight-hour work. John he was always good man, good worker. He make good wages. He bring them home, he give them to me. To-day John he is bad man. All day he drink, all night he drink. He never home. He go to friends, they make whisky, he make whisky at home, he buy whisky. He never give me money. All money go for whisky. The rent I no pay. The grocer I no pay. I go get job washing. Never in old days I wash. Now must wash to buy bread."

There it is. What are you going to do about it? Here is something that according to all theories and ideals and principles was to revolutionize life and change it from a sordid thing to something fine and beautiful. In a large measure it is doing that, but there is a little measure that takes in many humans whose lives are being made the darker for it.

In the homes of the semi-skilled and skilled workers, the better paid men, a decided change is noticeable. The men are now considered social members of the family as well as breadwinners. I walked up and down several coolly shaded streets on which these workers lived. On the porch of

one house a man stood swinging two children in a hammock, talking and laughing with them. A sentimental sight, but not an unpleasant one. Another one was playing ball with his youngster. A third was out in his garden pulling up weeds under the supervision of his wife. A fourth was building an addition to the house. A fifth was mixing cement for the floor of his garage. They were doing the things, in a word, that every average man with a home and a family likes to do. They were "improving themselves" in a way highly satisfactory to themselves, without books, without music, without art. Literature on the extermination of garden bugs was all they wanted, the music of the victrola or the radio was sufficient for their enjoyment, the architecture of a well built garage was their art.

"You like having your husband home for sixteen hours?" I asked one woman as soon as her young son could be induced to turn off the radio his father had helped him build.

"Why should n't I?" she answered very practically. "You don't think it was pleasant seeing him only before he went to work and when he came home from work? We're getting used to seeing him smile again. He's a nuisance sometimes. He gets in my way, wanting to know what I am doing and what he can do. At first he seemed lost. He did n't know what to do with himself. He'd sit and drowse and look at the clock, wondering if it was time to go back to work. Often he'd leave an hour ahead of time and hang around at the mill gates, talking to other men who felt like him. Now that he's used to the change, he manages to keep himself busy."

One woman whose husband and two boys worked in the steel-mills declared that the new régime worked some hardship on her, but she would not go back to the old way for all that.

"There are three men in the family," she told me. "Each works on a different shift. That means that I must prepare meals for all of them all the time. The table is never cleared. That makes it a little hard, but we're getting used to it. The men are not very tired when they get home, so they can go to the kitchen and prepare a bite for themselves. There's always a man around the house now, and I like it. They've done so many things for me to make the place more attractive."

Occasionally complaints drift in.

"The boy has too much time for loafing. He spends his time running around in his father's automobile and dancing. It's a bad thing for him."

That is a complaint often heard in other places, not only in steel cities.

"I used to be able to go to a dance occasionally when my husband worked the night shift," one scatter-brained young thing told me. "Now I've got to be at home. His night shift does n't begin until eleven at night, and it's too late to start anything then."

Attempting conclusions on a subject as large as this is foolish and futile after a period of only a year. Five years, ten years, twenty years, will show what it is the eight-hour shift and its accompanying leisure are doing for the men and their families. The children now growing up, the future man power of the steel-mills, will shape the change that will come, if change there will be. Too much should not be expected, however.

In Streets of Rose and Blue

Travels with a Coachman in Cartagena

BY BLAIR NILES

FATE had sent us a coachman. Not that there was any lack of coachmen in Cartagena, coachmen lolling in the drivers' seats of the more-or-less dilapidated victorias which awaited patrons. But these coachmen were coachmen merely, negligible quantities whose hands controlled reins and occasionally brandished whips.

Then fate sent us our special coachman, to whom the manipulation of reins was a trivial detail in a calling which he made as colorful as a prism.

Sitting in his high seat, his brown, circular face smiling, we found him throwing merry salutations to passing acquaintances at the same time that he carried on a lively conversation with a hotel employee lounging in the doorway. He was at once as eager about our drive as though he also had come nearly two thousand miles to visit for the first time that little walled city on the shores of the Caribbean.

We drove because in those tiny streets a stranger on foot is too conspicuous to stalk any sort of game successfully. The wearers of hats and shoes seldom walk, and it is unusual to be quite so white as we who live under a Northern sun. Then, too, it is disconcerting to be continually either

hopping off the ledge of sidewalk or flattening oneself against some wall in order that one may pass and be passed. Whereas, for my purpose, invisibility under the dark, projecting hood of the carriage was ideal.

It was also ideal that our driving consisted more of pauses than of progress; for it was during our frequent stops to photograph that I would curl up in a corner of the carriage, where, unseen, I watched and absorbed the moving stream of life.

I listened to girlish confidences called frankly from behind the blue window-bars of a rose-colored house—called across to the friend behind the green window of an azure house, the street so narrow that the girls scarcely seemed to raise their voices in the pretty Spanish melody which is their talk.

In doorways, tinted to match the shutters and gratings of the glass-less windows, tiny naked children, like polished walnut, played in the dust. There were soft shouts and treble laughter. Somewhere a woman crooned a song—a song about a lovely little sky. "Ay! ay! ay, ay!" It was such a lovely little sky!

From time to time a milkman rattled by on his donkey, the man perched between two big, shiny milk-