Sonnet

("Three bills known as the Thompson-Bewley cannery bills have been advanced to third reading in the Senate and Assembly at Albany. One permits the canners to work their employés seven days a week, a second allows them to work women after 9 p. m. and a third removes every restriction upon the hours of labor of women and minors."—Zenas L. Potter, former chief cannery investigator for New York State Factory Investigating Commission.)

LET us not to an unrestricted day
Impediments admit. Work is not work
To our employés, but a merry play;
They do not ask the law's excuse to shirk.
Ah, no, the canning season is at hand,
When summer scents are on the air distilled,

When golden fruits are ripening in the land, And silvery tins are gaping to be filled. Now to the cannery with jocund mien Before the dawn come women, girls and boys,

Whose weekly hours (a hundred and nineteen)

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