

less noise?" Such impassioned oratory with the exchange of personal insults serves to distract the jurors' minds from the issues of the case and to focus their attention upon the individualities of the lawyers. The natural instinct is to champion one of the two men. It was so in this case. Afterwards I inquired of several lawyers regarding this practice of haranguing the jury, and the reply was invariably the same: "We have to consider the type of men on the jury. It takes that kind of thing to impress them."

When the Court had completed its business, the jurors were dismissed to deliberate. We were locked in a small apartment. Eleven of the jurors lighted large black cigars, and the foreman made his proposals. For two whole days, from nine until four, we argued the case from every point of view. The air was dense with smoke and the cuspidors on either side of my chair were

in constant demand—I became extremely agile in my movements during those two days. There was ample opportunity offered me to express my opinion, and when I took advantage of it I was listened to with the greatest respect. We took frequent ballots, but were never able to secure the necessary nine assenting votes required in a civil case for a verdict. At the expiration of two days the Judge was forced to accept our deadlock, and we were sent back to the juror assembly rooms to await our next case.

As I review my experience two points seem to be worthy of particular consideration. The first is the kind of treatment I received throughout my period of service—the democratic spirit I found, the fact that by reason of my presence there I was considered of the same class as all of the other jurors. Most of us were there making some sacrifice to do our duty, and that made

a peculiar tie between us. If, as a large part of the world contends, chivalry is declining because women are assuming their new rôle, no one can deny that women are receiving more practical respect and admiration from the men than ever before. What matter if the men fail to give us their seats in a street car or neglect to ask our permission to smoke, if they have sufficient regard for our minds to value our opinions? My second point is my firm conviction that it is the duty of every woman summoned to jury service, especially the woman of intelligence and education, to serve her term. Too many business men have slipped out of this duty in one way or another, and the mean character of the average jury is only too well known. The women, if they are conscientious in this new duty, can set an example for the men to follow. It is one of the ways in which women can demonstrate the qualities of good citizenship.

GRUNDYISM

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

THE more print is being expended on a given topic, the more does a perverse editorial pen itch to add its quota to the profusion. The mutual recriminations of Grundyites and anti-Grundyites are even noisier in conversation than on the printed page, but what puzzles the editorial mind is that anybody should find anything novel in a scrimmage between any two next-door generations. The first prerogative that youth has always assumed is the right to shock its elders, and the last prerogative that age would relinquish is the capacity to be shocked by the youngsters. Is it not a little touching, however, to observe the interdependence of all this pleasure in shocking and all this pain of being shocked? If old people and young people were ever so far apart as they think they are, would they be quite so sensitive to their effect on each other? Fathers and mothers are never actually laid on the shelf; they are always the most influential gallery gods in the universe.

Among history's most incessant repetitions is the conviction of all adolescence that it is staging something brand new in the matter of sophistication. For several thousand years no boy has come to twenty years without believing himself more knowing than his poor dear father in all respects, but especially in his insight into the heart of woman; and for an even longer period no girl has ever reached sixteen without conceiving herself cleverer than her mother in manipulating the hearts of men. Yet the relations of the sexes are so hoary with antiquity that it is highly improbable that any youth has found out anything about women unknown to Solomon, who had a thousand specimens for experiment, and equally un-

certain whether the very youngest débutante of 1921 will find any methods of popularity in which Cleopatra had not anticipated her.

To let every era suppose it is inventing the very newest thing in revolutions is history's way of safeguarding her stability. The emancipation of women will have to travel a long way before it gets as far as Deborah had already arrived in the neighborhood of 1200 B.C. Freedom of speech between the sexes is a custom so recurrent that one hesitates to call attention to the robust dialogue of the youths and maidens of Shakespeare or of Fielding. License to-day has still much to learn from the Court of Charles II, and is any one so illiterate as to fancy that all the lords and ladies who danced at those mad balls were on the farther side of sixteen? Sixteen was an age considered fully mature in those days, and for long and long afterward. In fact, it is only within the last forty years that we have tried forcibly to extend the age of infancy, possibly quite against nature. It is not Shakespeare or his audience, but ourselves, who would have considered Juliet precocious. In passing, it may be noted that Juliet's balcony had many advantages over the 3 A.M. roadster, notably the constant menace of the nurse's appearing as chaperon. When there is no longer any chaperon to circumvent, a great deal of zest is sacrificed. The strongest argument for keeping up all the appearances of convention is that each incoming generation may have something against which to revolt.

In the 1920 discussions in the "Atlantic" and their 1921 repercussion in the "Times," space is politely given to both sides of this Grundyism. Youth

maintains that the Victorian era, because it kept feminine stockings and masculine vices both discreetly under cover, somehow brought on the European war, thereby entailing the Herculean task of reconstruction upon the young people of to-day. It is because they are working so hard to rebuild a ruined world that youths and maidens jazz-step and drink and fondle each other in public. The sequence is a little difficult to follow, but the dullest of us oldsters can gather that, whatever the faults of the present, the chief fault is our own, partly because we are responsible for smashing the world, and partly because we ourselves always wanted to walk and to talk, audacious and unclothed, but possessed neither the courage nor the frankness of our convictions. There is a certain Teutonic echo in the assumption that people are respectable only because they are too cowardly and too hypocritical to be anything else. Yet what requires more courage to-day than to be mid-Victorian in either morals or manners? And why is it hypocritical to wear your face as nature made it, but sincere to wear it gaudily painted? If a young man is really working as hard as he thinks he is, why is he not free to take the sleep he needs instead of being the slave of the midnight motor? If a girl really prefers to talk of flowers rather than Freud and to cover her back rather than to expose it, why should she not be at liberty to obey that impulse? After all, sex topics of conversation and all the gamut of physical sensations are extremely restricted.

Good old Victoria allowed us less license but more variety. Some of our world-worn sub-debs and sub-youths begin to sound a little jaded in spite of

their vigorous defense of their liberties. Monotonous old world in which every generation has always broken the bonds of its predecessors, only to become the slave of its own contemporaries! It never takes any independence to revolt against the past, because everybody is doing it and everybody always has done it, but it requires a great deal of initiative to rebel against the present. History has for some reason, however, always awarded her highest niches to the men and women who did make this revolt, who had the vision and the gumption to appropriate what seemed

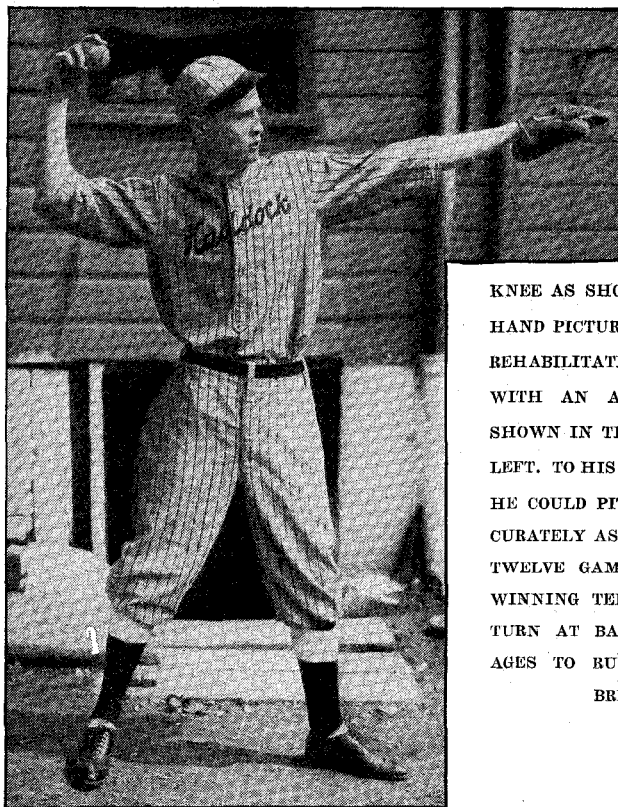
best to them out of all past eras, laughing at all subservience to transient Puritanism or to transient license.

If no youthful generation need ever glory in its audacity, neither need any older generation ever grumble at it. The pendulum swings back and forth every thirty years with mathematical uniformity. All that youth ever desires is to be different from its parents, and in that fact is reassurance. To-day it is the fashion for young people to lay all things bare. They are leaving absolutely nothing to be revealed. Therefore the only way the next crop of boys and

girls can have their due of revolt is to cover everything up again. The debts of to-day will have their daughters, and these daughters will have no choice but to be prudes. Jazz will have tom-tomed so madly that there will be nothing to do but to bring back the minuet. Once the feminine anatomy has been entirely denuded, no girl will become alluring except by wrapping it up again from chin to toe. Since always the first duty of young men is to be wholly different from their fathers, every baby boy of to-day must inevitably grow up to be as decorous as a Scotch Covenanter.

MENDING MEN IN PENNSYLVANIA

BY ALLEN SANGREE



JOSEPH MEEHAN
LOST HIS RIGHT
LEG ABOVE THE

KNEE AS SHOWN IN THE RIGHT-HAND PICTURE. THE BUREAU OF REHABILITATION PROVIDED HIM WITH AN ARTIFICIAL LEG AS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE TO THE LEFT. TO HIS DELIGHT, HE FOUND HE COULD PITCH A BALL AS ACCURATELY AS EVER. HE PITCHED TWELVE GAMES LAST SUMMER, WINNING TEN. HE TAKES HIS TURN AT BAT, TOO, AND MANAGES TO RUN TO FIRST AT A BRISK CLIP



THE best of baseball pitchers are likely to get rattled and lose their heads; but for a pitcher to lose a leg is a tragedy. Joseph Meehan, aged nineteen, lost his right leg above the knee. He also lost all hope of ever being able to pitch another game of ball. At this unhappy point in his career the Bureau of Rehabilitation of the State of Pennsylvania stepped in and put him back on his feet, providing him with an artificial leg and entering him in a business training course. He lost no time in becoming manager of an amateur baseball team in his neighborhood, and, greatly to his delight, discovered that he could pitch a ball as accurately as ever.

He pitched twelve games last summer, winning ten for his team; one game in which he played throughout wound up in a tie score after nineteen innings. He not only occupies the pitcher's box, but takes his turn at the bat and manages to run to first at a brisk clip.

The story of Pennsylvania's Bureau of Rehabilitation is a story of unusual human and industrial interest. It occupies an increasingly important place in a State whose industrial pay-roll totals \$4,400,000,000, although its population is less than nine million. A total of 152,544 accidents was reported in 1919, of which 2,569 were fatal and 38,942 were serious; 768 of these accidents oc-

curred to persons under sixteen years of age. The number of working days lost through accidents totaled over two million, with wages lost totaling over \$8,000,000. More than 91,000 of these accidents occurred to married employees.

Governor Sproul signed the act establishing Pennsylvania's Bureau of Rehabilitation in 1919. The work is in charge of Clifford B. Connelley, Commissioner of Labor and Industry, and S. S. Riddle. These two men were confronted with a big job and with an appropriation of only \$100,000 to work with. Their headquarters are in Harrisburg. They have managed to add ten field workers to their staff, and have aston-