

uninterested in the European war, but not a record of violent revolutionaries. For this between three and four thousand have been jailed; a thousand are still in jail. They have been convicted wholesale: ninety-three at Chicago, thirty-eight at Kansas City, etc. The Circuit Court of Appeals has just reaffirmed the Chicago sentences, and the men out on bail are ordered back to prison. Twelve of the ninety-three have served out their sentences. One, a nineteen-year-old Harvard boy, sentenced to five years in prison, had a change of heart and went to Washington to tell the Department of Justice. He was pardoned a week later—a curious commentary on the official statement that no one is imprisoned for “opinion.” Thirty-three face ten-year sentences; sixteen, twenty-year sentences. And among the sixteen who face twenty years is Big Bill Haywood—wheezy, one-eyed, gentle—yes, *gentle*, Bill Haywood who, despite the legend, could not kill a fly and cannot be persuaded to denounce even an apostate I. W. W., a purchaser of immunity from prosecution by writing denunciatory articles for the Sunday papers—who has given all his life to the labor movement, and talks of “the boys” in the affectionate tones of a father. The movement for amnesty and the spirit of revolt both gain by the reassertion of the verdict.

A Needed Functionary

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

I DIDN'T mean to do it: the cat was excited at the prospect of the supper I was about to set down for him and got between my legs, and I stepped on his paw. At the terrific squawk he uttered, I too became excited, and in the blind effort to spare him brought my heel square down on his tail.

It was excruciating, but economical. Ever since, the cat has kept clear of people's feet.

“There's good pedagogy in that,” said my friend the father of eight boys. “The cat got his lesson. It's the same with children. A single good sharp cut of a switch across the legs, one that really and truly hurts, will break up a bad habit or institute a good one in a moment's time where a year's employment of the ‘reasoning’ they are always talking about will leave the case exactly where it was. I am not advocating harshness, or tyranny, you understand—only, I believe in good, hard shock for proper cause at the proper time. There is such a thing as surprising the system out of or into mental and physical habit. Take, for example, the case of lifelong invalids or cranks who have been shocked into health or sense by accident of some kind, or even by merciful conspiracy. You've read about them, haven't you?”

“It's kind of like a machine sometimes,” I said. “It hesitates, and sticks, or jams, until you get out of patience and give it a kick, and then it goes beautifully.”

“Only,” I continued, “I suppose you must be careful and not smash the machine—or hurt your foot. You must kick judiciously.”

“Nonsense!” he cried, “that's some more of the ‘never punish in anger’ sort of rot. Exactly what you need with both machine and child is to get out of patience. Punishment ought to be as quick as the lightning-stroke. Any machine worth talking about, or any child, will be in no danger of permanent injury from a good jolt.”

“That's just the word,” I said.

He went on. “Within limits, of course, I am assuming ordinary intelligence and a human disposition. And I am talking of real children, not the kind you read about.”

“It makes me think,” I said. “The jolt is a good thing for grown people as well as for children, cats, and dogs. You know Dulley, don't you? I've seen him come down the street a thousand times with ladies who had their hands full, never offering to take a thing. But one day, I happen to know, he was with little Miss Fitz, letting her struggle along with a heavy pack of books, when all of a sudden she stopped stock still and literally threw them into his arms. ‘There!’ she said, ‘carry those books for me, will you? It's no more than manners.’ It made him mad, of course, but it was exactly what he needed. Since then he's been a regular parcels post. He simply can't do enough draying—and all because of a merciless jolt at precisely the proper moment. It put his machine into good running order, you see.

“Then I was attending a concert service at church the other Sunday evening—”

My friend threw up his hands. “Yes, I know what you're going to say,” he said, “And you're right. Of all the maddening torment that people who love music have to undergo in this land of ours, where idiots go to a concert as if it were a reception, or a convention, or a mass-meeting—! Some of the worst crimes are not in the statute-books.” He was almost incoherent.

“Well,” I said, “for once I did my bit to abate the nuisance. There was a couple sitting beside me. I endured their whispering through the prayer, and then part way through a delicate Händel organ number, and was just nerv-ing myself to endure to the end, when, quite to my surprise, the great God of Jolts suddenly turned me in my seat and made me say, ‘Would you mind not talking while the music is going on?’ Of course they both glared at me, and of course I have made two enemies for life; but there are also two people who will never expose themselves to *that* again.”

“You're a public benefactor,” said my friend warmly, “and we ought to have a score or two like you distributed through every concert hall, and theater, *and* church. It would do more for manners at public functions than ten thousand reams of ‘reasoning.’”

“But it would take a lot of courage, and it would stir up a lot of ill feeling, wouldn't it? They'd call us ill-tempered, and bad neighbors, and undemocratic.”

“It would be worth the price,” he said. “And I am not so sure about the ill feeling. I have had experiences of my own. Of course I don't look back with delight upon either the process or its authors, but at the same time I am everlastingly thankful for the result. Oh, I could tell you some interesting stories about jolts that I have known, if I only cared to.”

“So could I,” I said, “but I don't care to, any more than you. I'm not great enough a character to make it safe for me to publish my confessions. Saint Augustine could lay bare all his weaknesses and not be afraid. But I am no saint.”

“Anyway, we seem to have proved the virtues of jolting,” he said, “and since that thought about the concert halls and theaters, I have been wondering whether we couldn't turn our conclusions to account. I just happened to think of years ago when we used to maintain, or pretend to maintain, a useful servant of the public called the Fool-killer. You

remember? He used to make inspectional tours once or twice a year. It used to be, 'When the Fool-killer comes round,—'

"Yes, I remember," I answered. "We used to save up all the cases for him."

"Precisely," he said. "But in these days of shorthandedness and economy, we can't afford to destroy anything that can be made serviceable by reconstruction, especially if reconstruction involves nothing more expensive than jolting. The difference between a fool and a philosopher is often only the matter of a good, vigorous jolt. Why not a Jolter, and have him come round every so often?"

"A sort of Lord High Jolter, after the fashion of the Lord High Executioner," I suggested. "He'll have 'em on the list—and they'll none of 'em be missed."

"Perfectly," he agreed. "And you and I'll help him make out his little list."

"For example,—" I suggested.

"First of all," he responded, promptly, "the aforesaid nuisances at musical functions."

"And at the theater," I added. "Not forgetting the bushmen who come late with their females and spoil the whole first act crawling over you to their seats and getting settled."

"And actors with absurd mannerisms which they think captivating," he said.

"And preachers who use Billy Sunday vocabularies before Jonathan Edwards congregations," I said.

"And tell slangy stories, thinking they are putting themselves on a level with the common people," he said.

"And there are some private nuisances we mustn't forget," he added. "We must put down the people who stop you when you are in a hurry and take fifteen minutes to say what could be said in two, or didn't need saying at all."

"The buttonholers," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "they need a jolt to get their machinery to running."

"And then there's the other kind," I said, "the ones that talk so fast and so long you never get a chance to say a word of your own. Every time you try it they simply increase in speed and volume, and leave you overwhelmed and gasping."

"The steam roller sort," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Total recall, I believe, is the name they give it. We'll have them on the list. The Jolter will surely do them good."

My friend hesitated.

"I doubt it," he said. "Jolting really does better for slow machinery than for gearing that works with such absolute smoothness."

"But these people have never once in the course of their whole lives had it occur to them that what is of interest to them is not every bit as interesting to everybody else," I said. "Couldn't the Jolter jolt it into their heads?"

For the first time my friend looked discouraged.

"Yes, I know," he said, "but how is he to get at them? Wouldn't they go right over him, the same as with the rest of us?"

I remembered various experiences. "Yes," I said, "I'm afraid they would."

My friend was thoughtful for a moment. "I'm afraid reconstruction in some cases is impossible," he said. "I don't know but we'll have to retain the Lord High Executioner for occasional service, after all."

In the Driftway

THE exigencies of modern travel forced the Drifter into a drawing-room car. His negotiations with the porter for a seat that wasn't to be had were about ending, when he was forced to step aside to let a girl pass. She had obviously overheard the conversation and paused now, to look at the Drifter. He was shabby, but presentable. "If you care to, you may have a seat in my drawing-room as far as Philadelphia." The Drifter settled himself with his back to the engine, wishing he might smoke, while his new found friend sat opposite and discoursed of cabbages and kings. The Drifter didn't in the least care what she talked of, as long as she talked, for she was comely to look at and her face lighted pleasantly when she was interested. Her grandmother had just sold her New York house and there had been several happy, dusty days in the attic. She exhibited part of her spoil, opened one book, and began to read. The Drifter unfolded a newspaper, but was interrupted by a giggle and the book was passed across to him. It was a small "Guide to New York, Its Buildings, Places of Amusement, Churches, Banks, &c., &c." On the title-page was printed the announcement "Not to be taken from the Hotel Astor" and the date 1867. The Drifter wondered what crinoline lady or foppish beau had slipped the little book into pocket or handbag. On the open page he read:

POLITENESS IN RAILROAD CARS

1—Always show your ticket (without getting in a bad humor) whenever the conductor asks for it. Observe this as a rule, it will pay.

2—A gentleman should not occupy more than one seat at a time.

3—Gentlemen will not spit tobacco juice in the cars where there are ladies; it soils their skirts and dresses.

4—Ladies without escort in travel should be very particular with whom they become acquainted.

5—"If you your lips would keep from slips,

Five things observe with care.

With whom you speak, to whom you speak
And how and when and where."

* * * * *

THE Drifter looked up to meet a pair of twinkling eyes opposite.

6—Where you see a fellow overzealous for your comfort and pushing himself forward saying "are you traveling alone?—allow me to—" etc., etc., just say to him "Thank you, sir, I require no assistance." By observing this rule, ladies will often save themselves and others trouble.

7—Ladies traveling with children should invariably have a

Contributors to This Issue

GIFFORD PINCHOT, formerly chief of U. S. Forest Service, is professor of forestry at Yale and president of the National Conservation Association.

WATSON WILLIAMS, a writer resident in Minneapolis, is a student of economic questions.

GRANT SHOWERMAN is professor of classics at the University of Wisconsin and a contributor to literary magazines.

CHARLES E. CHAPMAN, associate professor of history at the University of California, is at present U. S. exchange professor to Chili.