

quents who require the most rigid disciplinary and corrective methods to ensure the possibility of their reformation. I would go further and affirm from extensive and practical experience that this kissing and coddling, if indiscriminately applied, even to the very best class of children, would have a disastrous effect, both physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

This presentment of the situation would lead us to believe that the Toronto bad boy is very bad indeed. If the picture is a true one all the greater reason have we for trying the American plan, which I will touch upon shortly, in dealing with him.

Men who hold opinions like unto those of the staff-sergeant, take inspiration however, I think, from the system of dealing out justice which prevailed in England in a past age. Time was, when some British judges of the Old Bailey pattern, when trying even juvenile cases, presented to view the dour face and the head be-wigged and the X Ray glance that bored through and through the very soul of the little shivering waif before the bar, and visions of Newgate came to him. But we have outlived that system, and there is not now in vogue that fearsomeness of showing mercy which characterized the courts of other days, and helped to give us a Dickens. The spirit of rigidity and severity which seems to pervade the pronouncement of Mr. Archibald will not, I trust, take root in Canada. True, there is a time and a place for severe administration of law, but there is also a time and a place for paying due regard to the promptings of the humanitarian. Mr. Archibald's view is at variance with the experience of the juvenile court judges of the great republic. These eminent men are firm in the belief that an administration of criminal law which has not even a nodding acquaintance with mercy brings results which leave nothing in its train save a memory of punishment. I would ask permission to read what some of these distinguished judges have written as their experience in that interesting little world of the boy and his ways. Judge Tuthill, of Chicago, gives his line of procedure in this wise:

I have always felt and endeavoured to act in each case as I would were it my own son that was before me in my library at home charged with misconduct.

In a similar vein Judge Stubbs, of Indiana, says:

It is the personal touch that does it. I have often observed that if I sat on a high platform behind a high desk, such as we have in our city court, with the boy on the prisoners' bench some distance away, that my words had little effect on him; but if I could get close enough to him to put my hand on his head or shoulder, or my arm around him, in nearly every case I could get his confidence.

It may happen that boys will be utterly perverse as to be unworthy the kind consideration of the juvenile court judge.

We are told, however, that these cases are rare, and that the rule is that a confidence and friendship seems to grow between judge and prisoner. To illustrate this point I would ask permission to quote an incident in the experience of Judge Lindsay, of Denver, Colorado, considered the most successful of all the juvenile court judges in changing the lives of youthful delinquents. He speaks of visiting in jail a conformed thief who was only thirteen years of age:

I sat down by his side and told him that now we were both in jail, and if I let him go and he ever stole again I should certainly feel that I ought to be put back in the same cell with him. 'For,' said I, 'if you go to the industrial school, as you have started, you will certainly not have a chance to steal, and perhaps you will become a good boy. But if I let you go, and you steal again, then I am responsible even more than you. Now, Harry,' said I, 'if I protect you, are you going to protect me? Don't you know that I couldn't hold my job very long if I permitted thieves to run loose on the community?' Harry saw to run loose at once. With tears in his eyes this 13-year old boy stood up like a man and said, so sincerely and earnestly for a boy of his age, that he would never get me into any trouble, that I, almost tearfully, accepted his protection. I rang for the jailer and through the clatter of the iron gates, the bolts and bars, walked out of that jail with that boy and took him to his mother. He went to school regularly. He sold his papers in the afternoon, and would frequently come to me during the week, with a face full of gladness, to tell me how well he was doing and how ably he was protecting me. He was also fully aware of the protection I was affording him in keeping him out of the industrial school, which to that boy was as much of a horror as the penitentiary is to a man. He was equally aware of the importance to his own welfare and future that he should not steal again, that he should obey the school law and avoid playing 'hookey' as he would the plague.

For over a year little Harry brought excellent reports every two weeks. Recently he moved to a distant city in the west, with nearly two years added to his experience since the time we sat in the cell together, and only last week I received from both his mother and him letters full of love and gratitude for what we had accomplished for that boy.