

necessarily be checked during the formative period of life if they are to be prevented expression in the so-called "habitual criminal."

The juvenile delinquent is never an habitual criminal, although he may become one if born defective, and by abnormal environment is pushed over the line. How urgent it is that we take in hand seriously, and at the earliest possible age, all children so born with a moody criminal bent! How shameful of us ever to allow any conditions in our society to make criminals of children not criminally inclined!

As already suggested, heredity is one of the most potent factors among all the causes of delinquency. Given an environment which is conducive, and heredity will produce the born criminal. In this connection I take the liberty of quoting from an American writer a concrete case which although an extreme case, illustrates well the gradual transition from "moodiness to murder."

To quote the writer's own words:

"R. H., son of a carpenter; mother, moody and peculiar, but not recognized as definitely insane, died a few years after his birth. He had a comfortable home and fair surroundings, but grew up moody, shy averse to making friends, and so bad-tempered, if interfered with, that the other children at school soon left him severely alone. He was slow in learning, his teachers complained that it was difficult to fix his attention, he seemed to be always brooding over something so that, though regularly in school, he did not learn to read until nearly twelve years of age and had barely reached the fifth grade when, at fifteen, he dropped out of school and went to work in his father's shop.

Here he worked fairly steady, but clumsily and poorly, and when given some bills to collect was discovered reporting no collections and pocketing the payments. Later, though well supplied with spending money as well as clothing and books he took money out of the cash-box in the shop. Matters dragged along like this for several years, the boy's only amusement being long solitary walks in the country and incessant devouring of stories about pirates and burglars.

Suddenly one day, this quiet, shy unsocial boy of nineteen, with a drawn revolver in each hand leaped into a waiting automobile standing by the sidewalk, thrust one muzzle against the ear of the chauffeur and ordered him to drive at once through the open streets at mid-day to a local bank. The instant the machine was halted there, without the slightest hesitation he blew out the brains of the