

# REFORMATORY REFORM

BY

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

EPILEPSY, HYSTERIA  
AND NEURASTHENIA

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*TO*

*LOUISE F. PHILLIPS*

YOUR calm belief in the finality of the order of things in which you work, I view with as much astonishment as you do my predilection for the untried and unknown.

\* \* \* \* \*

THEY do not see the facts to which we call attention because they do not *feel* them.

\* \* \* \* \*

BY maintaining certain institutions we might alter, we perpetuate certain evils we might cure.

DICKINSON.

## PREFACE

THE problem of the treatment of the Juvenile Delinquent has been much before the public eye of late. The fact that both the Labour Research Department, and "Copec" have considered the treatment of crime and the criminal indicates that public opinion is moving in the right direction.

Few writers, however, know anything of the actual experiences, difficulties and requirements of the inmates of our minor penal institutions. In America, from whence many excellent books have come, the term "Reformatory" indicates prisons and places like Borstal, rather than the institutions as we know them. Such experiences can only be known by one who has been "reformed," and such are not given to writing books. I therefore hope that the plain tale of my own experiences, plus the details of methods in general use, and various suggestions, will prove useful to students.

The Science of Penology, yet in swathing bands, is largely a matter of opinion, rather than of fact and experiment. This opinion is bitterly divided on almost every point. Personalities are too common. The conservative penologist regards the reformer as a sentimentalist who does not understand the difficulties of the

problem, nor the refractory character of the material. It is the old jibe of the "practical man" at the "theorist." The reformer regards the present system as foolish and illogical, and considers both present methods and present men as unsuitable to reform the criminal. As the present men defend the present systems, he concludes that the men, like the systems are foolish and illogical, from whence it is not a great step to believe that the men are simply trying to bolster up the system for their own pecuniary advantage, for any man will defend a system which gives him and his family bread, and will oppose any reform, however good, in which no niche is left for him.

From this arises many of the personalities. The reformer would sweep away the system, and replace it by another, with men suited to run that new system. The conservative assumes that when the reformer considers him unsuited to run the new system, it is because he is unsuited to run the old, present system, whereas it is usually because he is so well fitted to run the old system, that the reformer considers him unfitted to run the new one. The conservative is extremely sensitive to criticism, and seems to consider that a doubt as to his ability to accomplish a certain task, is a general doubt as to his personal character and ability to accomplish other tasks, which is by no means the case. Speaking generally, the personnel are part of the system. Indeed, save for necessary organisation, in penal matters

the personnel *are* (or ought to be) the system. Consequently, if the system needs radical change, the personnel must be involved in that change, and that although they may be, in themselves, admirable men. If these considerations are given proper weight, many personalities would be avoided.

In this book, the author presents certain facts, and many of his own opinions, including judgments on men and systems he himself suffered under. He has endeavoured to be judicially impartial, to get the detached air of the historian; he has not tried to make a case by special pleading, nor to attract attention by sensational methods. He is no hero, and while he considers most of the men he met while at a Reformatory were not fitted for posts under the new system he advocates, he freely recognises they were not villains, but respectable, worthy men doing what they considered right.

A book is not a debating platform. One point of view only is put before the reader; he is asked to pass a stern judgment on an *ex parte* case. Fair play demands that men who cannot put their view before the reader should not be named (save in quotations from their own statements). Accordingly, *all names in Part One are fictitious*, common names being chosen. The author is attacking *systems*; no reflection is intended upon *individuals*.

It may be said that in twelve years things have so



changed that the author's experiences have only an historical interest, and shew what great improvements have been made. Minor improvements have been made (some of these are indicated) but, in the main, things have not changed much. From various causes, usually difficult to define, the criminal in common with the rest of the race, passes through subtle changes; the type gradually becomes different. The Fagins and Bill Sykes' of Dickens' day have disappeared. Costume has changed, methods and men have changed, and violence has largely disappeared. The criminal has progressed like the honest man, but the prison system can claim no credit for this change. Natural changes, national and international changes must be discounted, ere systems are credited or discredited.

The author believes that men and systems at other schools do not vary greatly from those at the school he has sketched, a belief which gained strength from the detailed observations of a fellow University student, who had been an officer at a well-known and highly-praised reformatory school. He discussed the subject at great length with the author, being then, and now, ignorant that the author knew anything about such schools.

The reader may also object that the character of the author is abnormal, and that his experiences and reactions are not common to the average boy. This is true, but most of the experiences are necessarily common

to all, while the fact that the author had a very easy time may be held to balance any peculiarities of his. If this plain tale does not carry a conviction of sincerity and truth, there can be no other reply to the objection that no reliance can be placed on the word of a convicted criminal.

The author's aim is to stimulate the thought of the increasing number of thoughtful, humane citizens who are interested in a grave problem. Criticisms and facts, whether proving or disproving his ideas will be welcome.

I. G. BRIGGS.

*September, 1924.*

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PART ONE

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE IN  
A REFORMATORY

## CHAPTER I

### IN WHICH I DESCRIBE MY EARLY LIFE

*NOTE.—I write in the first person, for the use of the modest plural would cause confusion.*

I WAS brought up by my grandparents, respectable working people, my grandfather being a clever mechanic, who for many years was unemployed, the home being supported by my grandmother, who took in washing. I attended a Council School, was considered clever, passed the Labour Examination and at the age of twelve started work.

From the ages of two until eight I suffered from epilepsy, a fit occurring twice a year. I was of a bright, enquiring, very excitable disposition, physically frail, mentally precocious. The sports of boyhood I found too rough, and passed my leisure reading, devouring material of the most diverse character with great rapidity.

My first job was as office boy in the office of a local tram company. In three months I was dismissed for squirting ink over the shirt of a clerk who forced me to do the work of the second office boy, while he watched this individual juggle. I then ran errands for a city tailor, but as I had nothing to do during the ostensible hours of work, nine to six, and was then sent long distances to deliver suits, I left in a fortnight.

After being for some months general factotum in the warehouse of an enamel-plate firm, I was refused a rise, and became helper in the mirror shop of a furniture factory. After an enterprising youth had punched my nose, and disappeared with my first week's wages, in the factory entrance, I left. My next post was as boots and gardener at a ladies' school, where I got plenty to eat and plenty to do, but little pay, and as money was of great importance at home, I left in a few weeks, and got a job as office boy in a Chartered Accountant's office.

Up to this time, with the restlessness of adolescence I had been "everything by turns and nothing long," but I stopped here a year, and did well, being naturally industrious. As my salary was only 5s. a week, I then passed to another firm of Accountants, as junior at 7s. 6d. a week. I went about assisting at audits, and had an interesting time. The principal was given to drinking heavily and omitting to pay his assistants, so that when my old master met me one day, and offered to reinstate me at 7s. 6d. I returned.

Here I must digress. I went regularly to Sunday School, the Congregational as being nearest, and free-and-easy. Being keen on books, I hung round second-hand bookshops on my way home every day. I was given 4d. for dinner, and by managing on a 1d. bun or a 1d. plate of soup (though at times the inner man was so unreasonable as to insist on both), I collected a small library from the "Penny Box." This I housed in an orange box, covered with a curtain. Immature artistic tendencies prompted me to buy cheap, quaint vases, and Millet's "The Gleaners" and "The Angelus" in

cheap frames. My pocket money was only 6d. per week, money was short at home, and most of this 6d. went into my money-box, to buy new clothing, while my possessions were slowly got together by my being satisfied with meagre dinners.

I wasted hours reading at bookshops when running errands for the firm, and this caused my undoing. One day, after having been thus engaged for quite half-an-hour, some fleeting qualm *re* my errand crossed my mind, and I walked absently on, reading the book. When I was restored to the normal by having to cross a busy street, the knowledge of what I had, unwittingly, done overwhelmed me. Panic seized me, I was too scared to take back the book lest I be charged with theft, so I ran on, and arrived breathless and in a state of intense fear at the office.

My desire for books being what it was, the temptation to do by design what had so easily been done by accident was not long in obtruding itself, and in a few days I was carrying off books fairly frequently.

About this time, I read: *What a Young Boy Ought to Know!* which terrified me by its pictures of the results of self-abuse, to which I was addicted. I dared not speak to my people, felt it was useless to mention it to the callow, earnest young Sunday School Teacher, so waited for the Superintendent, and haltingly put the case before him.

He gave me a note to his doctor, and paid my subscription to the local Y.M.C.A., a well-meant but fatal step, for in Y.M.C.A.'s, as in other places where men do congregate, a supply of money is essential. The Christian life has a sordid cash foundation.



The lust for adventure was roused by "Penny Dreadfuls," but let not the cynical reader imagine I attribute my dishonesty to these papers. There is much loose thinking on this matter, as on the "Pictures," and loose thinkers are apt to lay hold on the first thing that can be fitted into a pre-conceived theory. The "Penny Dreadful" gives a lad a taste for literature and a knowledge of men, countries and things that he would not otherwise acquire. Its effect, on the whole, is good.

My imagination was fired, and I commenced piracy, and the laying-up of a pirate's hoard in a pirate's lair. The hoard was small, shreds of tobacco abstracted when I was filling the boss's pouch, nibs taken with unnecessary surreptitiousness, and so on. I did not smoke. The lair was a recess at the back of some dusty, old books in the office cupboard.

One day an old ledger was wanted, and my hoard was disclosed. I could not very well explain I was a pirate, and was sacked on the spot, my grandfather being sent for to see me safely off the premises.

The old man was wise, knew my own reproaches were bitter enough to bear, and said nothing. After tea I was sent to take back some washing. On my return, my grandmother was in tears, and said bitterly: "We've never had a thief in the family before!" at which I shed tears of wretchedness. I was not repentant, for in this particular exploit I was conscious of no moral turpitude, but was upset by the knowledge that the loss of my pay was a sore blow at home. I also knew the difficulty of getting employment without a "character."

After some weeks, I got employment as typist to a firm of Piano Merchants, with whom I continued for twelve

months, at 12s. 6d. a week, a rise which made me think my misfortune rather opportune. I was a willing horse, was worked as that steed is wont to be, and in my spare time went to the Y.M.C.A. and the gymnasium there.

I soon found that the various clubs and activities required further subscriptions, and money I had none. One night in gymnasium I was oppressed with a sense of being "out of it," a crow among eagles, and retired to the dressing room to change. A locker near by stood open, and from a pair of trousers within I took a florin.

The next time I went, the lockers were locked, but instead of being warned, I took a bunch of keys from a coat, opened a locker, and took money from trousers within. I left hastily, and found *to my horror* I had nearly three pounds. It was impossible to take such a sum home, so I bought a gold-cased watch, and exhibited it at home, saying it had been given me by a cheap-jack auctioneer. Such a device is often resorted to to start business in such places, and the watch was handed back to me with the remark that it would not work a week. The money was afterward recovered from the watch-shop.

The following Saturday, only eight men were present at gymnasium instead of the usual fifty. It was obvious the losses had been reported, and people were absenting themselves until the thief was found. Nevertheless, I determined, though suspecting the place was watched, to match my wits against those of the virtuous, and repeat the performance.

After drill I entered the dressing room, made sure no one was observing, and took a florin and half-a-crown

from some pants hanging unnaturally near. I left the gymnasium, and, reaching the end of the passage found the door locked. I put a brazen face on things, returned, and asked to have the door unlocked. In reply, all were paraded, and asked if they had any objection to being searched.

I, with the others, said I was quite willing, and revolved expedients for getting rid of the money. Nothing practicable occurred to me, and certain coins were taken from my pocket. With honest indignation, I said these were my own, until a keen-faced gentleman told me he was a detective, and pointed out pleasantly but with pride a scratch beneath the ear of the Queen on each coin. Collapse of Mr. Briggs!

A council was held and gave me the chance of running the gauntlet. I was so utterly beside myself that I could only whine: "I won't do it again, Sir! I never did it before, Sir!" etc., and the chance of slurring over the affair was lost.

I felt no repentance; the caged beast does not shed tears, it rushes at the bars. I wondered how I had been watched, and reproached myself for not having left the money in the passage and re-entered the gymnasium without it. I also wondered, irrelevantly, if I could expand the lung-testing machine more than at my last attempt.

After what seemed an age, my grandfather and uncle entered, and took me home, where I passed a wretched week-end. On Monday evening I went with them to the Y.M.C.A., and while I averted my eyes from my fellows, they went upstairs to see the Committee. My grandfather was too upset to see them, and to my uncle

they offered three alternatives: (1) To run the gauntlet; (2) To go before the Bench, and run the risk of a fine or gaol, probably gaol; (3) They could, and would "arrange" with the Bench to have me sent to a Reformatory School. My uncle, having in mind my theft of the second-hand books, and being quite ignorant of reformatory school life, chose the last offer, honestly deeming it best. But it is a very queer form of "Justice" that can be "arranged" beforehand by the prosecutors, is it not? My grandparents were ignorant of the arrangement.

Next day I went to the Y.M.C.A., and was handed over to my friend the detective, who jangled a pair of handcuffs in his pocket, and asked genially: "Coming quiet?" He was merely being pleasant, for he was of a witty turn, but the idea of walking manacled down the street terrified me. I could scarcely gasp: "I'll come quiet, Sir!" whereat he smiled.

At the Courts I was remanded to custody. My description was entered, and we passed to a long hall. This had great iron doors at close intervals along the walls, while the central portion was floored with wire netting, held by cross-bars, as if a lion's den had been set on end. Descending a spiral stair we reached the constables' common room.

I was placed in a cell—a grim, cold, bare, concrete box. The officer humanely left the door ajar. Repulsive faces appeared at the little iron gratings opposite, the lips of which hurled queries. I was in no mood to reply, and sat brooding, and snivelling. An officer brought a hunk of bread and cheese, but I could not eat it, and with difficulty drank a little water. How time

dragged! When we were paraded at three o'clock, it seemed a century since my grandfather had left me at eleven that morning.

We marched upstairs to the yard, wherein stood "Black Maria." To-day, the van is divided into cubicles, but then twenty ruffians sat together, cursed their lot and their oppressors, joked and blasphemed, enquired into details of one another's troubles, chewed and spat, roared forth ribald songs, and told "funny" stories. They gave me advice which experience had proved good for those about to be gaoled, and made themselves very comfortable and me very uncomfortable, for I, a thief among thieves, felt outraged and indignant at the chance which had given me such companions.

After half-an-hour's ride the van stopped, there was a rattle of keys, the groan of big doors in motion, and I stepped into His Majesty's House of Correction.

## CHAPTER II

IN WHICH "JUSTICE GIVETH EVERY MAN HIS OWN,"  
INCLUDING MR. BRIGGS

WE marched upstairs, lined up, and were entered in a book one by one, as goods are "marked off," a quick process, the majority being old guests. The place was a gloomy, stone-flagged passage, into which a little light trickled from heavily-barred windows above. I shuffled uneasily, and breathed heavily, for no one who has been in prison will ever forget the feeling of mental and physical constriction that seems inherent in the air.

Having been entered up, I was ordered to the bath. This was of iron, surrounded by a rotting wooden rim; once-white paint, which hung in flakes, imitating porcelain glaze. Foul water, covered with a thick dirty scum in which some dozen men had already bathed, surged heavily within. I got gingerly in, spilled a little water about, and got out. I donned prison garb, which did not fit, was very rough and uncomfortable, and seemed lined with needles. An old hand told me to protest, which I did in a subdued manner, whereon my own clothing was returned, for I was only "on remand."

The doctor then "examined" me. Dostoieffsky has described the type. I shivered as I stood naked on

the stone floor, and on his asking if I was "all right," I replied politely that at present I was all right, but that formerly I had fits. In reply to this, he roared: "Don't come that gammon across me, you little swine!" applied his stethoscope perfunctorily, and pushed me roughly to a warder, who removed me to an open compartment without.

A basin of "skilly" was brought, a watery solution of ingredients mercifully unknown, on top of which floated a layer of fat. I was ravenously hungry, but could only force down one spoonful of the nauseating mess.

We then filed to a central hall, from which radiated several wings of cells. On being asked my religion, I replied: "Atheist!" for by this time I was burning with resentment at both Gods and men. At this, a sullen murmur went up from my fellow gaolbirds, for there may nowhere be found a more religious body of men than the inmates of His Majesty's Gaols. Some of this emotion is due to superstition and upbringing, a lot of it to a desire to keep on the right side of the powers that be—"gammon"—while, for aught I know, a tittle of it may be due to sincere belief that: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth!" "What d'y'er mean, y' young rip?" roared the warder, and wrote down "C.E." They do not care which God it is, but are determined you shall praise some God for the good things you are about to receive.

From here I was taken to a cell in the top tier, and, soft but frightful sound, the door closed with the gentle "swish" of a safe. The air grew oppressive, and the grim walls seemed about to crush me. "Bunkum!"

says the sceptical reader. I do not know at what age the ewe lamb of a family becomes a sheep, but at 15½ I was a very timid ram. I regret the absence of humour in this narrative, but I am stating what happened, and there is little of interest and less of humour in prison; the funniest men seldom laugh therein.

There were four walls, a roof, and a floor, all of hard, grey stone. One does not laugh at stone, nor does one find mirth in the fact that one's dwelling is as large as a pantry, or as clean as the *blasé* reader's collar. In one wall was the iron door, and by its side a glazed aperture a few inches square. On the opposite wall, high up, was a window heavily barred, and without the bars was a pane of thick frosted glass, which shut me so completely from the world without that I could not even see the "Drifting clouds, that went with sails of silver by."

In one corner stood a bed, three planks with a batten to raise the head, and a rolled-up mattress, with a blanket atop. In another corner stood a small washbasin and chamber, above which was a shelf holding a mug, a knife and a fork. On one wall hung the regulations, which prescribed dire punishment for doing, or leaving undone, this, that and the other.

I sat on a seat and brooded, night slowly falling, until a feeble gleam illumined the little window by the door, affording little light and less cheer. About half-an-hour later I was startled by the metallic clink of the spyhole cover, and a harsh voice bade me get to bed.

Dragging down the heavy planks, I placed the mattress, myself and the blanket thereon, and tried vainly to sleep. I dozed fitfully, and woke several times in a paroxym



of fear, once or twice clutching the bell-handle which summoned the warder. The penalties attached to the frivolous use of this apparatus of resurrection were so severe as to make me remain quiet in my tomb.

When morning dawned, a general uneasiness announced the gaol was astir. I rose, rolled up the mattress and stacked it in its corner, but the bed was beyond my strength. About six, the warder entered, and rated me for not rolling the mattress properly, but though a gruff he was a kindly man, for he re-rolled it, stood up the planks and ordered me to clean my cell.

We then paraded for exercise. As it was raining, a pile of cloaks had been placed by the door, each man taking one. I stooped to pick up one, when a warder knocked me against the wall, growling: "You're wearing your own clothes, wear your own cloak!" It had been a mistake to refuse prison garb, though why an untried man should be forced to get soaked is not clear.

The exercise yard was a curious place. Round two sides rose the blocks of cells, while the other two were enclosed by twenty-foot walls, so that naught save earth and sky were visible. The ground was of tarred ashes, harbouring no vestige of green. A huge oval of flagstones ran round the edge, within which were cross paths, the whole forming a simple design. Some hundred of us stalked solemnly round, two paces between each, and as we turned off through the little paths and thus back to the main walk, walking and turning, turning and walking, we looked like a set of confirmed dyspeptics dolorously performing a complicated set-piece at a sports meeting.

I soon got wet through, and tramped wearily round,

cold, hungry and wretched. At one end, men stepped out to a latrine, the doors of which just hid the knees, a sight which struck me as highly immodest.

After half-an-hour of this tramping, we went indoors, and with a prodigious clatter climbed the Chapel stairs. As silence is ordered, and as an organism with a larynx *must* make a noise, everything in gaol is done with a maximum of noise; everything is rattled, clattered and banged with great goodwill, and conversation goes on freely in whispers.

The chapel was furnished with rows of benches, with a high chair at the end of every second row, on which sat a warder, looking like a monkey on a stick. One felt how inappropriate was the situation of both keepers and kept, the uniform of all looked awful, but startling was the sight of the organist, "in monstrous garb with crooked arrows starred," sitting at his instrument quite near the altar.

The service was short, dull and formal. The hymns were bawled forth, ribald lines being freely substituted for the originals, while a certain amount of talk went on under their cover. Then we filed clangingly out once more. What good such a service does, or can even be expected to do, passes my comprehension.

About eight, the doors were opened, and a convict appeared with a can of skilly, from which he filled my mug, managing to ask in a low but perfectly audible tone: "What yer in for, kid?" On being told: "Thieving!" he said: "Keep yer pecker up!" and went on. This occurred though a warder stood three feet away.

By this time I was so famishing that I shewed no

fastidiousness, and got the skilly down my throat in haste.

About eleven, a prisoner suddenly appeared, asked if I wanted a book, and on being told "Yes!" departed without further verbiage. I expected a tract, but a little later got an old yellow-covered book of high life, in which milkmaids married dukes, duchesses married cowboys, and, when not engaged gambling away everything they possessed or could hypothecate, the characters murdered one another with fine impartiality. It was an amazing volume for a prison library, but after reading it four times (for some third of the pages were missing) I got an idea of the plot.

## CHAPTER III

IN WHICH I AM PLACED IN THE SCALES OF JUSTICE, AND  
KICK THE BEAM, WHEREON THE OTHER PAN IS HEAVILY  
WEIGHTED

THAT day and night passed drearily, and next morning I was placed in a cell near the entrance, ready to be taken to Court. In this cell I felt the seriousness of my situation, and had a lively fear of being sent back to this gaol, which in two short days I had grown to dread. To-day, happily, that experience would not be my lot, and it would not have been so then had the officials explained to my people that bail did not call for the deposit of actual cash, provided there were goods for surety. The poor, however, do not understand the procedure of Courts, a matter I shall notice in Part II.

In this mood, I bethought me of that very present help in time of trouble, the Lord God of Israel, and commenced to pray with fervour, somewhat on this wise :

“O Lord. If you'll only let me off this time I'll never do it again. I won't do it again. If I get off this time, I'll never, never do it again. Dear Lord. Let me off this time,” and so on, *ad nauseam*. For nearly an hour I continued this plaint in a monotone which must have wearied the Almighty as much as it did me.

Doubts as to the value of prayer occurred now and then, but after a few moments' silence, fear of the prison conquered theological doubts, and I went steadily on, feeling that prayer would do no harm if it did no good.

At nine o'clock I stepped again into "Black Maria," at ten was at the Courts, and at eleven, my friend the detective conducted me into Court.

High above me, on an ornately-carved Bench sat three pompous old men, who glared at me. Beneath them was a pleasant clerk, who read the contents of a paper rapidly, and queried: "Guilty or Not Guilty?" I retained sufficient presence of mind in my bewilderment to say: "I didn't do it, Sir!" whereon he asked me if I elected to be tried summarily or by jury. I was smart for my age, but unable to decide on the relative merits of the two processes. The word "jury" did give birth to visions of ermine and scarlet, of judges bewigged and black-capped, with hangmen for quick despatch, and when a constable nearby whispered: "Say 'Summ-rily'!" I said it.

Looking round, I saw my grandfather, but not the Superintendent, whom I expected, nor my employer who I hoped would give evidence as to character. I stood before the dock, and on either side, below the clerk, were men seated at tables, and one of them had a blue paper on which I saw my name. I concluded I had been prejudged (I *had*, though the paper had nothing to do with it), and that this paper would recommit me to gaol. This thought reduced me to limpness.

The detective entered the box, and detailed the facts of the case, to which the magistrates listened attentively.

Then I was asked if I had anything to say, and while I spoke, one magistrate conversed with the second, while the third leaned back and closed his eyes. I said I was epileptic, attributed my crime to impulse due to that disease, expressed regret, and hoped I should be let off this time. The defence was probably accurate, but at the time it simply seemed to me to be ingenious.

As the magistrates did not seem to be paying the slightest attention to me, I ceased. My father was not allowed to speak, and I learned afterward that my people had been told by the detective that my character was so excellent that I should be put on probation. This they believed, being ignorant of the conference between my uncle and the Y.M.C.A. Council.

When I had ceased, the Bench came to earth, shook their heads at each other and at me, and the Chairman lectured me on the enormity of my offence in deceiving the Y.M.C.A., who were kindly trying to reform me. I joined the Y.M.C.A. in an endeavour to break a vicious habit, but he thought I had been placed there on probation for some crime committed in the past. After a lot more cant about the Christian goodness of the Y.M.C.A., he sentenced me to go to a Reformatory School until I was nineteen, by which time he hoped and expected I should be a paragon of virtue, fit, apparently, for far nobler society than even Y.M.C.A.'s.

I gulped, tried to protest, and was hurried out. I was remanded to the workhouse until a school could be found, for in those days when schools were cheap, so many youngsters fell foul of a few penn'orth of principle that it was as difficult to get into a Reformatory as into a good club.

But . . . *the Workhouse!* The one place the poor hate and dread, and I was in it . . . at fifteen! Nowadays there are Remand Homes at some places; at others the Workhouse is still the rule. The Workhouse was a pleasant place, and I was taken to a huge room, with benches round the sides, a great table down the centre, and a cheerful fire at one end. It was scrupulously clean, and with a summer sun shining into it, looked inviting, though bare. It was a palace after prison.

A quiet, cheerful old pauper was in charge, and a few old magazines furnished pleasant reading. A little later, a gamin was brought in, a remarkable character, but such a confirmed liar that I never learned why he was there or what was to be done with him. He romanced by the hour, and on learning I was bound for a reformatory, gave me full details of the life, with which he seemed singularly well acquainted, details which proved totally false. He also sketched plans by which I might escape from so undesirable an habitation, as he had oft-times done. An attempt to play draughts was frustrated by his persistent cheating.

The meals were good, there was no work, and time passed quietly. At eight o'clock we went to the dormitory, which I quickly peopled with the public-school boys of *The Magnet*, of whom "I was the hope and the pride."

Next morning I was examined by the doctor, who wrote with a sceptical smile: "Says he is epileptic," and on my begging him to get my sentence repealed on that ground, he smiled again and sent me back. The old man gave us buckets and soap, and ordered us to scrub the floor, ordaining that the lazier one should

also scrub the bathroom. My young friend got an excellent start by taking, in one sweep, two-fifths instead of one-half the floor, and threatened to drown me in his bucket if I protested. He was used to the job, and was speedily finished, whereupon he sat and jeered at the thorough and slow way in which I worked, opining, correctly enough, that I was a ninny.

I stayed in the workhouse ten days, and life became fearfully monotonous, especially when the gamin had gone. I knew I had to face a certain destiny, and, while shadowy, it was menacing. I desired to get to grips with it, and learn all the evil it could do me. Realisation never fulfils expectation, but it is better than suspense.



## CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH GOD AND JAMES SMITH START TO REFORM ME

**A**BOUT noon on Saturday a genial constable appeared, warned me not to get up to any tricks, and told me he was to take me to a Reformatory School. I followed him, agog with expectation. We alighted from the train, and for three miles trudged through glorious country lanes, stopping at a tavern where the worthy constable refreshed himself with "half-and-half" and me with lemon pop.

Passing up a path between farm and orchard lands, we reached a great gate. A cheery man answered our knock, and was surprised to learn I was a new guest, for I was six feet tall and very neatly dressed. As the school had gone to a "treat" at the market town nearby he locked me in a dormitory.

At six o'clock I was released and had a brief interview with James Smith, the Superintendent. I was sent to the tailor's shop to be garbed, whence I emerged wearing a blue calico shirt, a pair of corduroy trousers, blue cotton socks, heavy boots, leggings, and a corduroy coat, all well suited to their purpose of betraying the unfortunate wearer at a distance, and of making him look a grotesque and painful caricature of a man. I found these things very coarse, heavy and trying after my light clothing, while their smell was abominable.

Released into the playground I was assailed by a mob to whom I related my history.

The school was founded seventy years ago by a Quaker philanthropist, and continued under him until about 1898, getting gradually out of hand, the inmates absconding *en masse* on one occasion after having set fire to some ricks to divert attention.

The school was about to be closed when James Smith approached the problem. He was an ex-policeman who had obtained a post in some institution, and unkind rumour said his Superintendent had strongly recommended him, to get rid of him. He formed the usual "Committee of Managers," a Limited Liability Non-Profit-Making Company (these schools are run on queer lines) with himself as Superintendent and *also as Managing Director*. He boasts that this position is unique, and so it should be. A most improper Pooh-Bah-ish combination it is, for as Managing Director he approves of what he has done, or proposes to do, as Superintendent. It would be as proper for a Managing Director to audit his own accounts, or for a Police Superintendent to sit as a Magistrate. The Committee are supposed to direct affairs, but with a Superintendent as Head (and fountain head, for he constructed the Committee), their powers would seem to be paralysed. In the old days, several County gentlemen were on the Committee, but, under the ex-constable, builders, drapers, city accountants and the like gave in acumen what they lacked in blood. We saw little of them.

The buildings resembled a "T" with two legs. The crosspiece consisted of the schoolroom, the Superintendent's house (and office), and the kitchen. In one

leg were the dining room, wash house and swimming bath; in the other, larder, bakehouse, tailor's shop, bootshop, store and latrine. The dormitories ran above both legs, each being divided by a matchboard "Officers' room" in the centre. The legs of the "T" were joined and closed by the great gate, without which was the farmyard, with cattle sheds, stables and pigsties on the right, and carpenter's shop, traphouse and shed opposite.

The schoolroom was a large bare place, three steps leading to a great window at one end; the roof sloped steeply, and the place had an ecclesiastical look, it was a tithe-barn. The floor was strewn with sawdust; two massive deal tables eked out the ancient desks, and round the room ran hot-water pipes, which were only heated on red-letter days. In the schoolroom was a small, dark cell for refractory boys. I never knew anybody put therein. The schoolroom was typical of the whole place—old, badly equipped, out-of-date, and as a Council School would have been condemned.

The dining hall was a long, narrow room, with nine stout refectory benches, and a platform with harmonium and desk in front. A few old prints of famous men hung around, and there was a chart depicting, in a series of pictures, the fate of one and the same child (a putty-faced imp) according as it was swayed by virtuous (top) or vicious (bottom) propensities. If memory serves, the top series ended in the arms of an angel, and the bottom in the hands of a hangman, the former being distinguished from the latter by his wings. This puerile thing was the butt of much sarcastic and blasphemous comment.

The wash house reeked with the odour peculiar to such

places. Round two sides were iron-enamel basins with taps, while a filthy wood-and-slate sink ran the length of the other two walls, on which stood tin bowls, usually covered with a film of oil from the lamps which were cleansed therein. In one corner stood a stove which supplied hot water to somewhere or someone ; not to us.

Next it was a tiny bathroom, with two baths, in which ninety filthy boys (one gets filthy in a week working outdoors), were bathed every Saturday, in haste, and by relays of three per bath. Later, a swimming bath was built, absurdly small, and absurdly used, for in summer when a dip every night would have done us good, it was only used weekly, while in winter the facilities for heating it were so meagre, that thirty wretched boys shivered in eighteen inches of tepid water, pretended to bathe, and escaped as quickly as the vigilance of the officer permitted.

The dormitories were similar to those at the work-house ; thoroughly "institutional." In each was placed a large iron can for sanitary use. This horrible apparatus was carried to the manure heap each morning by the two most sluggish uprisers.

Some of the lads suffered from incontinence of urine, which various crude methods failed to cure. In some cases the habit was due to disinclination to get out of bed, especially in winter. These boys were collected at one end of the first dormitory, and slept on beds of straw, which were placed in the playing-shed each morning to dry. The beds were filthy, and the stench both in the dormitory and the playing-shed was most offensive. It is a pity that rubber bags or some hygienic method of dealing with the habit could not have been devised.

## CHAPTER V

### IN WHICH I REVIEW THE APOSTLES OF REFORM

ONE would think that men who had to reform depraved young minds would be selected with scrupulous care. Such was not the case. They were "selected" as are factory hands; that is, the first man who had trade training, and would accept the pay (usually low) was engaged. On the whole, they were decent, ordinary, working-class men, neither better nor worse than the most of us, but with no knowledge of juvenile, much less delinquent juvenile psychology. Ordinary men are not suited for such posts; extraordinary men of very high, and very decided moral character with special knowledge and training are essential.

The Superintendent, James Smith, was, in my opinion, not fitted for so important a post. He was a Scotchman. Speaking seriously, I consider it essential that the officials of each school should be of the same nationality as the inmates. English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh temperaments, customs, diet and manners differ very considerably; they are in many instances alien to one another.

The man was tall, well-built, carefully dressed, and had a slight stoop, accentuated by efforts to hold himself with military erectness. He was about forty-five,

had iron-grey hair, a squarish head, a suave manner, an ingratiating, hesitating, mirthless laugh—a cackle—and eyes of grey flicked with odd colours, eyes that never looked squarely at any living thing.

He had not that strong, very definite character which is essential in such a post. All save a very small minority of mankind are “decent fellows”; that is neither their vices nor their virtues are decidedly *positive*. Most of us simply drift, as pleasantly as we can, through life, avoiding both the giving and receipt of offence. We are skiffs on the stream of life, and tend to drift as the current of circumstances carries us, keeping well away from weirs. But when a skiff has got into dangerous waters, and is in danger of going over the weir, it behoves the boatman who puts out to the rescue to be very firm both of strength and of purpose.

This psychical ruggedness Smith lacked. Like most ordinary men he conceived “firmness” to be a physical thing. Our chief object was to keep in the good books of a somewhat vacillating man, and any distinct moral “tone” was lacking. He placed far too much stress on worldly “Success.” A Superintendent needs to be a man of calm, balanced temperament, and, in a place where his word means so much, his word should be well-weighed ere it is given. Smith tended to be excitable, if not erratic, in temperament, given to speaking hastily, a habit which laid him open to the charge of breaking his word.

He prowled stealthily round the place, carrying a gun, which went ‘Bang!’ now and then, thus giving “audible warning of approach,” for it never killed anything. This was the only token of his proximity, for he had a

disconcerting way of bobbing up at one's elbow, generally when it was particularly desirable he should *not* be at one's elbow, in a nerve-racking manner. This kept everybody on the alert, on the watch rather, but it was undignified. As the *Manager* of a business concern on business lines he was excellent; as the trainer of wayward youth he was a failure.

There was a certain amount of rowdiness after our ex-"bobby" blossomed into a Managing Director, some wags even digging a grave for the schoolmaster, and temporarily burying him therein. Smith soon put this down by "combining firmness with kindness" (*a la* Home Office Reports) that is, by combining a boy's gluteus with a big stick. It was his constant boast that though other schools had transferred intractable boys to him, no boy had ever "beaten" him, and so got transferred. He was proud of a literary "flair," helped to found and was first editor of a small, technical paper. His reasons for not publishing a certain article having been questioned by the Managing Committee, James resigned the editorial chair.

Astonishingly few people correctly appraise the shrewdness and insight of youth. Its judgment is keen and free, it has a habit of considering basic facts and not being involved in subtleties or causistical refinements, has no bias, and disconcertingly labels eloquence "Gab!" When ninety young men are gathered together, their collective judgment on matters and men subjected to their scrutiny over a prolonged period will be remarkably penetrating and accurate. The officers of the school would have been amazed had they have divined the uncanny accuracy and insight with which their idiosyn-

cracies were laid bare, criticised and mimicked by the boys under their charge.

Those who chafe under a stern discipline are hardly likely to pass lenient judgment on those who enforce it, but the judgment of a whole school is likely to be just, and in this case was unanimous, for James Smith never gained the respect of either officer or boy. He was hated, feared, fawned-on and despised by all.

He was morbidly fond of quoting Smiles' *Self-Help* (one of the most pernicious books ever written), had assiduously studied that tome, and considered himself a shining example of "Self-Help" and "Success." Unkind tongues said that his habit of helping himself to so much explained why we were helped to so little.

In a place where every action is observed and unsparingly criticised, a definite line of action is imperative. Smith was first terribly severe in order to overawe us (this he conceived discipline, and we thought tyranny); then foolishly weak in order to keep us cheerful (this he thought amiability, and we thought hypocrisy). Without doubt he gave many of his readily given promises, to save us the grievous disappointment of a direct refusal, but we considered such actions as deliberate breaches of faith, designed to annoy us. His character was not sufficiently rugged to procure him a nickname, he being known as "Sherms!" his wife's pronunciation of the word "James!"

Owing to his changeable nature, we could never satisfactorily "place" him, for our estimates were founded on the most elementary (which are the most profound) points of character. He never understood us, and we never understood him.



His wife, Maggie, was a stout, ill-dressed, hard-faced, sour and dour Scotchwoman in whom I never saw a spark of human feeling. She was a female Mr. Bumble, and whenever she waddled into view, boys trembled and officers felt supremely uncomfortable; all were heartily glad to see her back and troubled to see her face. She was sour, keen, observant, spare but acid of speech, a thoroughly capable manager. Nothing escaped her eye, and Gabriel would have shared our desire to creep under the boiler out of sight, lest he be summarily charged and as summarily convicted of a fall from grace.

Readers should clearly understand that these sketches of the characters of the officers, refer only to what may be called their "institutional" character. Their private, social, religious, or general public characters may have been quite different to those here sketched, for the reactions of all things vary according to the environment.

In the district around they were much respected, the villagers opining they were very good to the boys, an idea based on the fact that James always referred to us as "My boys." The yokels also believed that Maggie saved the eggs from the fowl until every boy could have one, a yarn that convulsed us with mirth.

The Superintendent was an absolute autocrat. Home Office rules there were plenty, but: "Delhi is afar off!" The Committee met monthly and presumably recorded that ninety very black little devils were slowly and diligently being transformed into ninety very white little angels. All we had to do with them was to open the gate, and salute them. The average J.P. is remarkable more for pomposity than intelligence or humanity, and had James suggested the propriety of flogging a

boy nigh to death, I have no doubt the order would have been agreed to without enquiry or comment. From his judgments there was no appeal, and as his judgments were hasty, ill-considered, and usually weakly severe, we learned to fawn in an endeavour to placate him.

The schoolmaster, and, in name only, the Deputy-Superintendent, Jones, was not only one of the noblest, but also one of the very rarest works of God, an uncompromisingly honest and independent man. Smith persistently persecuted him in mean, petty ways. Jones was a plain, short, thick-set man, a Kitchener type, who, though held in awe on account of his stern character, gained and held the respect of both boys and officers by his transparent honesty and inflexible uprightness. The Superintendent fawned on powers greater than Superintendents, the boys fawned on the Superintendent—it paid. With Jones, merit alone gained approbation. He shewed profound contempt for sycophancy, had no favourites, and rewarded and punished openly and justly.

His silent services to us were of incalculable value, for many a boy who imbibed sycophancy and opportunism from Smith, was taught by Jones' example that there were things in this world nobler than expediency and hypocrisy, and that one of them was integrity. The school never "reformed" one of her many devils, but Jones, if he made no angels, made many men. Such a man never gains official recognition.

Smith's annual leave was a time of delight. This was remarkable, for Jones was a stern disciplinarian, and things were far less "free and easy" than under Smith, but when Jones was in charge everybody knew

exactly "where he was." If he behaved himself, he was not meddled with; if he transgressed, he was punished with a severity consonant with his lapse. Smith was more elastic but unstable; things went swimmingly one minute, the next all was uproar, and some unlucky individual was getting an unjustly severe punishment for some trivial breach of rules, or some lucky one was escaping deserved punishment, to the disgust of the officer who had reported him. The school also welcomed the relief from continually being "preached at." Even parsons and their sermons are distasteful to boys, especially "bad" boys, but when a layman sets up as an evangelist, he is abhorred.

Robinson, the assistant-schoolmaster, was a short man, well-built, some thirty-five years old, with a deformity of the neck which earned him the nickname, "Loppy!" He was a decent man who tried to do his duty fairly, and was esteemed, though apt sometimes to go off half-cock.

Brown, the boot-master, was a tall, sparely-built man, with a dark, angular face, and an angular character. He was somewhat eccentric, but cool and level-headed, and a stern disciplinarian who enforced his discipline manually when necessary. His shop was in high favour, and therein he made and mended boots, cultivated window plants, and delivered oracular diatribes. He was a jack-of-all-trades, baker among other things, and would stand no nonsense from anyone save himself.

Caddock, the tailor-master, was an extraordinary little Welshman, deceitful and vain, with a pronounced accent, and a habit of screwing up his mouth and spitting his words from out the corner thereof, in a manner highly

ridiculous, but which he believed highly impressive. A man after Smith's heart, a spy and an encourager of spies, who tried to keep order by edible and other gifts to the burlier boys who "played it up" with him, and by a superfluity of words to the smaller boys. He shewed gross favouritism, taking his favourites into his shop after hours, to talk, to retail news, and to be supplied with the surplus from his dinner. This brought his changing favourites into sharp conflict with one another, and himself into utter scorn and derision, no one jeering at him more than his very favourites.

Robinson usually conducted drill, but for a time a new man, Burnett, took over. Dostoeffsky records that officials are groundlessly afraid of their prisoners, and attach undue importance to, and shew undue fear at, any effervescence of animal spirits among them. This is true, and at the school there was a sluggishness, a doughiness, due to the belief that while life was flat, insipid, heavy and inert, all was safe, but if it shewed any bubbles it was on the eve of exploding. Ebullition of animal spirits was usually mistaken for incipient mutiny.

Burnett supplied yeast to this podgy, living dough. He was a dapper, and extremely soldierly little soldier, a pupa sergeant-major, who marched about like a tin soldier wound up, rattled out words as a Gatling gun does bullets, and used his little cane with both artistic and practical effect. Withal, he was boyish in spirit.

His drill was electrifying to limbs and brains used to lumbering, while a slash across the legs with a thin cane is uproariously amusing—on someone else's legs. He smartened everyone up, procured a small rifle for target practice, and therewith shot sparrows with dexterity.

By the time all had grown to love him, he was dismissed as being far too "live a wire." Smith feared that if we drilled smartly, laughed heartily instead of brooding on *Self-Help*, took life as a joyous thing instead of a penal one, and hit the gate instead of the sparrow at which we were aiming, or the target at which we should have been aiming, we should burst into mutiny, murder and arson. Long may Burnett live!

The cheery farm bailiff who admitted me soon left, and was succeeded by a brawny, coarse, cunning man, Jameson, who plodded heavily around, and kept order by a diffused suggestion that in time of trouble his bull strength would be used with effect. He was said to be an ex-reformatory boy. If their characters are of proper type, such should make excellent officers. In this case, Jameson, together with the officer next to be mentioned, got into trouble over the sale of some cartloads of potatoes, and left suddenly.

Tanner, the garden-master, was a tall Staffordshire man, slow and not unpleasant, who looked more like a collier than a gardener, and was discharged for his share in the experiment of retailing potatoes.

He was followed by Kent, who had been gardener at a number of places, and a warder at Portland. He was a tall, thin, wiry man, who knew his job and was easy-going and just, though I fell foul of him. He introduced French gardening. Smith got a journalist to inspect it, and borrowed the manuscript of a work Kent had written on the subject. The officers said Smith had copied the manuscript and meant to get it published in his own name, and that Kent had great difficulty in securing its return.

Practically all the officers were middle-aged, married men.

A small man with a round head, and a thin curiously curved moustache came on Saturdays to teach carpentry. He was of mid-Victorian ideas and might have stepped from the pages of *Adam Bede*.

Once a year, inter-School sports are held, but we never shone much, for our efforts were not properly directed, and time, money and persistence were lacking. Smith was always insisting on the necessity of perseverance in *Self-Help*, yet he was a most vacillating man, mistaking changeable obstinacy for set purpose. Among other experiments he introduced a Mr. Day as spare-time sports "trainer."

This gentleman was one of those worthy but unfortunate people whose appearance excites derision. He was short, thin, wrinkled, and absurdly active, rushing round like a little toy locomotive with a big spring. He dressed neatly, placed a big bowler on his little head, and delivered advice in a quaint mixture of confidence, pomposity and wheedling, his tone and manner suggesting he was conveying matter of moment to a band of conspirators, but was mortally afraid of suddenly being stabbed by one of them.

He looked like a clerk, and refereed at local football matches. The half-crown he received for "training" was probably useful. He spoke as if he had trained Cup Finalists and Marathon runners, but we understood he was but a milk-and-water theorist, and while he rushed about the field, continually blowing his whistle and bawling unheeded advice, the "team" merrily continued their rough-and-tumble scrimmage, heedless of their

"trainer," save when some wag tripped him up.

Smith found that this little fellow had religious fervour, and invited him to address us at prayers one evening. Day foolishly took the bait, selected for his text: "Rejoice and be exceeding glad," though what we had to rejoice for he did not make clear, and commenced with the earnest exhortation:

"Re-JICE, my biys!"

after which the whole school spent the next few days bawling, "Re-JICE, my biys!" and the stalwarts varied their trippings-up by suddenly yelling in the good man's ear: "Re-JICE!" an affliction he bore with exemplary patience.

In general, our officers were normal men of the better working-class, good at their trades, but with no knowledge of adolescent psychology, normal or abnormal, and anxious to get off duty. They did their best but were not fitted or trained for the work, and being more or less our social equals were not regarded with respect. Despite the fact that "Sherms" had "Self-Helped" himself into the position of a pseudo-gentleman, he was always thought of as merely the "copper" he once had been.

## CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH, IN LIKE MANNER, I REVIEW A FEW OF THE  
APOSTLES OF LUCIFER

**A**T the school were ninety humans, of all ages from twelve to nineteen, and in all stages of mental, physical and moral development, but authority only considered the heterogeneous mass as "Boys." There were ninety "boys," as there were eighty acres, three horses, and thirty wash-bowls; as much provision was made for individuality in wash-bowls as in "boys." Horses are expensive, consequently one studies their ways, and does not put the pony to the plough or the draught horse in the trap. "Boys" are cheap, dirt-cheap, and no one ever discovered that of the ninety "boys" no two were alike, save that the Law had dubbed them "criminal," as the Army later dubbed them "C3."

In years they ranged from childhood to manhood. Physically, they included all types from the thin boy whose ribs could be seen and who weighed six stone, to hulking louts who could work as navvies. There were mental defectives; slow-witted, slow-footed yokels; super-pert but ignorant gamins; intelligent, well-educated boys. Socially, from the gutter to the working class; the Good God has so made the "lower middle



class" (and upwards) that their sons never need reforming. Morally, we reached the school in varying condition; we left, without exception, moral lepers.

If a "new kid" innocently asked an old hand why he had been sent away, the latter would reply: "For coughing in Church!" Most of us had actually been "convicted" for "crimes" of scarcely more moment than those we alleged, for our intelligence and opportunities limited our exploits to the theft of a few coppers or sweets. Had we grown up normally we should have joined the ranks of stamp-embezzling office-boys, or of the Honest British Workman who regularly steals tools and material from the factory. To suggest we were "criminals" was absurd; we were caught, others were not. Our "reformation" merely sharpened our wits in general, utterly corrupted us morally, and, as a result, certain employers lose more by "honest" petty pilfering than they would do were there no reformatories.

True, one or two had been engaged on rather a more ambitious scale, but there was not an "Artful Dodger" among us, the young villains who most needed reform being, as we sadly recognised, without the walls of our excellent institution.

The boys consorted in small "gangs," with the exception of a few sneaks, and boys of odd temperament who were not readily admitted to any group save when they had a parcel. Many of the groups were composed of incongruous elements, and their composition continually changed. Thus, for some time I associated with a thick-set, powerful ox, slow in wit but kindly in heart and of serene temper, a humble "Captain Dobbin," whose chief delight was to devise ridiculous methods of escape.

to be followed by piracy. With us was associated Wood, a miserable little rat, who looked perpetually a-shiver, and hazarded provoking opinions down his nose in a snuffling voice.

Donaldi, the favourite of Caddock, was more or less an outcast, a short, podgy, red-cheeked fellow from a better social stratum than the rest. He was very flabby, mentally and physically, disliked work, had an insane temper, and procured favours by spying. His resemblance to the cartoon type procured him the nickname "German!" His end was tragic, for he shot a girl at a London bar for calling him "German," while he was serving in the Army. His friends thought Broadmoor more respectable than the gallows, and there he lies. The fact that he was a "reformed" man told heavily against him, a cynical commentary on the "Justice" which scourges the weak and the cesspits which "purify" the doers of evil.

A few individuals were despised. They prowled about in a wolfish way, were dirty, looked, thought and acted meanly, and did not enter into the games, the devilments or the occasional plot-schemes of others.

Walker, a boy of this type, was sent to a Welsh farm on license, and was returned as idle and vicious. Being found sleeping in the paint store instead of working, he was one day brought up for a sound flogging, it being by this means hoped to teach him the dignity of labour. While being flogged he wriggled free, got under the table, was dislodged, and a rare "Tally-Ho" ensued, "Sherms" chasing him round the premises, and inflicting a cut when and where opportunity offered. The whole business was most undignified and improper. Walker

received some twenty strokes in this way, and his treatment roused such a storm of openly expressed indignation that the cowardly Smith deemed it politic to allay it.

Accordingly, at dinner time, Jones was instructed to favour us with an harangue, wherein were set forth the loving and fatherly heart of the Superintendent, the pains the kind Superintendent took to get bad boys good jobs, the ingratitude of one or two very bad boys who were idle and vicious, and by return impeded the release of the other boys who were all very, very good; the cowardice of such boys under just but lenient treatment which hurt the tender-hearted Superintendent who was forced by rules to give it, far more than it hurt the hardened recipient. In brief, we were swamped by a deluge of Pecksniffian sentiments. Mankind responds swiftly to skilful suggestion, and Walker, who had entered the hall a martyr, left it a hooted cur, public opinion having been jockeyed in five short minutes to the conclusion that, if anything, he had escaped with far less than his just deserts.

It was interesting to note the way the Superintendent welcomed boys who re-appeared under various circumstances. The boy who was returned from a job was harshly treated, for jobs were hard to find, and the school had to compete with other schools in this business. If a boy came on a visit, having done well, he was coolly received, never asked to take tea, or to stay the night, though many schools have a "guest room" for such visitors. If a boy came on a visit down-at-heel, but not asking for a job, he was made much of, and often given a new outfit. While discussing this matter shortly before my release, old Brown cynically remarked that

if I wanted a warm welcome I had better come with the seat out of my breeches, a remark which recurred forcibly when I turned up in a morning coat and topper. I explain this by supposing that Smith so loved his little authority that he hated anyone to turn up looking prosperous, and feeling his equal if not his superior; his bobbydom probably oppressed him with a sense of inferiority when dealing with folk who did not need patronage, while it soothed his vanity to be able to patronize a down-at-heel old boy, and of his charity give him a few new clothes.

Leaf, a London boy, had a prodigious nose, plus a confiding and gentlemanly disposition which procured him the nickname "Algy." At the end of eighteen months he was unexpectedly released, causing great indignation, his seniors considering such release a personal affront. His life was made miserable for the last few days.

Jock was an inane, powerfully-built product of the Scotch lowlands. His feet lumbered, his thought lumbered (by watching his eyes you could follow the slow stages by which an idea battered its way into his brain); he was an animal whose ferocity had been blunted by regular gorgings of parritch and haggis.

He arrived late at night, and next morning we marched in and stood to attention, ready to praise God for bad porridge to the tune of worse music, ground out of the old harmonium by Smith. During this procedure, Smith affected the usual entranced expression, being, so it was held, overcome by the weird sounds he extracted from the wheezy instrument.

I watched him, saw his catty eyes grow large and wild, his face turn an apoplectic purple, and, turning

round to see what had so powerfully affected him, found that Jock, instead of waiting for God and his porridge, had sat down, back to the Superintendent, and was scooping up the parritch of a boy in the next row.

Three or four of us, seeing the chance of a vigorous brawl under the pretence of restoring order, flung ourselves on the unsuspecting Jock, who promptly hit out, and a delightful *mêlée* occurred, which was ceased with reluctance.

"Ye unmannerly r-r-rascal!" roared Smith, as soon as he could make himself heard: "Ye've broken y'r'r feyther's an' mither's hear-r-t, but ye'll no brek mine. I'll brek y'r'r back fir-r-st!" The school thought this rare fun, for if Jock's parents had wept at all, it must have been for joy at getting rid of him.

Jock meantime applied himself to his porridge, lapping up some six basins which were passed to him, and never heard the threat. Having made himself ridiculous by this outburst, Smith next read us a lecture on table and other manners, graphically illustrating, in order to condemn, the habit of studying the mucus one had blown from one's nose.

Taking us as a whole, we shewed no extraordinary features. Ninety boys from a Council School might have taken our places without discovery, and only their accent would have betrayed ninety Eton boys in an exchange, though a lecture on nose-blowing at breakfast might have turned their delicate stomachs more than it did ours. The first thing for the student of delinquency to grasp is that the "abnormal" reformatory boy is very normal in most ways.

## CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH I TALK GARRULOUSLY ON A NUMBER OF THINGS

**R**OUTINE life was as follows: At 5 a.m. an officer blew his whistle, whereon the kitchen boys rose, and the rest of us counted the precious, flying minutes. At 5-30 a.m. the whistle sounded again (a bugle was substituted later), each boy got up or was thumped up, slipped on his socks, shirt and trousers, made his bed, and rushed downstairs to escape the task of carrying down the sanitary can.

Downstairs, we donned boots and leggings, washed as much of our face and neck as time allowed, or inclination (or the officer) dictated, and came back to put on coats and have a "biscuit," *vide* regulations. This biscuit was a slice of hard currant loaf, a quarter of an inch thick, and as we were always ravenously hungry, we were exhilarated or depressed as the slice was a thirty-second above or below regulation thickness.

At 6 a.m., we were paraded, numbered, and detailed to our usual tasks, some in the shops, others to special jobs, the majority to the "gang," which marched off to dig.

At 8 a.m., work ceased, we played until 8-20 a.m., when we were paraded, numbered and marched into breakfast. This consisted of a big basin of coarse porridge with a

microscopic heap of brown sugar standing on the skin atop, a mug of watered milk (or milk-tinted water), which latter often had a slug adhering to the inside thereof to stimulate flagging appetites. A hunk of home-made and badly-made bread completed the menu. There were "tablecloths" consisting of equal parts of holes and cloth. When one gets such a breakfast for three years without change, it tends to pall on the non-official palate.

During breakfast, Smith scanned us with his beady eyes, occasionally delivered a sermon on the duties of boys undergoing reform, and read garbled accounts from the *Daily Mail*, generously spiced with his own moral instances. As we found from the officers, the news we got was totally unreliable, and it was a common pleasantry to mimic the Superintendent's delivery, and try to guess what the paper really said.

Whenever an individual came into the limelight, Smith forthwith constructed his biography, entirely out of his own head, be it understood, and explained how he was invariably born poor (even if a Rothschild), but by "Self-Help" had risen to wealth and honour. If the prominence happened to be due to homicide, the individual had neglected "Self-Help," and so become accursed.

This insistence on "Success" was the only moral pabulum we received, and in the light of a fuller experience I regard it as pernicious. "Success" in the material things of life is of little value, and does not necessarily mean happiness, while good fortune and chance play a far larger part than is admitted, an empty purse and a stout heart, and even a copy of Samuel Smiles,

being cards of but small value in the game of life. To insist so much on "Self-Help," and to teach that a few more ducats or a slight rise in the social scale was worth any sacrifice was but poor teaching to boys who were listening to Smith's Matins, mainly because of "Self-Help," albeit of an irregular nature. He did not explain that the difference between the Merchant Princes he adored, and the criminal, lies only in the magnitude of their operations, whose nature is much the same.

After twenty minutes breakfast, five eating and fifteen being preached at, we had "service." A hymn was bawled out, and Smith read a lesson. About every second morning he started off: "Who is this that cometh up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" saying this in a stern, deep voice, and then looking at us as if we knew. This silent question was answered with obscene replies under the breath by various wags. The suggestion: "A 'copper'!" was enjoyed because of the double entendre. Smith had a positive mania for this passage. A commentary on the lesson, well spiced with local instances, plus another hymn, completed the proceedings.

School then followed from 9 to 10-30 a.m., after which work was resumed until 1 o'clock. Play from 1 to 1-20 p.m., was followed by dinner. There was a fixed menu for each day, the quality always being as deficient as the quantity. On Mondays, rice; and on Thursdays a little tough meat, a sufficiency of hot water called gravy, one or two potatoes (often bad), a hunk of bread, and a mug of water tortured the spirit but suppressed the lusts of the flesh. On Tuesdays and Fridays suet pudding was doled out, together with a fluid which might



equally well be called watered treacle or treaced water. This doughy mess could be drawn into strings, tied in knots or moulded into statues, and was called "dump." It was highly esteemed, being removed in handkerchiefs, to be toasted if opportunity offered. One of the attractions of indoor work was that dump could be toasted indoors if the officer was in a good temper. On Wednesday, dinner consisted of bad bacon and worse potatoes, so that in practice it was a fast day. On Saturday, we had corned beef (good), potatoes (bad), and greasy water. Sunday's dinner was a stew. In winter there was soup on Mondays.

The minimum physiological needs of the body were met, as our healthy appearance shewed, though the absolute regularity of meals, the absence of dainties, over-eating or eating between meals, together with the out-door life had much to do with this happy result. Almost everyone suffered from chilblains, boils and styes, proving the diet was bad, and there was a sharp and distinct increase in weight on release, another significant factor. Appetite has claims to consideration, especially with growing lads, and the menu could easily have been varied. On Sundays, breakfast was dry bread and a bowl of watered milk. Tea was a bowl (always the same bowl) of coarse tea, and bread *tinted* with dripping, or butter on Sundays. Cake or jam we never saw, nor any vegetable save potatoes (save carrots in the soup in winter) although we grew every vegetable. Pudding was unknown.

In fruit-picking the maxim of "Muzzle not the ox" was admitted, of necessity, for when a boy is up a tree he cannot be stayed, but though masses of vegetables rotted for want of buyers we never saw any. Green

vegetables were peculiar to Christmas Day. The bacon was from that portion of our own pigs that found no buyer, and instead of being decently prepared was roughly salted, and came to us practically raw. When all these things have been explained airily away, for there is nothing connected with oppression that cannot plausibly be explained by the oppressors, there was no excuse for the horrible way the food was cooked, thus spoiling what might have been appetising. A beggar on the road would have scorned our food.

The open gambling in food should have been stopped. Boys openly passed food of all kinds (porridge in derision), in settlements of wagers, and for articles bought, or favours to come (from monitors). This practice was very common with "dump," one boy collecting pounds of this dough, while several others went hungry. The excuse that the boys who passed their food did not want it, and that interference would only stop one boy benefiting from another's lack of appetite I regard as too absurd to refute.

Here let me mention clothing. In summer, a suit of coat, shirt, trousers, cotton socks and boots did well enough. For winter, a thicker pair of socks, a waistcoat and muffler made of thin shoddy alone were added, and this for boys working in piercing winds, in rain and snow, and on days when the temperature was but little above zero. Vests, pants, or thick clothing were unknown. Our condition was pitiable, for we suffered agonies from chilblains, and shivered and snivelled from sheer physical wretchedness. There was no warming apparatus in the dormitories, and that downstairs was so often out of order (or not ordered to be used) as to be useless.

Why half-starve boys, and cause them to bear sufferings they would never know in the most wretched of homes, in the sacred name of Justice? If you honestly intend to reform a boy who has been more foolish than wicked, bring refining influences to bear upon him. If you think it more useful to teach him such a bitter lesson as shall, through fear, keep him in the paths of rectitude, flog him with inhuman severity, which will give the result you desire with less expense, and less life-long injury to the victim than our hypocritical and vicious "Reformatories." Reform? God be my witness, they do but deform in a most monstrous manner.

We played from 1-40 until 2 p.m., and worked until 5-30 p.m.. At 6 p.m. tea was served, and at 6-30 we trooped into school until 8 p.m., when we assembled in the dining hall, sang a hymn, washed, and went to bed at 8-30 p.m.

The whole day from 5-30 a.m. until 8-30 p.m., was occupied by eight hours' work, three hours' school, two hours' recreation, one to toilet and one to meals. In summer, school was suspended and we got an hour and a half more work and the same time more play. This was a welcome change, for a boy who has dug for nine and a half hours in clayey soil with a fork almost as big as himself, is not interested in the date on which some long and well-dead rascal ascended the throne of Merrie England.

In winter, the rising whistle blew at 6 instead of 5-30 a.m., and school was held from 6-30 till 8 a.m., it being then too dark to work outdoors. We also ceased work at 5, instead of 5-30 p.m., lest the gathering gloom aid plans for escape. On Saturdays we ceased work at

1 p.m., though the battles of ancient days troubled our evenings as usual.

On Sunday, we rose at 7 a.m., got our Sunday uniform from the press, and put on Sunday boots, great heavy things of week-day type but well-blacked. After breakfast we lounged about until 10-15 a.m., when we went to Church. A walk after dinner, and a service at night completed the day.

In brief, God and James Smith provided such a prodigious amount of work, that had the Devil have entered with further tasks, he would have found no idle hands to do them.

## CHAPTER VIII

I START A NEW CHAPTER, THAT THE READER MAY  
REFILL HIS PIPE

THE authorities treated us as if we were "T.N.T." instead of being pathetically ordinary lads. Rules there were in plenty, while odd schemes and "improvements" bobbed up from time to time. The Farm, properly managed, should have given a good surplus for improvements, but apparently did not. Many useful ideas, such as a band, shooting, gymnastics, etc., were entered upon with a zeal and haste which augured ill, and soon became moribund, often because time and money were not provided in sufficient quantity.

As the "Mark" system is considered a wonderful thing throughout the schools, let us examine it. Each boy had a "Mark Card" on which, at the end of each week, if his conduct had been without reproach, sixty marks, value 3*d.*, were credited. Had this money been paid weekly, and facilities provided for spending it, the system would have operated as an incentive to virtue, but the marks accumulated until one left the school.

By unnatural "goodness" a boy could earn 3*9s.* in three years; usually he earned under £1. This was not paid on release, but in three instalments, each dependent on one year's good conduct in the world without. The

idea was to keep the boy in touch with the school, but if he were doing well the few shillings was not worth bothering about; if he was doing ill, it was forfeit, so in either case the theoretical end was defeated. The reward was too small, remote and visionary. Certain old boys who had probably forfeited some or all of their gratuity through misconduct occasionally visited the school, and from their remarks spread an idea that Smith invented misconduct, and kept the hard-earned cash. This was recognised as absurd by the sensible boys, but Smith's weak and erratic character enabled the *canard* to obtain a credence which would have been impossible with, say, Jones.

Marks were freely deducted for misconduct, and more depended on the temper of the officer than on the conduct of the boy. Boys will be boys, and will indulge in a certain amount of foolery anywhere. When an officer was in normal humour, this passed unnoticed, as it should, but if he were peevish, on the slightest breach of the Spartan Rules (which like all severe rules were necessarily more honoured in the breach than in the observance), he would bawl irritably: "Lose sixty marks!" As often as not this intimation would be reinforced by a cut with one of the sticks, the cutting and trimming of which occupied much of the outdoor officers' spare time, which hung heavily. Thus a whole week's good conduct was nullified by speaking to another boy, or by some other equally trivial misdemeanour not involving moral turpitude. As we were expected to keep eighty acres of land as neat as a gentleman's garden in order to impress visitors, and as we could not do so, it followed that work was scamped, and, after the Superintendent had crept

up and pointed this out, the officer would endeavour to do the impossible by wholesale deductions of marks.

There being no limit to the marks an officer might deduct, nor to the total deductions of several officers in any one week, a boy might lose several hundred marks between one Monday and the next. The boy regarded this as unjust, for it stole money he had earned by previous good conduct, or hypothecated that yet to be gained in a similar way. All incentive to good conduct for the next few weeks having been swept away, the boy often acted on the principle of "In for a penny, in for a pound!" and deliberately provoked the officers who had mulct him. This went on, indefinitely, to the boy's disadvantage, until a number of boys reached the ridiculous position of being, on paper, *in debt* to the school, an indebtedness actually recorded in red ink, and requiring to be wiped out and a given percentage of all possible marks got ere the boy could go on holiday or be released.

The full effects of the stupid system then became apparent, for the boy, feeling it was hopeless to make up lost ground, broke the rules deliberately, the other boys watching with keen amusement the increase in the fictitious debit balance. As he *had* to be released when his time was up, marks or no marks, and as he was usually released automatically when his turn came, the system was not feared. Again, many boys by reason of the distance to their homes could never go on holiday, and marks were of no value to them.

The pecuniary earnings once gained by a prisoner should not afterward be liable to forfeiture, nor should unearned sums be hypothecated. This principle has

to be recognised in serious charges, where sentences usually run concurrently, not consecutively, a method that in theory is ridiculous.

Deductions entered in ill-temper were often scored through ere the officer handed in his statement at the end of the week; the officer often pretended to make the entry and did not, and was pestered by boys fawningly pleading repentance to get losses scored through. Also, it was impolitic for the officer to hand in a long list, lest it prove his inability to maintain discipline. The boy thus paid little heed to deductions, and the system tended to weaken rather than to strengthen authority.

Later, a graduated scale was introduced, by which a boy lost twenty marks for impertinence, ten for having torn his trousers on a fence, ten for leaving a weed unhoed, five for speaking, and so on; but with several officers, a normal boy could easily, almost unconsciously and certainly without malice aforethought, commit so many misdemeanours in the course of seven days as made the scale of little value.

The cards were not entered up regularly, months often elapsing between one issue and the next, so that no one knew his position, or could tell, when he saw his card, by whom or for what reason various old deductions had been made, and he invariably concluded he had been unjustly treated. Extras were allowed for merit of various kinds, the merit consisting of getting into favour with an officer, which produced sickening sycophancy.

In one absurd case, a boy never lost a mark for three years. This indicated not only an unhealthy boy, but unjust authorities, for, after he had retained a clean card for some months marks deducted by an officer



were not deducted on the card lest his wonderful "record" be broken. When he left he was given a silver watch by the Committee, the other boys being given exhortations to follow so glorious an example. Alas! The keen collective intelligence of the school decided that the dénouement so patiently prepared and so dramatically staged was "Ponk!" and riddled the act and actor with ridicule, a popular amusement being to ask any boy suspected of fawning: "What's the time?"

The system provides an easy, a fatally easy, method of dealing with minor misdemeanours, but its demerits outweigh its merits.

To the "new kid" the first few months are very trying, for feelings of resentment, sullenness, homesickness, rebellion and braggadocio predominate, and the boy has not grown accustomed to self-control and the strict observance of trivial rules. Many a boy thus loses hundreds of marks in the first few months, and loses heart. No boy should have a mark card until he has been in the school quite three months, and settled down.

Discipline was also enforced by merciless flogging, and, although this was not very often resorted to, it was done thoroughly when deemed helpful. If I flogged my own son as I was flogged, a humane Bench would collectively foam at the mouth and bitterly regret they could not commit such a brute for more than six months' "hard." But, there, there! . . . We were but "criminals," with whom severe measures were necessary, the severity of the measures being an exact index of the unfounded fear of us. "Delhi is afar off," the R.S.P.C.C.

have never heard of Reformatories; cane marks only last a few days, and there is no one to see them.

In reply to the criticism that Public School boys are soundly flogged and delight in it, I reply that we would willingly leave them a monopoly of the rod. Even I have talked with Public School boys who did *not* love the rod, and know one physically perfect man who ran away from a famous school rather than "face the music." The instrument used was a stout cane, four feet long and as thick as one's finger. The schoolmaster held the victim down while Smith plied the rod with enthusiasm, adorning the tale by making canting allusions to the victim's "pore mother!" while leaving a pause for the cut to sink well in.

All inflictions of five or more strokes were required to be entered in a book, but report said that on these melancholy occasions, Smith's indignation temporarily deranged his powers of calculation. When the Inspector said how pleased he was to find only a few boys had been punished during the year, we all smiled and kicked one another beneath the desks, for we could appreciate a joke, even when it was "on" us.

Corporal punishment should be used sparingly, for the boundary line between correction and oppression (or even cruelty) is very narrow. With Smith, much depended on his mood; one boy was viciously flogged for some slight peccadillo, while another escaped flogging for a grievous offence. For attempting to escape, and the like, the doctor was summoned, and stood by, to signal if the victim showed signs of collapse.

Smith told me some time ago it was now his custom to always have a culprit medically examined ere inflicting

corporal punishment. He added that his fellow Superintendents considered him foolish to do this. I have no doubt Smith does this in all sincerity, but it seems to me that such deferment of execution must cause greater, though more subtle, pain than instant flogging. It is also a moot point as to whether any man is entitled to flog a boy so severely as to make a medical examination essential, lest (presumably) an inquest may follow.

As we were numbered many times a day, and worked under the direct eye of officers, there was little chance of escape. Boys on special jobs could never have got more than two hours' start, and these posts were the perquisites of senior boys, who were unlikely to imperil their license by attempting to abscond so late in the day. A reward of 10s. was given to anyone who captured an absconder, and people around exercised the right to demand a reformatory boy's "pass." The uniform betrayed one, and no assistance was to be expected from the folk around. One yokel was highly incensed when, on returning a boy, Smith paid the 10s. without even thanking the self-appointed policeman.

At the end of twelve months, if parents sent the return fare and signed guarantees for safe return, a boy who "had his marks" was given mufti and sent home one morning, to return the following evening, this brief holiday being repeated each six months thereafter. (A week is allowed to-day).

This was a powerful incentive to good conduct among boys coming from a radius of fifty miles, besides dispelling the depressing feeling that freedom would never come. Many boys came from far-away cities to which the fare was prohibitive, and most of them were thus

debarred the joy of the holiday. In these cases a contribution might well have been made by the school, if necessary from the sum at credit on the mark card, or kindly people around might have acted as hosts for two short days, but nothing was done. The deep kindness of the poor was here demonstrated, for in some cases one boy's parents would entertain their son's chum (who lived afar) for the precious hours.

On parade and at meals we were assembled according to height, while every six months we stood two by two, back to back, while we were re-graded. This was a time of severe, unscrupulous competition, the desire to gain promotion or escape relegation (from the first two benches) being keen. A more sensible arrangement would have placed the smaller boys in the front benches, and the taller at the back, which would have placed all under review. As it was, the tall boys in front hid the small ones behind. In such a place, where all should have been treated strictly alike, many distinctions were made on slender grounds, or on no grounds at all. One of these in favour of the burlier boys, who were always treated with undue tenderness lest they prove obstreperous, was the right to talk at meals, only accorded to the occupants of the first two benches. Four monitors watched the other benches, and if any boy therein spoke, the monitor would bawl: "Stand up, White!" and White would lose twenty marks for doing precisely what Black, one sixty-fourth of an inch taller, was doing with impunity. The basis of this extraordinary distinction was too well fathomed by the boys, who did not scruple to express their contempt of systematists who pandered to mere physical burliness. Fear of him neither

impresses nor deceives a bully. Occasionally a logical monitor would try to make a front-bencher stand up for disobeying the rule which bound all the others. A scrimmage in front of the officer's eyes usually resulted from the monitor's effort to enforce his order, but invariably the officer would weakly reply that he was "looking after" the front two benches.

In the dormitories the newcomer took the bed at the bottom end of the junior dormitory over the workshops, and whenever a boy left, the others all moved up one bed, carrying beds and clothing to the next bedstead. In this way a boy travelled slowly round the two junior dormitories, and then crossed "The Bridge" to the senior dormitories over the dining hall. Having by seniority become the junior of the four Monitors, he took charge of each dormitory in turn, ready in the last, if all went well, to be next released. The night a boy crossed "The Bridge" to the "Old Gang" marked an epoch in his career.

Here again I was fortunate, for my six-feet two-inches could not be accommodated in any bed in the junior dormitory, an attempt to get a large bed therein was stopped by the narrow "Bridge," and consequently I was assigned the last bed in the senior dormitory, to remain stationary while older boys from the junior side went above me. After a while, on the pretext that I could not see to read, I got transferred to the highest non-official bed, that next to the Monitor under the lamp, a move which brought many curses on my fertile head.

Parents and friends were allowed to send money and parcels. The officer read the letters and distributed them at dinner time. Some boys never received a line.

Those to whom money was sent (kept in an account, never handled) and those who received 3*d.* per week for special duties, could order goods on Friday, which goods (chiefly eatables) were distributed on Saturday. This custom was unwise, for it placed certain boys in an easier and far more tolerable position than others.

We could receive any number of letters, and write to our parents once a month, paper and stamp being provided by the authorities. The few boys who had nothing for which to thank their parents were forced to write also. We could write letters to friends but had to buy stamps for the extra effusions.

Reading matter of all kinds save newspapers could be sent, and we could read in our playtime and in bed. Smith had a private library from which he would provide suitable pabulum on request. Many boys asked for books they never read—or intended to read—to curry favour. There should have been a school library open at all times, from which boys could have borrowed at will. Most of Smith's books were "over our heads," the few we could digest being semi-religious, moralising works of the Silas Hocking, Annie Swan, and *Jessica's First Prayer* type.

From time to time Smith refused to pass books sent by friends. He rightly refused to let me have *The Girls' Friend*, and in a famous case barred Reade's *It's Never Too Late to Mend*. There was a long delay in returning this book to the senders, which caused the boy to charge (in secret, of course) Smith with theft. On this evidence the school cynically decided that James' library had been built up by annexation. Little things like this all tended, unjustly, to disparage the Superintendent's character among us, and they could so easily have been avoided.

## CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH I RECORD SOME OF MY OWN EXPERIENCES

ON the night of my admission I led the file into the dining hall, and stood facing the harmonium. The tramp, tramp ceased, and a shuffling and whispering ensued, while I, not knowing these "criminals" were quiet and stupid sheep rather than roaring and ferocious lions, felt a very timid Daniel, and was glad the stern Superintendent stood by the desk.

Smith announced a hymn which he played in a manner suggestive of a "Self-Tutor"; doubtless he had learned Music as he had learned "Success," *via Self-Help*. The hymn was bawled with vigour and variations, for several boys conceived they could sing bass or alto, and unblushingly did so. The Superintendent then read a few words about a gentleman who came up from Edom for some purpose, and the first two rows took off their tunics and filed into the wash-house.

This place was a scene of horrible turmoil. I was butted up three steps by forces at the rear, and fell down three other steps, falling against a rack. This swung away and hit a gentleman the other side in the small of the back. He charged back, throwing me against some wash-bowls and clearing my wits. It was difficult, owing to the number of combatants who surged in in

successive waves, but I got a bowl, washed myself, and forced a way back to my seat.

Following the general example, I placed my boots beneath the bench, the room reeking with a maladorous stench from many filthy feet. Smith beckoned me with a glance, whereon I crushed myself between the wall and the harmonium, saluted as best I could, and answered various queries. I learned afterward that favourites were thus beckoned to listen to the oracle, while boys nearing the end of their time and desiring license, or boys fishing for favours of any sort, chose this time to gain the ear of He Who Must be Obeyed!

During these talks, the Superintendent played the same hymn over and over again, varied at length by a *pot-pourri* of tunes, sacred and profane. He listened to his music as if entranced, with both eyes on the ceiling, occasionally coming to earth to find a lost note, so that talk went on under difficulties. The system had one good point . . . it taught us the value of "Sherms'" promises. While mesmerised by his music the man would promise anything.

When all were in, the command: "Stand," was obeyed, and I led the file to a little door opening on to the stairs. As each boy reached the door, he turned round, saluted, and bawled: "Goo' night, Sir!" the various tones, postures and looks with which this salutation was accompanied forming a good index as to how fate and the powers had treated the boy that day.

I was ordered into a bed near the door. The door was enclosed by a kind of telephone booth, from whence an officer might watch the room without entering it. I got into bed, putting my socks, shirt and trousers on the



end, and donning a thin, ill-fitting white night-shirt. I soon learned to put my clothing beneath the pillow, 'formatory boys being very practical Communists.

The dormitory was a clean, pleasant room, the windows being barred in quite a genteel, almost apologetically fragile, but very efficient manner. The sashes opened sufficiently for air, not for hope.

Of the denizens of this place, some seemed bent on getting into bed, and others on keeping out of it, all with a deal of noise. Many of them re-made their beds, into which all finally got, and a good deal of "quiet talking" (*vide* Rules) went on, the Monitor from time to time prohibiting individuals the length of the room apart abusing one another, more from a sense of duty than from any attention his orders received.

While I looked wistfully at the trees beyond, and bitterly at the bars before, a boy made a prodigious amount of noise himself, and thus reduced the rest to silence. He then read *The Scout*, to which all listened with attention. Various boys' papers were thus read, the reader getting 3d. per week; the serials were followed assiduously. Everyone was so anxious for the reader to start, and consequently so anxious for everyone else to be silent, that each conceived it a pressing duty to admonish all the rest to "Shut up!" the result being an infernal din, which the reader usually quelled by announcing his intention of going to sleep.

A monitor kept order, surveying us from a corner bed, noting the names of disorderly wights for report, and administering unofficial punishment if burly enough. If disorder got beyond his control, or he had a grudge against some boy, he knocked the door, which was unoffi-

cially known as "Knocking 'the bloke' up!" At this signal, the officer on duty below rushed up, and administered official and often non-official correction, the latter to the great delight of all.

On one occasion, Donaldi having knocked, Mr. Jones ascended with ponderous tread, and asked the trembling culprit in a voice of thunder what he had to say. The boy, dreading the application of the schoolmaster's heavy hand to an appropriate place, unprotected at this hour by Art, stammered: "P-p-please Sir! He s-said, he s-said he'd knock 'the bloke' up!" "WHAT?" said the astounded officer. "Yessir. If you p-please, sir, it's true, Sir!" Mr. Jones, greatly incensed at so gross an example of *lèse-majesté* ordered the unfortunate Donaldi to lose sixty marks, and proceeded to spank the wretched informer, the two actions giving us great pleasure.

If the monitor were unpopular or small, his endeavours to keep order were jeered at, and if he tried to reduce a rowdy clique to silence they would emit a roar, in which the whole room joined, bringing up the officer in haste. His wrath often fell on the monitor, and that gentleman, afraid to betray those responsible, would pick some small boy as scapegoat. It was a very important thing to be a big boy at the school, and one shewed lack of forethought in being small.

Fighting was prohibited, a great mistake, which caused gross treachery, lying, bullying, and meannesses of all kinds. Had boys been allowed to fight out difficulties with an officer as referee, the tone of the school would have been improved. As it was, a sound flogging for both combatants was the upshot of a fair fight, so sneer-

ing, provocation, sneaking, bullying and blackmail took the place of fisticuffs. One method of "getting even" that cowards adopted was so to "dare" a manlier boy that he smote the coward, who was careful to keep within view of an officer. The blow went home—or wide—the whistle sounded, and coward sniggered and taunted, and the manly boy's feet moved reluctantly toward that Justice which ladleth out to every man his own—with a most false and evil measure.

About ten o'clock the officer came up, the lamps were turned down and he retired to his room. (Electric light is installed to-day.) I soon fell asleep.

When the whistle sounded in the morning, I rose, was shewn how to make my bed, and being laid down, helped to empty the foul-smelling pail. During the morning the kitchen boys put covers on the beds, so that all looked warm and cosy. Why this cover could not have afforded warmth at night instead of good impressions to visitors by day, deponent knoweth not.

After breakfast, I leaned moodily against the railings of the grass meadow. In a prison the immense wall at once extinguishes hopes of freedom; here, the seeming lack of any enclosure kept boys in a fever of fruitless hope for many months. Only a five-barred rail . . . and freedom.

It was so temptingly easy; so utterly hopeless. As I brooded, the immensity, the *eternity* of three years, *years*, YEARS, forced itself upon me. It was hopeless to suppose such a time would ever pass. I had been there half-a-day, and I hated and dreaded the place. Yet it took fourteen half-days to make a week, four weeks to make a month, twelve months a year, and I had *three*

years. Thirty-six months, a hundred and fifty-six weeks, a thousand and ninety-two days. I worked it out in minutes . . . and started to count them.

I was fifteen years and ten months old, and on release should be nineteen. Nineteen? It was impossible I should live to be nineteen; I could not remember a man of nineteen. I wished I was dead, and bitterly cursed everyone connected with the case. Fool that I was. Accursed blockhead for not having demanded trial by jury which might have had a different end. Man never repents, he only regrets, and bitterly did I regret the error that had landed me here for a paltry two bob, for those were my net gains.

Prison was Hell, but a month's "hard" seemed mild compared with the eternity I must abide in this hole. Then I took refuge in the idea that it was only a bad dream, a dream from which I should presently awake to find myself in my own bed. For quite eighteen months this idea clung to me, and I tried vainly to persuade myself I was only living through a bad nightmare.

My thoughts were interrupted by the whistle, which I laggardly obeyed, cursing the fate that made me obey a whistle like a cur. We marched to Church, a beautiful old place. On the left stood a row of old yews, and a row of mounds. The mounds were only betrayed by ripples in the long grass which hid them. Among the sunken, crumbling old stones which stood proudly by, they looked forlorn. There lay the dead of our school, all those who had "died in the Lord." Those grassy mounds, unmarked, untrimmed, and unkempt, represented the sheaves of our "Harvest Home." The dead whose skulls grinned at us beneath those mounds

had lived unknown ; unknown to the village, unknown to the Church, unknown to God : there they lay, side by side, outcasts in Death as in Life. Eighty and eight living devils gazed unmoved on all their angels . . . eight !

We marched into the aisle and Lady Chapel kept separate for 'formatory boys ; laid apart in Life as those others in Death, lest God not know his devils among their fellow angels.

I sat down and rested, the ringers plodded down from the tower, and the padre informed us we had erred and strayed like lost sheep. I thought grimly that I, at least, had been found and placed in the pound. The parson, an elderly man, droned quietly on, and presently we marched home.

In the afternoon, we marched round pleasant lanes. In the heat of summer the march was exhausting ; in winter, chilblains made it a torture, but in fair weather we loved these walks which acquainted us with the lovely country around.

On Monday morning I ate my porridge and dry bread with avidity, and thankfully accepted the offer of an extra bowl from the sardonic lad next me. This I despatched, and saw from the grins that I had erred. It was *infra dig* to accept porridge, but any other article of food might be accepted, and the monitors waxed fat on the food passed by those under their scrutiny. This blackmail was a monitor's perquisite. In a week I had an hatred of porridge I thought would last my life.

I was allotted to the farm "gang," and marched with twenty others to the pear orchard, there to start the grievous task of digging the ground. Two boys were placed between each row of trees, each taking half the

ground as his "spit." Each strove to dig as slowly as possible, but at the same time to outdig his companion, being by this means enabled to dig a gradually narrowing "spit," and throw more and more of his share on the shoulders of his less energetic confrere. He had to be careful not to "come it" too much, or his aggrieved partner, struggling yards behind, would appeal to the officer, who, with justice that was poetic and sardonic, would order the twain to exchange places.

The largest implement I had ever wielded was a pen; I was tall, weak, and flabby, and suffered terribly from the incessant stooping necessitated by the low branches. I was soon left far behind, but the kindly officer more than once dug me level. At the end of an endless morning I felt as if every muscle in my body was torn. I was worn out, and would have laid down in despair, but that I judged such an action would not only provoke jeers and possibly violence, but would get me no nearer that dinner my stomach so fiercely craved.

In the afternoon, I had a respite, and an example of Smith's hypocrisy. During the play interval, he beckoned me, and chatted, whereon I said I had unjustly been committed, and asked if I could appeal. Instead of telling me I could not, and advising me to try to settle down and make the best of things, he listened with the utmost graciousness, and in the afternoon provided me with writing materials. I wrote a long appeal, noting my disease, family circumstances, etc., which Smith said he had posted. After three days of feverish hope, he informed me it had, unhappily, been rejected, when, of course, it had never gone farther than his office.

In the evening I was asked what Standard I had reached, and answered with proud disdain: "Ex-Seventh!" On trial, I found I could only answer the sums set for Standard IV, into which I was placed, to re-learn the stupid things that had been forgotten for lack of use in a workaday world.

That night I thanked God for my bed, for I was exceedingly tired, and very hungry. The calories in the day's ration were doubtless physiologically sufficient, but a growing lad is more interested in what his stomach *could* hold than in what it *should*. I wonder if ever a dietitian has lived according to his diet sheets.

On Tuesday evening we ceased work at 4-30 p.m., and marched to bathe in a neighbouring canal, a great pleasure after a hard day's work in the sun. This we did twice a week in summer.

Once hardened to the work, life on the land, though monotonous, was not unpleasant, and I failed to understand the eagerness to get jobs indoors, for life outside, especially during fruit-picking, seemed much preferable. I had yet to endure a winter.

With fruit-picking, weeding, hoeing, digging, etc., the weeks dragged tediously along. My health benefited by the change; illness was practically unknown here, and was treated too heroically to tempt one to malingering.

## CHAPTER X

IN WHICH I TREAT OF PLEASANT THINGS, INCLUDING  
HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

**A**FTER a few weeks came August Monday, "Visiting Day." Arrayed in Sunday best, we killed time until after dinner, and then hung round the great gate. A hundred quick ears caught the murmur of the train; we endured ten minutes' suspense, and quivered with excitement as the first batch of visitors came in sight. The boys who came from afar hoped for the impossible, and every visitor's face was scanned by a hundred hopeful eyes.

The dear old people came in sight, and looked round bewildered, unable to recognise me among so many in the same garb. I blushed with shame, and crept into their arms. The acid of life has long since burned away every vestige of sentiment, but I can always live that moment again.

They had much to hear, and I much to tell, and were commanded to listen to a diatribe from Smith, for our ex-bobby imagined all visitors highly honoured by a condescending nod from so mighty and puissant a Superintendent. I refrain from giving him the unofficial title of "Governor" he loved so well.

At tea, a few fond parents entered the dining hall with



us, this liberty being allowed. Many visitors brought flowers from the gardens, and chums as well as sons received sixpences. At six o'clock the visitors left, and we crowded round Mr. Jones to pay in money received, and then turned our attention to our own or another boy's parcels, passed a night of joy, and woke to a morning of woe.

The gardens referred to were of interest. A strip, twenty feet broad round two sides of the playground, was demarcated into portions some ten feet wide for one boy, or twenty for two partners. Packets of seed were distributed, six being given free, and others bought if necessary.

The plots were laid out in various simple geometrical designs. I never saw an effort at originality, and any departure from formal lines would probably have been discouraged as spoiling the neat general effect. The paths were paved with white stones laboriously collected whilst digging, and cemented in place with mud. The beds were dug, trowelled into a friable state, the edges carefully bevelled, and bounded by large stones set on edge. Weeds were exterminated by hand pulling, water carried a great distance in leaky old salmon and other tins, and plants tended with wonderful love and care.

A fortnight before August Visiting Day, a cart deposited sand before each garden. This was laid out in a smooth, even mass, forming a continuous forefront of sand some three feet wide. On this canvas we painted, in colours made as follows: white by smashing old crocks and white stones; red by smashing bricks; blue and other pigments, I know not how, but somehow, for your criminal is ever a most patient, hardworking and

ingenious fellow, his talents, unfortunately, never bringing him much profit.

To further this business of making pigments, the playground was transformed in an extraordinary way. Each boy procured an old bag or two, and with a few sticks erected a tent, so that the playground seemed fringed by an encampment of particularly disreputable nomads. Within the tents, sheltered from the sun and to some extent from observation, the boys beat out their colours, and indulged in abuses which caused the tents to be abolished.

Designs were drawn on the sand with a pointed stick, crossed flags and hearts in the centre, curtains at the sides, and the names of the boys in classic scrolls being the favourites. The details were coloured as each boy deemed tasteful, and the final effect, though not artistic, was strange and arresting.

Prizes of 5s., 2s. 6d. and 1s. were awarded. Five shillings seems very paltry nowadays, but then I toiled every night for six months, sacrificing my little leisure on the chance of getting it. Much fuss is made about the burning desire of boys for such gardens, but if the prizes were abolished, the desire would soon burn out.

All gardens were commenced with vigour, but indolent boys lost interest, which was revived when Prize-Day drew near. At that date, of the forty gardens, twenty were in first-rate order, twelve very second-rate, and eight abandoned. After Prize-Day, the gardens grew forlorn until next Spring. The football caused frequent quarrels by its habit of rolling over beds and ruining them, especially when judiciously directed by the foot of an enemy, or a competitor.

I soon learned to participate in the excitement of a "new kid" and to know the value of the phrase: "Do it *after* me!" usually abbreviated to "AFTER me!" as a *coup de grace* in an argument. "You did it *before* me!" though of equal cogency, lacked vitality.

The arithmetical gymnastics at which I had lost suppleness, were soon re-learned, and I was shewn occasional favour, being given one or two "cushy" jobs, and being put into the Horticultural Class.

A certain Society holds an examination each year, and Smith ordered several of the more intelligent boys to sit for this. The Inspector said in one of his reports that Smith's enthusiasm for horticulture had permeated all the boys. The value of inspections is shewn by this egregious remark. Not a single boy cared a damn about horticulture; all hated study, but all knew how well it paid to trim one's sails to Smith's wind (often though that veered), so that had Byzantine Art or Persian Poetry have captivated Smith's imagination, his "enthusiasm" would have "permeated all the boys" in a trice. The Horticultural Class also meant relief from "graft." On two afternoons a week we were instructed, read books, and idled. The Society offered a scholarship, and any boy thought likely to snatch this high honour received great favour, and was excused nearly all work to "study" more closely. Of my triumph I speak later.

Every boy's hair was cut monthly by a boy-barber, whose office carried 3*d.* a week. He mowed the back and sides with clippers, cut the top with scissors, and left as much "Donkey" (front fringe) as he deemed necessary. His opinion on this point usually differed

decidedly from that of his victim, the large boys threatening, the small boys begging and bribing, in order to retain a large "Donkey."

The barber was time-expired when I arrived, and there was much speculation among the senior boys as to which of them would take his cloth and 3*d.* To my joyful surprise and the intense annoyance of the others I was instructed by Brown how to cut hair. I was subjected to much petty persecution because of this, but the choice was sensible, for it would have been useless to have taught a senior boy, shortly about to leave.

My first lessons gave great pleasure to me, and great pain to the unfortunates on whom I operated with zeal. The clippers stuck continually and were extracted with vigour—and tufts of hair.

At rare intervals we went to a cinema, or a concert, and during the winter months various amateurs organised concerts on the premises for us; but *the* holiday was a day's "outing" in September. (To-day a fortnight in camp has replaced this.)

The great day was discussed for months, those who had been bragging continually, and answering the disbelief of newcomers (especially their disbelief in the *pièce de résistance*, a modest pork pie), with: "Well, go AFTER me!" A brake ride to the hills, walks and games, a good meal—including the pork pie, and a ride back completed the great day, leaving us to gradually pass over the food we had hypothecated for donkey rides at another's expense.

Autumn gradually took the leaves, and, about November, winter clothing was issued, a muffler and waistcoat

of shoddy, with thicker socks. The poorest civilian is more warmly clad in summer, and this was to protect us through winter in the open. It was inhuman, for to keep a boy eternally hungry, and so to clothe him as to keep him eternally ashy is not calculated to improve him morally.

Yet, astonishing thing, I do not suppose that any one of the many parties who were supposed to have our welfare at heart meant to be cruel; they would indignantly refute the aspersion. Yet cruel they were, simply because men are unable to comprehend any pain they do not themselves feel—witness toothache. Men are rarely moved to action save by considerations which personally affect them; a graphic account of famine horrors is read as a good piece of writing, and a sentiment of pity pervades every breast, but not more than one in a hundred sends a subscription to the relief fund. Smith might have felt it was cold in winter, but to him, warmly clad and well fed, it was bracing; and as none of us died, he doubtless felt that all was well, if, indeed, the matter ever crossed his mind at all.

Winter was a devilish time, and a few days of it shewed the wisdom of those who by good behaviour, flattery and pretended interest in the work or in the hobby-horses of the masters, had procured work indoors. In inclement weather the health of the soulless clod was the primary consideration. While rain, sleet or snow came down, we sheltered as best we could under trees and hedges, working in clear spells. Only when the land was so sodden that further work on it was injudicious, were we marched indoors, three parts wet through, to huddle close together on the cold pipes, surreptitiously to close

windows, to shiver, grow blue, cough, curse and exhale a foetid odour.

The picking of green vegetables, notably brussels sprouts, when the snow was on the ground, was a grim game. Keen winds searched us, our faces were blue, our noses red, our fingers numbed, lacerated, white, sodden, and dead to sense, while from the waist down we were drenched in ice-cold water. Meantime, a wretched old hag called on us to hasten, and so fill the cart with vegetables to be hawked for her profit. The sceptic will think this overcoloured. Let him rise at 6 a.m., when the thermometer is near zero, discard his pants, vest and warm waistcoat, and ask permission to pick a pot of wet or snow-covered sprouts. After such an experience he will read this book with closer attention.

At bedtime the boys stayed behind to have chilblains attended to. Smith and Jones tried every remedy they knew or could hear of, but naturally with no success, though they applied all sorts of concoctions with their own hands in generous measure.

I suffered frightfully from chilblains on hands, feet and ears, and the heavy boots, to which I never got used, on feet consisting chiefly of corns and bunions were a torture to me. This furnishes an admirable instance of the difficulty of appreciating the sufferings of others, for no one would imagine ill-fitting boots superadded to bad feet and chilblains a matter of supreme moment. Yet the rising whistle was a thing accursed to me, for it brought to a sharp and sudden focus the dread ordeal of getting hard boots on my super-tender feet, and etched in high relief the pangs I should suffer during the day.

So intense were my sufferings that I revolved means of

committing suicide, and crawled about in agony. When I could crawl no longer, Smith ordered Brown to do something for me, and the worthy man made me boots with thin soles and corduroy-cloth uppers. My sufferings ceased, and I felt a deep, canine gratitude to both men. This incident shows at what little expense of thought and money a despairing individual can be transformed into a contented person; would that such thought were given to the thousand little problems affecting boys in such places, for it is the trifles which are overlooked or unknown, not the weighty policies debated in high quarters, that make these places successful or otherwise. I speak of what I know.

Christmas was kept up worthily. The rooms were decorated with greenery and coloured paper. The old boys explained that the currants in the pudding were shot in by Smith, thus accounting for their scarcity; for his assiduity and indifferent success with his gun was a standing joke. Also, the Superintendent and officers took dinner with us, Maggie and the maids helped to serve us, and, unbelievable delight, it was the one, the only meal at which one had green vegetables, and could eat just as much as one could hold.

On Christmas Eve we played merrily with new games bought for the occasion, and went to bed, some wags even hanging up their socks to lend a fitting air to the dormitory, and incidentally to cause much bad language in the morning, when one jester found a good sock had been exchanged for a threadbare one.

The dinner fulfilled all expectations. The pudding was palatable and good, the scarcity of currants notwithstanding, and Boxing Day was Visiting Day. Parcels

arrived in plenty; we gorged for a week, and then returned to sense and work.

Happiness depended largely on one's job. Intelligence and favouritism played equal parts in promotion; merit was of minor account. The least lucky stratum made up "the gang," though even here there was a distinction, the farm gang being considered less *élite* than the garden gang, though their work was identical. In the gang all worked, or were worked, hard, so that if the officer needed something fetched from the store, every face was turned to him with a pleading look pitiful in its intensity, the boys' eyes literally standing out of their heads in their anxiety to impress the officer with their fitness for the commission, and thus obtain a brief respite from toil. The garden gang boasted of one very good job, that of greenhouse boy, who was warm and dry the year through, had plenty to eat when tomatoes were in season, was able to toast "dump," and had considerable freedom.

The four kitchen boys were accounted fortunate, for though their work was of a mean domestic order, and though they worked under the eagle eye of Maggie, they also had plenty to eat and chances of getting better "scoff" (food) than the rest. They put the daintiest portions on their own plates at mealtimes, though Maggie frequently changed their plates, and so gave some lucky boy the fruits of their cunning.

The trap-boy was out with the Superintendent most of his time, and had chances of getting illicit smokes, and a copper now and then. The farmyard boys had hard, dirty work, but comparative freedom (from close supervision), and shelter in inclement weather, besides



assisting at the sticking of pigs, a bloody but interesting amusement.

The snip and snob shops employed some dozen happy boys, for their work was easy and the shops were warm. There was a boy in the Technical (Carpenter's) shop who did odd jobs, a fine post, for in addition to having a shop of his own, with a stove, he had a roving commission to keep all things in good repair, and did much as he liked.

Even in the gang, occasional pieces of "soft graft" came along, such as being set to mow the lawn, or to sweep paths when others were digging.

## CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH I AM LIFTED TO A HIGH PLACE, FROM  
WHENCE I FALL.

ONE Saturday morning some nine months after my entrance, I was ordered to leave the gang, and weed the cucumbers in the greenhouse. A cynical, taciturn boy, Atkins, was in charge. I have always been afflicted with a love of order, and set zealously to work. In a short time I had removed every vestige of foreign growth, trowelled and smoothed the beds, and washed down walls and floor.

When Kent came up with the gang at one o'clock, I was amazed to find how time had flown, while he was amazed at the immaculate state of the house, and immediately promoted me greenhouse boy, *vice* Atkins, dismissed. This was to me an undreamt-of, and to others an unheard-of piece of good luck, this job having been from time immemorial the perquisite of senior boys. I became the butt of jeers and threats from those who swore I had treacherously ousted a comrade.

Here I remained a few happy months, proudly shewing my grandparents over my domain at Easter. I worked zealously, too zealously, for in my impatience I could scarcely wait either for plants or weeds to germinate, and many young tomato plants "damped-off" through

the floods of water I applied. In due course I learned to sow seed in boxes, to wait patiently until it germinated, to be sparing of water, to plant-out into pots or boxes, to re-pot and to plant out into beds. A lucrative trade was done in selling young plants, and tomatoes and cucumbers grown in the greenhouse.

The passion for doing things, and for things doing their part, decently and in order, has always been a curious part of my personality, and has hindered me in dealing with aught save the inanimate. I never grew to do work as the need arose, day by day, but had a German leaning toward strict routine, and was very irritated when one of the twenty-four seedling plants I had so methodically placed in a box presumed to wither, and leave an unsightly gap.

A year, a whole long year, passed slowly away, and my holiday was due. One fine morning I was fitted with a rough suit of civvies, one of a series of "Holiday suits" kept for the purpose, and, without waiting for the early breakfast to which I was entitled, I tore down to the station, arriving there an hour before the train.

I got proudly into the carriage, for not a soul in the compartment suspected I was a convict, and laughed with unholy glee at the thin line of figures hoeing below, still "doing it." My mirth was chastened by the thought, which suddenly obtruded itself, that in another day, I, too, should once more be "doing it!"

By a circuitous route I reached home, feeling guilty and shamefaced, and fearing lest anyone I knew see me. My first words were: "How tiny it is!" for after the huge rooms in which I had been moving for a twelve-month, my old home seemed but a bandbox.

After a good breakfast I went upstairs to chat with my grandfather. His appearance shocked me, for he had cancer in the throat, and despite delicacies procured with great sacrifice, was dying of starvation. He was a skeleton. I spent that day talking to my people, wandering about the streets, visiting friends and relations, and greatly enjoying good food in ample quantity. I learned afterwards that my appetite was considered Gargantuan. Evening came quickly, and I went to bed in a room and in a bed to myself, and, looking at the unlovely houses beyond, prayed for the day to come quickly when I should always have a room and a bed to myself. Alas! Two long years, and four more holidays had to pass ere that could be.

Time hung somewhat heavily the second day, but six o'clock came all too soon, and at nine I was back at the School. Next morning saw me happily at work, little recking how soon Fortune was to turn her fickle face from me.

I took an intense interest in my garden. The wooden seed boxes being used up, I begged a cardboard box from the kitchen, in which I sowed "Stock" seed. I reared the seedlings with loving care, and only by the exercise of much ingenuity did I manage to rear the young plants, and hold the rotting cardboard together by string.

The gang had been working by the greenhouse, and, as I wanted to stay to finish my work, I gave the precious box, now enclosed in a network of string, bast and rope, to another boy to carry to my garden for bedding-out.

Kent saw the box, and regarded it either as a huge joke or as evidence of perversion. With one kick he

scattered box and contents. The reader may see the joke as Kent did; I did not. When I learned that weeks of loving care were thrown away, and that my chances of a prize were gravely imperilled (for it was too late to raise more plants), I boiled with indignation, rushed up to Kent and cursed him, my rage being fearsome.

He was astounded at this "insolence" on the part of a depraved young criminal, and hauled me before the Superintendent. Smith, without waiting to listen to a word, threatened me with a dire flogging, mulct me two hundred marks, and concurred in Kent's wish to dismiss me the greenhouse.

Next day I duly went "down the gang," where, in addition to the sneers of Kent, and of my comrades who followed his lead, I was given all the hard and filthy jobs to do, such as emptying the cesspit. Fault was found with my work, even when properly done, marks were deducted continuously, while my sneer that every dog had his day, and Kent's might yet come, procured me a beating none the less sound because it was unofficial.

Life was made a Hell by a hundred petty torments, torments I might have borne with fortitude had I not rankled beneath a sense of gross injustice. My blood boiled as I thought of the man's wretched action, and of my summary condemnation. Before this time I had often been in trouble with officers, but had always been unfairly shielded by Smith's favour. My position had thus a savour of poetic retribution about it, though, as may be supposed, this did not render my lot more bearable.

Most of the other officers were ready to kick a dog

that was down, though, to be fair, my downfall probably seemed to them but a proof of innate viciousness needing sharp correction, so I was always in hot water. I acted on the foolish principle of: "I've got the name, I'll have the game!" and I annoyed the officers in return for their irritation of me. This only sank me deeper, for in a game like this the dice are heavily loaded against the unfortunate boy. In a very short time I was hundreds of marks in arrear, and much in debt to the school.

A fallen favourite has no sympathisers, and my success had been so meteoric in a place where the conservatism of custom was so rigid, that all exulted in my fall, and were willing to second any effort to annoy me.

Everyone went fruit-picking, the shops being temporarily closed, but a few bad characters were formed into a small farm gang, a mean, spiteful way of punishing past misdemeanours. In this I was put, Caddock, the tailor, taking charge. I have before noted this man's queer character, and he lost no chance of "rubbing it in," though, to be fair even to him, I gathered later that he thought by goading me to fury he was but taming a proud and rebellious spirit, and guiding me into the ways of Peace. Verily, a careful study of the psychology of Bumbledom and boydom would reveal many marvels.

It was common for a favourite to be chosen "ganger," his business being to look after the others, and to keep an eye open for Smith while the officer retired for a quiet smoke. A stodgy boy, Bayliss, was appointed ganger, and he took Caddock's cue and started to annoy me. As we marched past the orchards wherein happier boys were gorging, Bayliss growled: "Keep in step!" an

unnecessary order as we were marching easy, to which I answered: "I am in step!" as indeed I was.

A moment later he repeated the order, and I pointed out we were marching easy, and the boy in front was keeping no step, making me unable to do so. Not two minutes later I was irritated in the same way, whereon I told Bayliss if he did not cease tormenting me I would bash his brains out.

He repeated the threat to Caddock, who with unconcealed delight stopped the gang, and hurried me back to the school. He had a habit of twisting his mouth into grotesque shapes, and muttering through his appressed lips, the words "Lad! Lad! Oh, Lad!" In such moments it seemed as if wind were blowing through a gargyle. On the way up he cheered me by reiterating: "You'll get it this time, lad. Oh, Lad! Lad!" until in my state of high tension, a combined state of lively fear and fierce resentment, I could have killed the silly fellow.

Men in power are far too apt to form judgment instead of suspending it, and the ease with which a weak man is driven into accepting any statement of an officer as gospel truth, and everything a boy says as lies, breeds a habit of suspicion which is very unfair to those in his charge.

We reached the office, and I determined to explain the provocation I had had. I never got a chance, for Smith's justice was Jedburgh Justice. Caddock said I was mutinous and murderous, and Smith ordered me to the schoolroom. "Will you listen to me, Sir?" I pleaded, and in answer he roared: "Take him away!"

Accordingly, away I was led, my heart beating so

wildly with fear and passion that I could scarce breathe. A moment later, Smith entered with a huge cane. My face went ashen, I shook and gulped, but again stammered: "Won't you listen to me, Sir?" He signalled to Jones, who flung me across the table.

A rain of blows descended. There seemed a dozen, probably there were six. Each gave the sensation of a white hot poker laid across the buttocks, but though coloured balls danced before my eyes, though my head whirled, and my heart seemed about to burst, and though I was choking from swallowed saliva and respiratory upset I dug my teeth into my lips and refused to cry out.

"Justice" having been done, Caddock marched me down, and I was left to continue digging, my heart black with hate, my brain revolving schemes whereby I might murder all my persecutors and then escape. When not planning murder I was pondering mournfully the deplorable state to which my love of flowers, and the injustice of man had reduced me. A few days ago I had gone home happy and prosperous. And now?

When, in later days, I was sentenced to "Forty bob or a month" by an indignant Bench for an assault with a coat-hanger, I thought with a grim smile of the result had I used Smith's rod with Smith's goodwill.

Fate had not done its worst. One bright evening while others were playing noisily without, and I was writing a hundred lines within for some real or trumped-up offence, Mr. Jones entered and remitted my punishment. This was extraordinary, for he was famed for inflexible justice; when he handed me a black-edged envelope I knew my grandfather—the only father I had known—was dead.



I walked round the playground brooding. It all seemed impossible, all a part of this horrible nightmare from which I should presently awake. Then, a terrible thought striking me, I ran to Mr. Jones and begged him earnestly to overlook the fact that I had not "got my marks," and to get me leave to attend the funeral. What a system is that which makes a lad of sixteen think of his "marks" in the face of the Sable Angel!

The next Monday I was told to go home. On going to Caddock for civilians I was coolly informed I was to go in uniform. This vile trick was apparently due to a fear lest I abscond. Indignation overcame fear, and I went to Smith and asked if there had not been a mistake. He replied curtly that I could go as I was or stay. With seething emotions I left, the first boy to leave the school in uniform.

I made a wide detour, got home unobserved and entered the house of mourning in the garb of shame. As usual among the poor, a crowd assembled and watched everyone pass out in decorous black. When my turn came, I passed shamefacedly to the coach, and hid myself and my unseemly habiliments on the far side.

He was buried, we returned home, and everyone sat down in great good humour, for the poor insure to feast the living as well as bury the dead, and there was no property to quarrel about. Everyone waxed merry, and I was glad when it was time for me to return. I boarded the train, walked with gloomy thoughts through the dark orchard, reported at the officers' room, and went to bed.

## CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH WE ARE INSPECTED, TO PROVE THAT GOD  
AND JAMES SMITH ARE WORKING ACCORDING TO HOME  
OFFICE RULES

ONCE a year, after due notice, a Home Office Inspector came down, and once a year he paid a surprise visit, which seemed purely formal, for I never remember having seen him on a surprise visit.

His visit was a confounded nuisance to everyone, being the cause of a prodigious amount of bustle, ill-temper, and scrub-a-rub-dub for a week before. Our brains were polished, as were our boots and faces, while every effort was made to make the farmyard look like an oil-painting, everything offensive save the smell being removed. For two days we lived in our Sunday uniforms, hung listlessly about, were paraded and re-paraded, and lived a distressing life. The Inspector carefully inspected a scene carefully constructed for him.

He was, I suppose, a man with an Oxford degree, probably Honours in Pedagogy, certainly an Oxford accent, was well-dressed, insipid and quite harmless, an intellectual as well as a sartorial "exquisite," who breathed as languidly as he spoke. The school did not understand "exquisites" and said he was a "mug."

He knew that up strokes should be thin and down strokes thick, could intone the Tonic Sol-fa scale accurately, and knew what Henry did with his many wives. He knew a lot of things, but he did not know James Smith and he did not know us.

As far as I recollect he never did any good, and never any harm, and certainly never discovered or saw anything he was not wanted to discover or see. He once ordered new desks to replace the very comfortable old ones, and once abolished slates, a crime for which he was not readily forgiven, for pens are less easy to handle than pencils, while copybooks do not lend themselves as do slates to the purposes of caricature.

He once asked us why I was like a line, and, on the class looking as one man toward Jones, thinking the man had gone "potty," he said: "Because he has length without breadth!" whereon forty young scoundrels, including myself, roared heartily . . . *at him!* My quick brain suggested the counter-query: "Why is the Inspector's head like a cube?" . . . "Because it has length, breadth and *thickness!*" but I was too discreet to put the query.

He saw the highly polished surface so laboriously prepared for him, and was well content. An attempt to find what was beneath would have failed, a fact that many penologists would do well to lay to heart. Still, he might have tried. If he had questioned us, individually or severally, publicly or privately, openly or after having promised to keep secret our names, he would have learned nothing of the conditions under which we lived. Had he been told, he would not have believed us, so he lost nothing. We should have eulogised the lovely

school, and the loving Superintendent, and have wept with the utmost ease and copiousness at the thought of the terrible day when we must be thrust forth from so heavenly a haven. We knew which side our bread was buttered, and knew also that while an Inspector only lasts two days, a Superintendent lasts world without end, Amen. Nevertheless, it is a tragedy that the inspection of ninety young men already guilty of one slip should comprehend little else than "tots," and the dates on which various villains fought one another for God and for Merrie England.

There is no need to detail the examination, and a perusal of the Report of the Chief Inspector will prove how stiff, formal and useless these inspections are. The Inspector sees a boiling pot, which has carefully been freed from scum, and the heat moderated to prevent ebullition. As he does not plunge his hand into the contents, he does not even know the pot is boiling, and perhaps perilously near boiling over. May God long bless His Majesty's Inspectors in Ordinary and in Extraordinary, for 'twere pity to throw out of employment so well-dressed and well-meaning a lot of gentlemen, who have no qualifications for earning an honest living.

The first visit of the Inspector followed soon after my entrance, and I was an insignificant unit in the chorus. On his second visit I played a more conspicuous part. The news spread like wildfire that the Great Man was coming, and everyone was set to work cleaning-up, putting on show all the good work that had been done in a twelvemonth, putting out of sight the bad, and so on. Marks cards were distributed shewing few deductions and many extras, and every effort was made to put

everyone into good humour. Smith positively oozed affability, and granted every request.

I decided to get "my own back" for the wrongs I had suffered. When told to cut the hair with extreme care in view of the Inspector's visit, I shone the school almost clean, a proceeding which caused great uproar, and procured me the threat of a severe flogging, the loss of more marks, and dismissal from my post of barber.

Since my entrance I had attained a high standard, and great things were expected—and obtained—of me. I vowed not to gain a single mark. An essay being set, I made a hundred mistakes, and wrote the most appalling nonsense in the vilest hand I could contrive. My drawing would only have obtained marks as a caricature. I checked each answer in arithmetic to see it was wrong. I read as fast as possible and made mistakes every second word; three separate times did the Inspector stop me and by his own Oxfordian mouth instruct me how to read; in vain!

When the class was dismissed, Smith was waiting without, purple with rage. He hissed: "If I could prove you'd done this deliberately I'd skin your back!" to which I replied mildly, but with wicked joy: "Yes, sir!" All of which confessions prove, I fear, that the Superintendent was a very good man, and I a very bad boy.

Soon after this episode, the grave reflections to which my grandfather's death had given rise, together with the obvious fact that I was losing heavily in the game, and that without marks holidays were impossible, made me decide to amend my ways. This resolution I one night

conveyed to Smith in the usual manner, as he sat at the harmonium. The authorities either had had enough of my misbehaviour, or considered it unwise to drive me to despair, so every facility for getting a new start was placed in my way. Caddock believed the flogging he had got me was the fountain of reform, and many times congratulated me on his share in that business and its happy sequel.

Life after that was a bed of roses, for I became a prime favourite, and every "cushy" job was mine; I could do no wrong if I tried. A proof of this soon cropped up. My virtue hung heavily upon me, and while I was in the Technical Shop three comrades procured some cigarettes (these were freely brought in and hidden by boys returning from holiday), and suggested an adjournment to the orchard to smoke. I had no desire to smoke; indeed not until I was eight-and-twenty did I seriously commence the habit, but the adventure appealed to me, and we went down to the orchard, and were surprised by Robinson. My three comrades immediately disappeared across outside land, by which they could regain the school, thereby technically absconding. My height betrayed me, and I quickly pulled a few twigs out of a loose place in the hedge, and when Robinson came up I said innocently I was mending the hedge, and had seen no boys. As their disappearing figures were clearly visible, Robinson very properly kicked me, and mulct me sixty marks. He complained to Smith, who tried to worm out of me the names of my co-offenders; I would not tell, and as smoking was a grave offence I ought to have been flogged. Instead of this the marks deducted were restored by Smith's order. Verily the

lines of favourites are laid in pleasant places and their crooked ways made straight.

My post as barber was restored, and I was made an independent ganger over fifteen small boys whom I took out alone and commanded. I regret to say my own unhappy experiences did not make me lenient or considerate to others, for I commanded with severity, insisted on work being done thoroughly, and more than once got into hot water for administering a sound unofficial flogging after the example of the real officers.

I was also appointed a sub-teacher of the small boys, and marked the exercise books of all classes, for by this time I had imbibed all that could be learned up to the top standard.

The Reformatories are recruiting offices for the Army, and we were all exhorted to enter a sham "Army Examination" in which I duly gained a first-class certificate. Many Superintendents deplore the fact that a boy is convicted, and thus becomes a criminal. This is because it debars him from the Navy, and so closes an excellent avenue of getting rid of time-expired boys, for to find jobs is the hardest task of the authorities.

Up to this time, though in frequent conflict with the authorities, I had been honest of purpose, straightforward, truthful and sincere, though the lusts of the flesh sometimes led me through the orchard instead of round the path. When my foot was firmly set on the ladder of favour, I kept it there, and mounted by the most sickening sycophancy. To turn me from a wayward but impulsive boy of generous qualities into a cynical, calculating hypocrite, whose only belief was that the end ("Success" of whatever sort) justified the means (again

of whatever sort) was the greatest harm Smith did me. I had a hard time, and my health was undermined there, but had I come out no worse than I went in, little harm would have been done. I entered an impulsive, ingenuous, and despite my dishonesty, a straightforward lad; I left a cynical, calculating villain of depraved morals.

This was Smith's fault. It is the men, not the curriculum that make these schools what they are, a fact the Home Office have never realised. They think that when they have replaced slates by books, uncertificated by certificated teachers, and square hats by round, they have made a notable advance. The machinery of education has little to do with conduct and principles, which are founded on *character*, the formation of which should be the first care. Jones instead of Smith as Superintendent would have revolutionized the whole school.

I need not again sketch Smith's character. Suffice it to say I "played up" to everything he suggested or desired. I borrowed books that did not interest me. I praised a hedge-cutting machine which Smith had invented, which worked so well that two boys had to hold down the hedge while the machine did NOT cut it; I became enthusiastic about "French gardening" and talked of naught but "cloches"; I spied for him; I listened respectfully and with open mouth to long diatribes which interested him but not me—"and so I got preferment!"

The reader will say that this simply exposes my own depravity, and that Smith was a well-meaning man, deceived by a cool, perverted young villain. Perhaps this is true, but human nature urged us all to make life as



tolerable as possible in a very intolerable place. As in the world outside, simple integrity did not seem to be very profitable, and the school adopted methods which experience showed without question led to success. No one "played-up" to Jones; it was both undesired and useless. Everyone tried it with Smith; it was necessary and profitable.

One evil effect of using selected lads as spies was totally to destroy the very meagre confidence which subsisted between Smith and his officers. The "trustworthy" lads carried tales to and from both sides, and became the repository of more or less complete, but totally vicious and improper confidences. Thus, Smith's character and doings and misdoings were freely discussed between officers and boys, saving alone Mr. Jones, who once severely rebuked me for referring within his hearing to the Superintendent as "Jimmy," when no other officer ever referred to him other than as "Jimmy."

Thus, on one occasion, an officer told with gusto a tale of how Smith (who continually impressed "Self-Help" on his officers as well as on the boys), had proudly boasted to him that he had filled but two posts, as officer of one institution and Superintendent of this. The officer, in reply, had said, according to his own tale: "What did you do before you were a policeman?" Does the telling of such a yarn suggest a proper goodwill between the Head and his staff?

Little can be learned of the real condition of these schools by inspection, and the enquirer who demands strict *proof* of every statement cannot hope to get it. No statement must be rejected as untrue because it happens to be extraordinary; it is the ordinary things,

the things which he expects to find, and does find, that have little value, but on which great stress is placed when enquiries into irregularities take place. A scandal occurs: an enquiry follows, and the lads make perfectly true statements which cannot be proved but which must be accepted or rejected; they are denied by those whose very bread depends on their denying them, and their word is accepted, usually because they happen to be "respectable." Thus, I have stated that I, among others, was employed as a spy. The logical enquirer will ask for *proof* of my appointment; he will desire to see a warrant of appointment, or at least to hear that Smith said to me: "From to-day I want you to act as a spy!" Nothing of the sort was ever said. The Superintendent merely treated me as a confidante, put leading questions in a conversational way, and impressed on me that all good boys who enjoyed the good Superintendent's confidence so deeply should regard it as their duty to tell him of anything improper that occurred, either among officers or lads. I presume even War spies are not enrolled and given a badge of office; neither was I, yet I was a spy none the less, and Smith was my employer.

Occasionally, good came from evil. I have mentioned that if we stayed behind at night to curry favour and ask for a book, we were given the first one that came to Smith's hand. One evening I was handed a philosophical treatise: Hume, I fancy, on *Human Nature*. Can anyone imagine a book more totally unsuited to a boy of seventeen for reading in bed? Strange to say, however, I became deeply engrossed in the book, read it with profound attention, and gained some understanding of it in parts, gaining also a taste for more serious literature.

In due time I was made "Technical boy," that is, placed in the Technical Shop as a handyman. Here I spent a year or more, a most valuable year, for it gave me an insight into various trades, and called for a certain amount of initiative, the one thing that is so rarely called for in such schools. It also brought me into intimate touch with Brown, who acted as my foreman. I painted and whitewashed, glazed windows and frames, made pigeon-holes for the office, mended furniture, repaired and erected fences and hedges, constructed and painted signposts, sharpened tools, and did the hundred and one odd jobs that arise on such a place.

Brown was a martinet, but he was also a very shrewd man, straightforward to boot, and I learned much of value from his talk and actions. Like Smith, he was fond of oracular diatribes, and when carried away by his own oratory would allow one to sit by the roaring fire in his shop, provided one listened with attention. When he had burned himself out, he would see through the transparent artifice (which Smith never did) and remove the whilom disciple from his shop by the toe of his boot. An excellent man!

I grew so much attached to my shop as to regard it as my own kingdom, so that when the carpenter's class entered on Saturday morning, for which purpose the shop existed, I took myself off in high dudgeon, and never ceased to regard the presence of these others as an intrusion.

## CHAPTER XIII

AVE ATQUE VALE !

**G**REAT stress is laid by some critics on the fact that when young criminals are mingled together in such a school, one contaminates the other till finally the whole lot become more depraved than any individual was on entrance. As far as criminal practices or teaching are concerned this is wrong, though as regards sexual morality it is true.

Conversation rarely turned on exploits prior to entry. The school demanded an account of each newcomer and his doings, and that given, his private affairs were relegated to obscurity, and any attempt to gain notoriety by a true or false account of his exploits was frowned down as boasting. Any projected attempt at rule-breaking, from absconding to kicking over the skeep to eat honey, comb and bees in one lot (as I once did) a boy kept strictly to himself, or to his pal if he were involved, for so much spying went on that nothing dared be discussed openly. The school had not enough intelligence to be epigrammatic, but it was cynically understood that while two might keep a secret, the third in any plot was but too likely to be Smith. The simple internal politics of the place occupied our conversation to the exclusion of everything else. Talk centred round

individual or school holidays, marks, petty scandal, forthcoming sports, gardens, work, and the like. If there were any Charlie Bates' there, which I doubt, they certainly did not instruct less expert thieves the finer parts of the trade. One might have spent three years at Eton and have gained no more knowledge of crime.

In sexual matters it was different. We were segregated at a trying time, and no advice or help was given us. Abuses were rampant, and we gained a perverted idea of womankind, in which chivalrous feelings were totally absent. Accusations of "indecent" (the euphonious name for these evils in Home Office Reports, which refer to flogging as a cure, as if that were the slightest good), were rarely made save out of spite. The evil went on unchecked.

Once a year a Church Army Captain held a "Mission" with lantern lectures, and he touched timidly on the subject, but as he spiced his lectures with tales of experiences at Dartmoor and other prisons (whether with a desire to frighten us into virtue or not, I do not know), we looked forward to his visit with morbid interest. Once or twice, when a culprit was caught *in flagrante delicto*, Smith would read his favourite homily, commencing: "Who is this that cometh up from Edom, with dyed garments from Boze-rah?" with exceeding great viciousness, his eye rolling madly the while, and would follow this up by exhorting every boy to have a "Moter" (translated from Scotch to English, a Motto). The school laughed almost in his face and made up various witty and obscene "Moters" on the spot.

On such an occasion, Mr. Jones was once commissioned to deliver a homily, and he read with great earnestness

part of the Third Chapter of Colossians. His words had some effect until some wag asked with a most innocent manner : " Please, Sir, what is concupiscence ? " when the homily was transformed into an excellent jest.

What was needed was a plain lecture by a physician, giving a clear account of the subject. A vigorous endeavour to raise the moral tone of the school would have succeeded ; it was never attempted. Several of the more intelligent boys realised the evil of the habits, and many efforts were made, individually and collectively, to combat the evil. The school was as nearly utterly depraved as it could be. The Head of a large Public School, to whom I have spoken on the matter, believes his own private efforts when he sees individual call for them, successfully combat these evils.

The treatment of illness was scandalous. The sick room was a small room off the junior dormitory, with a stove, and straw beds. There was no temptation to malingering, for a large cup of castor oil was the panacea for all minor ills. I was once ill for a week with a touch of pleurisy. In the sick-room I was doubled up on a thin straw mattress, on a five-foot bed. Had I not been too ill I would have got up at all cost, for the wires of the mattress cut me through the thin straw, the straws dug into me, and I could not lie at full length. By no twist or turn could I obtain comfort ; I suffered from cold and cramp, while I was only allowed the ordinary diet, which I could not eat. Once a day the Superintendent or Maggie popped in, and the rest of the time I was left to my own bitter reflections. I was deeply grateful to one of the maids who smuggled me edible delicacies, and so saved me from starvation. I was

very glad when I was able to painfully crawl about once more. The idea seemed to be—if a boy is doomed, he will die; if not, he will recover. In either case, "We are Allah's and unto Him we are returning!" so that interference is unnecessary, if not impious.

Occasionally a boy died. Death is a solemn matter to all, and among the poor the rite of interment is one of great importance. Here it was performed in a manner which caused much bitter comment. Time could not be lost, and so the defunct was placed in his rough box, and wheeled briskly on a bier to his last resting place by four boys. The solemnity of such an occasion might have stopped work for an hour, and it would have had a profound effect for good had the whole school have followed a dead comrade to the grave. Such an occasion would have given more food for reflection on the uncertainty of things mundane, and the necessity of using our brief span wisely, than the many sermons which were preached at us. Unfortunately, institution life is fatal to art or imagination, and people called to deal with masses of boys like us, end by regarding their flock as a species of cattle, to be fed economically, worked well, and discarded without ceremony when working days are done.

In the summer before I left, I was sent out as a traveller through the district, to sell fruit and vegetables to householders and shops. The orders were delivered by the cart, and I was promised a commission of two per cent. to stimulate effort. I worked very hard indeed, covering endless miles on foot, and often getting back at four o'clock, thoroughly worn-out, to find my dinner gone and nothing for it but to wait for the meagre tea at 5-30

p.m. More enterprising boys would have begged cigarettes, money and food in ample amount while out, but I was too busy on my job to attend to my own affairs, and was too shy and respectable to make a sturdy beggar. My labours were very profitable to the school, tons of produce being sold at retail instead of wholesale prices. I was openly cheated of my commission, as will appear presently.

The life has been detailed, and as each day was precisely like the last, so was each week, and each year. Time rolled on in dreadful monotony until I had been there two years and nine months, and, as a good-conduct three-year boy, was entitled to license. Boys sentenced to more than three years (say five) were licensed at the end of three years.

I had been entered for three Horticultural Examinations and in the first two (Junior) had done moderately well. In the third I was given much time for study, and to write answers to old questions for the use of other boys. I was entered for the Senior Section, sat, and left ere the results were issued.

The placing of boys in jobs was a great difficulty, usually overcome by inducing them to enlist, or sending them as slaves to remote Welsh farms. The majority were City fellows with no interest in agriculture, and to send them to a remote Welsh farm was the best way of inducing them to abscond, which many did, and almost all left immediately their license expired. The absconders were arrested and returned as "failures." The majority of boys sent to these farms were from town schools without gardens, a fine commentary on the Reports which say that most boys are placed into the trades they have been "taught." They are not!



Later on, an Agency was started (by two ex-constables, I think) to find employment, the school paying 3*d.* per week per boy for this. Some boys were sent to a cookery school at Liverpool, later to get jobs as ships' stewards. A few boys were sent home if their parents could find them decent jobs.

At Smith's suggestion, I wrote my old employers, the Piano Merchants, and they offered to reinstate me at 15*s.* per week. This was accepted, and I was told to get measured for my suit of civilians. This process of "getting measured" marked the happiest day at the school.

Common cloth was provided, but by adding anything up to ten shillings per suit, we could choose better material. I had won sums of money from time to time, my post as barber brought in threepence per week (which was not increased when I took a plurality of posts as reader and monitor in addition), but I had saved instead of purchasing little luxuries, and so sent money to my grandmother who sorely needed it. Consequently, I asked Smith, in view of my services as teacher, etc., and of my good record, to allow me a better suit than the commonest without payment; he curtly refused. Then I asked to be paid the commission on the fruit I had sold, that some of this money, which amounted to several pounds, might be applied to the purpose, as to enter a respectable office among well-dressed men, in a suit of shoddy, I considered a sore disgrace. He asked sneeringly, "What commission?" I could have struck him, but knew that argument was useless, and went quietly back to my seat, cursing myself for not having had the valuelessness of his promises rubbed into me in three years.

This scene explains why the school never "re-formed" us. The men over us were not of the right type. A boy who has been lax in morals, requires to be brought into touch with undeviating integrity, not preached at, for he will only acquire good principles from the example of those set over him. He should be treated with meticulous *justice*, and be taught that a man's word is his bond. That explained Smith's failure. He attended conferences, wrote articles weeping over the "lost sheep," and on paper was the man among a million for his job; in practice neither officer nor boy trusted him. The school was devoid of "tone" or *esprit de corps*; it was a cauldron seething with petty intrigues for passing favour; a mediæval Court with Smith as king.

I went to the Piano Merchants, and worked at my typewriter from 8-30 a.m. till 7 p.m., with great conscientiousness. Work was piled on me, and I despatched it, and was rewarded with more. The office boy spent his days lounging about instead of addressing envelopes and getting my letters ready for despatch, and at 7 o'clock I was invariably called on to do his undone work; instead of leaving being kept at work until 8-30 p.m. This was unjust, and when one day I asked that he be made to do his own work, as my hours and work were uncommonly long and arduous, the head clerk flew into a rage at what he deemed insolence, and ordered me either to do the work without question, or to be dismissed. I chose the latter alternative. By this time I had saved sufficient to purchase a poor but decent suit, and the shoddy was fittingly torn into floor-cloths.

At this critical juncture, Smith appeared as a *deus ex machina*, and told me I had passed the Horticultural

Examination nineteenth out of 3,000 competitors, and as the first eighteen had declined, I was awarded the coveted scholarship. I was duly sent to the Society's school with the promise that if I passed creditably I should be found a post as a teacher.

This School was a pleasant place for most of the students; for me it was Hell. I was poor among well-to-do men, was wretchedly ill with a terrible bout of neurasthenia and agorophobia, and as I was too proud to mix with a better class without money to support my pretensions, I lived the life of a hermit. I studied hard, and had to endure moments of intolerable embarrassment owing to the rareness with which Smith sent money. In justice let it be said the Scholarship was only £25 per annum, and Smith had only the extra money he had personally given or begged for the purpose. A half-guinea book was prescribed as a text-book, and owing to lack of means, I sat up till 3 a.m. morning after morning, till I had written it out, and copied all the intricate illustrations. Life became a burden and how I stood the first year I do not know. Once I tried to steal home from an outdoor class owing to my illness, and was threatened with expulsion for shirking. As Smith hinted I had won by cheating, I stuck it long enough to pass high in the First Class in the Teachers' Horticultural Examination, and so disprove this.

At the commencement of the second year, Smith wrote, doubting if he could keep me on. I replied asking to be found a teaching job as promised, whereon he found me a post as Assistant-Director of an Experimental Station.

This seemed excellent, but I soon found my title only

existed in Smith's imagination, and that my work was simply to dig and hoe, to labour from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m., Saturdays included, to take duty every other Sunday, and to get 16s. per week after dunning the Director several times for it. This was the disheartening end of all my effort. I still have a very bitter letter I wrote my people, *re* Smith and his rosy, lying promises. Truly his tree had borne "rare and refreshing fruit."

I stuck it a few months until the Director ordered me to go round hawking produce. Honest work, perhaps, but I had been reared in a poor but proud home; had done, so I conceived, well, and thought I had a right to a better fate for all my sufferings and endeavours than to end as a hawker. At fifteen I was a well-educated, gentlemanly boy with a respectable future; at twenty I was a hawker working sixty hours a week for 16s.

I enlisted, but was medically rejected, and went home and tried vainly to get work. I would have died sooner than approach Smith, to whom I was a "failure," and an ungrateful rascal. Whenever I seemed likely to be selected from other applicants for employment, my 'formatory school character damned me.

In one case, a Managing Director told me cynically: "You needn't explain. I was once a 'Manager' of your School. We have no use for . . . boys!" What a commentary on the products of a system when one of the voluntary, philanthropic "Managers" will not employ one of the boys he holds up to the rest of the world as reformed paragons!

Very fortunately for me, when I had touched bottom and had determined on criminal methods of getting bread (since other methods seemed debarred to me), a

lady became interested in me, and advanced the security whereby I became an Insurance Agent. After a varied career, I rose to a very responsible position, and was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, for I had "succeeded" according to the best principles of *Self-Help*.

Then I spent some time at a provincial University, doing well, but my health failed, and I retired to the country, strangely enough near my old school. Though I lived a quiet life, slanders were industriously disseminated, apparently from the school, including one to the effect that the police were after me, apparently because I was that *rara avis*, an honest ex-reformatory boy. The fact that one of his old boys had become a "gentleman" and a University man, by his own efforts, so profoundly affected friend Smith, that he never smiled again, at least not in my sight. Many decent men have bitterly complained that the stigma always sticks to them. It is too true.

My experiences were calculated to "re-form" me, better than the average, for I was better treated, and thrown into much closer contact with the officers than most lads. That they only altered my character by moulding it to a cynical opportunism was the fault of the atmosphere and methods, for they were not designed to inculcate that sturdy independence and self-respect which are so lacking in young delinquents.

Thus much concerning myself!

## PART TWO

DETAILS OF OTHER PREVENTIVE  
AND PENAL METHODS

## CHAPTER I

### THE CHILDREN'S COURT

**L**ET us suppose young Smith has been caught stealing sweets. The case is handed to a detective who specialises in children's cases, and he makes enquiries, and duly serves a summons on the child's parents, or, if it be a grave offence, arrests him. In the latter event, the boy is sent to a Remand Home, if there be one within reach, or to a Workhouse, until the day of trial, a special Children's Court being held once a week.

Meantime, the Probation Officer makes enquiries into home surroundings, etc., and completes a report, which is only handed to the Bench if the boy be found guilty. It is somewhat as follows :—

#### X POLICE. (JUVENILE CASES).

Name

Age

Address

Date and place of birth

Religion

State if illegitimate

Where last employed ?

If licensed to trade in streets and Badge Number

School attending or attended

Attending Sunday School ?

Where ?

General Character

Can he read ?

Can he write ?

Previous offences

With what charged ?

By whom charged ?

Name of Justices hearing case

Date of charge

Date to which remanded

Date of conviction

Result

Father's name

Father's trade and where employed

Mother's name

Mother's trade

Names and details of other members of family

GENERAL REMARKS

*(Column for expenses incurred).*

On a given day in the week, the case is called in the Children's Court, one of the ordinary Police Courts reserved on this day for juvenile cases, only persons directly concerned in the case at the moment on trial being admitted. The general public are excluded, but reporters are present.

The place has all the atmosphere of a Court, save that the public benches are empty, and the prisoners stand before, and not in the dock. There are the stern Justices high up on their Bench, their clerk beneath, lesser luminaries below him, flanked on each side by three tiers of benches all fairly full ; there are perhaps twenty people in Court. One uniformed policeman guards the door, and another sits at the table making entries in a ponderous book.

An atmosphere better calculated to awe, frighten and silence the boy could not be imagined. This is obvious,



and great efforts are made by the magistrates and their clerk to put the frightened child at ease so that the springs of extenuation may not run dry from fear and trembling. The whole atmosphere is wrong. The presence of uniformed police, the legal jargon of the charge, the plea, all tend to destroy feelings of confidence. If the boy is sensitive, he is terrified; if not, he brazens it out and becomes the hero of his "gang."

The offender or offenders are brought in, and parents admitted. In observing culprits, one should not be carried away by sentimentalism and regard each tear as an earnest of contrition, and still less should one get the veneer of callousness so common in Courts, and regard every exhibition of feeling as "gammon." In general, the youngsters are too unsophisticated to give any impression of being "Artful Dodgers."

The kindly clerk reads out the stupid legal jargon wherein the crime is shrouded, and demands the plea, usually having to explain his meaning in common words. The legal foolery ought to be dropped, for if the truth is to be got at, the accused must not only be at ease but must clearly understand what is happening.

It is not uncommon for the boy to answer "Guilty," though he may be prompted by his parents to say "Not Guilty," after which statement the youngster usually opens his evidence with an account of how the affair was engineered. The detective usually gives evidence in a fair way, the prosecutor tells his tale, and the boy is given every opportunity to state his case. Unfortunately, the poor often do not understand the procedure of Courts, are puzzled by the formality and speed with which the matter goes on, have often to be peremptorily stopped in

endeavours to interrupt or contradict other witnesses, and usually go away with an idea that their son has been deprived of justice simply because they did not understand the usages of Courts. The parent whose boy gets committed, regrets afterward he did not retain a solicitor, who, he feels sure, would have obtained a better result. This is the first link in a chain which usually ends in the parents mistrusting all methods of reform, and their enmity instead of their help is enlisted.

In some cases, a solicitor is retained, and the difference is striking, for he cross-examines prosecution witnesses, examines his own in a manner bringing out favourable points, and generally gets his client off, or gets him placed on probation instead of being "sent away." So very striking is this, that I would refuse to hear legal men in such cases.

If the boy be found guilty, the Probation Officer hands in his report, and a report from the boy's school is also handed up by the Education Officer. The parents regard these secret papers with the greatest disfavour, and if the boy be "sent away," conclude that someone has done them a bad turn by making a malicious and untrue statement in one of these secret reports. Such reports should be read aloud by the officer, so that everything, good or bad, with which the prisoner is credited, is stated openly.

In the Court I studied, I noticed with amazement the extraordinary manner in which the Chief Education (Attendance) Officer advised the Bench on what might, or could, or should be done. He was an extraordinary character, whose sole idea was that a child should make a given percentage of attendances at school. He judged

the character of a child solely by his "percentage," giving no weight to anything that might excuse absence. If a child had his "percentage," he was moral, good and righteous altogether, a fit subject for discharge or probation; if not, then to be "sent away" was a light punishment. He drove his subordinates, most of them more intelligent than he was, in his own stupid groove, and was unfitted for a post which required tact and forbearance. He was a Bumble of a type now happily passing away, and his presence seemed uncalled-for, while his advice, if not illegal was very distinctly improper. Many were the black looks cast at him by parents who probably knew him well, and many decisions were doubtless placed, wrongly, to his account.

In one case, a consumptive girl who lived on a barge, was charged with stealing, and bound over. Bumble then bobbed up, and actually discoursed on the scandal of any girl not making her "percentage." He asked for powers to take this frail consumptive from the open air which alone kept her alive, and immure her in an Industrial School that she might, willy-nilly, make her "percentage." The cool impudence of this man's interference with a case that was settled, and of suggesting that a girl be sentenced for a "crime" with which she was not even charged, took my breath away. Instead of severely rebuking the upstart, the Bench solemnly discussed the insane and illegal suggestion, but their common-sense happily prevailed, and the poor weakling was left to live out her brief span in God's free air.

Many cases were for playing football, or sliding on the streets. Such offences call for the provision of playgrounds, not Courts, for a few appearances on such

charges breed contempt of the Law. The usual procedure was a fine of 5s.

One youth had stolen £1 from a money-box, inserting pennies and abstracting florins. He had been thrashed, and brought to Court by his parents "to have a good talking to before he does something else!" The trouble seemed due to his twopence per week pocket money being insufficient for present day needs. He was reprimanded by the Chairman, who gave excellent advice free from cant, and placed on probation.

In the next case, two boys and a girl, all respectable, were charged with loitering. On a Sunday evening walk they thought they could safely stand at street corners, but not at any other point. They were only thirteen, were cautioned, and fined 5s. Such a case seemed absurd, but the constable had orders to stop loitering, though what offence there is in loitering (without criminal intent) is not clear to the lay mind.

A boy of fifteen was charged with sleeping out. He had slept at the Salvation Army Home a night or two, but their rule being, "No fourpence, no bed," he was fain to sleep in a cart. He had left his home in Liverpool two years before after a severe flogging. He was sent to a Remand Home, but the Police could not find his parents, and my efforts to get him into the Navy (after which he hankered) failed because he had not got three "characters" from successive employers, and he was sent to the Workhouse.

An errand boy was left alone, and took 5s. from a £5 bag of silver. The invariable query, "WHY?" seems superfluous and somewhat cruel, for usually the culprit hangs his head for lack of a better answer. This boy said :

“ It came on me sudden, Sir ! ” an answer, probably true, which excited incredulous mirth. The reasons for any crime are exceedingly complex, can only be laid bare by psychological examination, and most certainly cannot be explained in a few seconds by a frightened child. “ Sudden impulse ” should be weighed, not sneered at, as it now is. Speaking generally, civilization is only an inhibition of impulsive conduct natural to the species, and an occasional failure of conventional “ brakes ” is only to be expected. The mother of the lad was very indignant because the police called her a thief for receiving the money. She believed it represented “ tips,” for her son was a good boy and always brought his money home. In many of these cases it is almost impossible to tell whether the parents knew or not, but they ought not to be called receivers without very good reason. Their position is difficult, and they usually give the lad a good thrashing in an endeavour to punish him and yet avoid disgrace. The boy had been convicted before of stealing and receiving (by eating) lemon cheese (Oh, gentle reader, have you not some vague recollections of petty larceny connected with a jam pot ?) on which occasion the case was adjourned three months. The prosecutor took the boy back and deliberately put temptation before him, apparently to discover whether his good nature was justified, and the boy fell. He was rightly placed on probation.

Another case was for breach of probation. The boy had taken 2s. 6d. from 12s. 6d. belonging to his step-mother. The culprit seemed intelligent but abnormal. He said he had lent his mother the half-crown, and as she had 12s. 6d. he had a right to recover his loan. The loan

was admitted, but the stepmother complained of the boy's ungovernable temper. To this he replied: "Well, I ain't going 'ter stand still while they all of 'em knocks me about. Would you stand it?" This was a home thrust to the Bench. He had said he was willing to go to a farm, but this seemed only to dodge the worse fate of being "sent away," for he had written a letter to a farmer at the Probation Officer's dictation but had not posted it. His probation was continued. That is to say, nothing at all was done, though it was clear his home surroundings needed change for the better.

In this case there were "bad home influences," but that phrase, giving so fatally easy an explanation of otherwise puzzling actions, is to be used with great caution. Of Healy's 1,000 cases, in 119 the delinquent was the only child, and no conclusions could safely be drawn; in 525 cases there was but one delinquent in families ranging from two to eleven members, proving that family influences were not to blame; in only 48 cases were *all* the children of a family delinquent, as good a proof as can be got of "bad home influence." These figures emphasise the need for caution.

If this easy method of blaming crime on to the environment be logically followed, a curious situation results. The Reformatory Superintendent says it is the home influence that has made the young criminal; later, Chairmen of Quarter Sessions speak bitterly of the Reformatory (environment) turning out criminals, and send such boys to Borstal. Borstal says the 'formatory boy is the worst, and when later on he reaches penal servitude, the official opinion is that the Borstal boy is the toughest nut they have to crack. Something more than environ-

ment must be studied, for, logically, according to the above statements, the environments of a Reformatory and Borstal are as bad as those of slum homes. Goring's studies disprove the "criminal type," and Healy has shown that heredity has not the weight that was once given it. The *personality* of the criminal, rather than the cause of the crime is the thing that needs study in each separate case.

Several cases were for breaches of the Children's Trading Bye-Laws, breaches caused by efforts to bring money into homes impoverished by unemployment. The usual remedy was a fine, a cruel burden to place on people already lacking the necessities of life.

A girl of seven was brought up. Her mother was in gaol for stealing money from a man who had come to her squalid room for prostitution. The child said: "Men do naughty things to mother on the bed!" Clearly a better environment must be provided. A few years at a non-penal Cottage Home, followed by emigration; or perhaps adoption by someone, would have been admirable. The child was sent to an Industrial School until she was sixteen; little better than nine years penal servitude for the fault of another. It was unjust.

A better method was adopted in another case. A very respectable girl clerk was charged with theft from fellow employees, and evidently felt her position keenly. Probation scarcely seemed suitable for so grave an offence, and a reformatory or prison would have had a terrible effect. The case was compromised by the Bench placing her on probation, provided she voluntarily stayed in the Remand Home for a few months, there being no legal power to keep a child in such a Home for more than a

month. This she agreed to, and has since done well.

A thin, intelligent boy, and a fat, stupid girl had broken into a school and stolen crayons. The usual senseless and bald: "WHY?" was asked with the usual result. A careful endeavour to have extracted the motives *out of Court*, might have had good results, for it is hardly conceivable that children would steal crayons simply from moral depravity. There might have been an interest in drawing, leading to this irregular method of getting materials. Unfortunately the Court are so busy proving guilt that they have no time to probe motives.

Three boys (two over sixteen being placed *in* the dock) were charged with stealing £1. They were asked if they preferred being tried at Quarter Sessions, and as they looked blank, a kindly officer whispered them to say "No." This case shewed the insistence of the Bench on what I may call numerical probation. Some Justices abuse the system by placing a culprit on probation as many as eight successive times, while others, indifferent to any peculiar circumstances, fix a small numerical limit, and will under no circumstances whatever overstep it.

The two elder boys were the ring-leaders, and were placed on probation. The youngster had already been on probation twice. His father, a respectable foreman mechanic, explained that his wife had died when the boy was a baby, and his son had been reared by his grandmother. The father lived and worked some twenty miles away, and the boy had run wild under the weak control of an aged woman. The father had just remarried, had taken a house near his work, into which the family would that very day have moved, but for the



trial. The Police confirmed this, and the father begged earnestly that his boy be given a third chance in new surroundings and under direct parental control. This was reasonable, especially as the ringleaders had got off, but the Bench were adamant and sent the boy to a Reformatory for three years. Thus both father and boy started anew under a feeling of resentment at what they conceived gross injustice.

One whole day was spent attempting to unravel the doings and individual guilt of a "gang" of seven young hopefuls. A lawyer appeared for one, who seemed a pretty bad lot, and skilfully led his client from the shop where he undoubtedly was, to the top of the street watching the stars, and so got him off.

The necessity for great care appeared in one case. Sentence was about to be passed on a boy who was either very surly or very stupid, when a chance query elicited the fact that he was *deaf*.

The cinema gets unjustly blamed for a lot, because parents know it is a plea which agrees with the pre-conceived ideas of many magistrates. The spirit of adventure accounts for some cases, useless leather purses being stolen, and then "put down the 'suff.'" One young gentleman had stolen no less than 36-lbs. of chocolates and opened a stall in the Market Place. His father was fined 10s.

It is amusing to see many culprits writhing under the torture of a stiff white collar donned for the occasion, in order to impress the Bench with a sense of their "respectability."

Many parents and children had to wait in the lobby for hours ere their cases were called. Seats should be

provided, or, as they are to be concerned in cases a little later, they might be admitted into the public benches, and thereby gain an idea of procedure while waiting their turn.

It is the excellent practice of the Birmingham Bench to refer many cases to the School or Prison Medical Officer, for many of the culprits are abnormal and call for medical treatment rather than punishment. The following extracts from the report will prove the value of the system :—

Girl, 17. Stealing quilt and sheet. Abnormal in several ways. Sight defective, adenoids, headaches. Unsociable and not fully responsible. \*\*\* Probation with condition reside in Home.

Boy, 15. Re-charged for breaking Probation by stealing money from father, being on Probation for similar offence. (Previous Probation for stealing.) Intelligent and particularly good at drawing and painting. Father says liar and truant from early age. If Probation not successful should go to Industrial School, or be treated as moral defective under Mental Deficiency Act. \*\*\* Probation varied to make boy submit to examination and treatment, and he later won a scholarship for engraving, and went on well.

Boy, 18. Stealing 1s. 6d. from till. Consumptive and work too heavy. Periods of depression, when not responsible. Should go to Sanatorium. \*\*\* Probation with condition to go to Sanatorium.

Boy, 11. False pretences. Moral defective.\*\*\* Industrial School. (What use is this? If morally defective would only corrupt others and gain no benefit himself.)

Boy, 11. Stealing brush while on Probation for stealing  $\frac{1}{2}$  note. Mentally defective and exceedingly ignorant. Should go to Special Day School. \*\*\* Sent to one.

Girl, 15. Stealing 5s. 10d. Suffered from St. Vitus' Dance and Heart Disease, leaving some permanent

- disability. Slow, inaccurate and lower in intelligence than average. \*\*\* Reformatory. (What use?)
- Boy, 15. Breach Probation for stealing while on Probation for stealing. Dull, backward and enlarged tonsils, adenoids, out-grown strength. In consequence of physical and mental defects not fully responsible. Future prospects unfavourable. \*\*\* Probation varied to undergo medical treatment.
- Boy, 14. Stealing 14s. by trick. Slightly deaf, adenoids. Dull and stupid last four months, which suggests epileptiform condition. Condition not accountable for irresponsibility. \*\*\* Probation.
- Boy, 11. Attempted suicide. No mental deficiency. \*\*\* Industrial School.
- Boy, 11. On premises for unlawful purposes. Backward mentally, and may prove moral imbecile. \*\*\* Probation. Little later sent to Industrial School for attempted false pretences.
- Girl, 14. Stealing £1 note. Backward but not mentally defective. Suspicion mild epilepsy. Suffered severely tonsils and adenoids and marked tendency to moral trouble. \*\*\* Reformatory.
- Boy, 12. Stealing money box and 5s. Very dull and backward but not mental defective. Later on may have to be dealt with under Mental Deficiency Act. \*\*\* Industrial School.
- Boy, 14. Stealing ring. Backward but not feeble-minded. Suffers discharge ear and severe headaches. Abnormal and may become moral imbecile. Sexually precocious, abnormally timid and unsocial. Would be miserable and unhappy in any existing Institution and would not be benefited thereby. \*\*\* Probation with approved situation and medical treatment.

Many of these cases might have been unwisely treated without medical report, while, as it was, many were treated irrationally for lack of fitting institutions. There are hundreds of similar "borderline" cases at present

in our Penal Institutions, and there is urgent need of special schools for them. They can do no good at existing institutions, but cannot be removed to one of the very few special schools (chiefly Roman Catholic) now existing unless certified Mentally Deficient. This pressing need has not received the attention it deserves.

Such examinations are welcomed by relatives, who often know a thorough examination is needed, but have not the money to pay for it privately; not a single case examined was normal. Objection is taken to the prolonged and therefore expensive psychological examination necessary to thoroughly understand and treat each case, but it is better to pay for definite medical treatment, than merely to segregate the culprit in bad conditions for three years, which is more expensive and far less useful. Of 151 examined, only 39, or twenty-five per cent. were imprisoned, the others being dealt with in a rational manner.

Dr. Potts believes the trouble begins between the ages of seven and ten, the first appearance corresponding with detection rather than with the "first offence." Lying, truancy, immorality and petty theft should be dealt with earlier. He points out the extraordinary apathy toward the misconduct that occurs in the schools and public parks. He recommends that all cases under sixteen be examined, and much good can then be done; between sixteen and twenty-one examination is advisable, but it is often too late for effective treatment; after twenty-one it is usually too late to do any good. The high grade feeble-minded cannot be distinguished in Court, and are the most dangerous.

As Dr. Hamblin Smith says, the question is not what

the culprit has *done*, but what he *is*; the watchword, treatment, not punishment. Crime is but a symptom of mental disease, and the true function of a Court is to prescribe rational treatment. Unfortunately, the Court is in the position of a specialist recommending special treatment in a place where there are no facilities for such treatment, for our various penal institutions resemble more a set of antiquated surgeon's tools than the equipment of a modern hospital. In matters penal our equipment and practice fall lamentably behind our knowledge and theory.

## CHAPTER II

### PROBATION

**A**SSUMING it is deemed expedient that the culprit be placed on probation, the following judgment is signed:—

IN THE CITY OF X.

BEFORE the Court of Summary Jurisdiction sitting at the Police Court in the said City, the        day of       , 19   ,        of        hereinafter called the Defendant (being under the age of sixteen years) is this day charged for that he on the        day of        19   , at the City aforesaid did feloniously steal take and carry away        contrary to the Statute in such case made and provided and against the Peace of our Lord the King His Crown and Dignity.

AND the Court thinks that the said charge is proved but is of opinion that having regard to the age character and antecedents of the said Defendant (or insert health or mental condition or to the trivial nature of the offence or to the extenuating circumstances under which the said offence was committed) it is expedient to release the said Defendant on probation.

IT IS ORDERED that the said Defendant be discharged conditionally on his finding a sufficient surety to enter into a recognizance in the sum of £     that the said Defendant shall be of good behaviour during a period of        from this day and during the said period the said Defendant shall be under the supervision of        of        in the said City a Children's Probation Officer of the said City

*(Insert that the Defendant shall be visited for the first month once a week, etc., and other conditions.)*



to you by the Probation Officer with regard to your conduct, employment or residence.

IF you fail to observe any of the conditions of your recognizance you and your surety will thereby forfeit the above-mentioned sums, and you will further be liable to be apprehended and brought before this Court and to be convicted and sentenced for the offence which was this day proved against you.

DATED this                    day of                    19                    .  
.....Justice of the Peace.  
.....Clerk of the Court of  
Summary Jurisdiction  
for the City aforesaid.

N.B.—Rule 59 of the Summary Jurisdiction Rules, 1915, provides as follows:—

“ The notice required under Section 2 (3) of the Probation of Offenders Act 1907 shall before the offender leaves the precincts of the Court be read over to him (by the Probation Officer if practicable) in the presence of a third person with such explanations as may be thought desirable.”

PROBATION OF OFFENDERS  
NOTICE OF RECOGNIZANCE.

This necessary notice might be put into intelligible language and the Probation Officer thus saved the necessity of translating it into English.

The boy looks on probation as a punishment (which it is) and it seems severe that he should be liable to further punishment for breaking rules unconnected with his offence. If he commits another offence he is charged, and the probation rightly taken into account, but it seems hard after getting off for theft to be sent away for not attending school regularly or for doing as most of us have done, lounging round a railway station. The justice of forcing parents into bail-bonds when the child is under the direct eye of the police is unjust, for



if he goes wrong, a thing they may be unable to prevent, a bail of several pounds is forfeit, whereas if the case had been met by fine, such fine would have been but a few shillings. Probation is also a "conviction." This should be altered.

When a case is doing badly, the following form is handed to the monthly meeting of Justices:—

CITY OF X. PROBATION ACT COMMITTEE OF JUSTICES.  
REPORT ON UNSATISFACTORY CASE.

Folio

Name and Address

Age

Date of commencement of probation

Offence charged when placed on probation

Present employment

In regular work or not

Conditions of home; accommodation and environment

Parental control (state if parent or parents living)

Mental condition

Offences, if any, charged since probation

Particulars of unsatisfactory conduct

Remarks

Date

.....*Probation Officer.*

(ON BACK.)

Recommendation

Action taken

At the expiration of probation, the following terminal report is presented to the Bench:—

IN THE CITY OF X.

Period covered by this Report

Name and address of offender

Age

Offence

Date of probation order

Number of visits since last report

Dates of visits since last report and place of visit  
Particulars as to employment of offender, and behaviour in  
such employment, or, in case of child, school attended, and  
Teacher's report as to attendance and progress.

Observance of conditions of recognizance

General report on conduct and mode of life

DATED the                      day of                      19                      .

.....A (Children's) Probation Officer  
for the said City or person named  
in the Probation Order to exercise  
supervision.

**PROBATION OF OFFENDERS.**

**REPORT OF PROBATION OFFICER.**

Once a month the following report is required:—

**CITY OF X. PROBATION ACT COMMITTEE OF JUSTICES.**

Report of                      Probation Officer for the month ending  
day of                      19                      .

Cases on Probation at last Meeting

Placed on Probation since:—

For first offence

Previously convicted

Probation expired since last Meeting

Probation closed other than by expiration of time (see remarks)

Cases still on Probation:—

Satisfactory (in regular employment)

Satisfactory (attending school)

Otherwise satisfactory

Doubtful

Unsatisfactory

Offences of persons still under Probation:—

	At date of	New	Total.
	last report.	Cases.	
Larceny and other			
indictable offences			
Street offences			
Drunkenness			
Other offences			

**REMARKS** (Here state reasons for cases closed and facts of general importance. Notes in Case Book need not be copied here. Give number only of each case requiring consideration).

**EXPENSES** (See Cash Book) £ : :

.....*Probation Officer.*

There is too much clerical work, and records should be simplified.

The paid probation staff is always below efficient strength owing to the need for economy. It is argued that the personnel, usually retired police officers, is unsuited to the work, and that on grounds both of efficiency and economy the paid police Probation Officers should be replaced by voluntary workers of good social standing. In a few places the paid staff is assisted by such men.

It is a perplexing question. The policeman is usually too old and prosaic to enter into the perplexities of adolescence, and too busy to give to each case the time it needs. On the other hand, he knows the class with which he has to deal, has the requisite firmness and authority, and cannot be cajoled or misled by glib protestations. From his experience he is often able to offer sound but homely advice in detail, and with all his drawbacks is a valuable asset.

The voluntary worker brings much enthusiasm and little experience to a work in which misguided enthusiasm may do much harm. He has more time, more money (which, wisely spent, may work wonders and unwisely given is a curse), and if he has the desire and ability to become a "pal" to the lad and the lad's circle of comrades he will do valuable work. Unfortunately, by

merely using his moneybags, taking the lad home to tea, to entertainments, and generally endeavouring to inculcate higher ideas and ideals (as the Sunday School Superintendent did with me) he may do harm. He is apt to tire of the work when the flush of enthusiasm is over, and to be satisfied with a surface reformation which would not deceive the practised policeman.

The professional officers usually look on the voluntary worker with the ill-concealed dislike of all professionals for mere amateurs, but the voluntary worker is an indispensable unit, whose services should be welcomed. Given such workers of good social status, over the age of twenty-five, and having received a sound theoretical and practical training ere starting work under the direction of paid supervisors, much good would result. At the present time the Bench seem little inclined to make use of such help, but by such assistance alone in Probation and After-Care, can this problem of juvenile delinquency be properly tackled.

The officer visits his cases usually in the evening, and more frequently at first than later on, if he sees the lad is doing well. The parents usually welcome him, and he often becomes a real friend to the family. The system is a wise one and does much good if not abused by too frequent a repetition in a given case.

There is a great and noble future for Probation. In most cases which come before the Courts, it is almost impossible to tell what to do for the best on the spur of the moment. The culprit usually professes repentance, and Probation not only gives him a chance to prove that this repentance is sincere, but at the same time allows the Court, through the Probation Officer, to become

fully acquainted with the case in all its aspects. If nothing more than a guiding hand is needed, the injustice of a conviction and commitment is avoided, as well as much unnecessary expense. If a guiding hand is insufficient, the Court has detailed data to guide it in prescribing a more severe treatment. The culprit has not escaped, or "got off" to the scandal of Puritanical citizens. He is merely undergoing a "new-fangled" treatment, and if the doubts of old-fashioned folk prove well-founded, he is immediately available for that old-fashioned punishment of which they approve. True, he is physically able to commit another "crime," which would be impossible if he were "sent away," but the number of such lapses is comparatively small, and in any case, unless you are prepared to hang him, or lock him up for life, the time will come when he will again be at liberty to commit fresh offences. If you cannot remove a patient permanently from a malarious district, it is quite a good idea to try quinine.

In Massachusetts, in 3,000 cases in fourteen years, fifty-five per cent. made good citizens, ten per cent. were kept within the law, and thirty-five per cent. failed. Assuming that *every* case was dealt with by probation, as a method of finding beyond dispute the thirty-five per cent. of recidivists, you have still saved sixty-five per cent. from the lifelong stigma of conviction, saved a lot of money, and found the *individuals* who need severer treatment. There is nothing sentimental about probation. Looked at in the most matter-of-fact light, *it is a sound business proposition!*

There is nothing extraordinary about this success of Probation. The offender is dreadfully anxious to avoid

being sentenced ; he has a very real dread of that unknown land which lies beyond the Court, and so long as human nature is influenced by penalties and rewards, such dread is to the good. He has not lost his "character." He will take any steps suggested for his "reformation." His motives may be mean, but they are *powerful*, and his hearty co-operation, for some months at anyrate, is assured. He has come perilously near the abyss, and shrinks away from the void, grasping convulsively any hand that pulls toward safety.

Let him be sentenced. Let him pass the dreaded portal, and his whole attitude is instantly changed. The abyss is by no means so profound as he thought. Fear is replaced either by contempt, or by hazy ideas of vengeance. He has paid for what he has done ; nay, he has grossly overpaid for what he has done, and is in no mood to see even the fairness of co-operation, much less the need. Why shake hands with a man who has not only knocked him down, but kicked him while down ? Before the sentence, the Probation Officer can work *with* the culprit ; after sentence, officialdom can, in the main, only work *for* him. The difference is vital !

## CHAPTER III

### FURTHER DETAILS OF REFORMATORY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS

**W**HAT has been said on Reformatory Schools holds, in general, for Industrial Schools. Boys under twelve are sent to Industrial Schools until sixteen, and when mere children are thus dealt with it means years of incarceration, though they may be licensed before the expiration of their sentence.

Committal to an Industrial School is not a conviction, the charge being withdrawn; committal to a Reformatory is. As Industrial School inmates are mostly of Council School age, whole-time education plus strict discipline and hard work is the rule for boys under fourteen. In a Reformatory, education takes a secondary place to a trade. A few Industrial Schools are run by various Education Committees, but all Reformatories and most Industrial Schools are under a triple control now severely to be criticised.

Reformatory and Industrial Schools are private institutions. A number of philanthropists subscribe the sum necessary to found a School, and are incorporated as a Limited Liability Company. While not allowed to share profits, they must bear losses. A Managing Committee (The Managers) is chosen, and appoints officers. The

Home Office inspect and "Certify" the School, and make a grant; if their suggestions are not conformed to, the grant is stopped, and in rare cases the certificate withdrawn, powers which give the Home Office great influence over the schools, especially if they are poor.

If the school be rich enough to "gang its own gait" it may practically defy the Home Office; as nowadays it is difficult to get subscriptions, the power of the Home Office increases yearly. The Managers fix a "rate" (per week) for which they are prepared to take boys, and there is much competition and "cutting" between rival schools, leading to mutual recrimination. The ratepayers are called upon for the "rate" for each boy sent from their area. A portion is recovered from the boy's parents and paid to the Treasury, the male parent being sent to gaol if he cannot or will not pay up. Then the school exploits the boy's labour to the utmost, spends as little as feasible upon him, and so makes ends meet, bitterly complaining if they get into debt, and resisting to the death any improvements which involve money.

Of 127 schools, 73 pay and 54 shew a loss. The name 'Industrial School' is wrong, for no industry or trade worthy of the name is taught. Profitable rather than suitable trades are chosen, the boy fiddles away his time in such work as the school is half-equipped for, with no reference to his means of livelihood in after years, and boys when proficient are kept as long as possible instead of being released. Many cases would be released on license at the end of eighteen months but for their commercial value to the school. Such schools are Labour, Hard Labour Schools, and ought properly to be termed 'Juvenile Gaols.'



Of late years the view gained ground that the schools were schools, and not penal establishments, and that the Board of Education should have a hand in their running. Consequently the Board also make a grant, dependant upon their own Inspector's suggestions being complied with, and so we get a triple control with a dual Inspectorate. Such unwieldy machinery cannot and does not give good results.

The original idea was that the control of local philanthropists with a lively personal interest in the work would prove better than the dead hand of the State, and give elasticity. The old-fashioned philanthropist has disappeared, and grave abuses have crept in, the Superintendent being left with autocratic power, which is unwise. Again, the schools being purely business concerns, the balance sheet and not the boy must be the first consideration.

The school having been built, the Managers claim a right Divine to have it filled. The business of Magistrates is to commit boys to fill vacancies, whether commitment happens to be best for the culprits or not. When the "rate" was low, Magistrates committed cheerfully, but since the War the "rate" has increased, while municipal economy has become imperative, so that Magistrates now prefer the cheaper method of probation, and where committal seems essential, choose a cheap (and therefore bad) school.

This has caused many crocodile tears from Managers and Superintendents, but it has done good, for with decreasing committals, older and badly-equipped schools have had their certificates withdrawn, some voluntarily. The object of a wise penologist is to see his establishment

closed; the object of Managers is to keep their own school packed. Lest so extraordinary a statement should not be credited, let me quote from their own mouths.

CRAIG, of Paisley Industrial School:—

“ Could we keep our School full we should be in a splendid position financially . . . all schools are *suffering* from a lack of boys . . . he consoled me by saying such a state of things could not last long . . . I trust his words may come true ! ”

ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL:—

“ There had been a sort of *honourable understanding* that while the former (the Managers) had gone to the expense of building institutions, the authorities would keep them well supplied with children . . . and they had not kept their bargain. . . . He thought the police on their beats could, if they were appealed to, find out the cases with the greatest ease. . . . It looked as if the policy was to deplete the Industrial Schools. That was a very wrong policy ! ”

CARDEN, at Portslade:—

“ They had places for 120 but had only 90 inmates. London had supplied its full contingent, but Brighton had never been able to send more than 30. He was glad to say . . . the school would soon pass fully into the hands of the L.C.C. ! ”

LAWSON, at Adel:—

“ Their numbers were reduced, and this he attributed to grandmotherly legislation. A boy was nowadays left to the Probation Officer . . . they had two or three boys from Probation Officers and they had proved some of the worst boys they had ever had ! ”

Such extracts call for no comment. They sicken a decent man.

This system which makes reform the plaything of philanthropists is obsolete. All such institutions should

come under State control, those not suited to their purpose closed, and the rest remodelled. Whether the Education or Home Office should have control is a debated point. Managers dislike the Board of Education as being too "faddy," desiring to introduce reforms which the Managers consider needless. They are also rather too engrossed in up strokes and down to be of much help to wayward youths growing to manhood. The Home Office are not much better, but some central authority should have sole control of a system beginning with Children's Courts and ending with Borstal.

It was common for the Superintendency to descend in a family, an unwise proceeding. Nowadays the Board insist on school teachers being certificated. The technical masters are usually men with sufficient knowledge of their trade, but having no qualifications for giving a stable cast of character to the boys under their charge.

The various classes of officers have very pretty disputes among themselves. The Managers form a Union (or an Association as being more genteel); the Superintendents follow suit, and refuse to admit schoolmasters as low fellows; much ill-blood is vented and the schoolmasters form a Union of their own, to which Technical Officers are refused admission, whereon these gentlemen form yet another Union of their own. There is widespread discontent among the personnel on various grounds, chiefly financial, and such discontent does not make for good running. The Unions bicker among themselves, their interests being "non-identical." With all this insistence on varied interests, would it be impertinent to enquire whose interests happen to be "identical" with those of the unfortunate child?

A number of boys, all of whom have shewn moral weakness, are admitted, most of whom have already spent the prescribed time at an elementary school. They have wrestled with pot-hooks and with kings, with capes and with verbs, and done little good with them in eight or more years. Yet they are again set to wrestle with these enemies, as a training for the stern battle of Life, in which they have already suffered one defeat. A well-selected library is better than "reading lessons"; most of the boys will be called upon to write no more than their signature to a receipt and can do that already; while copying Arabesque designs is useless. Learning to sing "Robin Adair" in six months per Tonic Sol-fa, memorising the "productions" of Timbuctoo, and working out ingenious twisters that never occur in real life are of no value. All this spurious "knowledge" is deposited at great trouble by the teacher in a thin film, and in due course is skimmed off by the examiner, leaving not a wrack behind.

The "trades" which are "taught" are not such as can or will be followed when the license has expired. It would greatly interest me to know what the Home Office considers an "unskilled" trade, as most of the "dead" trades so imperfectly taught are noted as "skilled." The boys are also noted as following them on release in large numbers; that is, they are forced to work at them until their license expires, when they promptly leave. Most of these boys are town boys, with no love for the land. The training, too, is totally inadequate. The land boy does little else save dig and hoe, and the "lectures" he hears are useless because not illustrated by practical work. Such a boy could not even enter a private

garden as an "improver"; he is an unskilled labourer, and is entered in the reports as a "skilled gardener." Three years are wasted in a vain endeavour to turn a quick-witted city *gamin* into a stolid country yokel, content to dig for the rest of his days. Can it be wondered that as soon as he is a free agent he returns to town, usually to evil courses, for he is trained to no trade, and at nineteen is too old to be trained, for new trades or interests are rarely acquired after twenty. The labourer at twenty is a labourer for life. At twenty, character is formed, tastes developed and habits are unsusceptible of change.

Consider the much praised Boot Shop. The boy here learns a "skilled trade," that is, he learns to mend, and sometimes to make, hand-rivettted boots—a "dead" trade. If he be smart at a given job, say using the sewing machine, he is kept at that, learning no more himself and preventing others learning even the manipulation of that simple machine. All work is badly "botched" and of a very rough nature; anything does for the school, but "botched" work will not satisfy the world, and the boy re-enters life having "learned" to do "botched" work in one small department of a "dead" trade. He cannot take a job in a boot-shop or factory, and so is sent to a farm at an absurd wage, or induced to enlist. Is it any wonder that he absconds, or leaves when his license expires, and swells the ranks of the "bad and ungrateful boys"? The obsolete "boot shop" is kept going because boot repairs can there be done a little more cheaply than outside. The bill, the boots, the balance sheet . . . anything but *the boy* is considered.

In the old days, wood-chopping was the only labour ; to-day, the wood has gone, but the useless " chopping " labour continues. The idea that it doesn't much matter what the boy does so long as he does something and keeps out of mischief, is a very grave error.

Far too many boys are employed on degrading and utterly useless " housework," in order that the school may be a show-place as uncomfortable as the average poor man's " parlour." Norris found the " domestic training " in a girls' school so excellent that the girls thought potatoes were 11*d.* a pound, that an egg was lightly boiled in ten minutes, and that a handful of tea, plus water, sufficed to make a good pot of tea.

In the carpenter's shop, silly " joints " are made with much patience ; the best of these are re-touched by the Instructor for the Inspector. The boy is never allowed to handle a piece of wood himself, lest he spoil it, and waste time and money. Many " lectures " are given and most slowly and painfully copied, word for word, in a copy-book. The boot master gives lectures on the anatomy of the foot, which he does not understand himself, reading from a book some account of the matter, which the boys painfully copy, making endless mistakes, and understanding as much of it as they would if they had copied an Arabic manuscript. At every step the query : " *Cui bono ?* " presents itself, fiercely insistent. Men who could neither read nor write, and who could not work out intricate " sums " have left behind work which Museums treasure, and for which rich men fight. What will these boys leave behind ?

The trouble is that present-day industrial conditions demand that a boy thoroughly learn a specialised " job,"

and such jobs as command remunerative employment usually demand expensive plant and give products useless to the school. The trade of the old blacksmith is a dying one, yet it is kept up in many schools, for the same iron can be used over and over again for demonstration, and horses can be shod and farm implements made at little cost to the school. On the contrary, an automatic lathe is expensive, and the boy would spoil much work, but once he had mastered it, he would be fitted for a well-paid job.

The method of sending boys to schools far from their homes, and sending them on still farther on license, is a mistake. The industrial conditions of Lancashire, the Midlands and the South are widely different, and the district to which the lad will return, with or without your consent, is important. This, as is the case with everything else connected with these schools would seem to be axiomatic; so obvious as to make mention of it superfluous. Yet one has only to study these places a brief while to find that the faculty of "taking thought" is lost among the officials who run them. They are so used to the boys conforming to their rules, wise or foolish, that they seem to think the world will conform to their ideas in the same way; it is the unfortunate boy who suffers from the world's determination to go its own way without reference to Reformatory rules or ideas.

In trade training, the boy ought to be as well situated as boys outside, of his own age, are situated. The answer to the common statement that more ought not to be done for criminals than for honest folk, is that these unfortunates need more. It is an old fallacy that the lot of vicious people should not be more enviable than that

of the honest poor. The lot of the honest poor is unjustifiably bad, but that is no reason for making the lot of any class worse.

A boy of even age in a high school has hope and ambition ever before him; he is working for something. Ambition is forbidden the 'formatory boy; his business is to remain docile for three years, and then be released. The aim should not be to keep him in, but to fit him for going out; not to shield him from temptation, but to arm him against it. Reformation is completed *outside* the school, and while inside he should be encouraged to make a definite *plan* on which to order his life, and start to live that plan.

Many a boy after a year of freedom has been fired by ambition, only to find he has passed the formative stage, and has no capacity for study and application: is burdened with perverted tastes, and has lost initiative and the ability to think and act for himself; he entered plastic, he left set, *in the wrong mould*.

The schools fail utterly in moral or character training. Tiresome lectures on "Duty," "Industry," "Perseverance," "Truthfulness," and the like are given, and if the lads become mere automata who never abscond, mutiny, smoke or are "insolent," the authorities are satisfied, and then naïvely whine of "ungrateful boys who return to their old haunts" (from vile Welsh farms).

In God's name, what is the system for, but to fit them to withstand the temptations that will assail them no more fiercely in their old haunts than elsewhere? It is loftily assumed that the boy's home is bad for him, whereas home influence is in most cases helpful; if a lad cannot resist the temptations round his home in



Birmingham, will he be more likely to resist temptation if he is placed, free of all control, in Newcastle? Or is temptation less insidious in Abergavenny or Cardiff, than in Liverpool or Leeds?

The student cannot fail to be made sorrowful by the utter lack of reason and reflection, and even of common sense, with which problems of such great weight are treated. Custom counts for everything; reflection and experiment for nothing in these schools. An Abbot of Unreason could not have devised more irrational methods than the officials who have been "improving" these schools for three generations, and who look with such scorn on the suggestions of mere outsiders.

The child lives in an unwholesome pseudo-military atmosphere, under rules which allow of no initiative, and which manufacture and multiply "crimes"; crimes that involve no moral turpitude but merely breaches of rigid and often stupid rules. Life is ordered entirely "by numbers," which makes things easy for the officials, but which makes After-life very hard for the child. I cannot too often insist that such schools exist for the child, *not* for the official.

The schools are barracks: not homes in any sense of the word. The children enter imperfect, but instead of commencing the long, slow and difficult process of individually perfecting them, a "model child"—a Christmas Card cherub—is laid before them in the rules, and they are flogged or fined for not coming up to such a "three-colour Angel" standard.

No freedom is allowed, and even in play hours (their domestic or home life) they are watched like mice. It matters not whether a warder in uniform stands on a

platform, or an officer sits in plain clothes on a stool ; he is a warder, a policeman, and a spy still.

The result is to make a boy an automaton, who learns to "double up," and converse in a string of "Yessirs!" punctuated by slovenly salutes, and to do exactly what he is told without question or reflection. He is always, under compulsion, pretending to be what he is not ; to see, to think, to believe and to know what he does not. Mistrust he answers by deceit ; severity by servility. He learns the unpardonable sin is being caught, and orders his life accordingly, keeping on the right side of that depraved public opinion which judges externals, and is readily hoodwinked.

All initiative is destroyed, and the boy returns to the world less able to think and act for himself than when he left it. For three years he has never said, "No!" has forgotten how to, and so is easily led. He has no balance, self-reliance, initiative or worldly knowledge. The system would be an excellent preparation for the monastic life, but it foredooms to failure a boy who re-enters a world in which life becomes more difficult every day.

Every lad has the best of intentions but he never gets practice at translating such intentions to actions, and in his ecstasy at shaking free a rigid restraint he falls into excesses. What caused the excesses of the Restoration save the rigours of Puritanism? Reformatories *do* make criminals, as has so many times been averred and denied, not by mixing good boys with bad ones, but by training them to nothing, which in these highly specialised days means training them to crime—of a crude sort.

The boy has no chance to shew himself "good" or

"bad," for discipline forces all into a temporary mould of "goodness," and undesirable traits which might be discovered and pruned, are hidden and repressed but not eradicated. The fact that a boy doubles up and keeps slobbering breathlessly, "Yessir! Yessir! Yessir!" does not prove he will keep the straight path in days when doubling and "Yessir-ing" are happily unknown.

The late Chief Inspector admitted that ex-reformatory boys are the most difficult of all gaol-birds to return to decent life, simply because they have never been trained to it. You could take the brightest Sunday School star you know, and after three years at my School he would literally be "good for nothing," that is, fitted for nothing.

A non-mischievous boy is either cowed or defective, and the best way to keep boys out of mischief is not to frame Spartan rules, but to provide ample recreation. After a day's hard work a boy is entitled to recreation, and he does not get it wandering idly round the playground, aimlessly kicking a ball, or playing draughts. In many cases the hard-earned leisure is curtailed and the boys packed off to bed, simply to save the trouble of supervision, and the expense of another officer.

There is wisdom in occasionally "looking the other way" when high-spirited boys get restive, and as absconding is not an unnatural offence, it might be treated more gently than with a month's "hard," as is often the case.

The question of punishment is a delicate one, for the indefinable boundary between severity and cruelty is easily crossed. Cells should be abolished, for inmates who are so refractory as to need locking away ought to be given a chance at another school. Such transfers do

not occur as often as they should, for many a boy who does not "hit it off" with the officials at one school, and goes from bad to worse, might do better in a fresh environment. Officials are very loth to transfer a boy, preferring to "break him in," rather than admit defeat. Here again the officer is considered before the boy. All boys whose names appear in the punishment book too often, or who get "into debt" on their cards ought compulsorily to be transferred.

I only favour corporal punishment in cases of cruelty; when a boy wilfully causes pain to others he should be made to try a dose himself. To flog a boy for smoking, a "crime" only because he is in a school, is unjust, while to flog for "indecent" is senseless. Corporal punishment may vent a master's irritation at real or fancied insolence (and how easy it is unwittingly to be "insolent" can only be understood by those who have lived under rigid rules), but it does the boy no good. In many cases the boy has been used to ill-treatment from babyhood, and it only makes him sullen. He also gets inured to it, and becomes less sensitive to the feelings of others, on whom he not infrequently "takes out" the brutality he himself has experienced. An instructor mentions a case of an officer who threw a last at a boy and then kicked him. Another boy was pummelled in best Carpentier style. I myself have seen scores of similar instances. Instant dismissal should reward unofficial "thrashings."

If corporal punishment is permitted, it should be awarded and given under strict rules. The officer should make a *written* complaint, and *next day*, when cool, should state his case and bring witnesses, the Superintendent

together with the senior and junior officers trying the case. A jury of boys should not be empanelled as is done at one school, for they are too fearful of authority to be just. The junior officer should give his judgment first as at Courts-Martial and a majority should decide. The punishment should be inflicted the following day before the whole school, boys and officers (both men and women) and the sentence immediately inscribed on a roll on the wall, as a reminder to the school, and a preventive of "cooked" punishment books being shewn the Inspector. Under such rules, which are but just, and calculated to give the boy the benefit of a fair trial, and his compeers the benefit of his example, I believe corporal punishment would cease, for the most callous of Superintendents would not long brave the utter contempt the school would feel, and in its own way express, at such exhibitions. Too much is done behind closed doors at these schools to-day.

The following shews the necessity for strict rules. When a boy was "sent back" from a job, it was the custom of most schools to give him a sound flogging—the "Welcome and Farewell" of the old prisons—*pour encourager les autres*. One Superintendent said: "There was a glamour of romance round the returned one . . ." which apparently was dissipated by a dozen with the birch. This is arrant nonsense, for a returnee causes great irritation among the boys: is hooted as a "Dirty 'Come-back'!" and continually taunted and ill-used, for another job has to be found for him, and the boy next due for license considers his freedom retarded by the luckless returnee.

The Home Office properly ordered this flogging to

cease. Was the order obeyed? Not a bit of it. In one case, the Managers authorised the Superintendent to carry on, and they would accept responsibility for defying the Home Office. Others, with an "insolence" which would have cost one of their own boys dear, took Counsel's opinion on their "rights." This amiable gentleman opined they could safely flog away, so long as they kept to poor wretches under the age of sixteen. The *Gazette* said, proudly: "In several cases the ruling has been ignored!" and it took a special peremptory Home Office Order to stop the practice. Is this not proof of the necessity for State control? If a boy is returned, and there is a risk of his being idolised, why not return him to another school?

How power is abused is seen in the letter of a "Borough J.P.," who proudly says: "I never recollect a boy who was soundly birched appearing again," an experience clean contrary to the general, for in some Courts *every* boy birched appeared again. Unfortunately, this gentleman found to his vexation that he could not birch boys over sixteen, and hit on the ingenious expedient of giving unhappy parents the alternative of taking their boy to the Police Station and seeing the police "soundly birch" him on the father's authority, or of seeing their child given a month's "hard." Is this the "Justice" of which we boast so much?

## CHAPTER IV

### FURTHER DETAILS AND REFLECTIONS

**I**N all schools some sort of uniform is provided, of a type that debases self-respect. The day uniform is a cast-off Sunday one eked out with odd clothes so that the boy looks like a tramp. Even the Sunday uniform gives a grotesque rather than a smart appearance, and the use of surplus military uniforms is no improvement. The sole use of uniform is to prevent absconding, but boys who have determined to abscond get rid of it, while it sets the other boys apart from the rest of the world to be regarded with idle curiosity by adults and jeered at by boys they meet. Absconders are usually placed in a frightful parti-coloured (often yellow and black) uniform something like the American convict garb; this should be prohibited.

Civilian clothing of decent material *made to measure* should be issued; a stout, plain clothing for work, with better suits, collars, ties, and light boots for Sunday. Boys are not interested in their uniform, but if they had their own suit, differing in pattern to others (for there is nothing to be said for the drab uniformity of everything, so beloved by the official mind because "it looks neat") they would take a personal interest in keeping themselves neat and tidy.

There is a mark system at Ashford which has many defects but might serve as the nucleus of a system to ensure boys taking care of clothing. Each boy can gain forty-two good conduct marks a week, worth from 1*d.* to 7*d.* according to seniority and rank. He is further credited with 8*d.* per week to buy his clothing. He pays for clothing, repairs and breakages, and may lose marks for misconduct or wilful damage, and be reduced in rank. The system is bad in that it starts with a debit balance—the boy is forced into good behaviour to work off a heavy debt—and he would try to keep clothing in use when worn out to get a big credit balance. It also involves much clerical work, but is of interest, and I give a banking account.

No. 1000. John Smith. Admitted 12/11/20. A/c 238.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Oct 15-Nov 5	@ 1 <i>d</i>	0	0	4	Outfit on Entry	2	10	1
Nov 12-Dec 31	@ 2 <i>d</i>	0	1	4	Nov 6—Stamp	0	0	1
12 weeks	@ 8 <i>d</i>	0	8	0	Repairs	0	0	4
DEBIT BALANCE		2	0	11	Laces	0	0	1
		<hr/>					<hr/>	
		£2	10	7		£2	10	7

Food needs to be supplied in greater amount, and to be better prepared and served. Though such a statement will excite derision, I believe a finger bowl and table napkin to be greater aids to reform than a five-foot cane. Theoretically the diet may be an optimum, but when bad food and bad cooking have been allowed for, it falls below a minimum, as is conclusively shewn by the fact that as soon as the boy leaves, a very marked development in height and weight occurs, according to Ellis. Branthwaite finds height retarded but weight right, and blames the work, which he says is excessive.



Many people are too apt to assume that every boy comes from a slum home, and has never known what plentiful food and good clothing is. Canon Dallow pathetically says: "The boy finds the warm clothes and ample meals a welcome after the sad times he may have gone through," and doubtless the reverend man believes this twaddle. I came from a decent clean home, wherein I had a sufficiency of good food, and was always neatly and warmly clad. For three years I lived—in general—on slugs and dough, never sat on a chair, never saw a carpet, a picture or even a piece of oilcloth, never a cup and saucer or a decent tablecloth, never wore a collar or tie, or had any cause to take an interest or pride in my personal appearance, and though approaching manhood and soon to have a vote, never saw a daily paper. Is this right? Of course not! Only people blinded by long use to the glaring deficiencies of their own system would tolerate it.

Refinement should be a sheet anchor. Make the boy work hard, but give him a comfortable, refined environment; raise, not lower, his desires, ambitions and wants, and when he gets out, if he has been *taught* a well paid trade, he will get on. As it is, he becomes so used to existing in the roughest and coarsest of ways that it needs a sharp wrench to pull himself back to decency, tidiness, refinement and good manners. Unfortunately, the school kills knowledge, courage and initiative, and many boys never can wrench themselves from the slovenly mental and physical rut into which they have been pressed, for they often lack desire to do anything. They have been forced to disregard personal appearance, true politeness, and good breeding for three years, and

do not feel the need to adapt themselves to new conditions. The slovenly habits, the filthy talk, the sluggish thought become part and parcel of their mental make-up.

Very rarely a Superintendent shews vestiges of breeding, and does the right thing, as witness this admirable letter to parents from one school:—

DEAR FRIEND,

Already we are looking forward to Christmas, although to we older children it seems but a little time since we were planning for last Christmas. But the boys say it is always a long time until Christmas, and this is true of youth. Let us make the most of a merry season by being joyous, and by making those near and dear to us, especially the children, as happy as can be. Here we are planning a real good time, with plenty of amusements and abundance to satisfy every appetite. I regret your boy cannot be with you, but I hope you will not fail to send him a Christmas gift, for no matter what he receives here, he will be keenly disappointed if he is not remembered at Home. Pack securely, use the enclosed label, and send in time to reach here on the 24th. You will not fail to write him a letter we can give him on Christmas morning. Let it be a real Christmas letter, full of love and goodwill. Through your boy, who is our boy, too, we are closely related, and to us this kinship seems very real. With this sentiment in mind, let us wish you and all yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

Disposal is a sore problem, and an Agency has been formed to place boys. It is a private concern, run for profit, charging 3*d.* per head per week. According to the Proprietors, its objects are:—

To supply trustworthy information concerning the homes, conditions and environment of parents and friends of the children on admission, and during detention, so

that the Managers may be guided in their disposal. To bring judicious pressure on the parents to improve their conditions and surroundings.

To visit and report upon cases licensed or discharged, so long as they are subject to the supervision of the school.

To meet, house, and escort boys when required.

A register of situations is kept at the Agency, and is always at the disposal of schools.

There are many other ways in which the Agency has proved of great assistance to schools. The Managers are at all times prepared to represent the school authorities in cases of emergency in any part of the country.

The legal right of such a private "Agency" to meddle with parents and to bring "judicious pressure" to bear upon them—that is, to bully, threaten and frighten them—is doubtful, and I cannot conceive why it is allowed. The Agency has offices in Liverpool and Birmingham. Employers fight shy of Reformatory boys, and any job must do, resulting in hundreds of decent boys being sent to remote Welsh farms, chiefly in Carmarthen, Glamorgan, Cardigan and Pembroke. So flourishing is this iniquitous trade that the L.C.C. keep a special agent at Llandilo for the purpose of providing farm-slaves. The next boy on the list has to be drafted to the first job available, irrespective of its suitability for him, merely to make a vacancy for a newcomer at the school.

Further suspicion is thrown on the Agency by their statement that:—

"No member of the Reformatory Department (Home Office) or Supervisory Committee is privileged to enquire (unless by consent of the School) into matters that are regarded as strictly private and confidential between Agency and schools."

It is high time "Agency" methods were opened to inspection.

A large number of schools never consult the parents in the disposal of their children. This cannot be defended either on grounds of humanity or expediency, for the parents thus scornfully ignored, use all their interest to regain their boys immediately the license expires, even if their return home means them being out of employment. All parents have a right to influence their children, and in most cases their influence is all for good, while even in cases where home influence was considered bad, circumstances may have changed in three years.

The treatment of illness needs attention. We are all occasionally "off colour," and demand a little extra patience with our irritability or lack of spirits and energy. You must not be "off colour" at a Reformatory; they tolerate "none o' that bunkum!" Either you are as vigorous as an ox and able to conform to every requirement, or you are ill enough to go to the sick room, that is, dangerously ill. Intermediate stages are not recognised. You live briskly or die briskly, they do not mind which, and cannot comprehend that mankind is at times only able to get along tardily and with great effort. They also forget that a molehill to an adult may be a mountain to a child. There is also an idea that the criminal, turned awry by the Great Potter, is of very common clay, and can stand jars with equanimity that would shatter pots of that thrice-refined clay of which officials are made. This is wrong, and I venture to announce, with due modesty, my great discovery that a criminal feels toothache as keenly as a cardinal. A trained doctor knows how difficult it is to detect malingering,

but the official is wiser. If the trouble gives way to castor oil, or the offender (for it is an offence to be ill) dies, then it was illness; if not, it is malingering, and loss of marks or a flogging is a sovereign remedy. They have but one physic, and of this they give generous doses to all comers without being willing or able to diagnose their complaints.

After-care, the most vital part of a rational system, is practically non-existent. The boy has to report monthly while on license, and after that to write once a year to get his gratuity, so the school gets an idea for a year or two as to whether the boy is in work, out of work, or in gaol, and can write him up as "Satisfactory," "Unsatisfactory," or "Unknown," terms which mean nothing. The Agent may call on his master, ask if the boy is "satisfactory," and if the employer or friends could do with more of the same cheap vintage, but this is not After-care of the boy. "The boy, the boy and nothing but the boy!" should be the slogan.

Children that go to Sunday School are usually the ones with little need of aids to virtue, but the troublesome and disgraced ex-reformatory boy who needs infinite care is none-too-welcome at Schools, Clubs, Scout Troops and the like. These institutions welcome "good" boys and excommunicate bad ones. The ninety and nine who can easily vault the stile are carefully handed over; the cripple is heartlessly left on the other side. Employers, Y.M.C.A. officials, Church people, Sunday School teachers, Scoutmasters and the like could be trained to act as voluntary probation workers, and could often get the boys decent employment under their own eye, or among business friends. The machinery is

already in existence in the Borstal Association; it only needs extending, but we have not yet got the man of sufficient courage to pull up the nettle and plant a rose in its stead. Very thorough After-care is *essential*. The school removes the boy from the battle and makes a coward of him; put him in the front line with a friend and mentor to strengthen him, and you shall soon find he is made of the right stuff.

To call on a tired boy in the evening and enter "Doing well" in a notebook, make a few commonplace remarks about the value of virtue, and pass on to the next on a long list is *not* After-care. The person looking after the boy must live near, and know the youth and his environment well. He must be a comrade to whom the boy can frankly state his troubles, a man who will give sound advice without preaching, and a man whose example will be an inspiration to one just on the threshold of manhood.

I have endeavoured to combine the cold aloofness and accuracy of the historian with insight and sympathy, and no one knows better than I that the reputation of any class can be torn to shreds by fastening on its weak points. Still, one must be honest and expose the sore if there is one, and official sneers at outsiders are cheap and worthless, for the onlooker proverbially sees most of the game, and all systems owe much to the observant eyes of outsiders.

These schools for their own sake ought to be thrown open to the public much more frequently, and earnest people in their vicinity should be given opportunities of mixing with the boys and helping the work. To organise an occasional concert is doing very little. Let interested

friends mingle with the boys freely, so that inmates will not feel so horribly "out of it!"

The profession and practice of schools do not coincide. The Chief Inspector announces enthusiastically that interested people are welcome at schools, yet refuses me a letter of introduction on the ground that things are "in a state of transition." Allowance must apparently be made for the fact that his oration was a postprandial one. When a scandal is unearthed, officials complain that so far from being painted with the warts on their faces, they are painted all wart and little face; let the public see their faces, warts and all, and possibly someone will provide them with a wart cure.

When scandals arise, a whitewashing commission replies to facts by abusing the papers which have exposed them. Superintendents of schools that are nearly perfect, the Ellis's, the Pengelly's, and the like enter the lists armed *cap a pie*, but the rest remain discreetly hidden. Without doubt much cruelty goes on in these places, and much injustice, while many of them honour Home Office rules in the breach rather than in the observance.

Recently, a Superintendent was fined and an officer gaoled for a month, for beating and chaining up a poor boy as if he were a tiger. The Bench gave sentence with reluctance, and reprimanded the poor lad severely for being the cause of honest mens' disgrace, a queer proceeding. The managers apparently did not manage at all, and the evidence reflected badly on those responsible for the control of the place. It is an unsavoury theme, upon which I do not propose to enlarge, but worthy citizens who lead a comfortable life should remember that the highly polished surface of these places reflects

a brilliant picture, but hides what is beneath. To take a child from its home, and often from a suitable environment at a most critical period of its life, is accepting an exceedingly grave responsibility, and it were well if both Magistrates and officials grasped this fact.

You can do too much or too little (usually too little) for a child, but you cannot let him do too much for himself, a point sadly missed by officials. An effort has been made in the "George Junior Republic," in America, to let such boys govern themselves, and thus inculcate resource, initiative and a sense of responsibility in place of cowering them. The scheme was tried in England, but was sneered at, and the certificate withdrawn.

The Republic motto is, "Nothing without Labour!" and the 350-acre settlement holds one hundred boys and fifty girls, aged fourteen to twenty, living in ten cottages, each with a house-mother. Inmates can change cottages. They have their own chapel, court-house (trial by jury), gaol, school, hospital, store, office, bank and workshops. There is a nine-hour day, divided between school and work. There are four grades, and pay (in aluminium currency) varies from \$3/50 to \$6 per week. Savings are handed over in current coin on release. Government is by majority, all over fifteen having a vote. No compulsory attendance at Church. The system is said to work well, but evidently is based on the keen interest in politics taken by all classes in America. I fear there is no such interest in England.

While not advocating such a sweeping change, more power might be left with the monitors, and more initiative with the boys. Frank criticisms and suggestions might be invited. School magazines have been started



in some schools, and are a step in the right direction. "Old Boys' Dinners" take place at other schools, and are a success, though there is a risk of blackmail, but this is a risk always present to a boy who has been reformed. In many schools is a guest room for old boys on visits.

Some time ago a Home Office Departmental Committee reported on the Certified Schools, but the following newspaper criticism seems justified:—

"There is deplorably little in this Majority Report to suggest anything approaching a wholesome conception of a child's rights, when taken away from its home, to be provided with a substituted home as good in every way as a home ought to be. Apart from the amazing frequency of the severest punishments, one reads evidence of overcrowding, overworking, underfeeding, coarse clothing, degrading hygienic arrangements, prison-like confinement, and mind and soul starvation to an extent which is appalling. There seems through the length and breadth of the book no conception of the primary right of a child to a bright existence. The Commission even instituted corporal punishment in girls' schools, not previously permitted, and on the whole seem to have left the institutions rather worse for their interference than they were before!"

## CHAPTER V

### BORSTAL TREATMENT

**B**ORSTAL Institutions were started in 1902 as an experiment by the Prison Commissioners. In 1909, by the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1908, they became part of our penal system as "places in which young offenders whilst detained may be given such industrial training and such instruction and be subject to such disciplinary and moral influence as may conduce to their reformation and the prevention of crime."

The Industrial School deals with the delinquent to the age of sixteen, the Reformatory between the ages of twelve and nineteen, and Borstal between the ages of sixteen and about twenty-three.

There are at present three Borstal Institutions, at Borstal, Feltham and Portland, while a wing of the prison at Canterbury is set apart for boys whose conduct calls for severer methods, and for boys whose licenses have been revoked. There is also an Institution for girls in the female prison, Aylesbury, and "Modified Borstal" methods are in vogue at various prisons.

The Borstal Institutions are not voluntary, but are under the Prison Commissioners, and an offender may only be committed from Sessions or Assizes, and only on an indictable offence, or if he has previously been

convicted, or has broken a condition of probation. The sentence is for not more than three nor less than two years, and the Court must listen to any representations of the Prison Commissioners as to the suitability of the case for such treatment, and must be satisfied that the character, health, mental condition, etc., are such that the offender is likely to profit by the treatment.

The sentence is indeterminate, for a boy may be released on license after six months, and a girl after three. Usually offenders are not licensed until after eighteen months. Until a year after the expiration of the sentence, the offender is required to satisfy the Borstal Association that he is living a sober, industrious life, and living and working in an approved place.

I visited Borstal, appearing without notice at 9-45 a.m., and staying until 7 p.m. I saw everything, asked many questions, examined a number of lads privately, while my secretary took copious notes. I had been warned to expect "eyewash," but from my own experience I knew what to look for, and what value to place upon questions and answers. Though determined to be quite fair, I had read things in the newspapers, and was disposed to be severely critical.

On the site stood an old convict prison, a few of the wretched huts still remaining, but generations of Borstal boys have in some fifteen years built a magnificent institution. There are separate cell-blocks, workshops, hospital, gymnasium, etc., divided by wide, grass-grown spaces. The boys at Feltham are likewise building themselves a decent Home.

The school is divided into two sides or "Houses," each under a Deputy-Governor, and between them is a

healthy rivalry I am not an architect, and an attempt to describe the buildings would call for technical language. Most of my readers know the difference between a gloomy Church School of the old type, and a new Council School, well-lit, with its light, stained beams, cheerful wall-colours and air of freshness. The latter is Borstal, as against my old School.

Each boy has a cell, called a room, a number of which open on to a central hall, there being two stories in each block. The floor is of parquet, and a window, unbarred but with small panes gives light. A burner outside a pane of frosted glass lights the room at night. There are two tables, a folding bed with amply sufficient bed-clothing, and a small shelf for books, photos of real or country "cousins" and other relatives, and any decorative articles the boy may have. A bell communicates with the warder, while on the door is a card giving brief details of the inmate. At equal distances a room is allotted to a junior N.C.O., who keeps an eye on the boys under him. The rooms measure 10-ft. by 10-ft. by 8-ft., 800-cubic feet. Wash-basins are in the centre of the hall.

The routine of the day is as follows:—The bell rings at 5-40 a.m., when the boy has milk and a biscuit, and cleans his cell. Drill from 6-15 until 7 a.m., is followed by breakfast of porridge, bread and margarine (tea or coffee also in the Special Grade) at 7-15 a.m. After breakfast comes Chapel and Parade. Labour starts at 8 a.m., ceases at 11-45 a.m., when the boys are paraded, wash, and have dinner at 12 noon. Labour, 1-10 till 5 p.m. Tea, of bread, cocoa, milk and cheese, at 5-15 p.m. From 5-45 to 6-45 p.m., the "silent hour," a most

valuable idea ; the boy retires to his room and passes an hour reading, writing or reflecting, *in silence*. From 6-45 p.m., various games are played in association, and bed is at 9 p.m. in summer ; 8 p.m. in winter.

The boy is examined on arrival by the full-time medical officer, who completes and enters a detailed physical and psychological report, with photos, noting all peculiarities and determining the mental age. This is of great moment, for many a boy of twenty has a mental age of only fifteen, while sharper boys come almost up to their nominal age. The average mental age of the Borstal boy (average nominal age perhaps eighteen and a half years) is only thirteen and a quarter years. If necessary, the Borstal Association make enquiries *re* the family medical history, and a full medical record is kept, to be consulted ere disposal. Fully twenty per cent. are mental "borderline" cases, who on release need jobs which will not tax them beyond their small capacity. A number of committals prove mentally deficient, and are transferred to a suitable Home after certification by an independent doctor. The doctor attends at 10 a.m. each morning, when any boy can see him. There is a well-equipped hospital with trained female nurse-dispenser, and matron, and a separate room for infectious cases.

On reception, the boy has a chat with the Chaplain and also with the Governor, and is given the following pamphlet, which I regard as well worthy of reproduction :

As Governor of this Institution I wish to place a few plain facts before you.

You have not been sent here until it has been found, that for some reason or other, you are not able to live

this one small life of yours in accordance with the rules of the game. I don't know what the reason is in your particular case, but it may be that you are a slack worker, and find it less trouble to pinch the goods or money that someone else, who has worked hard, has earned.

You may have had a rotten home, or even no home. You most likely have got mixed up with a low-down lot of chaps who have nearly succeeded in making you one of themselves. Now, WHY have you been sent here? Is it in order to punish you? Certainly it is, but that is not all. You are sent here in order that you may have a chance of learning the rules of the game, and of learning to play fair!

You have probably played football at some time or other. You probably began as a little chap to play with other little chaps. You didn't know the rules very well, but you had picked up some of them, and those you were not quite sure of, you argued about with the others. If you were one of the smaller ones, you got your head smacked. If you were the biggest you smacked any other boy's head who didn't agree with you. So it went on, until you grew to be sixteen or seventeen, by which time you had learned the rules of the game, whether cricket, football, or anything else. You perhaps played in matches, or if not you liked to watch good games, and hooted at once if anyone fouled, or got off-side, or did anything unfair and against the rules, even though it might have been accidental. In fact, you don't think a game even worth watching unless it is played fair.

Is it not exactly the same with your small life? What is it? Why, at the most, about seventy years, and the old World has been going on for millions of years, and will go on for millions more, and out of all these millions, you have only got seventy in which to learn the rules and play the game. If it is not worth while to watch a game not played to the rules, far less is it worth while playing such a game.

That is the whole thing, and the reason you are here

is that you have been playing the game without rules. You have not been a sportsman, and now the referee has blown his whistle, and ordered you off the ground until you can play to rules.

The carrying out of rules is only a habit. When you once know them, and have practised them sufficiently, you don't have to always keep thinking of them. It comes naturally to you to play football according to the rules, and the more you play the easier it is to keep the rules. You have come here to learn the rules, and to learn to play fair, and to prevent you playing any more until you have mastered the ordinary rules of the game.

To acquire this knowledge, you must be equipped properly; you must have education up to a point; you must have control of yourself; you must have good manners; you must know how to work; you must be willing to work, be able to obey and must not mind being found fault with. All these things you can learn here if you will.

Now I am going to tell you some of the methods by which I hope you will learn to PLAY THE GAME. You will first have to learn to obey all orders given by those set over you, and not to argue even if you think the order is one that has wrongly been given you. Obey first; complain afterwards. Always remember this. Then you have to acquire habits of personal cleanliness and tidiness. You must always wash your hands before meals, and keep your hair tidy, as well as brushing your teeth morning and evening, if you wish to keep them.

Your room must always be kept tidy, and never do anything in it that will damage walls or glass, or anything that will lessen your own SELF-RESPECT. Whatever you are set to do, do it cheerfully and as if you are determined to do it a little better than anyone else.

Now let me tell you a few things you must guard against, otherwise you will get into trouble.

You are entitled to certain things, clothes, books, etc. Never be in possession of anything of any kind you are

NOT entitled to, for I consider this a deliberate foul, and if the referee's whistle goes, the penalty will be a severe one.

Always think for five seconds before answering back. Many a man has saved himself by acquiring this habit. Answering back in anger when checked for a fault is a common failing, and a very bad one, and one which will lengthen your stay at Borstal. Besides, no game can go on while players are arguing.

Self-respect is everything, and you cannot have that unless you have good manners. Do good manners cost anything? Certainly not, but they are an enormous help to you. Cultivate good manners, in language and habits, indoors and out. At table, don't loll about, and talk with your mouth full, and eat as if you had not seen food for a week. Your food will not run away. A man with good manners will always get a job before a man with bad manners. If you go to a shop where the attendant shews an interest in your needs, you go to that shop again. If he treats you as if he were doing you a favour to attend to you at all, you don't go there again. Cultivate good manners between yourselves, here, and you will never regret it.

One word regarding those amongst you who are appointed N.C.O.'s. Don't think there is anything degrading in having one of your fellow-inmates set over you. Everywhere you must have masters. In the army all are soldiers, but many become N.C.O.'s. You all have a chance, and all honour to those who get there should be your motto. There is nothing manly in swearing at one of your comrades because he has been put in authority. Instead of being jealous try to gain promotion yourself, realising that if it is an honour for him to have been put over you, it is equally an honour that you can be trusted to be loyal to him. He is the Captain of your side, and wherever he puts you in the field, it is your duty to go cheerfully and field well.

In conclusion, I want you to realise that you are sent



here, not for my pleasure, but for your own good, and that the officers are not your enemies, but desire to be your good friends. Try to make good use of your time. Remember that you can be kept under supervision for five years, and that if you misbehave you can be sent back for twelve months. When you are released on license, learn the conditions of the license by heart, and carry them out. Then you will be as free as if you had no license. The license is simply intended as a reminder and if you behave wisely you will find it no burden.

I regard this method of giving youths a sensible, colloquially-written pamphlet as of much value. A boy dislikes being "preached at," and while the good man is going rapidly ahead, the audience are too often yawning, or thinking of other things, or playing tricks on one another. But a boy will often read a pamphlet in his room, and benefit thereby, so long as it is not of the "tract" variety, those pitiful concoctions which never deceive even the goody-goody, much less the wide-awake delinquent. Too little stress is laid on the fact that reformation only shews its fruit without the reformatory, and the following pamphlet, used at Massachusetts Reformatory, merits attention:—

### REFORMATION AS AN UNDERTAKING

Reformation is too often regarded as a simple, easy process, just "Going straight." It is neither simple nor easy. It is a long, hard struggle for self-mastery. In turning over a new leaf in a book, we cover up the past record and start afresh; in reformation, old habits cannot be left behind like that. They are still a part of us, and must slowly be dug out like weeds from a garden. Reformation is a long, hard job, a big undertaking, which, like climbing a mountain, needs careful preparation. A

man who sets out to climb a mountain must carefully plan what food to take, and arrange for ropes and guides, and see that his clothing and shoes are suitable for the purpose.

The man who reforms must also make careful plans. He must be most careful how he uses his spare time, especially his evenings, for the way you spend your evenings for the first few years after your release from here will determine whether you are to reform or not. If you have wasted your evenings for years, lounging round the street corners, or going to "The Pictures," you will have the habit of indolence to shake off. You should plan to be so busy at evening school perfecting yourself in your chosen trade that you have no idle time, for it is the idle man who gets into trouble. If you determine that for five years you will be so busy that you have no time for amusement you will be far on the road, for at the end of that time you will be expert in your trade, have money banked, and have acquired habits of diligence and industry. Then if you want to go to the theatre you can spare both the time and the money.

A man who has wasted his spare time for years may well say: "I've wasted so much time trying to amuse myself that I can well afford to give up *amusement* for five years to see what *advancement* I can make, and to prepare for old age. I'll take the next five years of my life and see what I can make of myself by working hard in every spare moment!" If you make a plan, and then consistently *live it*, you will make yourself a man.

Make your plan, and live it; keep yourself busy at it, never go outdoors without a purpose, and you will get rid of both old habits and old associates. There is no other way of getting rid of bad habits so good as crowding them out with good ones. If one wants to get all the air out of a bottle the best way is to crowd it out by filling the bottle with water.

Don't "cut" your old friends, but determine never to spend more than thirty seconds with them. Shake

hands, enquire how they get along, if their people are well, and then say "Good-night," getting away quickly and leaving them surprised, but not hurt. Manage them instead of letting them get a hold on you. It would be mean to cut old friends just because you have decided to *help* instead of only *amusing* yourself. Grow gradually away from your old friends as you form new and better ones.

There is one wrong idea about reform. Most fellows say they have reformed while still here, mistaking the *intention* to reform for actual reform. That is a pitiful and costly mistake. The intention is only the first step. When you are released the struggle to reform is all before you, and if you go out thinking you are reformed, you will almost surely fail, because you will wrongfully think yourself secure, and not be on your guard. The first step, good intentions, is a necessary one, but it does not carry you far, for "Hell is paved with good intentions." One who says he is going to save £100 has a good intention, but that alone does not give him £100. He must plan how he will live and deny himself while saving, and then he must live out his plan until the money is in the bank. So you will see that you cannot reform in the Reformatory. Nevertheless, the Reformatory is a good place for a man who intends to reform, the same as a Secondary School is a good place for a man who intends to take a scholarship for the University. In the Reformatory you can *prepare for reform*; in it you can perfect the plan without which no one reforms. The reason you cannot complete your reformation here is that most of the temptations which you must meet and overcome while forming better habits are outside these walls, and cannot be met until you are free once more.

To return to preparing for reform. The first thing is to think how you can use your spare time for the next five years after release, and especially how you can use your spare time to better yourself. After you have thought it carefully over while at work and when in your

own room, talk it over with your chum, and then *write it out*. That makes it very definite, and you get a clear grasp of it, a very necessary thing for the improvement of your life is too grave a matter not to be definitely laid down. Nobody else can make your life's plan for you. If you ever have a good plan to live by you must make it. Few men can live out as good a life as they plan, therefore the very best, clearest and most carefully thought-out plan is none too good. No really good house, ship or typewriter was ever built until the inventor had drafted the plan on paper, and corrected it until it was right. So write out your plan of living for five years, and then study it, turn it continually over in your mind, and add to it and re-write it, till at last you have a sound working plan to start on. To you, unused to writing out your ideas, the job will be hard, but the task is very helpful, and the essence of reformation is the ability to make yourself keep on doing hard and disagreeable things. A plan that seems to be good before it is written out may show bad features very plainly when put down on paper. So change and re-write it as often as new ideas occur to you, and in that way you can start to re-build your life on a sound foundation.

When you leave the Reformatory comes the time to *live* the plan. Then the real struggle begins. Then you start up the mountain ; but you ought to leave here with clear eyes, high courage, strength of purpose, will power, and by carrying out your plan you will succeed. Have you ever thought how much better prepared you are through having a good plan in your pocket ? You are like a general who goes into action with a clear idea of the foeman's strength and of just how he will order the battle. The man who leaves here with only the intention to go straight is almost sure to fail ; the man who has all the details thought out has something which will help him to " win through."

Here is something for you to look forward to. On the day of your release you will do well to read your plan

carefully, and say: "This is my plan of living for the next five years. I am going to *live it*, and will not be turned from it!" Even if you fail, you will be thankful you did make the attempt; if you succeed, you and your true friends will never cease to rejoice in what your manliness has brought you.

To return to Borstal. Each boy on admission receives a suit of *brown* clothing, having stitched upon the arm one stripe, and the mark of the company he is placed in. For each month's good conduct he receives a red pip, and is for that time in "Grade A." Upon good conduct he is promoted to "Grade B," getting another yellow stripe, and commencing to add pips for each month as before. The next mark of his advancement, depending on good conduct, is a *blue* uniform. While under observation for this, he wears a yellow circle over his stripes for a month, and is then placed on special probation for a further month, during which time he wears a yellow "V." After some twelve months' good conduct he thus reaches the blue uniform of the "Special Grade," this grade living in association, working without the immediate supervision of a warder, and being trusted to go beyond the walls. His diet is improved, and he can supplement it from his small earnings. All the uniforms are of "convict" type minus the broad arrow, and the warders wear ordinary prison-warder uniform.

From these boys, the N.C.O.'s or "Star Special Grade" are selected by seniority, other things being equal. On promotion, the boy takes the following oath in Church before the Chaplain, and signs it, an excellent idea:—

I, WILLIAM SMITH, having been selected for promotion to the Star Special Grade, promise on my honour to set a good example to others, and to do my utmost

for the good name of the Institution. I will obey all the rules, and uphold all orders. I fully realise I am bound in honour not to abuse my position, and that if I am worth a damn I will play the game.

SO HELP ME, GOD!

(Signed) WILLIAM SMITH.

The N.C.O.'s have a separate mess apart from the common dining-hall, with their own mess committee; the warder is replaced by a cheery matron, and the room is made homelike by pictures, a dresser, and so on. They have also a fine dormitory instead of rooms. Boys proved trustworthy are allowed to run errands to the town, to attend Service at the Cathedral, to go for walks on Sunday in groups without a warder, and to pay visits to local friends of the Institution.

This system seems complicated on paper, but in effect is simple, and far more valuable than mark cards. It gives a boy something tangible and visible to aim for, makes promotion slow, and dependent on real merit and not on "getting round" the Superintendent, and is both a rewarding and a punitive agency, for a boy can be "demoted" as well as promoted. In the Certified Schools merciless flogging of mere children, both boys and girls, is the keystone of the system; here, with youths who are practically men, corporal punishment is unknown, save for assaulting a warder, or inciting to mutiny, and then is only awarded by the Visiting Justices after trial. If any reply is needed to the advocates of "sound birching," Borstal gives it, though the Chief Officers of Borstal consider they would be helped by the power to inflict corporal punishment for certain gross offences, after a formal trial.

For breaches of rules, a boy is "demoted," or loses

some of his " pips," and the privileges they carry, restoration being dependent on a real effort to make good once more. For serious offences there are two punishments : " No. 1," known as " cells," on bread and water ; and " No. 2," deprivation of all luxuries, such as jam.

The offender is degraded to the " Penal Grade," and the punishments are carried out in the Penal Yard, a block wherein the cells are larger, but have barred windows, bed built on floor, and prison atmosphere. The maximum punishment by the Governor is three days " No. 1," and fourteen days " No. 2," and by the Visiting Justices, two months in the penal yard. " No. 1 " and " No. 2 " must always be alternated, and boys on " No. 2 " may break stones, but not on " No. 1."

When a boy is very violent, and likely to do harm either to himself or a warder, a leathern band is strapped round his waist, and his hands fastened to handcuffs on either side, one hand being released for meals. The feet are left free. This punishment is rarely needed. There is a padded cell in the hospital for maniacal cases, but this was used as a store and had not been needed for years. The officials believe that if time in the penal yard did not count as part of the original sentence, the punishment would be more efficacious, but, remembering my own terrible three years, I am opposed to any lengthening of an already long sentence, lest it drive the unhappy lad to utter despair. If the boy be obdurate, he is transferred to the more rigorous regime of Canterbury, until he improves.

I visited a boy doing " No. 1," and having been locked in with him alone, endeavoured to gain his confidence. This was difficult, but I pointed out I wanted to hear

his side of the matter, and that I could do him no good, and would do him no ill. He then spoke freely. He said the food was good, and that he had enough, though at times he could eat more, and it was not like he had been used to at home. This last grievance cannot be remedied, for lack of foreknowledge of what is to come can hardly be avoided in institutions, while at home one can eat heartily of favourite dishes and reject others. Many people innocently suggest that if a three-weekly instead of a seven-day cycle of diet was arranged, boys would not know what was coming, but this is absurd.

He had been punished for gross disobedience, and said his punishment was just, moderate in amount, and necessary as an example to others. Nevertheless, he laboured under a grievance which may seem absurd. He had been moved to another room, a proceeding which highly incenses all prisoners, and, having got his new abode to his liking, was moved again. This "put his back up," and he disobeyed orders, and was planning to escape, the breakaway to commence, as he frankly told me, by giving the warder a shrewd knock o' the head. He put this aspect of the case before me with much heat and rude eloquence, and I sympathised with him. One room is precisely like another, yet a prisoner clings to his "home" with a tender fierceness that is pathetic. In Dartmoor are old, small and unhealthy cells, but their occupants will not be moved to hospital when really ill, until they have been assured on oath that they shall return to their own cell, and reject offers of larger, lighter and altogether finer cells. At my School one bed was precisely like another, yet, as the boys "moved up" all the clothing was moved with its owner, and only a strict



watch prevented the bedstead being taken, too. Boys also got used to particular tools, though they could not be recognised by an officer, and fierce quarrels arose if one boy attempted to take another boy's hoe. All this shews the need for officers trained in juvenile and delinquent psychology. Such officers would avoid orders calculated to cause discontent, however groundless, and when such orders were essential, a frank explanation of the reason would avoid grievance. To order a boy to do a thing, and flog him if he does not instantly and unquestioningly obey, is fruitful of hidden pus, which now and then breaks out in a very ugly way.

The warders are armed with police batons, and are forbidden to strike lads, every case being reported to the higher officials.

Each boy receives £1 on reaching the Special Grade, as well as 5s. after three months, 7s. 6d. after six, 10s. after nine, and 10s. every three months thereafter. This money is kept until he leaves, when it is handed to the Borstal Association, but if he desires to buy books of an educative nature he may draw on his account for them.

On admission, a boy may send and receive a letter every three months, the number gradually increasing with promotion, until it reaches one a week. The same rule applies to visitors, though many parents are too poor, or live too far away, to take advantage of the latter privilege.

Each evening, after the "silent hour," games of all kinds are allowed. "Snap" cards only are used, a foolish reservation, for they are mentally transformed into playing cards and the usual wagering of food goes on with them. It would be wiser to issue playing cards,

and teach the boys whist or bridge, having tournaments with small prizes. This endeavour to stamp out an evil (real or supposed) by calling it another name, is fatuous, and an excellent example of the loose thinking which directs, or misdirects, our penal system.

There are chess, dominoes, draughts and the usual parlour games of the "Halma" and "Ludo" type. Any book may be read, and boys are allowed to keep diaries which may be taken away on release. Football is, as usual, very popular, and away matches are arranged. Happily, boxing is encouraged, and bouts staged, the Special Grade forming the audience. In the gymnasium is a stage with drop curtain, foot-lights and decent scene shifts, all designed, made and painted by the boys, and here concerts and plays are given. Lantern lectures are given on Saturday evenings, and outside lecturers give addresses, which, so long as they are not of the "Duty," or "From Work'us brat to Billionaire" type, are to be commended. There is a Band, which plays admirably, and books outside engagements.

The highest grade boys go for walks on Sunday under an N.C.O. Human nature being what it is, the privilege will be abused, whereupon silly people will write to *The Times*, the Governor will receive a "stinker" from Whitehall, and a moment's thoughtlessness on the part of one boy will deprive all the others of the fruits of good conduct. Nothing can be more short-sighted, or productive of depression and lively resentment than the policy of punishing all for the misdemeanour of one. To release a boy for a few hours "on his honour" is putting a necessary strain on him, "trying him out," and even if five per cent. went wrong, the result should be con-

sidered magnificent and the practice persisted in. A black sheep may turn up in any flock—such things have been known, alas, even among the unco guid—but that is no reason why all the rest should be tarred to match.

The gymnasium deserves special mention. It is splendidly built, and well-equipped, each boy having gymnasium kit and a locker. The N.C.O.'s receive special training to fit them to drill the others, and besides ordinary exercises, much attention is paid to games which necessitate the boy keeping on the alert, and using his brain to purpose. Remembering that the average mentality is sub-normal, this system must be of great value in stimulating slow-witted louts. The Instructor had all the boyish ardour and *joie de vivre* of friend Burnett. Here, such genius was valued, instead of getting its possessor the sack, as at my School.

So-called "Education," that is, the knowledge of the date on which Canute wetted his toe, which is supposed to be more valuable than an ability to earn an honest living, is here put in its proper subordinate place, "School" occupying but a few hours a week, and being much resented, especially by the bigger boys. There is a good library of simple, technical books, and workshop arithmetic and the like is properly taught in the shops.

The arrangement of the time-table is an Herculean task. Tin-God No. 1 thinks the way to reform delinquents is to "Work 'em hard, Sir, work 'em hard. No time for mischief!" and insists on an extra hour's work being got in by pushing something else out. Tin-God No. 2, considers it essential to devote at least two hours to learning the products of Oceania; how, when, where and why the date grows. The time-table is duly

"wangled" to suit him, and so the changes go on, for to provide for the theories of all the theorists would require a day void of rest. In most cases this undesirable state of things is actually reached, the boy being kept hard at it from the moment he wakes till the moment he sleeps.

Each boy is placed in the Laundry on admission, and a period not exceeding three months allowed him to settle down and choose a trade, into which he is drafted on the first opportunity.

He receives thorough instruction from a technical instructor, warders lounging about to guard the class. Unless he can shew good reasons, or the Instructor reports he can make no progress, he is not allowed to change his trade, though the Instructor is too often discouraged by a change of mind for some trivial reason (a scolding perhaps), and an attempt to "work-it" to something else, just as the boy is beginning to get a grip of his trade.

All work done in the shops is used in the Institution, none is sold outside, and thus the temptation to overwork the boys, to keep expert boys longer than is just, and to refuse boys physically unfit for hard work is avoided. The Superintendent of a Certified School is a "ganger," a glorified slave-driver; the Governor of Borstal is not. In the tailor's shop no cheap clothing for officers is made, while the release suit is supplied by the Borstal Association. The release boots are made here. In the cook-house, no food goes out save bread for the officers' mess. In brief, the place is almost as self-contained as a passive Anarchist community. Any boy not choosing a trade or preferring outdoor life is set to work in the gardens

or on the large farm. There is a small dairy, and ample horses, cattle, pigs and land for the would-be farmer to experiment upon. The "working parties" comprise blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, painters, plasterers, farmers, gardeners, labourers, bakers, bootmakers, tailors, cleaners, cooks and laundrymen.

The laundry is well equipped with modern machinery; the work is hard and keeps the boy occupied until he has settled down to a chosen trade.

In the tailor's shop boys are engaged making new uniforms and repairing old ones. The stay is too brief for them to become expert; rough work satisfies Borstal but not Bond Street, and they do not learn civilian tailoring. The same remarks apply to the boot shop. The boots do for Borstal, but would only suit navvies outside.

There is a fine carpenter's shop, in which is made all the woodwork for the Institution, including doors, windows and other woodwork for houses being built. Large bay windows were in progress, and school desks just completed shewed accurate work. Each boy grinds and learns to use his tools, instead of being forced to waste his time making useless "joints" for "Inspection." An admirable shop.

In the smithy is modern equipment, including lathes and electrical apparatus, and the boys make music stands, iron-framed windows, fireirons, all tools, farm and garden implements, and shoe horses. Work is done very thoroughly, and if there be a demand for all-round smiths the boys should do well.

Outside, there was a row of warder's houses in all stages from foundations to inhabited houses, and the

whole of the work is done by the boys. This is excellent, for the boys learn bricklaying, plastering, painting, decorating, plumbing, and the like, at all of which good wages can be earned on release. At the moment, for example, there is a dearth of plasterers; keep a youth hard at this for six months and then find him a job at full Union rates, and you have "re-formed" him a thousand fold better than if you kept him making pretty little wooden "joints" for three—aye, for thirty—years.

The cookhouse is a splendid building equipped on the most up-to-date lines, all cooking being done by steam. The place was clean and wholesome, but without that super "cleanliness" which will put bad flour in a boy's pudding but will not let a speck of it defile the floor. I very thoroughly and suspiciously inspected all the food, both in the stores, in process of cooking and when served up, taking my lady secretary's opinion of it, and found all of excellent quality. Boys are taught to be ships' cooks, and a galley is installed to familiarise them with actual conditions, while the rudiments of navigation are imparted as well as they can be on shore. Every day, superior dishes, such as rice mould, stewed steak with ornamental mashed potato edging, and the like, are prepared and divided among the N.C.O.'s at dinner. Unless boys are definitely destined for sea-cooks, this work (save perhaps baking) might better be left to domestic servants.

The food was served in tins, the usual refinements of the table being absent. By a simple device, much menial labour is saved. Each boy takes his own utensils and a drying cloth into the hall, and, the meal being over, large cans of hot water are passed round, in which each boy

washes his own utensils, dries them, and replaces them in his room. The grace: "For what you've got, thank Gawd!" was brief and doubtless effective; a hungry boy doesn't want to sing a long grace for a poor dinner he has thoroughly well earned. The diet was far superior to that at my School.

The baths were of excellent type placed in separate cubicles. Boys are regularly weighed, and boys suspected of immoral practices are remonstrated with by the Medical Officer, though such practices do go on to a considerable extent, as is to be expected.

The head officials seem admirably suited to the job. The Governor, Lieut.-Colonel Rich, D.S.O., is a buoyant, youthful soldier, stern yet just, but kindly, with a deep knowledge of boys and men, while his Deputies seem excellent men of the Jones type. The subordinates seem men of quite the wrong type; they are of excellent character but quite unfitted for this difficult work; most of them are ex-Army N.C.O.'s, who are satisfied if orders are briskly obeyed, and who are more given to following the letter of the rules than trying to interpret their spirit to the needs of individuals. Their lack of interest in what is to them but a "job," too often defeats the carefully thought-out plans of the principals. The boys, too, know that these men are socially no better than they, and this leads to lack of respect, and sometimes undue familiarity.

Each boy on admission notifies his religion, and "conversion" to another is discouraged. The padres seem excellent men with a keen interest in the work, shrewd, with a sure grasp of the mind and subtleties of youth, and a knowledge of the uselessness of mere "preaching."

There are one or two juvenile murderers here. They stay for three years, and then their cases are reviewed, and if unfavourably, they are sent on to Dartmoor to work out a "lifer." This seems unnecessary cruelty, and such an one should either be sent to a convict prison forthwith, or released on strict license if he makes good at Borstal. One murderer has risen to the Special Grade and will become a Star boy with all the privileges, responsibilities and liberty of the grade. He has proved a good lad, gives no trouble, is slowly working out his salvation and gaining the trust and goodwill of all. Yet, on a given day, he will be whisked away to a criminal environment for another fifteen years. It seems very hard.

I saw few grounds for criticism. Boys might be provided with mackintoshes for work in rain, and boots seem worn down too much before repair. Recently there has been an epidemic of unrest at Borstal Institutions, both male and female, leading to much frothy writing and many absurd suggestions. Borstal is far from perfect, but it is a step very far along the right road, and instead of condemning the whole system because of this unrest, we should carefully consider what can be done to bring the system up to an even higher standard, and remove the causes of unrest. The method is sound. I suspect that more money only is needed to bring it to perfection.

It had been my intention to make a tour of inspection of many of the Schools, and of all the Borstal Institutions. My inspection of Borstal changed this idea. In Part I I emphatically stated that an Inspector cannot know what the real life and feeling of a place is, cannot *understand* it, cannot put his finger on the pulse. It is true!



Every assistance was given me by the officials, nothing was hidden from me, bad was shewn as well as good, the officials brought forward matters they considered defective with proposed remedies, and I had every opportunity of speaking privately with the lads. Withal, I feel that now I do not *know*, and *cannot* know Borstal. If I lived there as an officer I could not know it; only an inmate can *know* an institution; a prisoner, a prison.

The problem is a very wide philosophical, a sociological one, and is not to be tackled by seeing existing Institutions and noting the good points of each in an endeavour to combine them all in one ideal Institution. A study of criminal records (even of the newspaper cases) will prove that our juvenile Reformatory Institutions do *not* "re-form." That being admitted, we have to consider the problem *de novo*, endeavour to trace the causes of the disease and prescribe a remedy, indifferent to whether that remedy be found in the delinquent Pharmacopœia as at present constituted. After dealing with Borstal After-care in the next chapter, I shall in the following, last chapter, consider the problem as a whole.

I cannot close this chapter without thanking the Prison Commissioners (in especial, A. J. Wall, Esq., O.B.E.) for the frank manner in which they afforded every facility desired, in pleasing distinction to the suspicion and refusal of the Certified Schools' Department. I must also thank Lieut.-Colonel C. S. F. Rich, D.S.O., his two Deputies, the Chaplains and the Medical Officer for their help and attention throughout a long day. Whatever its faults, Borstal is *generations ahead* of any of our other treatments for juvenile delinquents, and it is a great pity the Certified Schools cannot be instantly "Borstalised" by a touch of a magic wand.

## CHAPTER VI

### AFTER-CARE BY THE BORSTAL ASSOCIATION

**W**HEN a boy is discharged from an Institution wherein life is ordered with such meticulous care that he cannot do wrong if he will, he has a particularly difficult time ahead of him. The pendulum will naturally tend to swing from one extreme to the other, and, having been debarred not only the good things of life, but even its innocent joys for so long, he will be only too ready to try to enjoy such good things in very generous measure, without much care as to the methods by which they are obtained. He will be suddenly awakened from three years' lethargy and called upon to act with initiative ; he will have to order his life instead of having it ordered for him, and he may be regarded with suspicion by employers and other people. For such a trying time he has been given absolutely no preparation ; he has suddenly been pitched into that " Promised Land " he has so long and ardently viewed from afar, and unless he have at hand an adviser and guide, he will soon be lost in its wildernesses.

In short, he needs After-care, and any system which simply places a boy in an Institution, and in due time turns him adrift again is no advance on old penal methods.

For this reason, a voluntary society, the Borstal Association, was formed, with offices in London, and voluntary helpers throughout the land, ready to supervise and assist every boy and girl released from Borstal Institutions.

These helpers, or Associates, take charge of every boy sent to their district, and act as unofficial Probation Officers, receiving their expenses, and sometimes a small honorarium.

The Association receives a Treasury Grant, which is supplemented by voluntary subscriptions.

The arrangements between the Association and the Institutions may be summarised thus:—

On reception, the Governor fills in Form 740 from the prison and official record, which forms the basis for a separate book-record of the case kept by the Borstal Association.

During detention, the Medical Officer asks, if necessary, for previous history of the case, or history of relatives, and this the Association obtain.

In the case of ex-inmates being received back at the Institution on revocation of license, Form 865 is completed by the Governor and sent to the Association.

Three months before the approximate date of discharge (on the 5th of the month Borstal, 12th Feltham and 19th Canterbury) the Governor sends in batches of not more than eight daily, of full records of prisoners just selected. From these details the Association book-records are written up, and the details returned. During the month photographs of the boys are sent and pasted in the record.

Two months before the month of discharge the Governor sends Form 872, and the boy, the Chaplain and Medical Officer are interviewed at the Institution, ten days' notice of visit being given. An outside tailor attends

and measures the boys for clothing. After the visit, suggestions as to repairs, outfit, etc., are sent to the Governor. Form 872 is sent to the Institution for consideration at the next Visiting Committee Meeting.

One month before month of discharge, on the 6th, a list of the discharges is sent to the Governor, with dates on which the Association can deal with each, and the Governor notes whether these dates be convenient.

During month of discharge. On the last of the month the total gratuities for each boy about to be discharged are sent with an account of the private cash and badge money of each inmate. Private cash and badge money are handed him at the gate on discharge. In cases which have been re-discharged again after re-admission 5s. and private cash are given to boy at the gate.

Day of discharge. Boys are given sandwiches and brought by escort in civilians to Association Offices in Buckingham Street. Escort brings copies of licenses and list of cash given each boy at gate.

During his detention, his home has been visited by an Associate, who reports as to its condition, and the prospects of work if he returns thither. The boy has been visited at Borstal, seen alone, his hopes and prospects thoroughly discussed, and the opinions of the officers taken as to his progress, and his fitness for the work he desires. Arrangements are made by the Association for his reception either at his home, or in suitable lodgings if his home is unsuitable, or his work is away from home.

Thus, on release, the boy has friends, a home, and work provided.

On release, he is taken to the Association's offices, where the objects and powers of the Association are clearly explained to him. He is told the Associate only wishes to be his friend, not a spy, to help him to do well,

and to assist him in unforeseen troubles. At the same time, he is warned that the Associate will cause him to be returned if he fails to live a sober, industrious life. He is asked to write fully and frequently to the office, warned about talking about his past, and told he must not expect too much at first, but while being satisfied to "go slow" should not rest on his oars. He is told if he has any trouble or mishap, or finds himself stranded, to apply either to his Associate or to the nearest Police Station, who will help him and immediately communicate with the office about him.

He is then seen off at the Station and received by the Associate at the other end, who takes him to his job, provides money necessary for board, lodging or tools till he is self-supporting, and assures him of his help at all times. Thereafter, the Associate exercises a close but friendly supervision, sees that the boy is behaving well and keeping at work, and puts him into touch with some Club or other means of profitably employing his leisure. This Associate makes regular reports to the office, which are duly entered on the record.

The following copy of an actual record, with fictitious names, will shew how thoroughly the work is done. Compare this with the Certified Schools' method of sending the lad to any Welsh farmer who will take him, and forgetting him save when he writes for his gratuity. Some of the entries seem puerile in their homeliness, but it is only such a close grip of the boy's trivial needs and troubles that makes for success.

BORSTAL INSTITUTION AT BORSTAL.

No. 802. Name *Charles Reginald Johnson*.

Age 18½ on conviction.

Offence *Burglary.*

Committal *Preston Police Court, 16/12/18.*

Conviction *Preston Quarter Sessions, 7/1/19.*

Sentence *Three Years.*

Previous Convictions:

<i>Bound over, Preston P.C., 21/6/16.</i>	<i>Stealing eggs.</i>
	<i>Name Same.</i>
<i>Fined 40/- do. 30/7/17.</i>	<i>Stealing Treasury Notes</i>
	<i>Name Same.</i>
<i>Fined 20/- do. 9/12/17.</i>	<i>Stealing money.</i>
	<i>Name Same.</i>

Date and place of birth *23/8/01. London.*

Married or Single *Single.*

Religion *C.E.*

Address of Parents or Relations *12, Juniper Road, Preston.*

Date of Expiration of License *6/1/1923.*

Date of reaching Special Grade *2/7/19.*

Particulars of any misconduct *One report (Fighting).*

Any special favourable circumstances *(Blank).*

#### INSTRUCTORS' REPORTS:

Name of Party *Farm.*

How long in party *Nine months.*

Conduct *Very good.*

Trustworthiness? *Very reliable.*

What can he do? *Good all-round farm hand. Fond of horses.*

What do you consider he is worth as regards wages? *Labourer's.*

Governor's Opinion *Conduct very satisfactory. Wants work on a farm.*

Chaplain's Opinion *Conduct very good.*

Education *Reading Standard 3-4.*

*Writing Standard 4-5.*

*Arithmetic Standard 5-6.*

Opinion *Has worked hard and done very well.  
He should turn out well.*

Medical Officer's Opinion *Fit for any hard work.*

*Has good intelligence.*

Tutors' Opinions *(Blank).*

Previous Occupations (in order of date):—

EMPLOYER.	WORK.	DURATION.	PAY.	WHY HE LEFT.
Surridge & Son	Carman	5 mths	30/-	Bad timekeeping.
A. Jackson	Carman	10 mths	35/-	Dishonesty.

Travelled country with Showman.

Notes from record of reports by parents, employers, police and others, and Press cuttings:—

*Newscutting:* Clever thief. Broke into Y.M.C.A. and stole money and goods to value of £50.

*Police:* Have known him for five years. Sober but lazy. Parents respectable. Mixed with young thieves and gambled.

*Employer:* Surridge & Son say industrious while under close supervision. Bad timekeeper, was given every encouragement and many chances.

Mr. Jackson. Dishonest. Absconded with till taken from shop.

*Parents:* Good boy at home. Got beyond mother's control while father serving in Army.

*Private and Confidential.*

Report on C. R. Johnson. No. 802. (Made by Associate).

Character of home Small Cottage. Tidy.

Occupation of father Warrener.

Character of father Good.

Character of mother Good.

Character and occupations of other members of the family

Sister, 10 years. School. Healthy child.

Father served in R.G.A. for over two years.

Prospect of regular work if he returns home?

Yes. With Father.

If he ought not to return home; has he relations elsewhere who would receive him?

Parents are anxious that boy shall return home.

Have any of his relations suffered from:

1. Insanity. Grandfather died in Asylum.
2. Mental Deficiency. (Blank).

3. Alcoholism. *No.*

4. Blindness. *No.*

How did he behave at home? *Exceptionally well.*

Was he a boy of ordinary health and temper?

*Good health until March, 1918, when suffered from acute gastritis.*

Did he attend school regularly? *Yes.*

If he attended a special school please give address? *(Blank).*

Did he mix with other boys or was he of solitary habits? *Mixed.*

What wages did he earn? *30/- a week.*

Was he irregular at his work? If so, why?

*Yes, and was discharged on one occasion. Would not rise in the mornings.*

Why did he go wrong? *Father was in Army and boy mixed with bad company.*

Any other observations *Boy has a bad reputation for petty thefts.*

Signature and address of person making this enquiry:

*Mr. G. Ballard, 98, Upper Street, Preston.*

Date *9/8/19.*

Name and address of a responsible person who will supervise him on discharge if he returns to the district: *As above.*

#### REPORT BY VISITOR TO BORSTAL.

Where does he want to go? *Home.*

What does he want to do? *Work with father as rabbitier.*

What qualification has he for that? Has he worked at it outside or here? In either case, for how long?

*Has had experience with father.*

If his answers are not satisfactory, or the job desired is not quite possible, please make him suggest alternatives (only in case you think his original choice is not right) *Army.*

His appearance and demeanour and defects, and apparent fitness for the job decided on by you. (Consult record and news cuttings). *Fairish. Rather wild eyes.*

How did he begin to go wrong? *Father away and he got above himself.*

Clothing required. *Complete outfit.*

Date *14/8/19.*

Initials *G.H.B.*



## MEMORANDA OF CASE.

- 6/8/19 Sent Mr. Ballard Form and asked complete and return.
- 11/8/19 Mr. B. returns Home Visit Form completed.
- 29/8/19 Sent Mr. B. "E" Form.
- 5/9/19 Boy released. License, etc., explained to him, given 13/- private cash and note of introduction to Mr. B. Seen off from Euston to Preston.
- 8/9/19 Writes arrived safely. Starts work with father to-day. Hopes will succeed.  
Answered acknowledging and encouraging.
- 10/9/19 Mr. B. writes working for father.
- 18/9/19 Writes getting well with work. Asks for 10/- to get heavy boots. Will work regularly.
- 19/9/19 Wrote glad O.K. See Mr. B. re boots.  
Wrote Mr. B. to do necessary re boots and charge to us.
- 6/10/19 Writes succeeding in work. Apparently all right. Got boots. Replied glad doing well. Hoped would save. Sure Mr. B. would act as banker.

The Associate reports on arrival; again when boy is settled at work; once a month while he goes on well, and immediately he falls out of work, misbehaves or is lost sight of. When the license expires, a card notifies the Associate of the fact, but hopes he will continue to take a friendly interest in the lad. The interest in the lad is a real and thorough one, in happy contrast to the formal and stiff Police Probation. The C.E.M.S. and various Police Court Missionaries help much in this work. Each case is kept carefully reviewed, and the following note in facsimile handwriting sent when necessary:

" 15, BUCKINGHAM STREET,  
" STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

" I have not heard from you for some time. Please write to me at the earliest opportunity. If you cannot get notepaper, a post card will do.

" W. GRANT WILSON."

The license must not be confused with the convict's "Ticket-of-leave." The boy is not brought into contact with the police at all. The Borstal Association do a very necessary work in a very thorough way, and their After-care is largely responsible for the gratifying (statistical) fact that though some fifty per cent. of the boys come from doubtful homes, nearly ninety per cent. do well. Though critics may challenge the figures, the fact cannot be denied that without the Borstal Association the percentage of failures, whatever it be, would be much increased, and that, conversely, the provision of a Certified Schools' Association on analogous lines would decrease the depressingly great number of their failures.

## PART THREE

A CONSIDERATION OF THE PROBLEM OF THE  
YOUNG DELINQUENT, WITH SUGGESTIONS

## CHAPTER I

### A CRITICAL CONSIDERATION OF THE PROBLEM AS A WHOLE

**T**HE reader should now have a fairly clear idea of how the Juvenile Delinquent is treated to-day. Public interest increases yearly, but the various individuals and bodies who tackle the problem, seem more desirous of proving some particular proposition of their own (or disproving the proposition of someone else) than of collating facts and evolving a comprehensive scheme which can alone meet present-day needs, and satisfy present-day ideals. Personal acrimony is unpleasantly frequent in the controversy.

There are no statistics of any value. They embrace many details, most of them of no importance, and are not carefully or consistently collected. It is assumed that if a delinquent does not fall into the hands of the police within a year or two he is reformed, by no means the truth. Officials state that eighty or ninety per cent. "do well"; critics laugh meaningly, and aver that "not twenty per cent. do well," and there are no trustworthy figures for the impartial investigator, for "cooked" (or in this case, woefully "uncooked" and indigestible) accounts are by no means as rare as they ought to be in Reports presented to Parliament and

the public. Now that the need for economy has resulted in many of the Reports being dropped, it is more difficult than ever to find out the truth about the system.

The desire for sensationalism so prevalent in this age, militates against quiet, rational investigation and suggestion, for if a speech or book is not startling, it is considered of small value. The public palate has become so jaded with excitement, that only a generously spiced dish will tickle it, and the temptation to season his dish with strong red pepper becomes almost irresistible to the earnest investigator, who is convinced of the importance of his case, but can see no other way of rousing the public interest.

On the other hand, officialdom is equally comatose, and resents criticism of any kind, constructive or destructive, believing that everything in the official sphere is either perfect or in a state of instant "transition" thereto. Permanent officials settle down into rigid grooves, and shrink from the trouble which any progressive change involves. Their palate becomes positively fossilised so that even red pepper is useless; a touch of nitric acid is needed to rouse them from an inertia and habitual optimism that is very dangerous. Officials are fond of pointing to one excellent institution or innovation, and assuming that this one excellence covers ninety-nine deficiencies elsewhere. On suggesting the necessity of Remand Homes, an official triumphantly pointed to an excellent Home provided by Quaker philanthropy in a Midland city. He thought that admittedly excellent example disposed of the matter, when in fact it only emphasised the urgent need of such Homes in every city. The official love of quite unnecessary secrecy leads

to much suspicion, men supposing that a veil must hide something too gross to stand scrutiny.

Among Institution officials, there are a number who are eager to continually introduce (or *promise to introduce*—this qualification is most important) innovations simply to procure flattering personal references to themselves or their schools in the General Report. Others continually look for inspiration to the past, and reject all “new-fangled fal-lals!” The views of these officials should be listened to with attention, for the honest investigator will find many of his keenest criticisms can be answered by those with long experience, and that many of his cherished ideas have either been tried and found wanting, or would have been tried but for unfavourable circumstances, usually lack of funds. On the other hand, the investigator should not be deterred because his conclusions simply earn him a broadside of official abuse. This he must expect.

The problem is one not for personal controversy, but for earnest, thoughtful, co-ordinated work by all parties interested. The public ought to be kept well posted, and their voluntary help enlisted, for on such help largely depends the solution of the problem.

A text-book is urgently needed, a book written with German thoroughness, containing facsimiles of documents, digests of the Law, etc., a book which would give a succinct account of the Children's and other Acts, details of the practical and documentary working of Remand Homes, Children's Courts, Probation, Certified Schools and Borstal Treatment. This would enable voluntary or paid probation and institution officers to get a grasp of the facts of the case, and they could

then turn to the controversial and suggestive literature.

The student is amazed at the patchwork nature of the system by which we treat the young delinquent, and the fortuitous manner in which the varying sections have been organised, not only without reference to co-ordination and mutual effort, but often in opposition to one another. There is little effort to think out the problem on logical grounds, critics usually going off on side-tracks which lead nowhere, or weakly suggesting an eclectic solution.

For example, a gentleman studies Home Office Reports and writes a sensational account (usually in a Sunday paper) of some harsh method or punishment he has turned up; this he think proves the whole system is rotten to the core. He is "answered" by some school official, who loftily points out that only officials can understand these things, that his particular school is perfect, and all others must be the same—the boys even sing "Tipperary" while at work, in his school; this proves—to him—that the system is perfect, and that the singing of a popular ditty is proof of angelic goodness. All this is very pretty, very petty, and very mournful.

We might compare the system of to-day to an old high-wheel cycle. The critic points out its many disadvantages, but offers no suggestions for improving it, while the owner says it is better than walking, and coolly adds that no non-rider, whatever his mechanical knowledge, is competent to criticise, laughing to scorn the suggestion that a self-propelled machine could be evolved on new lines. The modern safety cycle refutes his argument, but in no wise discountenances him.

Real re-formation is a tremendous problem which must

be tackled on a tremendous scale, on a "Great War" scale, if success is to be won. Money in millions, and men of the finest type will have to be found, and a carefully planned, grand co-ordinated effort made to treat every criminal by an organisation which will provide suitable treatment and environment for each case.

Let us endeavour to think out the details of the problem logically. The problem is so intricate that there will be some overlapping, but that can hardly be avoided.

First, it is necessary to demarcate the class we intend to deal with. Playing truant, playing games in the street, making slides, obstructing the pavement while "courting," and such-like petty offences against by-laws can scarcely be termed "criminal." The remedy for them is usually obvious, but too expensive, so that as long as it is considered necessary to make innocent recreation an offence, a Clerk of the Court might "try" such trivialities in his private room, and mulct the offenders in the usual five shillings. The "Short-Term Industrial (old Truant) Schools" should be under the sole control of the Education Department. Such schools may license after one month, but usually detain boys for five or more months; is the boy's labour profitable? Such schools are dying out, and in any case such schools cannot rationally be connected with the Home Office and the Penal System.

That would leave larceny and other serious offences to be dealt with by a Children's Court. In most cases the offence is not only admitted, but a detailed account is given to the detective, and so the usual legal machinery is rarely needed; it merely wastes time and frightens the offender. As the object should be reformation (in



a real sense), not punishment, the ancient, creaking, terrifying machinery of the Law is not only unnecessary but positively harmful.

Full details of the case should be entered on standard sheets (suitable for insertion in a book in a filing cabinet), together with a report on home surroundings, the result of a medical and psychological examination at a special clinic, and a brief statement by the boy's teacher as to his character and habits (his skill at making "pot-hooks" and doing "tots" has nothing to do with the case). When the offender is bluntly asked "WHY?" in Court, he is too confused and ashamed to reply, whereas a quiet questioning by the detective and the doctor would elicit facts directly or indirectly suggesting causes for the lapse. All this should be carefully completed ere the case is entered for trial, and a copy handed to the parents, so that they understand exactly how matters stand, and are prepared to explain or refute statements that seem to them misleading or wrong.

The composition of the Court needs radical change. A separate "Children's Department" with offices of its own in a building well away from the Police Court, is pre-supposed. It would also be well for "detectives" transferred entirely from the Police to the Department to make the necessary enquiries. Money, a pompous manner, and some service to a political party are not the qualifications for a Children's Magistrate, and a collection of four or five men and women with such qualifications is not what is wanted. One man only, a medico-jurist, trained in juvenile psychology and sociology, should sit, and attend to the case; he should be capable of thinking without closing his eyes and giving

the impression he is asleep. If records of the hearing are necessary (which is doubtful) a Dictaphone-telephone could be connected with the Clerk's office. The Magistrate would sit in a private room, the child and its parents would appear before him, and he would *discuss* the case, and the subject-matter of the report.

I must again insist on the necessity for putting parents quite at ease, listening carefully to their statements even when slightly irrelevant, and gaining their hearty co-operation. They are in trouble, anxious to assist any effort on behalf of their wayward child, and, if wisely and courteously treated would be ready to help to the extent of their power, as Probation Officers can prove. Present autocratic methods leave them with a firm opinion that their child has been hurriedly and unjustly dealt with. Such cases cannot properly be sifted in a few moments. The sentenced child is wept over, consoled with, and assured he has been more luckless than wicked, and instead of all parties starting with a genuine desire to help in the process of reform, the boy and his parents are inimical, and the boy's idea is not to profit by his experience, but to get out of his unpleasant predicament as quickly as possible, and to be careful not to get caught again.

The question of treatment is a very difficult one, and at present the Bench have little or nothing to guide them in prescribing a treatment for each individual disease. The detective states the facts; the education officer says the boy is in such and such a standard, and the probation officer says his home is good, bad or indifferent. On such facts, what could You do? Nothing, but be carried along by ancient custom, deciding the "gravity"

of the offence (that is, the amount of *property* involved), and giving one of the two or three "medicines" which alone are on your dispensary shelf. The bewildered Magistrate can only assume that a boy who steals £5 is twenty times as wicked as one who steals 5s., and act accordingly.

Holmes speaks of a man who was a great problem to him. "I had to take him as he was!" and act accordingly. That is what the reformer must do. Instead of trying to force everyone into an institution "mould" they must be taken "as they are." Alter the institution to fit the boy, rather than the reverse. Until the *general public* clearly understand that a criminal is simply *one of themselves*, and not some peculiar and dangerous animal, there is little hope of rational, curative treatment.

Probation ought to be *compulsory* for a first offence. The offender has almost always "run wild," and the presence of a strong guiding arm for a twelvemonth is a logical treatment for offences mainly due to the thoughtlessness and irresponsibility of adolescence. It merely amounts to giving the ordinary medical treatment for any disease, that is, keeping the symptoms under close observation, and prescribing further and usually more heroic treatment if they shew signs of exacerbation. There is some "complex" standing between the youth and good conduct, and no man can unmask that complex by merely bending a stern, puzzled look on the lad. The "penetrating glance," so dear to the novelist, never penetrates aught else than a sheet of clear glass.

Combined with probation ought to be reparation, wherever possible and by instalments from the boy's

own earnings. The treatment must be directed to the boy, not to his parents. To lay a heavy financial burden on people already staggering under such burdens merely aggravates them, and so injures the cause of the boy. Such *personal* reparation serves a most useful purpose.

Conviction should be abolished until the age at which offenders are committed to a real prison. It is senseless to send one boy to an Industrial School without conviction, while attaching to his confederate a life-long stigma because he is one day older. It leads to much injustice, for if the offender be charged again with any offence, his former "conviction" weighs heavily against him, while after years of honourable life he may be called as a witness in some case, and a query of opposing counsel will scandalise and maybe alienate wife, children and friends from the exposed "convict." As an Inspector says with smug pride: "There is less likelihood now than ever of an ex-Reformatory inmate escaping identification." I myself can sadly and bitterly endorse this. The past pops up in the most unexpected ways and places.

The presence of reporters is unnecessary. Only harm is done by publicity, for criminal parents laugh at the stigma, which on honest parents lays an undeserved burden of shame.

Birching should be abolished. It is a survival from a loose-thinking age, an age which could see no farther than "punishment," but an age which, unlike our own, carried its theories out in practice, and did not temporise. It has been proved that to load a lunatic with chains and douche him with a bucket of cold water is harmful, not helpful. Records conclusively prove that vicious

punishments signally fail either to prevent crime or recidivism. Unfortunately, many worthy people are so tied by custom that, to use the lunatic analogy, while thinking it cruel to use heavy chains and a bucket of water, think it weak to discard such methods, and hopefully suggest that you may do good by using light chains and only half-a-bucket of water. This is absurd. You cannot mix punishment and treatment. If the Law be simply an instrument of vengeance, a means by which enraged citizens can retaliate without personal danger, the logical method is to take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and to hang off recidivists. Humanity shrinks from this, and statistics shew that such methods are useless. Figures shew ninety-six per cent. of reappearances after birching. Moreover, there is nothing constructive in flogging. The Magistrate forlornly feels he ought to "do something," but *what* is not clear, so he orders "half-a-dozen" as an easy way of getting out of his perplexity and home to dinner. In all cases it degrades the boy, hardens him if he be refined, is of no moment to him if he has been ill-used from the cradle, and makes him a hero among his "gang." Birching should be abolished if only to make thick-skulled "Beaks" take more thought to the morrow for the culprit.

If the offender appears a second time, unless there are very special reasons to the contrary, he should be sent to a school specially designed and constructed for the treatment, not the punishment of his disease. The continuance of probation up to as many as eight times only brings the system into disrepute. In the special cases (as Jones, the Abertillery murderer) which occur from time to time, the Magistrate might suggest what seems

the wisest course to pursue, and forward his ideas to the Home Office for approval.

Three years, under the conditions presently to be outlined, is probably the minimum period necessary for success. There is a tendency to insist on the value of short sentences, but if the schools as now constituted do little good in three years, what good will they do in three months? If the schools do little or no good, then it is sound policy to commit for short terms, simply because less harm can be done in three months than in three years. That is the only argument, and a bad one it is, in favour of the short sentence, but the better way is to reorganise the system and allow sufficient time for the real re-formation of the patient.

The indeterminate (or "early license") sentence is much favoured nowadays, apparently for lack of any settled policy, but it is radically unsound. In all prisons it is the clever, quick-witted, unscrupulous and totally irredeemable rascal who conforms scrupulously to every rule, who has the easy time, and gets released in the shortest possible period. Every prison chaplain knows such whited sepulchres only too well. Once a man knows his sentence is indeterminate and its length is in direct proportion to his outward show of repentance, and "good conduct," he pretends to the virtues that are required. His one idea is to "get out," and when the means are suggested he instantly adopts them.

In Schools, the clever hypocrite—the boy who really needs the longest treatment—would get licensed first, while sudden, unexpected release, dependant only on the whim of the authorities, would cause much depression among unsuccessful aspirants, and much general unrest.

If a boy knows that he has definitely to serve three years, will not be released sooner, and cannot be kept longer, he settles down, and tries to learn what the School wishes to teach. Introduce the element of uncertainty, and his thoughts will centre solely on methods of procuring freedom, and a very touching but utterly false, sugary "goodness" will pervade the whole place. There is far too much hypocrisy in our schools as it is, in an endeavour to get a tolerably easy time; make freedom the bait, and it would assume monstrous proportions.

In theory, the indeterminate sentence is ideal. It takes the length of "treatment" out of the hands of judges who have no means of judging the time requisite for cure, and who, moreover, are influenced by the prisoner's past record, the necessity of "making an example," and so on.

The penal "physician" is to release the boy when he is "cured," as does a hospital physician. The hospital doctor has definite tests which prove cure, *before discharge*. The penal doctor has only his own judgment, for the reaction which proves cure, is the reaction to society *after discharge*.

The hospital patient will attend as long as necessary, and if anything shew anxiety lest he be discharged ere he is thoroughly cured. The penal patient, on the contrary, has a direct incentive to get discharged, whether cured or not; his object is not to prepare himself for release, but to get released. When free he picks mechanical locks; when confined, he must use his energies to pick a mental lock and so unbar the door.

It is the old method of standing the pupil in the corner

until he is "good"; that is, until he is willing to say: "I will be good!" This is easily, and usually, quickly said, and the culprit's chief anxiety is not to keep his promise, but to avoid detection when breaking it.

This method gives an excellent superficial result, well-fitted for statistical record, but penology is *not* a statistical science, despite the immense masses of statistics contained in Home Office Reports. So long as the mania for "classifying" delinquents, and giving elaborate statistics regarding them continues, so long will attention be directed away from that *close individual attention* over a given period of time which alone produces results. Fix a time limit, *study the individual*, and in the given time do all you can for him.

It is necessary clearly to diagnose the disease ere designing remedial treatment. In most cases, as the child has grown older, home influences have gradually waned, while tastes and desires have increased, and no restraining "old head" has yet been fixed on the young shoulders. The child demands, as a right, the football matches, cinemas, sweetmeats, Club activities and other amusements nowadays common to his class. He is not "getting above himself" or trying to usurp the prerogatives of "High life," but simply attempting to share the pleasures common to his class. Probably he has not been trained to work which affords sufficient wages for his needs, or his parents' poverty may call for more than a due proportion of his wages. He may lack physical or mental energy to gain recreation in simpler, less expensive ways, he has a lack of "balance" due to our absurd educational system, and his money-making capacity does not keep pace with his broadening tastes



and requirements. In the final analysis, in most cases, there is a lack of money (or its equivalent), and the culprit has tried to get pleasures without paying for them. Even in cases of playing in the streets, if the culprit had sufficient cash to pay his subscription and equip himself as a Scout and to pay his tram-fare to their sports' ground, he would not have needed to disobey bye-laws.

There are only two methods of preventing a boy continuing to satisfy these desires for pleasure and recreation in an illegal manner on release from any reformatory institution. He wants things which are not in themselves illegal, but perforce uses illegal methods to gain them. Either train him not to desire such things, or place him in such a position that he can purchase his pleasures without transgressing the Law.

It is common to suppose that he wants more than he has a *right* to want, that only special classes have *rights* to fancy cakes; the rest must eat plain, or go without. Modern "advance" has provided many luxuries which custom has made necessities, but the standard of wages has not risen equally with the standard of desires. This is proved by the fact that in the country, where people are not so accustomed to city "necessities," crime is much less prevalent, especially among the young.

The one, the "practical" method of reforming the culprit is to teach him a trade at which he can earn sufficient money to provide ample margin for his pleasures, to make him efficient at that trade, and to get him a job at that trade—and at no other—on release. It does not matter the slightest whether his "pleasures" and desires are such as meet with our approval or not; so long as they are not contrary to Law. We, in our superior

wisdom, or bigotry, may think Sunday School a better place for him on the Sabbath than boating with his "girl" in the park, but if he is determined to boat, better let him earn than steal sufficient to pay the boat-hire.

The other, the religious or "moral" method is to teach him the folly and vanity of the things of this world, to strengthen his "character" and to make him content with a drab lot. In brief, to make of him a philosopher who will find contentment in what Fate gives him, and not fret himself about things that can only be attained by great effort, and that sometimes, despite all effort, may by various mischances, be unattainable. Such an one will thank God for whatever he has received, and will not ask for more. With regard to religion, Healy's "figures leave little room for self-satisfaction. . . . It is quite evident that formal religious training has not prevented delinquency in many of our 1,000 cases."

The first is the gross, material method of training by intelligence; the other the refined, spiritual method of training through character. As conduct in its final analysis seems rather to be based on character than on intelligence the moral method is theoretically best. Unfortunately, one cannot put old heads on young shoulders; our civilization multiplies instead of satisfying our wants, and so the ideal method is of very little practical value. Used in conjunction with the earthly method of training the intelligence in well-paid professions, it is invaluable.

Thus, in re-designing our system we must keep strictly in view the practical aspect of the problem, and not be led away after desirable but impracticable ideals. At

the age at which we get the boy, he has been well-grounded in the usual school subjects, most of which are useless as wage earners. We have only got him for a brief period, three years, and we must use every minute to fit him for actual conditions in the world without. The conditions are admittedly deplorable, but that is not the culprit's fault; if you cannot alter the world, and you cannot, you must fit the culprit for it: if he is a square peg and worldly holes are round he must be trimmed down. No one denies the desirability of training a boy in all knowledge and all virtue; unfortunately, present-day systematists do not see the impracticability of doing so, and waste three years trying to attain an ideal which could not be compassed in a lifetime.

Assuming the sentence to be a fixed one of three years, we can divide our institutions into classes fixed by the age of the culprit on *release*. All under twelve on release should be boarded out in cottage homes or with chosen people. This can already be done—but is not done to anything like the extent it should be—with children under the age of ten.

The second class would comprise boys under the age of fifteen on release, the Industrial School class. The ordinary system of education would here be followed, and no great stress need be placed on teaching a trade. The usual five and a half hours' school would be supplemented by work, preferably out-of-doors for health reasons.

In both these classes as much "character" training as possible should be done, as the vocation can be learned on release. There are, roughly, 25,000 children in these institutions, of which some 17,000 would fall into Groups One and Two.

The remaining 8,000 now in Reformatory and Borstal Institutions, form a third group, whose training must be of the material, vocational order, with as much stress as possible laid on character training, and little, if any, on ordinary elementary education.

These cases would first be sent to an "Observation School" where they would remain for three months to get used to the peculiarities and discipline of Institution life. Meantime a very thorough medical examination would be undergone. The boy's mental age would be determined, and in a very few cases, factors would be unearthed suggesting the advisability of release at the end of three months. In these cases the "short term" sentence of three months would suggest methods better adapted to the case than further continuance in an Institution.

In these three months the boy's own desires on the subject of a vocation would be supplemented by those of his parents, the trades peculiar to the district from which he comes will be considered, together with any other information suggesting the lines he is likely to follow on release. What the boy *will* do, not what the systematist thinks he *ought* to do, will be foreseen as far as possible. Setting a "composition" on "What I should like to be!" is useless, for if the bright youth does not desire some unattainable or undesirable end, he will fake his essay to suit the known ideas of the Head. Thus, while Smith had the "French Gardens" bee in his bonnet, an essay would have disclosed the fact that ninety per cent. of the ingenious rascals at my School desired to become "French gardeners."

Mentally deficient or "borderline" cases would be drafted to suitable Homes.

Of the existing schools, badly-built ones would be closed, and suitably designed ones would be turned each into a unitechnic where one trade would be thoroughly taught, instead of continuing a polytechnic where nothing is taught. At the end of three months the boy would be drafted to the school chosen, and preferably indentured, so that on release he could join a Trade Union. As most of the boys are city boys, most of the schools must be mechanical schools of some sort, the farm school being retained only for country boys, dull-witted fellows, or boys whose health does not seem suited to indoor life.

It will be objected that prisoners should only produce articles which can be absorbed by their own institutions or by the Public Services, so that their labour does not enter into competition with that of honest men. But such prisoners will not always be prisoners; when they are released they automatically join the ranks of "honest men," and unless they can earn their living will either return to prison or fall "on the rates," in either case becoming a burden on the very class which complains of their "competition." It is better for a man to compete with you than to live on you, and if prisoners' labour is deliberately confined to rough "prison work," then to prison they will and *must* return, for it will be their legitimate workshop, the only place in which the craft which alone they know is practised.

The "Boot School" would be equipped with thoroughly up-to-date boot-making machinery of every type and would make boots, to measure, for all the other

schools, including light types for boys' Sunday wear, and light, fancy types for the Girls' Schools. Repairs would be done in a thorough manner, as they are done outside. There would be no attempt to teach the origin of leather (or rather the origin of the cow, for most boot "lectures" go back that far), nor the business of the tanner, but the types, distinctions, and costs of all the principal kinds of leather, together with names, addresses and business terms of leather merchants, would be taught. The anatomy of the foot would be left to doctors and surgical boot-makers. It is out of place in a boot factory. Boys who desired to learn boot-making, especially country boys who could set up snob-shops, and boys from the Northampton and Leicester districts might profitably be sent here.

The "Tailoring School" would be a thoroughly up-to-date clothing factory. The drab uniforms would be discarded, and made-to-measure civilians issued instead. This school would make clothes for the other schools, and make them neatly and well.

As much building, repairing and re-decorating is necessary, each school might keep ten spare places for use by "travelling parties" of builders, plasterers, painters, paper hangers, plumbers, and the like, the boys engaged on this work being put up at the school at which they were employed for the time. This would find work for, and teach a paying trade to a great number of boys, while all fabrics would be kept in first-class repair at small cost.

The "Motor School" would train chaffeurs, able to drive and to do all running repairs. A number of cars would be provided, and the boys divided into classes

of not more than ten, taking one car at a time, learning to drive it *on the road*, to fit spare wheels, repair punctures and vulcanise, dismantle the engine, clean cylinders, grind-in valves, and so on. The instructor would from time to time throw the engine out of action, and make the class diagnose and rectify the trouble. At the end of three strenuous years, the school would have turned out a chauffeur thoroughly trained in the peculiarities of a number of motor-vehicles (including lorries and taxicabs, as well as the ubiquitous Ford), ready to fill a well-paid post with credit.

In the "Woodworking School" would be modern machinery, making woodwork for new buildings and repairs, desks, benches, chairs, etc., for all schools. The day of the hand-craftsman is past, and unless boys are taught to use modern machine-tools they are useless on release.

In the "Engineering School" would be turning and screwcutting lathes, millers, drillers, grinders, borers, shapers and the like, marking-off tables with instruments, and micrometers and verniers for viewing. Here much work would be scrap, but the boy must learn by his mistakes, and would get a sound training in general workshop practice. He would work from blue prints, and the more intelligent could learn the art of the draughtsman. Hardening, tool grinding and making, and like subsidiary details would not be overlooked. The boy to-day most laboriously *copies* a drawing of a mortise-and tenon joint, and cannot use it. In real life, the draughtsman makes drawings; the business of the mechanic is to be able to *read* them, to mark off from them, and to "view" finished work by their aid, and

this must be taught. The boy does not need to laboriously learn "by heart" certain rules of perspective he will never have to apply, but he does need to be able to make rough sketches of any idea he wishes to convey, and to understand the intricate designs by which the draughtsman conveys the instructions of the designer.

There might well be an "Electrical School" wherein a boy would learn to run and repair lighting plants, motors and dynamos, and to wire up a house with lights, bells and telephones. Wireless operators might be trained here.

For Lancashire boys a small Textile Factory might be equipped in a school, and therein they would learn to "oversee" such machinery, and to "set up" and repair. The output would be sent to the Tailor's School.

Training Ships have rightly disappeared, for on the sea to-day a ship carries a number of craftsmen, each conversant with his own job. Some of these jobs could be taught ashore to boys from seaport towns, the training being completed by an earlier release on license to an ocean-going vessel.

The most intelligent boys would go to the "Commercial School," which would form the Central Office of the whole organization. Here they would learn to use several makes of typewriter, write shorthand, and use various duplicating and office printing machines. The records of every boy (to be referred to later) would be kept here, and the smarter boys could learn book-keeping and assist in keeping the accounts of the organization. Pamphlets for boys, circular letters, etc., could all be turned out here, and a very perfect organization could keep thoroughly in touch with its many ramifications at little cost.



In such a school there might well be a printing press with linotype or monotype machines, affording training in a sound trade, and cutting printing costs.

The healthy but very dull boy, and the country fellow would be taught farming, unmixed with horti- and various other "cultures." He would learn to plough, to look after cattle, and to use tractors and other agricultural machinery. Or a special farm might train suitable boys for emigration to our Colonies.

The healthy but smarter boy who desired it, and the frail boy, might go to a "Gardening School," there to learn the routine of a flower and vegetable garden, with greenhouses, French frames, hot-beds, fruit and the like, so that on release he could take a position as undergardener in a bothy.

The shops or factories, being on a far more extended scale than the present single room "shops," could conveniently be divided into departments, and any talent a boy shewed could be developed after he had had a general grounding in his trade. Thus, if a boy in the Engineering School shewed a capacity to grasp drawings and to "set up" for marking off, he might spend his last year specialising in that job, and acting as tutor to newer boys who had just reached his department in their tour round the factory.

Fully qualified technical instructors in sufficient numbers for each to deal with a class of not more than ten would be essential. To-day the boy does the rough work which an apprentice would have passed beyond in two months, the officer doing any really skilled work that is called for, and all difficulties are overcome by the officer, not by the boys. He does not instruct them,

but simply lectures to them, and then does the skilled work himself, leaving to them the simple, rough work. All this would be changed. A generous allowance for spoiled work would be made, and the instructor strictly forbidden to do any work at all, other than perhaps guiding the boy's hand while he was learning some new process. Make the boy *Do* the job, not write it up in a book, for the employer wants men who can work without supervision ; he wants a man who *knows* a trade, not who has to be taught it. If a man is to earn an " honest " living nowadays, it is useless for him to be honest, moral, religious, well-meaning, or well-" educated " unless he is *capable at a job* ! Again, by passing on from instructor to instructor, the boy would constantly come into contact with new methods, new men, and new ideas, and what one instructor could not make quite clear, another would. In three years a good deal could be learned even by slow boys, provided time was not frittered away in " education " not bearing on the trade. The average five-year apprentice spends a year or two making tea, running errands for the " round square," and acting as general labourer. Cut this out, and in three years you will have a skilled " improver," if not an actual artizan.

One must agree with Holmes that many young delinquents are " keen as a razor's edge," with " talents which fit them for useful lives," but present-day institutions have no time for the expression even, much less the development of latent talent. Their idea is that if you sharpen up razors they become " dangerous."

Under this system, history, " jograffee," arabesque drawing, tonic sol-fa singing, and the like would be ignored. The boy has been sent away for a turn of

moral sickness, and "education" and slave-driving will not cure it. He has not been sent there because he has proved himself a dunce at "lessons," but because he has shewn himself a dunce at learning his moral responsibility. Our business is to endeavour to strengthen his character, and to teach him a trade that will provide him with both necessities and luxuries without the necessity of transgressing the Law. Reading and spelling would be learned *via* the library, writing in the trade note-books, while "arithmetical" would be confined to trade arithmetic. A boy who is never likely to be an employer of labour or a professor of mathematics does not want to find out how many men can dig a two-foot trench in five days of eight hours, if twenty-seven men can dig a three-foot trench in six days of seven hours. Neither does an engineer need to know (or painfully discover) how many "pieces" will paper a room, though the decorator does. The engineer would be grounded in simple decimals, and, if very intelligent, in logs. The field of knowledge is so vast that no man can hope to do more than till a minute corner of it, and during these brief years the boy should restrict his digging to that corner on which he must later raise corn for bread. In an attempt to please every faddist, and do an eternity's work in three years, the present schools merely "botch" everything and accomplish nothing. At the very time when it is most essential the boy learn the dignity of labour, and pride in good work, he is taught to "scamp" everything.

Many of the schools would need to be duplicated, in which case they should be sub-divided according to Mental Age, so that the obtuse could be separated from

the keen-witted, and pabulum given to each type in suitably graded amounts. To expect any one school to deal adequately with all mental ages from five to nineteen is absurd.

While the vocational side was being looked after, every effort would be made to strengthen character, to inculcate habits of clear thinking on moral problems, and to give ample opportunity of shouldering responsibility and resisting temptation. If you wish to teach a boy turning, you do not expatiate *ad nauseam* on the beauties of turning, and shew him pictures of lathes; you let him use a lathe under proper supervision, and gradually become expert in its management. Precisely the same principles must be followed in moral training. Pictures of angels and hangmen are useless, as is preaching. Example is better than precept, and if you wish to find whether he is trustworthy, *trust him*. If he fails, do not write him down as untrustworthy, but endeavour to discover and correct the causes of the lapse, and *test him again*. If you actually *lose* a few boys, what matter? Your business is not to keep them caged, but to prepare them for freedom.

The period of training is a period of errors, which must be *expected*, and very patiently corrected; we may make the dog wait for the tit-bit until he has "begged" for it, but we do not flog him for not begging. If the inmate is not weak and prone to error, why is he in the institution? At present, the life is unnatural, and the boy simply counts the days until "liberty"—that is, until he can return to natural life again. Make the life within as natural as it is without, and his attention will be given to his chosen profession.

The selection of officers is the keystone of this side of the system. The men should be chosen with the greatest care for their integrity and understanding, not for intellectual accomplishments which cannot be passed on to the lads, and they should receive a special course of training ere taking office. The present system of appointing any man who comes cheap is indefensible.

Character is necessary, not academic qualifications. It is amusing to note that Aitken, Head of the Children's Department of the Home Office, was an authority on eighteenth century literature. A fine qualification this for guiding wayward children.

I should like to see retired Civil Servants, men of small means, and others of like calibre interested in this work, and spending the evening, if not the noon, of their days as "House Officers." They would supervise the boys' leisure and domestic hours, and inculcate good breeding, table and general manners, honour, *esprit de corps*, a love of sports, cleanliness, and an appreciation of things intangible, but of great moral worth. The shops would be left to technical instructors, and rote learning (if any) to certificated teachers.

Most of the present officers are in the work simply because it is a "job," and would leave for another half-crown a week. A great number, especially among the Superintendents, like the sense of power in their post, which also panders to their vanity. With them, it is "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus!*" with a vengeance; they must be "in charge" of somebody or something, preferring to be skipper of a park-pool skiff, than mate on the *Olympic*. The best class regard their work as a vocation. They realise its responsibilities, and also its drawbacks.

They are earnest, thoughtful, upright men to whom money and vanity make little appeal. At present they are so rare as to be negligible.

Men of a far higher social and intellectual status are essential. Married men I would not encourage, but attract Public School and 'Varsity men by decent wages and good personal accommodation; men who would be really interested in their work, and who would be mentors and chums to the boys beneath their charge. Ex-constables, *et hoc genus omne*, should be barred.

Modern buildings designed expressly for their purpose are essential. The old farmhouse or mansion, adapted and added to, is not desirable. The "Institution" air should be avoided as much as possible. Much smaller rooms are desirable, and a dormitory with twelve beds is preferable to one with fifty or a hundred. The idea should not be to design the building so that supervision can be carried out by one or two officers, but to increase the staff to suit the building. Wallpaper, or light, artistic colour-wash schemes, with picture rails and bright, artistic pictures everywhere is much preferable to dull, drab, painted brick and ancient prints of equally ancient worthies. Ample playing fields and plenty of indoor amusements must be provided, for:—

"When the felon's not engaged in his employment  
Or maturing his felonious little plans,  
His capacity for innocent enjoyment  
Is just as great as any honest man's!"

A well-selected library of boys' books, with plenty of the educative, pictorial series now so common, is essential. A separate games and hobbies room should be provided. A gramophone with an ample supply of first-class records,

together with a few typewritten books of words, would inculcate a taste for better music than the average revue trash. The boy will frequent billiard saloons on release; let him become expert at the game now: it is not a wicked recreation. Games need more organizing, team against team; aimlessly kicking a ball about is not recreation. Sufficient games should be provided for all. It is very common to hear: "Oh, we have a shooting range and a swimming bath!" On inspection, the shooting range consists of one air-gun for a hundred boys, so that to get one shot the boy has to wait in a queue for an hour, loses all interest and gains no skill. The swimming bath will probably hold twelve, and has insufficient heating apparatus, so that the shivering twelve are intent only on getting out. In this connection, the practice of retaining athletes as long as possible to collar "Cups," is bad. Such inefficient systems are useless, save as "eyewash" for the innocent philanthropist, and of that we already have too much. Fretwork, pokerwork, "Meccano," and similar hobbies should be provided, and pets allowed. Monitors could supervise these rooms, for if absorbed in games or hobbies, boys will get into little mischief. Dancing should be taught, and girls from outside invited as partners. This would be invaluable.

The "omnibus" bath should be replaced by modern spray-baths, and the weekly face towel supplemented by a bath-towel.

Why not an "Ancestor's Gallery" of "Old Boys" who have done really well both at school and in the world without? Photos could readily be obtained and enlarged.

Work should be paid for in cash, weekly, and a tuck-shop opened. If a boy works well for a week, give him his reward and let him spend it on himself, do not put it back into a far-off future, and allow future misdemeanours to confiscate the effects of present good conduct. The complicated mark system would be scrapped and replaced by a system of distinctive ranks with special food and other privileges, as at Borstal. Sell cigarettes at the tuck-shop, a privilege which would be an incentive to good conduct, for "No pay, no smokes!" would act automatically. To make a "crime" of what to most men is almost a necessity is absurd.

Sexual immorality is a difficult problem not to be solved by half-a-dozen with the birch. Face it straightforwardly, and give each boy a pamphlet making clear to him the physiological knowledge so essential to his well-being, and endeavouring to place sex relations on a plane of chivalry. Most of the pamphlets try to frighten the lad into virtue by telling him the practice will drive him mad or land him in Hell. Hell is afar off, and he soon finds from experience that lads do not go mad. Regular weighing, lectures by the doctor, and the spirit of the place would all help to root out this evil.

I have before touched on the necessity of a thoroughly ample and varied diet, including greenstuffs and puddings, and also on the necessity of warm, civilian clothing. I suppose a man who did not wear pants or vests, but wore shirt and trousers over bare skin, would be considered of filthy habits. Such is the condition of these boys in all weathers, with the result that in warm weather they smell foul, and in cold weather go blue, neither of which phenomena is of such paramount importance in



reforming their moral character as the "experienced official" believes.

It is usual to assume that the lad's home is "bad," as if every lad comes from a criminal home, and is sent to a happier and more refined environment. Far from it. In the first place, bad companionship has more to do with delinquency than bad homes, and there are far more decent homes in the rottenest slums than in May-fair. Many boys go from a clean, decent home where things, if scanty, are neat and clean, and where the inmates take much pride in a neat personal appearance. They enter a place where all refinements are unknown. Surround the lad by refinements of every kind, and instead of degrading him to the personal habits of a pig, inculcate a love of those personal habits which make decent society what it is. Officials are terribly scared lest a boy "get above himself," not seeing that their very task is to raise him above the environment he has known, not to debase him. For this reason it is so necessary to replace the old type by "gentlemen," by men trained in the manners and customs of polite society, not men who are themselves as coarse and unpolished as the boys they are supposed to be "re-forming." If "Evil communications corrupt good manners," presumably the converse is also true.

Poor parents (and the sons of well-to-do people never get "sent away") should not be forced to pay money to relieve the Treasury Grant, and at the same time lose the boy's contribution to the family exchequer. We do not exact payments for the more expensive special elementary schools, we do not force the gaolbird to pay for his wretched accommodation; why the boy

in the Reformatory? Take my own case. My grandfather was out of work, my mother earned a hard living by washing from 5 a.m. till 10 p.m., and I brought home 12s. 6d. a week, an absolute Godsend. When I was sentenced, this 12s. 6d. was lost, a loss the magnitude of which only those who have lived in dire poverty can imagine, and both my grandfather and stepfather (my mother had married) were summoned to shew cause why they should not pay 5s. a week. My birth certificate was shewn to the police, proving I was illegitimate and though the whereabouts of my father (himself another bright specimen of the ex-constable) was unknown, he was not known to be dead. Clearly, the duty of the police was to seek him out. Instead, my grandfather and stepfather were summoned to different Courts, compelled each to pay £1 1s. 0d. (an immense sum) to a solicitor to tell the Bench what the police had already been told. The whole proceeding was a grossly unjust endeavour to illegally levy an impost, and but for the solicitor would have succeeded. This imposition should cease.

Liberal home leave should be allowed, say, a week at Christmas (the school paying fares if the parents cannot) and a week in summer, the latter being unnecessary if there is an annual camp. Letters might be written more frequently, and "parcels" forbidden, for if the boy is properly looked after, he has no need to supplement the school efforts by those of his own people.

Absconding is due to a natural desire to escape from a highly artificial, uncomfortable and monotonous life, and to return to more normal manners. The transformation of these prison schools into trade schools instead

of leading to more attempts at escape, would lessen the number. The first three observation months would be passed in a well guarded place, but after that, as promotion occurred, more and more freedom would be given, and more and more responsibility and management of communal affairs. Church should be made voluntary, not compulsory, and small parties should go freely for walks, first on Sundays, and afterwards every evening. Many friends would be willing to entertain small parties to tea, and their table manners would be of such sort as would procure further invitations. This is not the case to-day, for boys accustomed only to swig up food from coarse basins, cannot be trusted to handle fragile china, or to feel aught save embarrassment in the presence of decent company. Let his work and play *interest him*, and he will not seek to abscond.

In many schools very inadequate records are kept, and the card system of Macclesfield Certified Industrial School deserves notice. The cards are filed in a cabinet under the dates on which they will next be needed for reviewing the boy's progress.

The Local Authority reports on home surroundings on the following Form:—

Name

No.

Age

Family:—Name; Relationship to Boy; Age;  
Occupation; Character.

Total Amount of Family's Income

Lodgers or Boarders

Number of Rooms—Living Rooms; Bedrooms

Character and Appearance of District

Character and Appearance of House

Condition of Home—Cleanliness; Furnishing  
 Character of Family  
 Remarks  
 Date  
 (Signed).....

The quarterly schoolroom, workshop, and practical reports are as follow:—

**SCHOOLROOM.**

Name  
 Date of Report  
 Full or Half-time  
 Standard  
 Conduct  
 Percentage of Marks  
 Is Promotion recommended?  
 Absences during period  
 General Progress (mention subjects in which particularly strong  
 or very weak)

**WORKSHOP.**

Name  
 Date of Report  
 Full or Half-time  
 Marks  
 Conduct  
 Progress—Technical  
 Attendances—Actual  
 Is it desirable to follow the trade?

	Practical
	Possible

**MEASUREMENT.**

Name  
 Date of Report  
 Height  
 Weight—Stripped  
 Chest—Expanded  
 Biceps  
 Calf  
 Standard  
 Remarks

	Deflated
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These particulars, together with various details of admission, parentage, identification marks, etc., are entered on a Registration Card, and shew the boy's progress. On release, a disposal card is entered up, and various forms sent for report to employer, and local authorities who deal with After-care. The reports are exceptionally complete, but might be improved by graphing heights and weights, and even conduct and trade progress. Such reports should be kept by every school, and on release forwarded to the Central Office (Commercial School) who would then supervise the After-care.

The whole system would be under one central authority, which might usefully have sub-offices, with inspectors attached, in a number of districts.

As to finance. Much equipment could be obtained very cheaply from the Disposals Board, and if every boy was at work at a skilled trade, as sketched, the cost would probably be less than under the present system, and might be met as now by Local and Treasury Grants.

Inspection needs particular attention. No executive department can safely be entrusted with the inspection of its own sphere of action. The "Managers" would disappear and the local Inspectors would call at least three times a year without notice, and inspect the schools in their circuit very thoroughly. The Trades Unions might hold "Leaving Examinations" to prove that the boys had properly been taught the trade they had chosen. Then there should be a totally separate Inspectorate, composed of a few gentlemen unconnected with the Central Authority, who would inspect, and report direct to Parliament. In every school should be placed printed noteheads and envelopes, with a notice telling the inmates

that any complaint could be forwarded direct to the Head Inspector (not the district Inspector). This complaint should NOT pass through the Superintendents' hands, but should be posted direct by the boy in a post box fixed to the school. In prison, an adult cannot be intimidated, and will complain direct to the Commissioners, but in a school a threat from the Superintendent would silence any complaint. Better have a few frivolous complaints than abuses continuing unchecked for years.

Prisons of any type are among the dark places of the earth, and their walls keep critics out as they keep inmates in, while officials have a thousand ways of avoiding real searching scrutiny. Moreover, governors are usually the last people to become acquainted with occurrences taking place under their eyes. They are in great measure excluded from the sphere of influence of their subordinates, for "Many things are hidden from Kings by reason of their exalted degree." The warder knows more than the Governor; the prisoner than the warder. Whatever else is done or left undone, a most searching system of Inspection is a *sine qua non*.

There is little more to say. My object is solely to stimulate public thought on the treatment of juvenile delinquents, a treatment which at present is a blot on our character. I expect to be called a fool, a liar, and a knave; a hunter after notoriety and money, and also to be told that my ideals are either impracticable or are at present all in operation. Let it be so! If the reader of this book is impelled to think, and to think hard, to talk, and to question, my end is served.