

Paul Chapman Might Be Your Boy or Mine

Fear Will Not Keep a Child From Crime

By MARIE DE MONTALVO
Editor the New Citizen's Page

FOR the fathers and mothers of growing boys and girls there is much to be learned from the case of the Brooklyn boy who, but for the humanity of Governor Whitman, would have gone to the electric chair the week of January 6 under sentence pronounced by the New York Supreme Court of Kings County last February, and affirmed by the Court of Appeals.

The boy's name is Paul Chapman—but his name might be anything else. It might be the name of your boy or mine; for what Paul Chapman did was to yield to a temptation which may confront your boy or mine, which your boy or mine might yield to if we fail to provide him, while he is still young and under our control, with an armor against temptation.

"Thank God My Boy Is Good!"

So, mothers of boys, do not turn away from the picture of the boy behind the bars, assuring yourself self-righteously that no such fate can overtake your son. It can. And it may. Perhaps your eternal vigilance will avert it—perhaps too much vigilance will precipitate it. But you must be careful not to be fatuously sure that your boy will be always good because he is your boy!

The story of Paul Chapman is already familiar to Tribune readers. It is commonplace enough. It is the old, old story of a family deprived of its father and older brother, the burden of wage earning placed upon untrained women and young people taken out of school before their time.

When Paul was three and his older brother eight years old their father died of tuberculosis, after a long illness. The mother, left almost penniless and untrained for any wage earning occupation, took the first position that presented itself—that of saleswoman in a department store—and became, as she herself put it, a "half-time mother."

And this was the time when the state—that intangible, impersonal background and upholder of us all, which must succor the helpless and above all things preserve the young so that the race may

continue and improve—the state should have seen to it that Mrs. Chapman's children could live in an environment that would turn them out upright citizens and not criminals or weaklings. But that was before there existed such a thing as mothers' pensions and before the war had made woman power so precious and child life so indispensable that maternity insurance and day nurseries were a part of every factory, as they are now in France and soon should be here.

Older Brothers Stand In the Middle

Twelve years ago a widow with children was "unfortunate," and we let it go at that. She could send her children to an institution or she could turn them out on the street and worry about them while she was at work, if she liked. It was nobody's business and nobody cared—until they got into trouble. Then the law cared, and punished them for it.

Paul still had an older brother, however, if his mother did have to be away all day; so the little family got on fairly well—until the older brother was just about old enough to help. And then he contracted tuberculosis, as his father had done, and, after a long and expensive illness, died.

Paul was fourteen then, and it is probable that from that day dated his ultimate tragedy—for those pregnant, human things that we think dry and call statistics show that the loss of older brothers from the home circle since war began has been a large factor in the increase of juvenile delinquency. Older brothers have acquired some of the wisdom of age and have not forgotten all of the things of childhood. They stand in the middle and are able for a little time to look both ways.

And so in the dangerous days of adolescence—the days of strange, strong impulse and frail control, when the fist is quicker than the judgment, pride stronger than prudence, ambition than fear—Paul fell.

He had been away from home, working, and had come home without money. He did not want to face his mother in his worn clothes and broken shoes. So, when two friends of his, boys, but both older, told him that they would give him \$25 if he stood in the yard outside a certain house and watched for "cops" he consented.

They planned a robbery. They took chloroform with them and carried revolvers. They were going to enter the house, overcome the man and woman who lived there, steal their valuables and escape, while Paul watched outside with a revolver in his pocket.

The plan was carried out. But instead of finding only a man and his wife, as they had expected, they discovered another man in the house—and he showed signs of resistance. There was a scuffle, plainly audible to the boy who was waiting outside.

And the boy, who was Paul, ran away. Meantime, inside the house a murder was committed. And for this murder, of which he did not even know until the



Paul Chapman's Mother

following morning, Paul was indicted and finally sentenced to death under the law that says a man who plans a felony is guilty of any capital crime which results therefrom, whether he witnesses or participates in the crime or not.

A Child of Seven Can Be Electrocuted

Paul's youth did not save him. The juvenile delinquency act of 1909 reads as follows:

"A child of more than seven and less than sixteen years of age who shall commit any act or omission which, if committed by an adult, would be a crime not punishable by death or life imprisonment, shall not be deemed guilty of any crime, but of juvenile delinquency only." But if he has committed a crime which in an adult is punishable by death or life imprisonment, and there is "proof

house with the intention of doing him an injury he has murder in his heart.

Does a boy of sixteen necessarily have murder in his heart when he plans a robbery and carries a revolver?

"When I was a child," wrote the apostle, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

If You Approve This Write and Say So to Your Representatives at Albany

AN ACT TO AMEND THE PENAL LAW IN RELATION TO THE SENTENCE OF MINORS TO IMPRISONMENT

Drawn by Matthew W. Wood, Counsel for Paul Chapman.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Section 2186 of the Penal Law is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 2186: Sentence of Minors to Imprisonment.—Where a male person between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years is convicted of a felony, or where the term of imprisonment of a male convicted for a felony is fixed by the Trial Court at one year or less, the court may direct the convict to be imprisoned in a County Penitentiary, instead of a State Prison, or in the County Jail located in the County where sentence is imposed. A (minor) of more than seven and less than (eighteen) years of age, who shall commit any act or omission which, if committed (or omitted) by an adult would be a crime, shall not be deemed guilty of any crime, but of a juvenile delinquency only, but any other person concerned therein, whether as principal or accessory, who otherwise would be punishable as a principal or accessory, shall be punishable as a principal or accessory in the same manner as if such child were over (eighteen) years of age at the time the crime was committed. Any child charged with any act or omission, which may render him guilty of juvenile delinquency, shall be dealt with in the same manner as now is or may hereafter be provided in the case of adults charged with the same act or omission, except as specially provided heretofore in the case of children under the age of (eighteen) years.

Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

that he has sufficient capacity to understand the act or neglect charged against him and to know its wrongfulness." then he may go to jail for life or die in the electric chair if twelve jurors can be found to convict him.

And Paul, aged sixteen years and ten days, was convicted by a jury of twelve men under the law which assumes that if a man puts a revolver in his pocket and enters or approaches another man's

Lucky apostle, if it was as simple as that for him!

But what are childish things? They are dependence and submission to authority. It is not easy to put them away—for there is always opposition from the outside, and, for a timid child, the opposition of his own fear within.

The average young person is so hedged about by external compulsions, so dominated by his or her elders, that when

the time comes for putting away childish things—that is, substituting his own conscience and judgment for that of other people—he finds that the older folk are not willing to give up their power and that he must fight them to be allowed to become a man. For, unless parents have been more wise than the average, the road to manhood and to womanhood lies only through rebellion.

There is no way to try wings except to fly with them—and this is the problem, the glory and the tragedy of adolescence.

The rebellion of the young is a healthy thing. The child who is unable to rebel against his parents cannot rebel against anything. He is spineless—his personality is like a fluid that will take the shape of any jar that holds it. And the parent who tries to crush rebellion instead of directing it—who wants to "break" the will instead of bending it—will have only himself to blame if normal self-assertiveness is either hammered into supine submissiveness or nagged into lawlessness.

At the time of adolescence, if the elders have been wise, the external compulsions which have surrounded the child during his period of dependence and submission should have become internal compulsions, changing him from a healthy, unmoral little animal controlled from the outside into a civilized human with standards of right and wrong, commonly called "conscience," inside. And this will happen unless there is an inherent defect in the child himself, in his surroundings or in the method by which his standards of right and wrong have been conveyed to him.

For conscience is not God-given nor inborn. It is not an infallible guide. It is not a moral instinct. It is a set of habits, which are assimilated from the environment and act like impulses. Thus in Japan lying and stealing are not condemned—they prick no man's conscience. And whereas here the ordinarily conscientious girl feels guilty if she does not go "innocent" to her marriage, there the situation is reversed.

Are Children People?

So the conscience of a child will be "normal"—that is, will reflect the standards which prevail in his environment—unless there is a fundamental defect in the child himself or in the method by which the standards are conveyed to him.

The defect in administering these standards may lie in either too great laxity or too great severity. Be sure

Youth Is No Excuse for Wrongdoing

your child is not actuated by fear of you, for then the underlying factor of his attitude toward the world outside will be fear. Be sure he is not over-obedient, for then he will give in to every one as he has given in to you. Be sure that he does not grow up in an atmosphere of antagonism—for then his hand will be against the hand of every man. Be sure he has not too little guidance—lest he have no standards at all. For punishment exists in the world outside, and you cannot prepare your child to face the world without some pain and punishment at home.

All this is very difficult for parents. Fathers are notoriously harsh with their sons in frailties which they excuse in themselves. We always fight hardest against the faults we have ourselves. And mothers are only too likely to express in the lives of their children the ambitions and desires they have had to stifle in their own or to lavish upon them the super-affection they wish they themselves had had—and stifle them with it just as they were stifled by the lack of it!

If we could only learn to treat our children as separate personalities instead of as part of ourselves half the problem would be solved. Perhaps there would not ever be, as Paul's mother herself has hoped, "another Paul Chapman."



Anne Brochmann

Women Doctors Overseas

FOLLOWING are extracts from letters received by the National Woman Suffrage Association from members of the Women's Overseas Hospital units at the front:

"We have been taking little journeys into the war zone," Dr. Sholly wrote on October 17. "We have been to Compiègne, Soissons, Longpont, Concy and, most wonderful and interesting of all, Laon. We entered Laon in triumph two days after the Boches left it. I am sure that we were the first outside women, on the side of the Allies at least, to go in. We were certainly the first Americans after the troops. The French troops and the colored Illinois got in ahead of us. The Boches left it Sunday; we started from Ognon Monday noon and spent the night in Soissons, in one of the partly ruined houses.

Some of the Fortunes of War

"The roof was partly gone and there was no glass in any of the windows, but we had two beds with spring mattresses and a blanket and a half apiece, which some American Ambulance boys gave us; also a choice of several nice, airy rooms. There were four of us, so we slept two in a bed, tight up against each other, changing at intervals from one side to the other to thaw out the parts exposed. Somebody during the night got up courage to close the open window, only to find in the morning that what had been closed was a window frame innocent of glass.

"As there had been a little trouble recently at Soissons with the water mains, we cold-creamed our faces and postponed washing our hands until our return to Ognon. Besides a few French officers and soldiers, they say there are an old father and mother and daughter who never left Soissons and who lived in a cellar during the German occupation. The old people are in the nineties and the daughter a young lady of fifty. There are no civilians except a Mr. and Mrs. Gilman (Americans), who run a Y. M. C. A. canteen, all alone with a little French maid.

"They are doing wonderful work giving out coffee, chocolate, tobacco and entertainment to the permissionnaires and passing militaries and ambulance men. They provided us with coffee in the evening and hot chocolate in the morning and kindness in general. Miss Marple, one of the nurses, who sings, sang for the poilus in the canteen in the evening and also for a sous-officers' mess.

No Man's Land A Witches' Cauldron

"We left S. about 8:30 a. m. and arrived at Laon about 11. We passed through Gruy, which has not a house

left intact, up a long hill with Boches' graves along its border, and on over a recently mended road just west of the Chemin des Dames, which we could see very plainly; also Malmaison. On both sides of the road were piles of German ammunition, with their wicker containers and helmets. In the vicinity of the Chemin des Dames the fields showed the heavy scars of the fight; the mounds of tossed-up brown earth looked like the billows of the sea in a stiff southwest. Leaning on the crest of an occasional red-brown wave was a wooden cross marking the interment of a Boche. Sometimes there was a helmet balanced on the upright piece. The odor of decaying flesh was very evident. Once we saw the legs of a horse sticking out of the billows. Chavignon, a village in No Man's Land, as we passed through resembled in its sad destruction the scum one might expect to find in the cauldron of a witch's stew.

"After we got beyond the Chemin region the countryside seemed more tranquil in comparison. There were only ammunition heaps, splintered trees, wrecked villages, broken bridges and gouged-out roads which were being rapidly repaired by whole companies of territorials—black Senegalese and white French soldiers. This was being done so rapidly that when we returned in the afternoon the road was quite smooth and passable.

A Triumphal Procession Under Our Flag

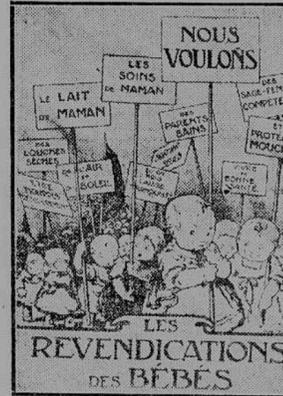
"The country all about here seems stripped of its trees. Laon is on the summit of a very high hill. It is almost like an Arizona mesa, steep and clifflike. For reasons we left our vehicle a few hundred metres from the main road to the town and made a detour on foot up a steep, narrow path, into which steps had been cut, and so on into the edge of the town. We had joined some evacuees who were returning to their homes with their packs on their backs.

"The first people we met said 'Guten tag' to us (they said the German nurses wore the same uniforms as our French), but the good man who came up the path with us threw his arm around Miss Marple's shoulder and cried out 'Américaines! Américaines!'

"And our triumphal procession into the town commenced. The whole town was decorated with the tricolor flags and with one United States flag. The people wore tricolor cockades in their coats, and as we walked through the main thoroughfare they hung out of the windows and called greetings to us. They ran out of doors, men, women and children, grasping us by the hand and telling us how happy they were to see us. Their emotion was so compelling that we all but wept with them."

The Babies of France Are on Strike

By DEEMS VEILLER



THE babies of France are on strike—that is, the 200,000 of them who belong to the new Babies' Health Union, with headquarters at the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross in Paris. They realize their new importance as French citizens and want to be fit for their post-bellum jobs.

Their philosophy is that any real child welfare must be an expression of the babies concerned. The backbone of the movement is to make the thing French.

No Bolshevism In This Revolution

Revolution among the babies was instigated by the saving agencies and the American Red Cross, which cooperatively are demonstrating to French babies some of the things they might have which they need, including special hospitals and clinics for sick babies and intelligent care for those that are well.

These agencies, however, have been careful to point out to the babies that they must appeal to their mothers for assistance. The voices of the children of France must be heard first by their own families.

The members are composed of those who are practising in France the business of being a baby. Age and necessity are the only qualifications, and the members are an army of revolutionists, gurgling their right to live.

Revolutionists since the year one have cried about the right to live, and threatened, but the striking babies are the only ones who make good their threat. They threaten to die unless life is made possible for them, and unfortunately they do it. Eighty thousand babies died last year in France, and, according to estimates made by the Children's Bureau of

the American Red Cross, forty thousand of these could have been saved.

The striking babies under the organization of the American Red Cross Children's Bureau say, "Let mothers obey their babies." And there are two planks to their platform, the Do's and the Don'ts.

They believe in direct action. If they don't get what they need they die. Following are the demands which a French artist has put on the signs carried by this imaginative demonstration; they are of world-wide applicability, and in fact are the doctrines being taught in the American Child Welfare and Baby Saving campaigns:

DO'S

1. Nurse me yourself, at least during the first eight months.
2. Feed me at regular periods.
3. Bathe me at least once a day.
4. Weigh me once a week.
5. Clothe me warmly in winter and lightly in summer.
6. Let me sleep in the fresh air.
7. Keep my teeth clean as soon as I cut them. Teeth are often the source of infection.

DON'TS

1. Do not put me on bottle food unless the physician so orders.
2. Do not expose me to contagious maladies.
3. Do not believe that I am destined to have measles, mumps, whooping cough, scarlet fever and diphtheria. I prefer to escape these diseases.
4. Do not permit me to be handled by persons with chronic cough or throat trouble, for these maladies are quickly spread.
5. Do not give me soothing syrup; pacify me with pure water.
6. Do not permit me to crawl on the floor; let me play on a mat.
7. Do not neglect to wake me at feeding hour; regular feeding is as important as sleep.
8. Do not kiss me or allow me to be kissed by other children or strangers. A kiss is unsanitary and a dangerous thing.

Demands Are Made In Infant Esperanto

Sensible enough demands from a baby anywhere. Fortunately for the American doctors and nurses, baby's first cries, cooings and frettings are in a universal language which calls for no translator except modern science.

The striking babies also demand the minimum layette. They believe that when they come into the world they are entitled to a complete outfit, including



Please don't kiss me.

at least two flannelette shirts with long sleeves, booties, one pair of mittens and a can of talcum powder.

By means of Child Welfare exhibitions throughout France, hospitals, clinics and schools under the organization of the American Red Cross, the French bébé is striking and striking hard—for life.

Where Is the Childhood of France?

The case does not rest upon cartoons. If you care for figures, this is the case of the childhood of France:

The total deaths in France in 1916 were about 1,100,000. Births numbered only 312,000. The net loss in population was 88,000, or nearly 2 per cent of the whole. In Paris, where 48,917 babies were born in the year ended August 1, 1914, only 26,179 were born in the year ended August 1, 1918.

The American Red Cross is trying to reach every child in France. The "emancipated baby" cartoons are just one brand of ammunition used in the educational campaign of the Child Welfare Bureau in the battle to save the children of France. To this end the American Red Cross has appropriated the sum of \$2,775,877.19 for the period ending December 31, 1918. To date the American Red Cross has reached 200,000 children; that is to say, there are 200,000 emancipated babies in France today.

The emancipated baby is not necessarily any relation to the emancipated woman, but he insists upon having a mother who recognizes the rights of common sense.

Do Parents Do Their Bit?

By ESTHER GRAY

THE lesson of our responsibility to posterity is forced on us anew by our war with a government whose teachings have had a degenerating influence upon its people. This year has been dedicated to the welfare of the children who hold the future in their grasp, and everywhere among teachers and students ideas are sprouting for the benefit of the child. But the wellbeing of the child must take deeper root than in the acceptance of modern hygienic conditions and dietetics with which the average parent is content.

The Greeks held up the ideal of a sound mind in a sound body—they held that one without the other is futile in its power. And the parents who most assiduously cultivate the modern contributions to child health are willing to leave to accident the cultivation of their children's habits of thinking. Had the German home fostered the conception of universal brotherhood instead of the daily creed of conquest the conflict just over might never have wracked the world.

What's the Matter With Father?

It is the daily thoughts of the child moulded by its environment that eventually determine the man to be. You fathers who know the effect sun, moisture and weeding have upon your garden—do you give as much heed to the power your kindness, sincerity and self-control have upon the greatest seedling of all, your child's mind? And do you honestly give as much thought to the training of the child in your case as you give to the proper growth of your business?

One father who prides himself upon his expert cultivation of roses has covered his grounds with the bushes, but grumbles when his wife pleads for a bit of ground for the child's garden. But another man has interested his little four-year-old girl to the extent that she begged for some seeds, and with rake and shovel cultivates a tiny little garden of her own "as daddy does his." The ugly influence of the first example and the excellent effect of the latter will show themselves in the future.

It is tradition that the father should relegate the training of the child to the mother. It is so much easier than to expend the energy necessary to cooperate. But would he with as little compunction permit her to run his business? In order that the child receive a well rounded training it is essential for both parents to contribute their bit. What man would enter business without carefully studying the materials concerned, salesmanship, advertising schemes, etc.? How many undertake parenthood with as much knowledge and forethought? Neither father nor mother makes much attempt to get acquainted with the problem until it is thrust upon them.

During my first years of teaching I had occasion to appreciate the incompetence and ignorance of so many mothers. I had a class of fifty—boys and girls—more than a handful for an inexperienced teacher—when a dejected-looking mother walked in leading her two children. "I can do nothing with them," she pleaded. "Perhaps you can manage them." I reassured her, but I was appalled. How could I, who had so many, manage them when she, with only them to look after, had failed? She, like many other mothers, had left their training to their teachers.

Merely sex does not qualify a woman to rear a child. The privilege of doing that entails much thought, infinite patience and understanding.

We recognize now that environment overwhelms the influence of heredity. It is what the child sees, absorbs and imitates that is responsible for his character. Unerringly the child will construe your principles from your conduct and make them his own. If you wish Polly to be absolutely truthful you yourself must guard your tongue and thoughts. Mrs. J. complained to me of her boy's habit of lying—a propensity which was first discovered when he claimed to be the author of a poem later found to be in his reader. When he came to me as a culprit he had been playing truant and concocting the most marvellous schemes for allaying suspicion.

Tell a Child Lies, And He Will Lie

Investigation disclosed that the mother herself was an inveterate juggler of facts. Her boy was being poisoned by the tainted atmosphere of exaggeration in which he lived. What she did or failed to do was grossly misrepresented. To her husband her hat cost \$10, to her friends \$20, while the truth was \$15.

Do you wonder at the effect on the boy's character? Further investigation disclosed the fact that the boy was a sensitive, highly imaginative creature, and had to be carefully handled. His excess nervous energy needed direction into proper channels. But the first step was to make the mother see the note in her own eye—a delicate task, and not a very hopeful one.

Not only are we responsible for home environment, creating an inviting atmosphere to which he may bring his friends, but we must observe the child among his companions. In that way, in the home, it is possible to observe and sift out the friends worth while.

Fortunately, there is evidence all about us of an effort to open parents' eyes to their responsibility toward children, in the manifold forms of child study which have become current in recent years. By keeping an open, self-critical mind, being alive to what is best for the child and giving him our best endeavors, we can do much in our implanting of love and justice to avert another war like this one.

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