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CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS, PROCEEDINGS,  
LIST OF OFFICERS, MEMBERS, ETC.

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ADDRESS OF HON. ROLAND W. BAGGOTT,  
OF DAYTON.

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“THE JUVENILE COURT.”

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July 9, 1914.

*Mr. President, Fellow-Members of The Ohio State Bar Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

Just exactly why I have been extended the privilege of speaking to you is beyond my conception, and when I shall have finished it will be beyond your conception as to just why the privilege was extended to me. (Laughter.) But I am very glad, and congratulate myself upon being given the opportunity of appearing before you.

The late Colonel Ingersoll once said, that the remarkable thing in America is, there are so many men willing to rise and speak in public, and the only surprising thing is that there are so many victims who are willing to listen. (Laughter.) There is an old Persian adage, which, translated, means, “When one has nothing to say—say it.” And that adage doesn’t mean that one of necessity must rise in public to “say it.” Since what I shall have to say may or may not be of more or less importance, due regard shall be had of your convenience to the end that you may at least get away in ample time for your lunch.

The subject upon which I desire to speak is The Juvenile Court. But not from an angle, perhaps, that you may be expecting. Not from the angle of so-called social survey, or uplift work, or especially that kind of uplift work known as “The Highbrow” variety.

I am by no means a professional reformer. My own sins and mistakes would not permit it, and I realize that if a Juvenile Court existed years ago many of us would have been continually before it. (Laughter.) I can afford to say this, since

candor and frankness are virtues practically the property of Lawyers.

The boys and girls of today are at least as good, if not better, than the boys of our times. The Juvenile Court at the time we were boys was usually conducted out in the barn or wood-shed by father. (Laughter.) And father had a briar stick or bed-slat in one hand, a husky chap in the other, and an original thought in his mind. (Laughter.) It was a Court of original and final jurisdiction. (Uproarious laughter.) One could neither prosecute error or appeal from its findings, and a motion for a new trial simply resulted in a further execution of the former sentence. One simply paid the costs and retired from the Court, and the entry which went on the Journal found that the matter had been dismissed, without prejudice to a new action, and sometimes you were back in the Court on the same day. (Continued laughter.) We discovered that such a Court was a relic of barbarism. I regret that this discovery came some thirty years too late to be of material benefit to me. And we discovered also that children have certain rights which are entitled to respect, just as the rights of the grown-ups are entitled to respect. Back of it all lies the proposition that were it not for the neglectful, ignorant and diffident parent there would be no necessity for a Juvenile Court today. (Applause.) This proposition being true, it follows that the neglectful, ignorant and diffident parent is in as serious need for being placed on probation as is the delinquent and dependent so-called child. (Applause.)

There is an attitude in Ohio (I am not familiar with other communities) of manifest indifference on the part of the members of the Bar, and of an inexcusable combativeness on the part of the Bench. Now and then a Juvenile Judge becomes imbued not with the dignity of the office, but with his personal importance, and feels that the lawyer has no place in the Juvenile Court. For the future success of the Juvenile Court obviously the attitude toward the Bar must change. The Juvenile Court is in sore need of the helpfulness of the members of the Bar. And if it is to be anything at all it is

to be educational as well as judicial, and that this may be accomplished no better assistance could be given than that of the lawyer. You are officers of that Court just as you are officers of other Courts, and your presence there is indeed an inherent right. As typical as to the attitude of some of the Juvenile Judges, I once heard a Juvenile Judge severely remark to an audience that he proposed to do thus and so, law or no law. Is it any wonder that the spirit of the mob is abroad in the land when a member of the judiciary gives expression to such thought, or perhaps it was not a thought, but simply a desire to gratify the spirit of unconscious anarchy which is peculiarly manifested by persons who are inspired by the feeling of social unrest?

The Law of Ohio provides that an adult person may be prosecuted for contributing either to the delinquency or dependency of children under eighteen years of age, and the lawyer certainly has a right to offer his defense for the adult thus charged with any such offense, and it is the lawyer's business and his duty to go to any honorable length that will insure his client every defense, and until that is done the lawyer has not done his full duty, and it is the business of the Judge to assist him to that end.

It is not so remarkable that the present criticism of the Bench should have come, as it is that the Bench did not see it coming. It is a strange thing, my dear friends, that the ordinary, mediocre lawyer, who by the generosity of suffrage, or the good fortune of appointment to a position of authority, should suddenly discover that he is become a very excellent lawyer. (Laughter.) The Bar knows him and all sides of him. He cannot hide his weakness under any assumed air of dignity, and it must be disconcerting to sit, or as some Judges do, "repose" on the Bench while the Lawyer addresses him as "Your Honor," "Please," and under his breath the lawyer remarks, "Wait until I get you back on the floor where you belong and always should have been." (Laughter.)

Courtesy and respect is due from the members of the Bar to its Judiciary to the end that the proper dignity may be

maintained, and equal courtesy and respect is due from the Judiciary to the members of the Bar for the same reason if for no other. This is, perhaps, true of the Juvenile Court more particularly than any other, for the reason that the Juvenile Court is a Court of human interest, and the lawyers practicing have been, and the Judge presiding over it, should be at least examples of civilization to those who are brought before the Court.

If you are called upon to defend some adult person charged with offense in the Juvenile Court it is your duty to exert every effort in behalf of your client. This does not mean, however, that if you are called upon to represent a child in the Juvenile Court that your sole duty is to see that the case is dismissed. If you represent the parent of the child in the Court then your position is that of the parent. If, on the other hand, you represent the child, it becomes your duty, as I see it, to assist the Court in disposing of the matter, that the best interests of the child can be successfully subserved, and in this respect the Juvenile Court of Dayton is peculiarly fortunate.

A young girl, who was said to be delinquent, was before the Court. Her home surroundings were such as not to be conducive to any material improvement. Her father employed counsel, who came into the Court, and after learning all the facts, advised the parent that the only thing to do was to remove the child from its former environment. This was done, and some degree of success met with. I maintain that that is the proper attitude of both Court and Counsel, to the end that the Court may be educational as well as judicial, and to the more important end that the best interests of the child may be paramount.

You live by fees alone, but not for fees alone. (Laughter.) Rectitude, probity, integrity, three of the elements of virtue, cannot be instilled into the hearts of men by mere legislation; in other words, you cannot make a gentleman by passing a resolution. We Democrats in convention tried that too many times and failed, and this I can say without any prejudice in the world, having been a Democrat until the legislature

by an act divested me of all politics, for which, in the light of said pluralities, I am profoundly grateful, of course. (Laughter.) A people cannot be improved exclusively and solely by an act of the Legislature, which is but a rule of conduct, which becomes a matter of education and intellectual development.

The Juvenile Court of Ohio is the rule of conduct. The Juvenile Court is the judicial and educational agency of carrying that rule of conduct into effect. The Court itself being so intensely human and having to do with affairs that are solely human, it must of necessity be educational in its operations. It does this in the matter of dependent children alone, giving to them an environment which had not theretofore been provided.

If the State permits you and me to dispose of our property by will, certainly the State can exercise some discretion as to future citizenship, and it is not fair to expect the child to remain in a home of dissolute or profligate parents, thereby being deprived of the same chances to make good as the child next door, and at this point occurs most of the trouble that the Juvenile Court has thus far met with. The parent feels that it has the first right to its child, and about that there is no question, all other things being equal, but when the environment surrounding the child is such as to warrant the Court in its discretion to place it elsewhere, the Court immediately becomes educational as well as judicial.

The Juvenile Court needs the help of the lawyer. And the lawyer in the Juvenile Court is neither an intruder nor an interloper.

The lawyer's path to glory and riches is by no means the easiest of travel. I tried it for eight years, and had my client lived I might never have sought other honors. (Laughter.)

Much can be learned about the client from the Bench, and often his ingratitude is more pronounced from the view-point of the Judge than it is from the lawyer's view-point.

You all, perhaps, have heard the "Honest Business Man" at a banquet of his craftsmen announce that "What this country needs is an honest lawyer," and a casual observation leads

to the conclusion that the lawyer is at all times at least as honest as the immediate needs of his client will allow him to be. (Laughter and applause.) When one stops and considers the number of husbands and wives that continue to live together when an entirely different situation might have arisen, then, at least one finds that the lawyer has at least been faithful to a trust and has not divulged all that in confidence was told him. And when one also remembers that the population of a certain institution situated in Columbus might have been increased had it not been for a lawyer, one must come to the conclusion that at least a lawyer is loyal. Of course there is another angle to the latter proposition which I had not cared to discuss, that is, some of the clients I defended are still in the Penitentiary, which was sort of a double hardship on them. (Laughter.)

The Juvenile Court least of all Courts can afford to ignore the helpfulness made possible by the co-operation of the lawyer. It cannot make people over again. It cannot improve upon what the Creator has done. But in its limitations it is possible to effect some sort of reasonable reform to the end that the future citizenship may be improved so far as the boy is concerned. There is, perhaps, no crying need for the Juvenile Court only in so far as the exceptional cases may apply. The boy usually works out his own salvation in a most satisfactory manner. The boy is never a criminal at heart. He may be a little selfish, of course. As a potential force in this world he would be of little value if he were otherwise. You and I played truancy—that does not make it right—we lied, and some of us have not outgrown the habit. Some of us have committed larceny; not you, but I say some of us. Some of us occasionally missed Sunday-school; not you, but I say some of us. And we even read five-cent novels, and smoked cigarettes. And you know the devil has always assumed all sorts of faces and forms to tempt mankind. Did you ever start for Sunday-school in the winter and when you got to the first cross-street there stood the devil waiting for you in his smooth array? He said, “Jimmie, the ice is about eight

inches thick this morning and smooth as glass." (Laughter.) And suddenly you remembered that you had hidden your skates at the mouth of the old sewer. Fall! Of course you fell, and you went skating, and you kept your eye on the sun to see when noon time came around. And when that hour arrived you hid your skates, went home, and the good parents, of course, who could not go to church that morning, inquired as to the Minister's Text, and you told them the text, and along about evening time the parents again inquired what was the Minister's Text, and, bless your heart, you had forgotten the text you had given in the morning, and so you had to give them another text, and that is where you got in trouble. Of course, that sort of thing provided us all with plenty of good Scripture, but it also got us in many an embarrassing situation. (Laughter.) You, of course, were called into Juvenile Court, that is the Juvenile Court held in the wood-shed. Not on Sunday, of course not, that was too good a day to commit such a deed, and the punishment was put off until Monday morning, with the matter being taken up in prayer on Sunday night.

I venture to remark that the number of vicious boys is less than one in three thousand as per the population, and it is necessary to adjudicate such cases only by reason of the neglect of the parent.

The City of Dayton is peculiarly fortunate in the attitude of its Bar Association, and this has been largely contributed to by the Honorable Robert C. Patterson, the Prosecuting Attorney of Montgomery County, who is a member of this Bar Association, and who in his kindly helpfulness has at all times given to the Court the efficient, splendid and immeasurable help of his office. The Treasurer of this Bar Association is a member of Mr. Patterson's office family, and he has been of material assistance to the Court of that city in times gone by, for which the Judge of that Court takes this opportunity to publicly express his gratitude.

There is, as I view it, one serious aspect in the whole Juvenile jurisprudence, and that is, there are many splendid, well-meaning people abroad in the social service work of to-



day, who are, perhaps, in a degree somewhat misguided. They are not content with the administration of the law as the Court may find it, but insist upon such construction of the Statutes as will conform to what they may have learned in their social research work. This cannot always be done, and as a result thereof the misguided social worker feels that the Court should be presided over not by a lawyer, but by a social service worker. Another menace is the misguided volunteer Probation Officer. She is not—I beg your pardon, I said “she,” I meant “they,” of course. But, as a rule, they have only one business at heart, and that is, to attend to the business of the neighborhood, spending the time going through the highways and byways to find out how some one else lives, and by necessity neglecting their own affairs at home. To illustrate, one very excellent person in Dayton telephoned to the Humane Society, saying that a wagon drawn by one horse had become so securely lodged in the mud that the horse could not proceed, that the man removed about one-half the load on the wagon and then with his horse proceeded on his way. This circumstance, so the woman argued, was sufficient to warrant the inference that the wagon had been over-loaded in the first place, and, therefore the driver should have been arrested. The truth of the matter is, the driver should have been given a medal for having judgment enough to remove one-half of the load. (Laughter.) This is a typical case of the misguided volunteer Probation Officer.

I argue that upon your return home you get in touch with the Juvenile Court, and offer it your help, which is badly needed. The need of the Juvenile Court, so far as the delinquent girl is concerned, is immaterial. She hasn't the same chance that her brother had. It's a queer thing, but you know that even her own sex doesn't come to her assistance. Which reminds me that upon a certain occasion some men took a woman to the Saviour and charged her with an offense which in those days was punishable by being stoned to death, and as the story goes, He was writing on the ground. After being made acquainted with the nature of the offense, He replied,

“Let him who is without sin amongst you cast the first stone,” and he looked up directly, and the woman stood alone. As you remember, He said, “Woman, does no man accuse thee?” She said, “None, my Lord.” “Neither do I accuse thee. Go thy way and sin no more.” He knew that if she had been guilty of this offense she could not have been guilty alone, and he wrote his judgment in the sand where the wind and waves would soon obliterate it, and the Lord made no mistake then, and has made none since. I say a woman seldom comes to the aid of one of her own sex. There was no woman present on the occasion of which I speak, except the accused. But you will usually find plenty of men defending the accused contributor to the delinquency of the so-called erring girl. And their defense is usually the same. It consists in assuring the Court that the Court must make liberal allowance for the mistakes of men. (Laughter.) That men are entitled to more liberties than are women, a fallacy which is recently being discovered. The same defense was offered by old Father Adam on that memorable morning when he met the Lord. I can almost imagine his conversation. In all probability he assured the Lord he had been simply walking around the Park, enjoying the scenery, listening to the birds singing in the trees, and that this woman Eve, in her determination, followed him, and on account of his coy and attractive ways and great intelligence she threw her arms around him and told him he was the only man she had ever really loved. (Laughter.) He tried to make the Lord believe that he was without sin, and that Eve was the aggressor. The Lord made no mistake then, and has made none since, and they were both put out of the Garden. (Laughter.) This has been the same defense offered by every man since the time of Adam. The remarkable thing about it all is, if he is a married man and by his misbehavior has become involved, the assurances are that his wife will believe his story, and she will say that had not the other woman set her snare and traps for this splendid husband, all would have been well. I do not say this of all wives, because I am married, and mine

is either different, or she has me thinking she is different, which amounts to the same thing. (Laughter.)

We have become a little more generous in our thought, in our politics and in our religion. The time was when we Baptists thought you Methodists were going to a place where now we know you are not going. (Laughter.) We have improved in our politics. We no longer hang a man because of his opinion. I do not say that we no longer desire to hang him for his opinion. The facts, at least, warrant that distinction. During the first presidential campaign of which I have any recollection the small boy wore a blue cap with the name of his favorite candidate printed thereon in gold letters. The great party representing the opposite view from that of my people planned a great torch-light parade. You doubtless remember these affairs which consisted in the participants walking for miles with the lard-oil from the torch running down their spines, yelling themselves hoarse for somebody who rode in a hack. (Laughter.) As a kid these occasions afforded great opportunity to be out after night. Of course, my people would commit no such heresy as viewing such a parade and, therefore, my domicile was conspicuously dark. (Laughter.) But as love laughs at locksmiths, there are no barriers strong enough to confine a boy, and I ran off across the street to the home of another boy whose people were jollifying, and when the old gentleman, the head of that household, saw the name on my cap he promptly ordered me home, and when I reached home I found my people had been consistently generous, they had turned out all the lights, but were to be found back of the window, peeping out at the parade. (Laughter.) It is unfair, perhaps, to judge the people of the then by the conditions of the present, but viewing things by the light of the conditions of today we would be somewhat ashamed of such conduct. We are becoming a little more generous in our views, and, as I say, we no longer hang men for a difference in view, but, as indicated, I am unable to say that we haven't entirely given up a desire to do so. (Laughter.)

It has scarcely been two hundred years since we executed men and women in the Massachusetts Colony for having made a compact with the devil for some supernatural power known as witchcraft, and may it be said to the eternal credit of the Bar that not a lawyer sat on that bench which condemned these innocent people. There were two ministers of the Gospel, which no doubt comes to you as a great surprise, two physicians, and one of the honest business men of his time. (Laughter.) A little later the Quakers were executed in the same colony for their religious beliefs. At that time our courts simply inquired whether one had violated the law, and if so disposition was made of the case. Nowadays for the violation of the law our court attempts to seek the reason for the violation, thus making the court, in a limited sense, educational as well as judicial.

We no longer pay reverence to things solely because of their antiquity. Most of us believe that much of the new is better than some of the old. The world is better than it was fifty years ago. We are sincerely interested in humanity. More agencies are at work for the betterment of mankind than ever before. We no longer believe that in order to insure success one must have been reared on the farm. There is plenty of misguided sentiment about life on the farm as there is about life elsewhere. The boyhood life on a farm twenty-five years ago was martyrdom and torture. We had none of the conditions and conveniences of the present day. In those days in the Spring a boy's system was full of sulphur and molasses, his soul full of revenge. (Laughter.) In the summer he was barefoot and busy; in the fall he lamented the necessity of entering school for the slight education which awaited him, and in the winter he was entertained by revivals and chilblains. He went to bed when he was not sleepy, and got up when he was. (Laughter.) He got up early so that he might page the cows and have them ready for breakfast. (Laughter.) In those days you slept in the garret, and awoke in the winter mornings with snow on the floor, and snow on the bed, put your sockless foot into your cold boot, and slipped down the

stairs, I say slipped advisedly. (Laughter.) After you had fed all of the stock you were ready to see that you had been fed, and oh, what a wonderful appetite and what splendid meals you had in those days. You remember that every breakfast time you had a thousand yards of sausage, and a million buckwheat cakes with a lump of butter on top as big as a twenty-dollar gold-piece, and syrup that came from a tree. And if it was Thanksgiving Day you were permitted a holiday. Everybody who was related to the family came for their dinner, most of them long since departed. It is true that there was a gladsome spirit about this particular holiday; everybody seemed to love everybody else. The exception proved this rule conclusively. The exception was usually your Aunt Sarah, who wore her hair in a very tight knot at the back of her head which in your imagination made her eyes protrude like a frog's. She was very straight-laced, and on holidays wore her black bombazine which made her appear very much like the wife of the village undertaker who lived close by. (Laughter.) When she reached your home her first inquiry was whether you could recite the Apostles' Creed, and after you had stumbly done so she invited you to kiss her, not for the love of the boy, but to find out if you had been chewing tobacco out back of the corn-crib, so that she could tell Pa about it. I suspect she occupies the same place in eternity as does that kind-hearted soul who promised you a ticket to the circus if you carried water for the elephants, and who was the most consummate liar you had ever met. And can you forget the memorable dinner on Thanksgiving Day in the old dining-room where the rag carpet was worn threadbare, and seated around that table were all of the people occupying your little world, mother at one end, father at the other, and sandwiched between the grown-ups were as many little boys and girls as could uncomfortably be placed in such a limited space. The other boys who were not so fortunate were sharply reminded that they must "wait." There was a turkey most as big as the oldest calf on the farm; and a bushel-basket of cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, four kinds of jam, five

kinds of jelly, slaw, mince-pie, pumpkin-pie, and sometimes plum-pudding. And the dressing in the turkey had an odor that only the fragrant, pungent sage can produce. And although you had been on mother's nerves all morning, she saw that you were abundantly supplied, which is but the gratification of every little boy's ambition, and in this rich old world of ours it is a crime that any little boy or girl should ever be hungry. And after this dinner was over, with what remaining strength there was, you retired to the "parlor." You remember this room above all others. It was opened upon the occasion of holidays and funerals. It was the room where you were sent on Sunday for punishment for whistling; where the old hair-cloth furniture took away whatever cheer might have come in through the windows; where the marble-topped "center-table" supported such works of Literature as "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Jenkins on the Atonement," "The History of the Waldenses," these were to cheer the heart of a boy. (Laughter.) And in the corner stood the old black "What-Not," (laughter), on the lower shelf of which was the old "Conch Shell," which you put to your ear to hear the roar of the ocean. Near by on another shelf was the death-dealing bullet which shattered Uncle Jim's leg at Gettysburg, and on the wall hung the wax flowers which should have been left at the cemetery instead of being brought home under the mistaken thought that they would perpetuate happy memories. And there was somewheres in the room a full-rigged ship incased in a bottle, and you have wondered from that day to this how it was ever done. And after your heart had been filled with gladness (laughter) at the "scenery" in this room you retired to the garret, and there had your amateur theatricals, Scott's Marmion being a strong favorite. "What, ho! Let the portcullis fall," etc., until one of your cousins from the city jabbed you in the eye with a broomstick with which he was fencing, and you went crying down to Ma to tell her your troubles. (Laughter.) And then in the evening you sat before the fire of blazing logs in the open fire-place and cracked hickory-nuts, and ate apples, and drank cider, and went to bed and

dreamed of hobgoblins, and awoke the next morning not later than 2 A. M., arose, and saw to it that the cattle did not oversleep themselves. In the old garret, which was the scene of these theatrical ambitions, there hung great strings of dried apples, red peppers and sage, and it is all a beautiful sentiment, but not one of us would go back to it willingly. You remember when your mother dried the apples she put them out on a shed-roof, and whenever the old tiger-cat wanted to take a nap it was up on the roof in the midst of the apples. (Laughter.) We did not have a screen in the windows nor a furnace in the house, and the bath—the bath stood just outside of the kitchen door and was called a “rain bärrel,” and when you shook the barrel the little bugs would come up to the top. (Laughter.) Of course from Easter until the first of November the old “swimmin’ hole” was the only place of refuge. The country schoolhouse was by no means the attraction that the school of today is. In those days all of the children were crowded into one dark, illy ventilated room. If you had a slate one corner was broken out of it by your oldest brother when he went to school. Still, there was enough remaining slate, because you never wrote much on it except “I love you,” and then nudged her, showing her the slate (laughter), and she turned her nose up, all a very beautiful sentiment.

Nowadays in the schools our children are taught the best of everything. There are more comforts and conveniences today than ever dreamed of heretofore. Daniel Webster in all his life never sent a telegram. Abraham Lincoln never saw an incandescent light. General Grant never heard a phonograph. The late William McKinley never saw an aeroplane in flight. Good old days—good old days—the best thing about them is that they have gone. (Laughter.)

This is the best time in which to live, and tomorrow will be better. And I should like to return for a few minutes in a century hence, just to find out what a little part we knew. It is not to be inferred that all of the things of the past with its donations and sentiment are to be either ignored or forgotten. There is so much in the past that is of benefit today. I love to

sit by an open fire with an old grandfather's clock at my side, which has a unique way of linking the past with the present, and to sit by the fire and dream with the clock at one side is like having an old, old friend drop in and tell you the gossip of the neighborhood. If the clock is old enough it can tell you about the time your grandfather rode a hundred miles on horseback to mail a letter to your grandmother who had remained back east until the new home could be made habitable. It can tell you of the opinions of the neighbors. It can tell you of the criticisms about the new minister. Of course it hasn't always a strict regard for truth, like every other gossiping old thing, for sometimes it points to 10 o'clock, when in truth, in fact it is but half-past eight. But to me it serves its purpose of linking the past and the present, and yet I am glad that I live in the twentieth century which marks the most transitional period in the economic history.

The Juvenile Court is one of the new ideas, one of the humanitarian ideas of this intensely human age, and while it needs your help, you need a better acquaintance with it. All of the pathos, all of the tragedy, all of the shortcomings of life are rehearsed in this court, and it will afford you abundant opportunities for helpfulness to your fellow-men, and after all that is the greatest blessing that can come to man. The only measure by which one can ascertain the success of one's life is whether one has sincerely tried to leave the world any better than he found it. Even if you have been contributing to the good humor of mankind, contributing to the happiness of mankind, to that extent at least your life has been a success. (Applause.) Anything is better company than a "grouch" except it be a hermit, and a hermit of necessity must be a "grouch."

No man can be Judge of the Juvenile Court and sincerely interested in his work and not be a better man. Judging from my past I am a shining example of the truth of this statement.

It is a splendid work because it is constructive work. I like it for the reason that it brings to my notice the cares, tribulations, tragedies and interests of humanity. And there is



nothing more interesting in all the world than the children of mankind. Mother Nature seems to have so arranged things that the heart of the boy appeals to the heart of the man and unconsciously the interests of the boy become the most interesting things to a man. You and I are supposed to reason about most of our acts. A little boy commits his deeds and mistakes on impulse and reasons afterward. He annexes the possession of a dog because the dog is near to his heart. A man steals from an entirely different motive. A man steals because the lust of gold has surrounded his heart. And yet with all the boy's impulses he seldom commits an unprincipled act. A boy will sometimes entice away a neighbor's dog because they have so much in common. A boy never yet stole the receptacles which you placed at the head of the graves of your departed ones, and which you are never able to find at the time you desire to pay respect to the memory of those who have gone. This offense is always committed by your grown-up neighbor who owns the adjoining lot in the cemetery, and who views the boy's offense as serious. Much depends upon the point of view. (Laughter.) I wish that I might live to be one hundred and fifty years old and on the last day drop dead as Juvenile Judge of Dayton, Ohio. (Laughter.)

You have been extremely indulgent in listening to me, and your patience is more than commendable in view of the excessive heat of the day. I sincerely trust that we may meet again and that in the meantime your ambitions may be realized, and that your successes be all that you hope, and that the Juvenile Court may afford you abundant opportunity to be of helpfulness to mankind and of much benefit to yourself. I thank you, and thank you again, and bid you a pleasant good morning. (Great applause.)