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BERKELEY'S "PSYCHOPATHIC SQUAD" IN A UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CLASSROOM.

Picked men are studying regular courses in subjects that bear on the scientific treatment and analysis of crime.

A COLLEGE-BRED POLICE FORCE

IT IS A SAFE BET that the policemen of Cambridge, Mass., are not sent regularly to take courses at Harvard, and that those of New Haven are unfamiliar with the lecture-halls and laboratories of dear old Yale. They manage these things differently on the Pacific Coast. In Berkeley, Cal., across the bay from San Francisco, policemen are sent by their chief to the University of California, which is located in that city, to study psychology, criminology, and other subjects that bear on the scientific treatment of crime. The Chief of Police has apparently taken *Craig Kennedy* as his model, instead of *Sherlock Holmes*; and Morris Lavine, who writes of the plan in *The Illustrated World* (Chicago, February), is of the opinion that it works beautifully. University instructors, he says, can teach police to be more effective in handling criminals and degenerates and in making arrests, as well as in preventing crime and helping to check criminal tendencies among the population. Writes Mr. Lavine:

"Each Friday the policemen meet at the city headquarters to take their lessons in criminology. During the week they apply their knowledge as much as possible, discuss it, and write papers that are handed in to Chief Vollmer. These papers are based both on the lectures and on their experiences and observations. The Mendelian theory of inheritance and transmission of characteristics, together with the influence of environment, is discussed by the policemen. . . .

"This ability to recognize the degenerate and subnormal elements in men is of far-reaching importance in police-work. The experience of years in all large cities has developed the principle that in the degenerate is the key to the problem of finding the perpetrator of crime, and this principle until now has been ignored all too much by our police forces.

"Thus, for example, if a brutal murder, assault, or robbery has been committed in a community, the first move in locating the perpetrator is to account for the actions of all degenerates and subnormal persons in the neighborhood. With police trained as the Berkeley officers are, the patrolmen know the people of defective mentality on their beats, and the 'round-up' of suspects is easily and quickly made—sometimes, indeed, quickly

enough to catch the perpetrator red-handed—and usually the criminal will be among those apprehended. Untrained police not only do not recognize this principle, but can not apply it thoroughly, even when they do have some dim perception of it.

"So far, there have been two very important sets of lectures given on crime. One was by Dr. Jan Don Ball, practitioner, as well as lecturer in psychiatry, dealing with those who are insane and mentally defective, and another by Dr. H. H. Goddard, on the psychology of the feeble-minded. Dr. Ball taught the men the facts of science concerning the following topics: 1. Penitentiary science in its relation to the ancient incarceration of the insane. 2. Responsibility toward the insane. 3. Types of mental diseases apt to develop criminal tendencies. 4. Syphilis, alcohol, and poverty as causes of mental diseases and

crime. 5. Prevention of mental diseases and crime. 6. The view-point of the criminal, and his defense.

"Three men whose theories were taught are Lombroso, famous as a criminologist and physician; Enrico Ferri, noted as a socialist, and Raffalle Garofalo. Besides the theories of these prominent Italian criminologists, the lessons of the lecturer himself, as he learned them from experience in police-work, were given to the police. . . .

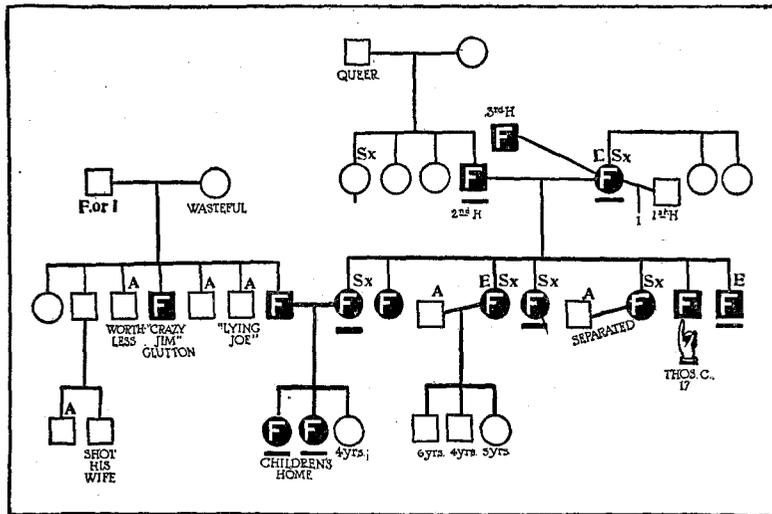
"An insane person, the policemen are taught, is one who has had a better mind, but has lost it. A feeble-minded person is one who has never had a better mind than the one he now has. To recognize the feeble-minded person—the person who commits crimes because he

knows no better, or the woman who has fallen because of feeble-mindedness—is a task which is assigned to policemen. . . .

"Chief Vollmer says that only half of the work that can be done by university instruction is thus accomplished, and that this is the half that makes itself obvious in its practical result, seen in the better handling of criminals and the care of different persons who are arrested. The other result will not be seen for some time to come, but will inevitably be effective. This result is that which will come from the data gathered and compiled by the police in all the future records of the department as to what the policemen determine to be the causes of crime.

"Police departments will thereby help to prevent crime, for they will be able to furnish legislators and the general public with the results of a systematic study of what are its causes. . . . Chief Vollmer said:

"I believe the system we have adopted will spread everywhere, for it is the duty of the police to do all in their power not only to preserve the peace, but to prevent crime."



A CRIMINAL'S FAMILY-TREE.

An essential part of the modern police record. The above chart was worked out from direct contact with one youth—Thomas C.—and knowledge of four other children in State institutions. "A" indicates "alcoholic," "Sx" sex abnormality, "F" feeble-minded, and "I" insane.

ANOTHER WALT WHITMAN

NOT SINCE the British discovered Walt Whitman for America and blamed us for our inappreciation has an American literary sensation struck England with the impact of the "Spoon River Anthology." Indeed, a writer in the London *Nation* sets out to prove that this work is "the most remarkable product of America since Whitman first published his unnoticed 'Leaves of Grass.'" The British critic's initials point to his identity as C. G. F. Masterman, and the spirit of Whitman seems to guide his appreciation. He discerns that, like Whitman's, Mr. Masters's work is neither prose nor poetry, but "this fact is irrelevant." His enthusiasm is matched by the Manchester *Guardian*, which declares that "Mr. Edgar Lee Masters will become a classic," and the London *Times* calls the book "a masterpiece of self-denial rather than self-expression." Mr. Masters fails in one point of resemblance to Whitman—a point probably not yet observed by his English readers. He has been duly appreciated by his American contemporaries even to the extent of being profusely imitated. Mr. Bliss Carman, in a recent number of *The Forum*, treats the Anthology in terms of its own measure, proves how easy it is to do, and dismisses it as not worth doing at all.

Mr. Masterman takes three columns of *The Nation* to show that "while Whitman is almost 'Gott getrunken' in 'forever corroborating the praising of things,' Mr. Masters sees a different world in America—the world of which Whitman prophesied, at the end! And as, by his method, the members of this world, stript of illusion, talk the truth, the result is not wholly encouraging." Mr. Masterman gives a brief and vivid analysis of the book:

"The people of Spoon River here lie 'all, all, sleeping on the hill'—in the cemetery of the 'little one-horse town' which is typical of all that is developing in the Middle West of America. They tell the truth. In some cases this truth coincides with the record of their lives; in most, otherwise. '*Il faut parler françois,*' said Montaigne about death. They 'speak French' in the cemetery of Spoon River. There are no great heroes. There are few unspeakable criminals. Most are men and women who have refused to face life, or those whom life has terrified out of unknown possibilities, or who have settled down into acquiescence in a pretty sordid, substantial, semisuccessful life: as in the suburbs of all cities, as in the gigantic suburb which makes up America. Here are evil and good alike, the hypocrite, the

adulterer, the man who called public swindle a public service, and induced all his neighbors to believe it. They have their queer standard of Puritanism, money-making, and what they are pleased to call the 'moral law'—'Republicans, Calvinists, Merchants, Bankers'—which warps and twists hereditary, ill-comprehended emotions and passions, and searchings after sacrifice for ideal ends. They have been driven by the furnace-machine of time through the 'so little' in their little lives; and now, silent forever, proclaim to the world the thing they found life was.

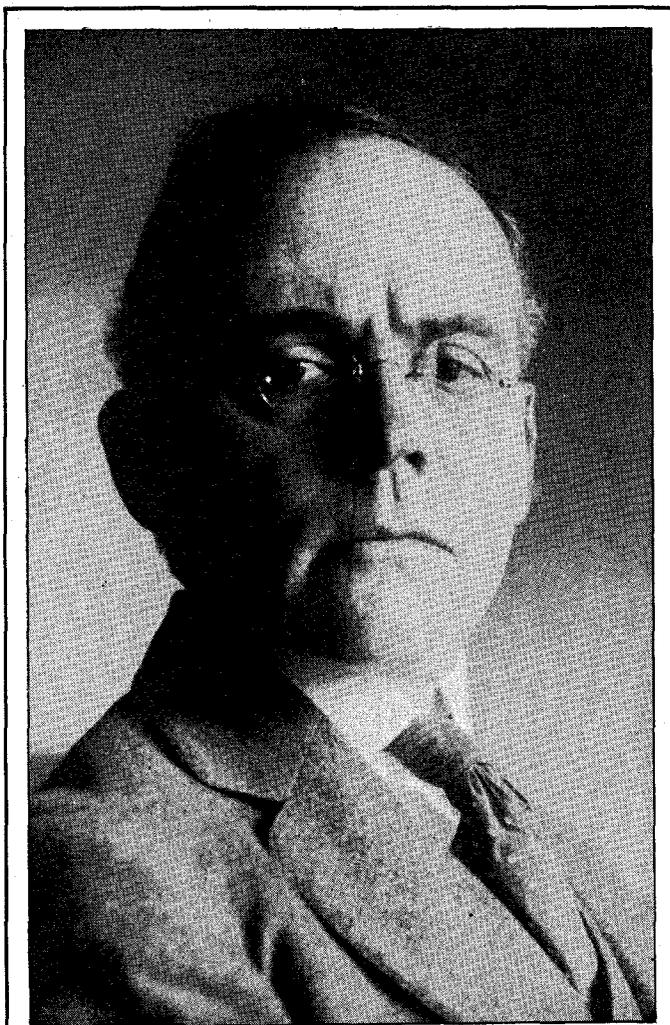
"'Lift not the painted veil that men called life,' cried Shelley, and described something of the revelation behind. Mr. Masters has lifted the 'painted veil,' with no optimistic results. He shows the selling of the franchises by the 'good citizen,' politicians, the frauds of the bankers, the pursuit of 'non-justice' by the lawyers. He shows young love too much or too little satisfied. The rogue triumphs in his villainy, mocking his unsuccessful opponents, from the cemetery-dust. Only occasionally one who wishes to know what life is, or one who has tried to ennoble life, or one who in some mystic fashion has realized that there is an existence which Spoon River and all Spoon Rivers can not altogether torture and tear to pieces, protests from the grave that things might have been better, that things shall be better. In the main, they rest under tablets and tombs grotesquely un-descriptive of their virtues or follies—hurried through a life feeble and transitory, into the eternal darkness of the grave."

The strength of the book, Mr. Masterman says by way of characterization, "is its indifference; its impartiality; its tolerance; its refusal to label sheep and goats; its determination that their men and

women shall tell their own story, confess their own crime and conviction, assert without approval or blame." "The author knows that the truth is never known, or never told, unless the dead can speak—speak when 'far too naked to be 'shamed.'" The English critic continues:

"So their speeches are recorded with something of the indifference of the stone-mason himself who from the grave affirms his method of constructing the graves ordered 'as per contract.' When he first came to Spoon River, he 'did not know whether what they told me was true or false,' and they would stand round where he worked and say—

'He was so kind.' 'He was wonderful.'
'She was the sweetest woman.' 'He was a consistent Christian.'
And I chiseled for them whatever they wished,
All in ignorance of its truth.



EDGAR LEE MASTERS,

While looked upon by some English writers as a new Whitman, he has also been called by one writer an American Masefield, "with more sense than Mr. Masefield, but a smaller poetic gift."