THEN AND THERE

History told as it would be written today

By IRVIN S. COBB

The Angel of the Prisoners

Elizabeth Gurney Fry was an English Quakeress, a deeply pious, simple, sincere, modest little woman, devoted to her family duties and shunning notoriety whenever she could. Yet mankind knows her as one of the greatest philanthropists who ever lived. She endures in history as an "Angel of Compassion" as a "Genius for Good." Seventy-five years after her death the work which she inaugurated for the administration of penal institutions still endures throughout most of the civilized world. Because Elizabeth Fry was as practical as her spirit was charitable and generous in her soul.

To those of this generation it seems almost incredible that so lately as the first two decades of the Nineteenth century men and women accused of trivial offences were loaded with fetters and crammed into noisome dungeons, there to lie in nakedness and filth and unchecked debauchery and sometimes to starve—since no regular provision was made for feeding them; that for petty crimes they were hanged in public or transported in those floating hells called convict ships to overseas colonies, where under the lash and in chains they served out their sentences for cruel taskmasters; that the insane were treated like criminals; and that thousands who had fallen into debt were confined for long years or even for life in dismal jails. This condition applied to England and notably to Scotland, and it applied practically to every country in Europe and, in a considerably lesser degree it applied to the young republic of the United States.

It was due to Elizabeth Fry that these shocking evils were, during her own lifetime, largely corrected, not only in Great Britain but in other lands. The tale of her achievement reads like romance, so small and quiet were its beginnings, so gentle and retiring its creator, so tremendous its force when humanity had been aroused to a sense of its own callous negligence.

The movement which was eventually to arouse popular sentiment everywhere in the civilized world began when Mrs. Fry, then a young matron, paid a visit to London's notorious prison of Newgate, entering a part of it which even armed wardens hesitated to invade for fear of the desperate inmates. It culminated when the British government cooperated with her to remedy existing conditions in jails, lock-ups and penitentiaries throughout the United Kingdom; and its fruits are manifest today in the conduct of reformatory institutions throughout the world and especially the English-speaking world.

Every man or woman who goes to prison these times owes a debt of gratitude to Elizabeth Fry. Her own journal offers the closest insight into her motives, her aims and her performance. Quotations from it make up a considerable part of the splendid article.

AT THE time of Elizabeth Fry's first visit to Newgate the woman's division consisted of two wards and two cells embracing a superficial area of about one hundred and ninety yards. Into these spaces were crammed three hundred women, the guilty and the innocent, the tried and the untried, the minor offenders and those convicted who were soon to die upon the gallows. Of these last there must have been a goodly number since in Great Britain at the beginning of the last century there were three hundred separate crimes punishable with death—including petty theft. Indeed, a man or woman might be hanged for robbing hen-roosts, writing threatening letters, or pilfering property from the person of another to the value of five shillings.

One old man and his son were the wardens and caretakers for the abominably squalid hole into which these three hundred poor creatures were crammed. Of that initial experience of hers Mrs. Fry wrote:

"They were destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same room they lived, cooked and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging when any stranger appeared among them the prisoners purchased liquors from a tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. . . . Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing that Mr. Newman, the governor, entered this portion of it with reluctance."

Ministering to a Doomed Woman.

There was yet another distressing feature—the everlasting clanking of fetters upon the limbs of many of these poor wretches. Manacles were in general use for the restraint of prisoners. Nearly all men prisoners in those days wore constantly upon their ankles heavy chains, and on occasion wrist-irons as well—not the light, almost decorative handcuffs of modern times, but heavy bracelets connected by huge links or by solid iron bars. Nor were women spared these ignominies. In many prisons throughout the kingdom practically no provision was made for the feeding of the inmates, so that to overcrowding disease, filth, obscenity and vice were added the horrors of starvation.

Even so, there had been during Mrs. Fry's girlhood some reform in penal conditions—thanks to the efforts of an older philanthropist than she, by name John Howard, who finally died of overexertion, a martyr to his work in behalf of oppressed humanity. Mrs. Fry was a sensible soul. First she enlisted the members of her own household and her friends in the task of providing garments to cover the nakedness of the wretched creatures in Newgate. She began making regular visits there; later she extended her ministrations to loathsome jails, lunatic asylums and so-called hospitals throughout England and Scotland so that when she put her plea before the government she was well fortified with first-hand evidence.

Her journal, which she kept from day to day, provides heart-moving pictures of degradation and misery. For instance she wrote:

"I have just returned from a melancholy visit to Newgate where I have been at the request of Elizabeth Fricker, previous to her execution tomorrow at eight o'clock. I found her much [illegible] distressed and tormented in mind. Her hands were cold and covered with something like the perspiration which precedes death, and in an universal tremor. The women who were with her said she had been so outrageous before our going that they thought a man must be sent for to manage her. However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmed."

A Plea Before the House of Commons

Another entry casts a light upon the interior conditions of Newgate: "Besides this poor young woman there are also six men to be hanged, one of whom has a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and seven young children. Since the awful report came down he has become quite mad from horror of mind. A straight waistcoat could not keep him within bounds; he had just bitten the turnkey; I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding as I passed the cell. I hear that another who has been tolerably educated and brought up was doing all he could to harden himself through unbelief, trying to convince himself that religious truths were idle tales."

In 1817, four years after her first inspection of London's most notorious prison, she founded a society of women under the title, "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Eleven Quakeresses, herself included, and the wife of a clergyman of another faith composed the organization. From this small beginning sprang the movement which was in time to sweep England with a wave of mercy. As for demure quiet little Mrs. Fry, she woke up one morning to find herself famous, to be hailed as a benefactress to the race and to be offered the co-operation of parliamentary leaders and officials everywhere.

Early in the following year—1818—a committee of the house of commons was appointed to investigate the physical state and conduct of prisons in the metropolis. Before this body Mrs. Fry in her sober Quaker dress appeared as the chief witness to give evidence. She told how her reading of the Scriptures had resulted in calming turbulent spirits awaiting transportation to England's penal colony in Australia; how her group had worked by night and by day to provide garments and food for women in confinement and to reconcile those under sentence and to care for and reform those who had been released.

Sheriffs Sometimes Clothed Charges

This question was put to her:

"Do you know anything of the room and accommodations for the women at Newgate in 1817?"

"Not nearly room enough. If we had room enough to class them I think a very great deal more might be accomplished. We labor very much in the day, and we see the fruit of our labor; but if we could separate them in the night I do think that we could not calculate upon the effect which would be produced."

"At present, those convicted for all offenses pass the day together?"

"Very much so; very much intermixed, old and young, hardened offenders with those who have committed only a minor crime, or the first crime; the very lowest of women with respectable married women and maid servants. It is more injurious than can be described in its effect and in its consequence. One little instance to prove how beneficial it is to take care of the prisoners is afforded by the case of a poor woman for whom we have obtained pardon. We taught her to knit in the prison; she is now living respectably out of it and in part gains her livelihood by knitting.

"One poor woman to whom we lent money comes every week to my house and pays two shillings as honestly and as punctually as we could desire."

"Do you know whether there is any clothing allowed by the city?"

"Not any. Whenever we have applied or mentioned anything about clothing we have always found that there was no other resource but our own, excepting that the sheriffs used to clothe the prisoners occasionally. Lately nobody has clothed them but ourselves."

"Have you ever had prisoners there who have suffered materially for want of clothing?"

"I could mention such scenes as I should hardly think it delicate to mention. We had a woman the other day on the point of lying-in, brought to bed not many hours after she came in. She had hardly a covering; no stockings and only a thin gown."

"Has it not happened that when gentlemen have come in to see the prison you have been obliged to stand before the women who were in a condition not fit to be seen?"

"Yes. I remember one instance in which I was obliged to stand before one of the women to prevent her being seen."

"What is the average space allowed to each woman to lie upon, taking the average number in the prison?"

"I cannot be accurate, not having measured; from eighteen inches to two feet, I should think."

"By six feet?"

"Yes."

Harrowing Spectacles in Scotland.

Perhaps without knowing it Mrs. Fry that day sowed the seeds for some of the very forms of penal administration which are in vogue to this day. She insisted that employment should be provided for prisoners, that separate sleeping-quarters should in all instances be arranged; that steps should be taken for aiding released convicts to earn honest livings; that men prisoners and women prisoners should invariably be kept apart; that for women prisoners, keepers and attendants of their own sex should be hired—all things undreamed of before she voiced the need for them.

It was in the next year that Mrs. Fry at her own expense undertook a special journey into northern England and Scotland, there to inquire into jailing conditions. She found a state of things even more awful than those she had observed in London. At Haddington she wrote: "Four cells allotted to prisoners of the tramp and criminal class were very dark, excessively dirty, had clay floors, no fireplaces, straw in one corner for a bed, and in each of them a tub, the receptacle for all filth."

Irons connected by iron bars were employed in such a way as to become veritable instruments of torture to the men and women upon whose limbs they were locked or riveted. At Forfar prisoners customarily were chained to their bedsteads; at Berwick, to the walls of their cell; at Newcastle, to rings set in the stone floors. In Scotland both debtors and lunatics were treated with the utmost cruelty. Mad people suffered the indignities visited upon criminals, and the debtors fared no better. According to Scotch law at this period the magistrates who committed a man for debt and the jailer who held him became responsible in case of his escape.

Thus it befell that men—and women—whose only offenses were that they could not pay what they owed, dragged heavy shackles and denned in foul cells which they were rarely permitted to leave.

Returning home, Mrs. Fry raised the cry that reformation and not revenge was the object of punishment. All Britain was by now in a fit frame of mind to hearken to her appeal. The crimes for which capital punishment might be inflicted were tremendously reduced in number; the custom of shipping felons in chain gangs to Botany bay was abolished; lunatics were given decent treatment; the fetters fell from the limbs of the jail inmates. Eventually public executions were abolished; finally, but not until Charles Dickens had stirred the consciences of his countrymen by his writings, the debtors' prisons were closed. A century and more after Elizabeth Fry's work was ended, the crusade she inaugurated still guides courts and warders in the discharge of their duties toward offenders against society and the laws set up by society.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Set Artist's Feet on Path of Immortality

When Jean Francois Millet, French genre and landscape painter, in the days of his early career, seemed to be stumbling into the pitfall of striving after popular effect it was his grandmother who led him to the proper path. Louise Jumelin, widow of Nicholas Millet, was living with the family of her son, and with anxiety had be held for some time the youthful artist's willingness to paint that which found the most ready sale.

"Follow the example of that man of your own profession who used to say 'Paint for eternity,'" she advised him "and for no cause whatever permit yourself to do evil works."

A few years later, in 1867, Millet was so well established in loftier ideals that he is found writing: "I continue to desire only this: To live from my work and to bring up my children fittingly; then to express the most possible of my impressions; also, and at the same time to have the sympathies of those I love well. Let all this be granted me and I shall regard myself as having the good portion."

As is well known, this ambition was realized, and Millet's life was as simple and truly great as any of his immortal pictures.—Detroit News.

Child Arrives Early at Understanding Age

How far back can you remember? Few people are likely to be able to emulate the feat of the man who remembers details of a fire that occurred when he was a baby of eight months, or the woman who can remember what happened a few minutes after her birth.

Too many parents assume that babies are "too young to understand," said a psychologist recently. Babies are allowed to witness disturbing sights or sounds from which children a few years older are kept away. Although a baby may be too young to understand, it is never too young to remember, and perhaps be disturbed by the memory in later life.

In one instance when a person suffered from asthma in adult life, it was said to be due to a choking fit brought on by too strong a dose of vapor when only two and a half years old, and remembered in later life.

SUB ROSA

By MIMI

Is There a Chance?

"HAVE I got a chance of happiness with Nat?" asks Isabel pathetically. "He wants me to marry him and it seems to me I love him, but there are so many drawbacks. He is much older than I am, and I'm sure that he won't want to dance or go out at all in a few years' time and I'm too young to give up parties. Also isn't really interested in the things which interest me. And he's nearing middle age and he isn't a real success in life. Am I taking too big a chance marrying a man who has no really brilliant future and who may be old before I'm thirty? I would love to marry him if only I could set my fears at rest."

Well, dearie, your fears are doomed to remain wandering restless spirits, if you want them lulled by me.

You haven't the slightest chance of success in marriage with anybody if you go into the proposition in the frame of mind indicated by your question.

Success in marriage as you may have heard some four hundred thousand times before this—means compromise. And do I hear a word about compromise from your ruby-red lips? I do not!

The only thing makes itself clear to me is this: That Isabel wants to have a good time even after a few years of settling down—that she resents Nat's not being interested in her hobbies—that she wants to have enough money to live comfortably and Nat ought to supply the internal revenue. That's all she wants.

Not a word about whether you're willing to do your part, child. Not a word about wanting to help Nat to make the success which has eluded him through a rather dismal business career.

Just the plain statement that you want cash and a successful husband—and will Nat do?

No, he certainly won't do for you nor will any other poor mortal man who needs a wife's comfort and sympathy and understanding and companionship—not her imperious demands for mental and financial satisfaction.

You've got the best chance in the world of being happy with a man if you're willing to take the bad breaks with the good. With that spirit in your heart you could stumble into any one of half a dozen marriages and make a success of things.

But if you're the wide-awake young self-satisfier, eager hands outstretched to take everything, eager lips forming the immortal word "Gimme," you're bound to bump into a few snags even though you marry the most perfect specimen in the world.

Learn to think about what YOU can do to make your marriage a success.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SUB ROSA

By MIMI

Luxury of Cattiness

BREATHES there a damsel with soul so dead who has never murmured to a bosom gossip, "Now for a really good low-down on our friends," and therewith plunged into a nice catty discussion of acquaintances, intimate and distant?

There are very few gals in the world who won't own up, under pressure, to a perfectly natural human desire, ever so often, to criticize what in their friends they find unpleasant—and to do it thoroughly.

It doesn't seem exactly a vicious practice—this little pastime of raking all one's neighbors over the coals, but honestly it's the most costly luxury any little maiden can afford.

The girl who settles herself down comfortably to tell an interested audience exactly why Dorothy isn't as nice as she's supposed to be—is indulging herself—and at what an expense.

For the sake of a few precious moments of tongue-wagging over a delectable piece of gossip—she's endangering her own good reputation and friendship with her hearers.

Oh, yes, she is! Not that they're all silently despising her for gossiping—as they eagerly listen and press for more details. Not that at all.

But somewhere inside them they're making a mental note: "This girl Anne CAN be darned catty if she chooses. I wonder what she'd say about me if she got half a chance."

Of course, that isn't a really conscious thought with them at all. But the impression sticks, all the same, and it breeds distrust of Anne.

There aren't many high-minded young things in the crowd today who will actually refuse to listen to the low-down on somebody else. So that Anne will never receive open and violent rebuff for her story-telling proclivities. She will always be listened to with flattering interest.

But she will not be trusted as a loyal friend and confidante, no matter how well her gossip is received.

Even the Dumbest Dora is bound to get wise to the fact that if Anne tells such interesting and dirty details about Dorothy, Anne will be able to furnish just the same amount of interesting data, on any girl to whom she takes a sudden dislike.

Therefore even the Dumbest Dora is careful not to give Anne food for conversation. She doesn't exactly avoid the little story teller, but she avoids being conspicuously friendly or unfriendly.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SALE OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon us in a deed of trust executed by W. T. Hurst and wife, Della Hurst, on the 14th day of December, 1925, and recorded in Book A-C, page 29, we will on SATURDAY, the 22nd DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1930, 12 o'clock noon at the courthouse door in Pittsboro, N. C., Chatham County, sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder the following land, to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing 147 acres, more or less, situated, lying and being on the Pittsboro-Graham Road about 10 miles Northwest from the town of Pittsboro in Hadley Township, Chatham County, North Carolina, the same being bounded on the North by lands of J. F. Glosson; on the East by lands of Dr. Mann heirs; on the South by lands of Gay Bucker and on the West by lands of W. T. Hurst, and being a part of the identical land conveyed to W. T. Hurst by E. J. Braxton and others by deed dated April 3, 1917, and recorded in Book of Deeds F. T., page 178, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Chatham County, North Carolina.

This sale is made by reason of the failure of W. T. Hurst and wife Della Hurst to pay off and discharge the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust.

A deposit of 10 per cent will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

This the 14th day of January, 1930.

FIRST NATIONAL COMPANY OF DURHAM, Inc., TRUSTEE,
formerly FIRST NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY,
DURHAM, N. C.

CROSS OF SNOW PROTECTED

A presidential proclamation has set aside some 1,329 acres of land in Holy Cross national forest of Colorado to protect the famous cross of snow formed by two snow-filled crevices on the side of the mountain. Holy Cross mountain is a peak in Colorado which takes its name from a gigantic Greek cross formed by two snow-filled crevices on the side of the mountain. The cross is visible for miles around and is an object of considerable interest.—The Pathfinder.

Lee Hardware Co.

Headquarters for Farming Tools, Implements, Mill Supplies, Builders' Supplies, Kitchen and Household Hardware

See Us for Roofing and Paints

Chatham Folk are invited to make our store headquarters when in Sanford

THE LEE HARDWARE CO.

Sanford, N. C.

THE GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS

One of the South's big daily newspapers, the Greensboro News occupies a unique and enviable position, serves a large and constantly growing list of subscribers throughout the entire state, and fulfills completely the need and demand for a progressive, independent and virile daily paper, which in every respect is a NEWSpaper.

There is something in it every day for every member of the family, from the head of the house right on down to the kiddies. The best of features, always; all the sports, good editorials, complete markets and general news.

Carrier delivery service in all the cities and towns at 20c per week; mail subscriptions accepted for three, six and twelve months at the following rates:
Daily and Sunday, $9 per year; daily only, $7 per year.

GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Circulation Department

THE COLOR OF YOUR HOUSE DECIDES THE COLOR OF YOUR ROOF

Your roof is a part of your house—a very vital part architects say—and the roofing you put on should be selected so as to harmonize pleasingly with the walls, trim and architectural style. And you can see in advance just how many different effects will look on your particular home.

When you are ready to roof or re-roof, call Budd-Piper to show you the many combinations available. In all we have 108 effective color schemes from which you may select one best suited to your home.

THE BUDD-PIPER ROOFING CO.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA