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Ridicule and the Pillory

Few of These Instruments of Punishment Remain in the Western World

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The question of capital punishment, now under discussion, brings up the subject of penology, and of the various ways in which human society has undertaken to prevent crime and misconduct by keeping awake the fear of censure. Generally this subject has a more or less tragic aspect, but sometimes it veers toward the comic.

Punishment by ducking stools and the pillory has always excited a certain amount of laughter and derision, and since there is no more effective deterrent than ridicule, perhaps these things may be regarded as among the most successful applications of the principle on which penal legislation rests. Still, by common consent, in almost all civilized communities they have been abandoned, except for occasional local and temporary revivals, like that of the pillory in Delaware.

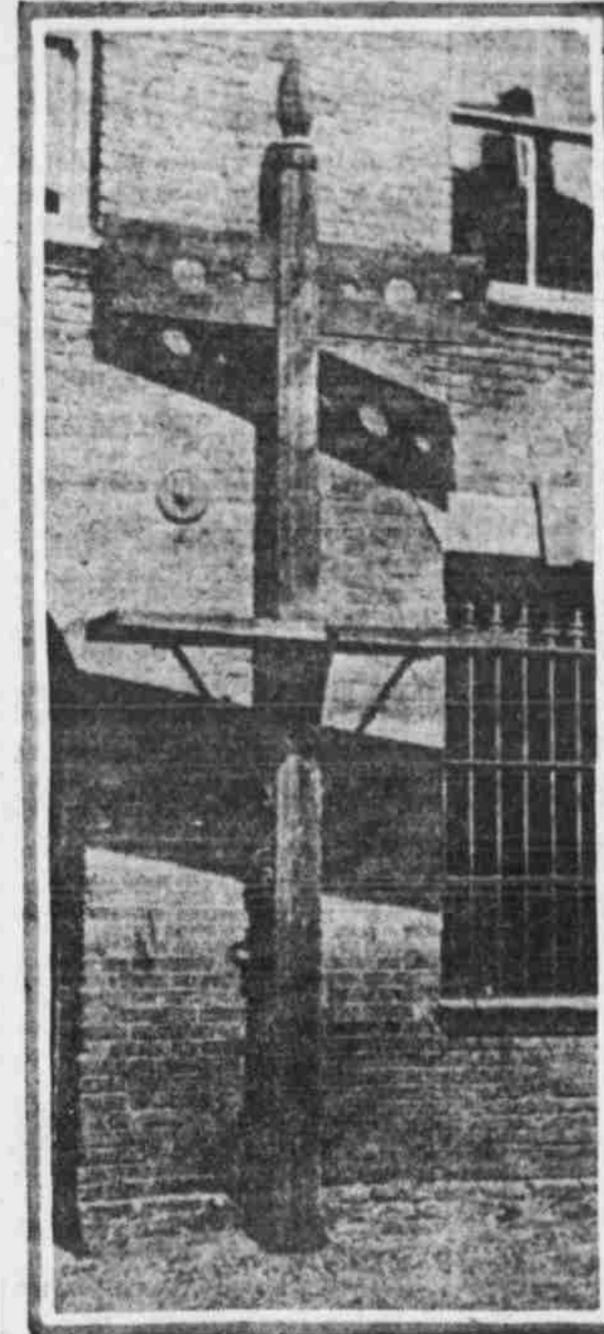
Everybody has read of pillories, but few have seen them, and the photograph of one in England which is shown herewith, will, doubtless, be a curiosity for most readers. There is no European country in which this form of punishment has in the past been more employed than in Great Britain, and the pillory has furnished a figure-of-speech as widely scattered through English literature as that supplied by the gallows.

Naturally the pillory was translated to America by the English settlers, and our New England forefathers were familiar with it. In England its use was abolished in 1816 for all offenses except perjury, and in 1837 it was completely abolished.

The idea underlying punishment by pillory is interesting. It is exactly opposite to that on which solitary imprisonment is based. It undertakes to enlist the force of public contempt, against the offender, as morally, the most important part of his punishment. But where the sympathy of the public happened to be with the prisoner the punishment often miscarried, and he got more glory than pain from it.

On the other hand, when the populace was either indifferent or antagonistic, the sufferings of the pilloried person were often extreme. Sometimes sitting on the ground, sometimes on a rude bench, sometimes compelled to stand, with his hands (or both hands) and feet fastened behind his back, and locked there, he was exposed to all kinds of weather, sun, rain, wind and dust beating into his face and eyes, and pestilential insects tormenting him without the possibility of defense. In such a case he was fortunate if there was no popular prejudice against him, for if there was then, to all the sufferings and torments above enumerated, would be added peltings of stones, mud and filth, making his punishment almost worse than death.

Sometimes, however, the prisoner in the pillory was able to win over an indifferent or even a hostile public if he possessed sufficient self-command and eloquence. This was a privilege accorded to him. He was at liberty to address the crowd, presenting and arguing his case as best he could. It was a great chance



for a "spell-binder."

The form of pillories varied greatly. In some cases, as has been said, the offender could sit, and when his feet, as well as his hands, were placed in the holes of the framework, it was necessary that he should do so, either on the ground or on a bench. Often the framework was pierced with a series of holes, so that several offenders could be confined at once.

There were also pillories concealed on a more humane plan, in which shelter was provided against the sun and weather. Some were roofed over, forming open-sided buildings. Occasionally the culprits were placed on a stage, with or without a roofed covering, at a considerable elevation above the ground. Here they could be seen at greater distances by the crowd, and could themselves command a wider view of their tormentors or their listeners.

In a French form of the pillory the framework retaining the culprit was circular, and a ring of prisoners could be enclosed in it, their imprisoned limbs all pointing outward like the spokes of a wheel. In China, where punishment by pillory has always been popular, the offender often carries his pillory about him like a key.

Another name for the pillory is "the stocks" and the phrase "put in the stocks" is perhaps more common than "put in the pillory."

A relic of old-time torture, this pillory still stands in a little English village, an object of curiosity. Many a man and woman has had reason to hate it in the past, when its wooden arms held them.

Doing Their Duty

Necessity of Americans Doing Duty Toward Their Country in Daily Life If Nation is to Be Conserved and Exalted. Patriotism Needed Between Crisis.

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

We have remarked in a previous article that while patriotic self-sacrifice draws to itself more attention and is more likely to be extolled when rendered on the battlefield, yet on the whole, less value attaches to what men achieve at the greatest crises of a nation's history than to the steady continuity of civic loyalty maintained in the intercaval between such crises. Crises are rare. We have had but few in the course of our own national life.

Most of our years have been free from startling events; but it is in those years that our nation has lived its true life and it is upon services of inconspicuous patriotism rendered during such years that nobility of national existence has to depend. And yet it is in those intervals that we hear less about patriotism and think less about it, and have least consciousness of country and of our beautiful but obligatory relations to it.

This was only a few days ago expressed by an active and observant member of our community when he said, "We are suffering from a lack of Americanism." It was not his idea that we should be oblivious of the world at large. It is well enough for us to remember once in a while that we belong to the planetary system; although mindfulness of that fact is not likely to operate as a particularly strenuous impulse to the discharge of everyday duty.

But it is not so with the matter of being possessed of an American consciousness. That consciousness should lie deep down among the fundamentals of our constant experience. It is the only way in which national life can be continued, expanded and exalted. And it is not by dwelling on what we can bring out of the country in the way of blessing upon ourselves that that conservation and exaltation can be achieved, but by a devout concentration of our thought upon the world-wide relations in which we stand and the world-wide opportunity that therefore lies open to us.

We are not going to keep our country unless our thought about it is kept toned to the level of the destiny to which the country is appointed. It is only by that means that we can exclude small politics; and such politics are out of date. Our local civic duties will be neither wisely nor faithfully discharged except as the pressure of our felt relations to country filters down through into our specific relations to state and to city, and thus communicates to those narrower relations a national dignity.

If I am not fundamentally an American as to realize my Americanism in casting my vote at the local polls, I shall be very likely not to cast any vote at the local polls. If I do not appreciate the fact that the character of the candidate for whom I vote has a bearing upon the character and destiny of the entire country in which my civic lot is cast, I shall probably be more or less careless as to what may be the character of that candidate, good or bad.

In this, as in all matters, what we consider small obligations will be neglected till there is brought in upon them some larger consideration that lifts them to a condition of ennoblement. What seems small must be realized to be large or it will be left undone. While political parties may subserve national ends, loyalty to party is far more likely to deaden the sense of relation and obligation to the nation than it is to promote it.

At Toocueville, in his "Democracy in America," touched close upon that point when he wrote, "Parties are strongly interested in gaining an election not so much with a view to the triumph of their principles as to show the strength of the supporters of those principles." It is not to be expected of a pronounced partisan that he will be distinctively a patriot. His affections and ambitions will as a rule be so bound up in his organization as to be unaffected by the consideration that the value of such organization does not reside in itself, but in the amount which it is able to contribute to the national welfare.

Take the beauty shop, for instance. A woman drops in to have her hair shampooed. There is 50 cents gone to start with. The girl who is brushing her hair heaves a sigh of startled apprehension, and says, "Your scalp is getting very tight, and if you do not wish to get bald and gray, you should begin scalp treatment at once!" Bling! Another 50 cents or 75. If a little electric roller is passed a few times over the easy Mark's head, then comes a wave—seventy-five more, and a face massage, another seventy-five, a manicure at fifty, and a treatment from the chiropodist at a \$1.50. Fifty cents is as little as one can distribute in tips, and before she knows it the woman has spent \$2.50, totally unnecessarily, for she could have done her own beautifying at home herself had she had sufficient energy and thrift.

Of course, it's a luxury to have all these things done for you, but it explains where lots of money that women handle goes.

The street cars get a lot more of the lost nickels, for the average woman considers it a crime to walk where she can ride, and takes the car even when she is going a few blocks. That is why street cars can pay dividends on seas of water stock.

There is no earthly reason why the average woman who has to go shopping shouldn't eat before she leaves home. But she doesn't. She stays herself from time to time on sundae and ice cream, and hot chocolate—always at 10 and 15 cents per stay, even when she doesn't treat a friend—and this just works up to the

same Miss Fairfax: I am a gentleman of 28, am acquainted with and interested in a young woman about 25 years old. Although I am not in a position to marry her, as I have been advised to try to get a younger person for wife, and that if I didn't in a few years I would regret it.

Please tell me, do you think this is good, sound, sensible advice, or would you advise me to ignore my friends' advice along these lines? Kindly give me your guidance on this subject. I will be very thankful and grateful to you. There is plenty of money there, but that's not what I am after. It is no inducement.

The woman of 25 has many things to bring to a marriage that no young girl can give. She has poise and sympathy and great knowledge of life and men and home cooking. A man of 28 would do well to marry a woman near his own age instead of a flighty girl whose interests are totally different from his. Age is not a vital consideration in marriage, provided people do not mate so far out of their own generation that they find no similarity of interests in their life.

It remains to consider this matter in its relations to the church and the synagogue.

How Women Can Ward Off Spectacle Spectre



PHOTO BY SEELIN

Pose of famous model, Audrey Munson, showing how women should protect eyes while reading.

By AUDREY MUNSON.

No woman can maintain her claim to beauty if her eyes show little red, threadlike lines of strain, nor if there are lines of weariness about them, nor shadows of illness or exhaustion beneath them.

Eyes should be clear and bright, capable of expressing vivacity or serenity, according to the soul weather which they reflect. Personally, I prefer the steady, serene gaze that suggests the paintings we have seen of the Madonna. But the brightly roving eye has its attractions, too—more for some than for others. Eyes, like types of beauty, appeal to the taste of the beholder.

I am most careful to adjust a book, magazine or newspaper at the easiest angle for reading. I do not drop my book in my lap and lean over it until

my eyes accommodate themselves to the hours every day. She calls these rests "naps."

I am even now buying a bookrest, for I think it is even easier to adjust a book to our sight by its use. A bookrest you can raise higher than the level of your lap and the hands and wrists will not be wearied by the strain of holding it higher than our knees.

I never, never, never read in bed. I am thankful to those older and wiser than I, who taught me that to read while reclining in bed or on a couch was to overfill the bloodvessels of the eyes and so cause a degree of congestion in the eyes. If one is too tired to sit upright I am convinced she is too tired to read. She should rest in the silence and darkness of her room. I am quite aware how common is this bad habit and I haven't a doubt that that is one reason why New Yorkers have the least beautiful eyes in the United States. They live so largely by artificial light and most of them do all the reading they do in bed.

"ough exercise" is the principle of life. Who ever walked ten miles with unaided strength and unblistered feet who had not begun with a stretch of three or four and gradually increased his endurance! What pole-vaulter ever cleared the bar at eleven feet who had not first struggled over that obstacle at a height well below his own head?

When one lives with pleasure, the days are enough. Why prepare for a future or struggle to achieve, when all one wants is there for the mere taking?

On the road with sorrow one may be sour and sad at first, but one learns to cheer for one's own sake and to feign happiness lest loved ones suffer at the pain they cannot assuage. So comes a natural contentment and perennial good cheer in one's own soul.

Whoever has borne sorrow well has become brave and strong and so dauntless that nothing in life can have terror and all of life must offer in field of splendor and achievement.

Sorrow teaches supremely that the human will can conquer, and that in the arena of life no handicap is too great for determination to conquer.

And all the sympathy and kindness and understanding in the world, all the generosity that make life a flower garden instead of a waste of bitterness, come from the sorrow understood, endured and bravely companioned.

Where Does the Money Go?

By DOROTHY DIX.

In every household, save possibly that of millionaires, the one eternal conundrum that is never answered is, "Where does the money go?"

On Monday you had in your purse \$100-\$50-\$10—as the case may be, and on Saturday night you are the possessor of a lone and solitary litany. You haven't bought any furniture, or clothes, or given a party, or gone on a spree, or been robbed, or done anything that would account for the expenditure. You have got nothing to show for your good money. Yet it is gone, and the question is how did it go?

Answering the question for women, I can say truthfully that most of the money that slips between women's fingers

goes for foolishness, just silly little indulgences and failings that they really don't care for, nor want, and that they waste money on, because they have never really sensed the fact that twenty nickels make a dollar, and that \$10 make a X spot. For, curiously enough, a woman will hesitate about spending a good round dollar on an article, and then blithely blow in twenty nickels on nothing.

When a man contemplates matrimony he figures out the cost of a wife in terms of French millinery and fine frocks. That is where he misses his guess. It isn't the money that a woman spends on good clothes that plays hob with the family budget. It's the money she wastes on foolishness.

Take the beauty shop, for instance. A woman drops in to have her hair shampooed. There is 50 cents gone to start with. The girl who is brushing her hair heaves a sigh of startled apprehension, and says, "Your scalp is getting very tight, and if you do not wish to get bald and gray, you should begin scalp treatment at once!" Bling! Another 50 cents or 75. If a little electric roller is passed a few times over the easy Mark's head,

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It remains to consider this matter in its relations to the church and the synagogue.

Let me tell you of a simple method which a favorite of the better class of certain exclusive social set, I'm sure you would like to know of it, because it will give your hair such a pretty curliness and permanence. Just take a small quantity of Mother's Friend, obtained at any drug store, because this splendid external remedy adds to the physical comfort of every expectant mother. It makes the muscles flexible and takes away all strain on the cords and ligaments and actually relieves the tension of nerves and tendons, that so often cause nausea, vomiting, sickness and swelling of the limbs. Mother's Friend is highly recommended.

Pretty, Wavy, Curing Hair Without Hot Iron

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An Experienced Mother.

Women who have answered the highest calling are anxious to help and influence the expectant mother, so she can avoid suffering. For many years I have been writing to the relief of expectant mothers. Friend, obtained at any drug store, because this splendid external remedy adds to the physical comfort of every expectant mother. It makes the muscles flexible and takes away all strain on the cords and ligaments and actually relieves the tension of nerves and tendons, that so often cause nausea, vomiting, sickness and swelling of the limbs. Mother's Friend is highly recommended.

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By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I walked a mile with Pleasure; But left me none the wiser. For all she had to say,

I walked a mile with Sorrow. And ne'er a word said she;

But oh, the things I learned from her— When Sorrow walked with me."

ROBERT BROWNING HAMILTON.

Has it ever occurred to you that you haven't a better friend in all the world than sorrow.

Of course, all of us like to be happy, to enjoy life and to have the good things of this world. But pleasure does not generally make for growth.

Enjoyment is a pleasant enough thing in which to bask, but basking never increases the stature or the soul.

Being born to ease and comfort, and having your path smoothed for you, a life is a very pleasant thing. That I do not deny. Most of us, if given our choice, would come into a world of luxury, assured social position and ease. But most of us don't. And to that fact

we have to adjust ourselves, and then make the most of the adjustment.

The first consoling thought that helps us to adjust ourselves to the fact that the spoon in our mouth at birth was pewter or even tin is this simple truism:

If you have known the worst, you have nothing to fear from life, because whatever follows is likely to be better.

To be born to a life of pleasure and then to have the see-saw of fortune plunge you into misery and difficulty is hard on strong souls and