

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Gold Witch

Being the Adventures of a Golden-Haired Heiress  
No. 10—A Man's a Man for a That

By Stella Flores  
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Beauty

Helpful Hints for Girls



Mrs. McCarthy finds a position for the Gold Witch at the ribbon counter of a large department store. She is surprised to find how many young men buy ribbons for their mothers and sisters, and her heart warms at their devotion.



Miss Vera Bayley.

## The Woman's Suffrage Situation in England

By RHETA CHILDE DORR.

The state of civil war existing between the English government and the militant suffragettes can be realized only when one witnesses a battle. The government has the press of England under such perfect control that the only news of war that ever gets into print is suffragette house-burning or successful attempt to arrest one of the leaders. Not a line of news about the hundreds of peaceful suffrage meetings which are held every week; not a line concerning the failure to capture the suffragette "mice," who constantly slip like shadows from the fingers of the police. But when, by the concerted efforts of two or three hundred police and plain clothes detectives, a fragile little woman is captured, the newspapers celebrate the victory in glaring headlines.

The recent arrest of Sylvia Pankhurst is a perfect illustration. Sylvia, who is the idol of the East End, has come to be regarded by the police and by members of Parliament, as a greater menace to the settled order of things than her mother or her sister, Christabel. Sylvia is playing a lone game, quite independently of the Women's Social and Political Union. She has organized the East London Federation of the Women's Social and Political Union, with branches in Bow and Bromley, Poplar, Stepney, Limehouse, Bethnal Green, Hackney and West Ham. Her arrest was at a meeting to organize a new branch in Shoreditch. All of these districts are in the

worst of London's slums. The people are desperately poor, they are ready to rise in revolt soon as a leader appears, and the police are beginning to fear that in Sylvia Pankhurst the slum rats have found their leader.

I am inclined to believe that the police are right about it. I went to call on Sylvia in the tenement she retreated to after her last dramatic escape from the clutches of the law. It is in one of a row of very poor little houses in a narrow street running north from Roman Road, Bow. I asked my way cautiously, a little doubtful of the rather dangerous-looking men and women who appeared in the doorway and watched my progress down the street. When I reached the number I knocked and asked for Miss Pankhurst. A typical East End woman came to the door, a half finished upper of a shoe in her hand.

"Ow do you know she lives 'ere?" she asked guardedly. "OO are you?" I produced evidence of my good faith, and she smiled kindly. "Gow upstairs," she whispered. "Sylvia's in back." She is Sylvia to everyone in the East End. The little house where the shoemaker man and wife has a three-room flat on the second story and Sylvia lives in the kitchen, a tiny apartment, perhaps six by nine feet. The room is furnished with a cot bed, a work table, a small dresser, two or three chairs and a tiny cheap stove. In the window were a few cheap pictures, offerings from friends. Here I had tea and a long talk with Sylvia and Zodia Emerson, who has just been discharged from the nursing home, where she was sent more than a month ago with a fractured skull. I listened to the story of Sylvia's many rescues by men and women, who, underfed and underdressed, have only numbers and determination to oppose to the batons of the police, men selected for their size and strength.

"They will probably get me at Shoreditch next Tuesday," said Sylvia calmly. "Why? Because we have not had time to organize Shoreditch yet. The people there have not been trained. It is very difficult for our army friends to drill our people's army, which already has over 300 men. No one will rent us large halls, or even open spaces, for drilling. So we have to drill them in small groups in rooms. Shoreditch has not yet had a chance."

"How are they drilled?" I asked. "They are drilled to resist rather than to attack. Army men know all the secrets of turning columns, of what you Americans call sidestepping. They teach our people these secrets and also how to keep a solid mass together. They teach them that a mounted officer has no control over his mount if the man on foot knows how to handle the brute. A skilled man can make a policeman's horse kneel, or lie down, or rear. When we really get our men trained and get him over his East End fear of horses, the mounted men will be quite at our mercy. But come to Shoreditch and you will probably see us taken."

The meeting was held in Shoreditch town hall, it was advertised and it was open to the public. When I reached the place, a little before 8, a solid line of policemen filled the sidewalk on both

sides of the street. I asked one of the men what had happened. Had they arrested Miss Pankhurst. Not yet, he replied, but she was to be arrested as soon as she reached the hall. As a matter of fact, she was already in the hall, and a few minutes later she walked out on the platform. Mrs. Mary Leigh, who was sentenced to two years imprisonment for setting fire to a theater in Dublin, and who starved her way out in a few days, presided, and there were several speakers beside Sylvia. Recruits from the people's army were called for, and Sylvia explained the organized effort that was being made to secure a "rent strike" on an immense scale throughout the East End. At the close the chairman told the roaring crowd to remain in the seats until Miss Pankhurst had time to assume her disguise. She would then place herself in the middle of the throng, which was to rush into the street in a compact mass, keeping the formation until Sylvia was safe from the police.

The crowd really kept together until it was well up the street, in spite of the fact that several hundred policemen charged it at the door. Then something happened. The crowd seemed to part in the middle. A detective rushed forward and tore Sylvia's hat from her head. He shouted, and a flying wedge of policemen scattered the crowd and captured the prey. They captured more than Sylvia. At these rare moments of police triumph the men make the most of their victory.

They arrest right and left regardless of guilt or innocence. The scene next day in Old Street police station, where all concerned except Sylvia were tried, was most amazing. Sylvia, it must be interpolated, was taken directly to Holloway. The persons tried were four, three men and a woman. Of these the woman was fined 40 shillings for obstructing the police. One of the men, a person of some consequence, was discharged, although he had actually kicked the shins of a constable. The other two men, East Enders, had to my knowledge, nothing to do with the affair. One was a news vendor, and he was in the street quite accidentally. He got two months at hard labor. The fourth man swore that he was returning from a ball with two women and an umbrella in one hand and two paper boxes in the other. The policeman who arrested him swore the man had struck him repeatedly across the back. He illustrated the manner of the assault, after which the accused demonstrated that he could not possibly have acted in the manner described because he was left-handed and could not swing a stick with his right hand. The magistrate reluctantly discharged him, but he said nothing of rebuke to the perjured policeman. When the woman prisoner openly accused a policeman whose number she had secured, of striking Sylvia, the magistrate merely said that the man who bears that number was not on duty at the time. It is a common thing, the suffragettes declare, for the police to exchange numbers on occasions like this in order to prove an alibi. It looks to an outsider that the government is waging a campaign with out respect for any rules of civilized warfare.

## Motherhood

By ELBERT HUBBARD

A table of interesting statistics has been put out unofficially, from Philadelphia, with intent to show that the higher education of women tends to race suicide. The original basis of these figures was a thesis worked out at length by a Bryn Mawr graduate.

We have been told that gossip lies like epigrams; and certain it is that figures prevaricate. If you don't believe it, ask your tailor. Mark Twain says you can prove anything by statistics, provided you select the right ones. Let an individual start out with intent to prove a point, and he can find figures that will back him up in it. Logic is an instrument for entrenching a prejudice. At least, that is what Miss Gildersleeve, dean of Barnard, avers on being interviewed.

Says Miss Gildersleeve: "All these figures prove that young women graduated in 1912 haven't as many babies as the young women who were graduated in 1900."

Miss Gildersleeve is of the opinion that the higher education postpones motherhood. That is, instead of the girl marrying at 19, she marries at 25. And this, Miss Gildersleeve thinks, is a move in the right direction.

As Dr. Stanley Hall says, "Delay adolescence," so Miss Gildersleeve says, "Delay motherhood."

Miss Gildersleeve quotes Hugo De Vries, the eminent biologist, who says, "The best qualities are reproduced from mature stock."

Dr. Sarah J. McNutt, a distinguished authority upon medical topics, declares emphatically that it is her opinion, after studying the subject for many years, that a woman who has had the advantages of the higher education will probably not produce as many children, but her children will be of better quality, and more likely to live to attain and to become.

For instance, a woman marrying at 25 will probably have, say, three children, as against six or seven for the woman who marries at 19, as our grandmothers did.

The fact that a woman of 25 is pretty well sobered by life, tamed by time, and has fought a few illusions, will cause her to bring to bear a greater degree of common sense than if she had dived into domesticity, totally innocent of the depth of the plunge.

The educated woman of 25 will not marry a drunkard, a brawler, a rouser or a man who has no sympathies with her intellectual aspirations.

Science, was inclined to back up Dr. McNutt's conclusions.

Mrs. Cooley says that the higher education for women prevents silly sentimentality from taking her captive and fettering her with an approximately indissoluble marriage.

"Nature does not contemplate a life-long partnership," says Dr. Anna Shaw, "and it is not at all likely that a woman of intellectual attainments will marry a man who is mentally commonplace."

The tragedy of marriage often turns on the fact that while the man and woman start in on an equality, the woman gets incarcerated in a kitchen, is deluged in housekeeping details, and swamped by society, while the man goes ahead and intellectually evolves.

So at 90 or 95 this man and woman are strangers to each other.

Marilla Ricker, attorney at law, says that the smallness of families is principally on account of the bad habits of the men.

"And for these small families we should be thankful. Nature attends to this itself. Men show women how to smoke cigarettes, drink elevated speeroids, gamble at cards, and go on speed-limit rides in search of joy. These lobster palace devotees fear a baby as a calamity and a voice, and, happily, God, being good, babies do not come to them."

"While, perhaps, it is true that more women go to the hospitals than men, the usual fact is that these women are sent to the hospitals through the sins of the man, not the woman."

The Conservation commission, appointed by the United States government, states that there are constantly in American 3,000,000 sick people who are constantly idle. These people are sick simply because they have violated the laws of health.

My experience leads me to believe that more men violate the laws of health than women, and I have lived a good while, and I have lived with my eyes open, excepting when I have been asleep.

## The Country Doctor

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Day in, day out, night out, night in,  
Where snow is thick and fees are thin,  
He hustles with his cheery grin  
To fight with his cheery grin

The drives are long, the nights are cold,  
He suffers hardships left untold  
To call upon some mother old  
Across the hills.

Little he says about his pay;  
Often he gives his skill away,  
And though he's getting bent and gray  
He has no wealth.

His life has been an endless trial  
His motto has been self-denial;  
Freely he gives from every vital  
For someone's health.

The gallant soldier goes away  
While fife and drum and bugle play  
Bravely to conquer or to play—  
That is his part.

The country doctor rides alone  
Through rugged roads, o'er stick and stone,  
To heal men, not to make them moan:  
God bless his heart!

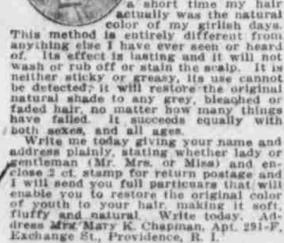
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## Hooray! Baby To Rule the House

No Longer Do Women Fear The Greatest of All Human Blessings.

It is a joy and comfort to know that those much-talked-of pains and other distresses that are said to precede child-bearing may easily be avoided. No woman need fear the slightest discomfort if she will fortify herself with the well-known and time-honored remedy, "Mother's Friend."

This is a most grateful, penetrating, external application that at once softens and makes pliant the abdominal muscles and ligaments. They naturally expand without the slightest strain, and thus not only banish all tendency to nervous twitching spells, but there is an entire freedom from nausea, discomfort, sleeplessness and dread that so often leave their impress upon the babe.

The occasion is therefore one of unbounded, joyful anticipation, and too much stress can not be laid upon the remarkable influence which a mother's happy, pre-natal disposition has upon the health and fortunes of the generation to come.

Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers, thousands of whom have used and recommend it. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Write to-day to the Bradford Regulator Co., 130 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most instructive book on this greatest of all subjects, motherhood.

Drawn For The Bee  
The best newspaper artists of the country contribute their best work for Bee readers.