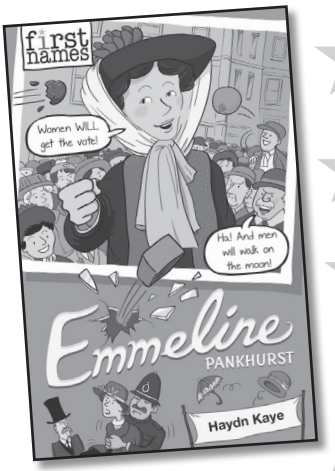
first names

Emmeline PANKHURST

Who will you get to know next?





Coming soon . . .





first names

Emmeline PANKHURST



Haydn Kaye

Illustrations by Michael Cotton-Russell

First Names: EMMELINE PANKHURST
is a
DAVID FICKLING BOOK

First published in Great Britain in 2018 by
David Fickling Books,
31 Beaumont Street,
Oxford, OX1 2NP

Text © Haydn Kaye, 2018
Illustrations © Michael Cotton-Russell, 2018
Cover illustration © Mike Smith, 2018

978-1-910989-61-6

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

The right of Haydn Kaye and Michael Cotton-Russell to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

Papers used by David Fickling Books are from well-managed forests and other responsible sources.

FSC Mixed Sources
Product group from well-managed forests and other controlled sources
www.fsc.org Cert no. TT-COC-2139
© 1996 Forest Stewardship Council

DAVID FICKLING BOOKS Reg. No. 8340307

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc.

Some of the speech bubbles in this book contain actual quotes from Emmeline and other important people. You'll be able to tell which ones they are by the style of type: '*I'd rather be a rebel than a slave.*'

Contents

Introduction - Emmeline Hears Something Strange 7

1 - Emmeline Falls Out With Her Father 12

2 - Emmeline Finds True Love 25

3 - Emmeline Faces Some Hard Facts 42

4 - Emmeline Fights On Alone 56

5 - Emmeline Kicks Up A Fuss 66

6 - Emmeline Gets Frustrated 86

7 - Emmeline Throws Her First Stone 107

8 - Emmeline Forgives And Forgets 123

Index 142

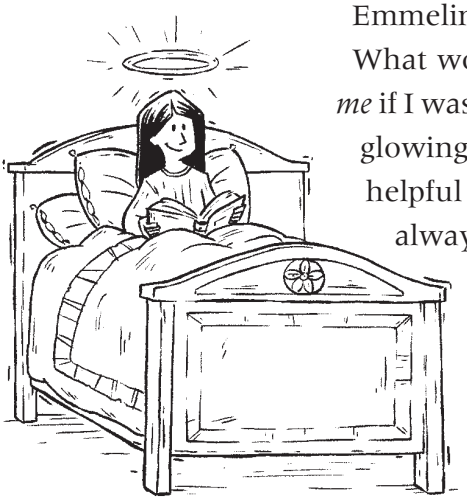

It's all about me!

Introduction – Emmeline Hears Something Strange

THE PLACE: A big family house just outside the city of Manchester, England.
THE TIME: Around the year 1870.

Emmeline couldn't get to sleep. She didn't know why, she just couldn't. Hours seemed to pass and still she lay awake. Finally she heard the stairs creak. Now it had to be *really* late – her mum and dad were coming to bed.

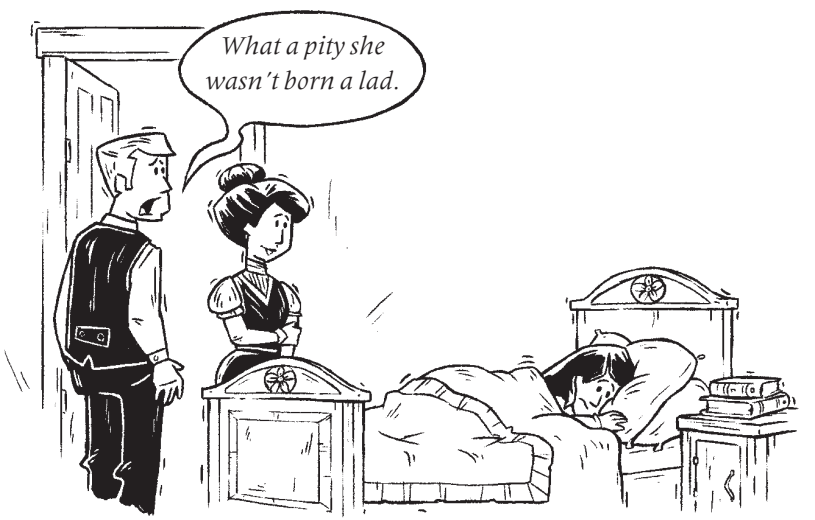
But Emmeline's parents didn't go straight to their room. Instead they went to check on all their other children and cooed sweet nothings over each little snoring bundle in turn. Emmeline had nine brothers and sisters, so this seemed to go on for hours.



Emmeline began to wonder: What would they say about *me* if I was asleep? Something glowing, surely. I'm such a helpful girl, and people are always saying how good I am at things. At last she heard her parents tiptoeing up to her bedside.

Suddenly she had an idea. She shut her eyes tight, breathed slowly and steadily, and pretended to be out for the count. Then she lay still and waited for the heaps of praise to come her way. **And she waited. And waited . . .**

Something was wrong. Why were her parents just standing there saying nothing? Emmeline's heart thumped. Had she done something to upset them? What was it? Her dad sighed and turned to go. And only then, as he stepped out of the room, did he say in the softest, saddest voice to Emmeline's mum:



What on earth do you mean? Emmeline wanted to shout after him. Are boys supposed to be better than girls or something!

But she didn't shout. She couldn't. She was too puzzled by what she'd heard, and quite upset by it too. But in the days that followed she started noticing that her dad wasn't the only one who said such things. Just about everybody seemed to think men mattered more than women – and lots of wives didn't seem to mind acting like their husbands' servants either.

That felt horribly unfair to Emmeline. So when she grew up she decided to speak out about it, on behalf of women everywhere . . .

Flying The Flag For All Females

'Women are as good as men!' Emmeline protested loud and clear. 'Women should be men's equals, not their slaves!' And she got thrown into prison for saying it, again and again. So, in protest, **she very nearly starved herself to death**!

Newspapers all over the world reported her every move. Not just what she did herself, but what she inspired an army of her female fans to do – because in spite of hating all violence, Emmeline started a kind of war. It was a war to get women treated as men's equals so that life could be better for everyone. In a heartfelt speech at London's Albert Hall in 1912 she declared that her army was on a mission:



Although she was very small (her shoe size was just three and a half), Emmeline liked to think big. In her fight for a fair deal for women she gave everything she'd got, and never once stopped believing she would win . . .

Now just hold your horses! I don't much like the start of this story.

I'm sorry?

You made it sound as if my father didn't like me!

Oh, I didn't mean . . .

He adored me! And what he said that night was really his way of paying me a compliment – however odd it might sound today.

I was about to explain that in the next chapter . . .

And I didn't just protest all the time, either. You won't forget to mention that I also had the most wonderful husband, and no fewer than nine children?

It's all going to be in here. Your family, your fame, your long fight for freedom . . .

Oh, is it?

The whole roller-coaster life of The Amazing Emmeline – from girl to granny, from English housewife to worldwide megastar!

Well then, what are we waiting for? On with my story. Chop chop!

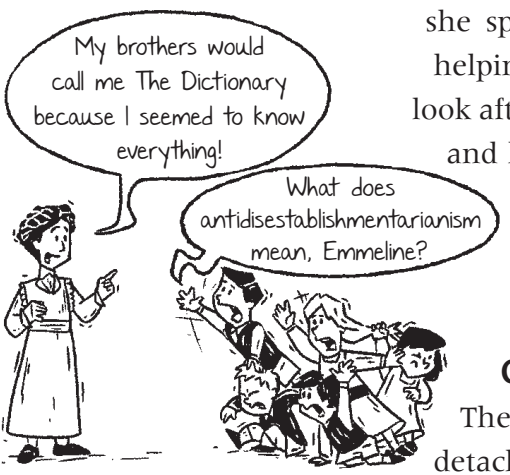




1 Emmeline Falls Out With Her Father

Parents aren't supposed to have favourites, but everyone knew little Emmeline Goulden was her dad's. She was never any trouble, and she was good at all sorts of stuff – like being able to read before she was four years old. When she was a bit older, she would **read the morning paper to her dad** while he ate his breakfast.

There were five girls in the Goulden family. Emmeline, born in 1858, was the eldest. Growing up, she spent lots of time helping her mum to look after the other girls and her five younger brothers too. She really was the family's top child, **the Golden Goulden**.



The family lived in a detached white house called Seedley Cottage. It wasn't really a cottage – it was actually much bigger and more comfortable than most other people's houses at that time. There were

plenty of fields and woods nearby for the kids to have fun in, as well as the cottage's own rolling gardens, but the busy city of Manchester wasn't far away.

The world back then was massively different from now. There were no cars or bikes, so if any of the Gouldens wanted to travel quickly to Manchester or further away, they had to use a horse. Think of all the things you have to plug into electric sockets today. Not a single one of them had been invented in Emmeline's time.

There were no cinemas either, but there were theatres, where the Goulden children loved to watch their dad get up on stage and act in plays. Acting was just a hobby for him; his day job was running a clothes factory. He'd started out as an errand boy and worked his way up to become the boss, but he never forgot how hard life had been for him at the beginning, and like Emmeline's mum he did whatever he could to help other people who were still struggling.

Emmeline was proud of her dad's achievements, and he was proud of hers. On top of that, **they loved each other to bits**.

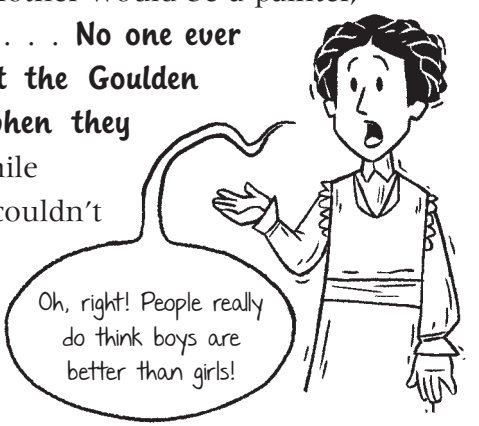
But however much they really love each other, dads and daughters don't always see eye to eye over everything . . .

The Truth Dawns On Emmeline

Even a girl as clever as Emmeline had to go to school. She was, of course, near the top of her class. But she'd always noticed something odd about what happened at school, and after a while it began to annoy her. The boys had lessons like we have today, but she and the other girls were forever being given tips on how to be 'ladylike' – how to make the home nice for their male relations by dusting furniture, arranging flowers, and that kind of thing.

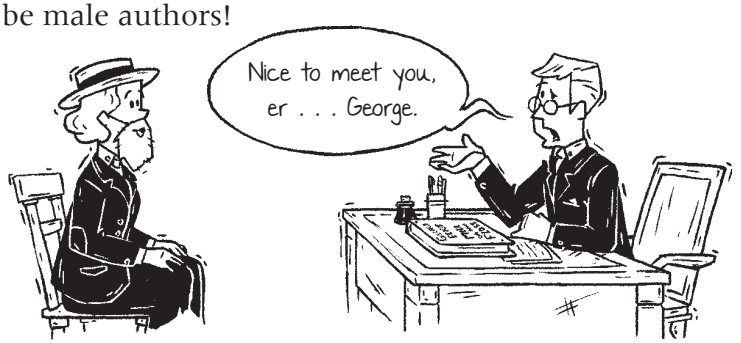
This puzzled Emmeline because no one taught her brothers how to make the house look nice for their sisters. It didn't seem fair.

Something else puzzled and irritated her too. There was no end of talk about all her brothers' job prospects. One was going to help their dad to run the factory, another would be a painter, another an actor . . . **No one ever spoke about what the Goulden girls might do when they grew up**. For a while Emmeline really couldn't work out what was going on. Then at last she got it:



When girls became women in the 1800s, they had nothing like the same chances in life as men – even though they were perfectly capable of doing the things men did. That's why Emmeline's dad had whispered those strange words that night in her bedroom.

What he actually meant was that Emmeline was so talented, she'd have been brilliant at any career. But in Britain 150 years ago, **only men got to do really interesting jobs**. Women were just starting to be trained up for nursing careers, there was no secretarial work for them, shop assistants were all men, and no woman could be a doctor, a lawyer or an architect – Emmeline couldn't even go to university and get a degree. Some women did write for a living, but to be taken seriously, a few of them pretended to be male authors!



Emmeline didn't much like the idea of that, and it sounded even worse when she found out what most women were expected to do with their lives instead.

How To Be A Household Machine

Girls from families like Emmeline's were supposed to do three main things after leaving school:



1. Find a husband.
2. Have some babies.
3. Stay at home and make the house look nice.

As it happened, plenty of women were quite happy with that – though they really didn't have much choice. Even so, being married 150 years ago wasn't like being married today. Men could rule over their wives like mini kings. Not long before Emmeline's time, it was said that a judge – who was a man, naturally – decreed that it was fine for a husband to beat his wife, but that the stick should be **no thicker than his thumb**!

Housework too was nothing like it is today. Machines like dishwashers and microwaves and vacuum cleaners and washing machines didn't exist. Imagine having to wash every last item of your family's clothing, by hand, at a sink!

The only real machine in the house was the woman herself.



Emmeline's mum, Mrs Goulden, was lucky. She could afford to pay people to help her do all the exhausting chores, but she explained to her children how tough it was for most women to look after their kids and run a home. Wives from families far poorer than the Gouldens had to do all this work with hardly any money, in horribly cramped little homes, **with no help whatever** from either humans or machines.

Just the thought of all that upset Emmeline. But she didn't protest. Not yet. Back then, she just thought this was the way things were, and these were 'the rules' that girls and women had always followed. She didn't yet realize that sometimes rules could change.

But already it seemed staggeringly unfair to her that only men got to do exciting and worthwhile jobs.

However, she still had a few years left to enjoy herself.

Emmeline Falls In Love With France

Emmeline's dad often went abroad on business. When Emmeline was 14 – and still the apple of his eye – he took her with him to France on one of his trips.

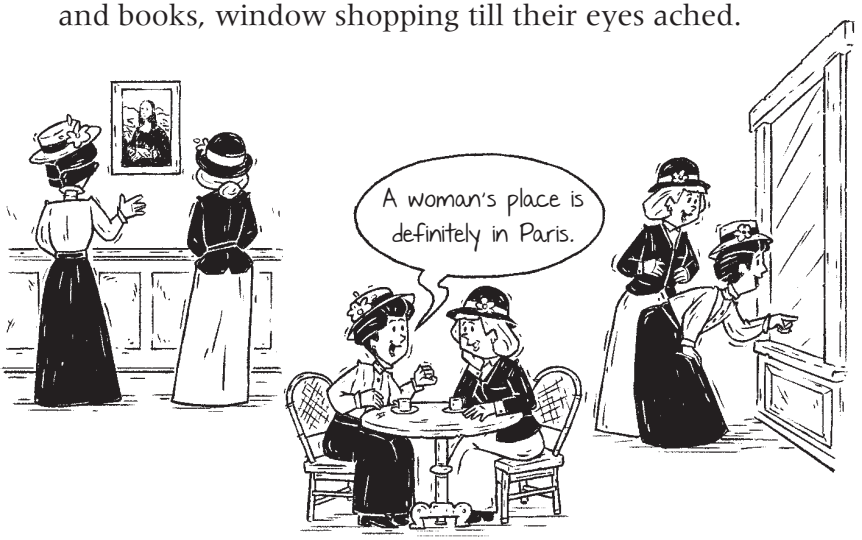
She absolutely loved it all. French sights, French smells, French people, French fashions – especially the fashions. She spent hours just gazing into shop windows. She loved it all so much that as soon as she got home **she begged to go back again**.

Her dad could see how keen she was, so he arranged for Emmeline to go to a finishing school in Paris. In those days lots of rich parents did this with their daughters. Basically it meant the girls 'finished' their education abroad. Then they would be ready to come home, get married and settle down.



Almost as soon as she got to Paris, Emmeline made a new best friend, a French girl called Noemie. Her father was a nobleman who'd been banished overseas for fighting for the rights of ordinary people. That gave the girls something in common, since they'd both been brought up to believe that posh families like theirs shouldn't just enjoy their good luck in life – they should help the less fortunate too.

Emmeline and Noemie did everything together – exploring the city's cafés and museums, discussing art and books, window shopping till their eyes ached.



Emmeline didn't bother too much with lessons, though these were much less 'girly' than her lessons back in England, with classes on things like

chemistry and keeping accounts. She just didn't rate any schools, and she never really believed they were the best places for children to learn.

By talking so much with Noemie, Emmeline could soon speak French pretty well. The girls never doubted they would be friends for life, so they made all sorts of plans for the future. They agreed that if they ever had daughters, they would swap them over now and then when they were teenagers. Then each could learn the other's language and find out far more about the other's country than they would in any dreary old school.

All Good Things Come To An End (Don't They?)

For five fabulous years Emmeline went back and forth to France. By the age of 19, with her black hair, olive-coloured skin and deep violet-blue eyes, she cut a wonderfully stylish figure in her smart Parisian clothes. And though she was small, she stood up so straight that she made herself seem much taller. Even her voice was a thing of beauty. When she spoke, people said it **sounded like she was singing**!

Now, though, her schooling was over. She was 'finished'. There was nothing for her to do except return to Britain. And once she was home, there wasn't much else for her to do except help out around

the house, especially with all the smaller children. That was what tended to happen to young women from Emmeline's kind of family before they got themselves hitched up to a husband.

So back again at Seedley Cottage, she became a kind of trainee household machine. Life was so dull. She missed France terribly; she missed Noemie. Manchester could be an exciting place – but oh, **how could she live without Paris**?



She racked her brains for a way to get back there, and after a year or so she hit on a plan. One of Emmeline's younger sisters, Mary, was about to be sent to France for finishing. Emmeline pleaded with her dad to let her go too – you know, just to keep an eye on little Mary, make sure she didn't get into trouble. **Her dad said yes**!

Emmeline Hatches Another Plan

At once Emmeline got back together with Noemie. Off they went again around the shops and cafés

and galleries of Paris. They chattered away together non-stop – about politics as well as about culture, just as they'd done with their parents while they were growing up. But posh young women in France were expected to get married, just as they were in England – so that's what Noemie had done. Her new husband was a painter from Switzerland, and already they'd had a baby daughter.

Now Emmeline had a long hard think about all this.

Noemie did seem a bit young to be a wife. But she also seemed happy, and her little baby girl was **utterly lovely**. Emmeline didn't particularly want to get married, but there didn't seem any way out of it. So if she had to follow those 'rules' and become somebody's wife, she decided she might as well find a husband who would help her to stay in France. Then she could stay close to Noemie, and their families could grow up together. It seemed like making the best of a bad job. There would also be all the fun of wearing a beautifully fashionable dress on her wedding day.

Emmeline always liked getting on with things, so she shared her idea at once with Noemie, who thought it made **perfect sense**. It mightn't sound a very romantic plan to us today, but Emmeline had become so bored waiting hand and foot on her brothers in England. Admittedly, as a wife she would have to wait on her

husband, but at least she would then be running her own home – and she planned to open up that home to as many interesting and important people as possible, people who might go on to help change the world for the better.



Noemie introduced Emmeline to a French writer and in no time he agreed to make the clever English girl with the sweet smile his bride. But it wasn't just Emmeline's looks or brains that won him over – he had also heard she came from quite a rich family, so before he agreed to 'tie the knot', he had a request. Would she please bring him **a nice fat bag of money from her father**?

Emmeline was sure this would be fine with her dad. She was, after all, the Golden Goulden. And lots of dads in the 1800s paid a 'dowry' when their daughters got married. This was, basically, a kind of bribe. A father paid it to a future groom's family so his daughter could be 'taken off his hands' – in other words, so he wouldn't have to carry on paying for her upkeep. Some brides were then allowed to dip into the cash

themselves, which meant they didn't have to keep asking hubby every time they wanted an ice cream or a new hat. (And Emmeline had always hated seeing her mum hand every household bill to her dad to pay.)

Expecting no difficulties, she wrote home to her dad asking for the dosh.

Back To Earth With A Bump

Emmeline's father went ballistic.

He didn't just refuse to sell his 'own daughter for money', as he put it. He also said he didn't want her marrying any old foreigner – and he definitely didn't want her living abroad. In fact, since the rest of the family was away on holiday and the housekeeper was off sick, he ordered Emmeline back from Paris **straight away** to look after him and Seedley Cottage.

Throughout her life, Emmeline never liked taking no for an answer. But back to Manchester she had to go – with her plans all in tatters, and hopping mad at her dad. As she went back through the cottage door, she was quite possibly the angriest trainee household machine in Britain! But she didn't have to stay furious for long.

The year was 1879, Emmeline was 21, and her life was about to change **for ever**.