

dea," the queen exclaimed  
 rested in spite of her  
 deed, Mrs. Sheehan, I  
 ce you say you have the  
 wish to kill yourself in  
 husband in heaven. It is  
 I will see that you are  
 battlefield in my state  
 he horses will take you  
 u happy, happy woman,  
 had speaking the queen  
 jewelled hands towards  
 she paused politely as her  
 ary, I am not so much to  
 ne, and it is only honest  
 ace you've been so good  
 of me. By the very bot  
 e, by the shameful sin of  
 end the Lord of Life and  
 rom going to heaven  
 be sent to suffer for all  
 ace of dreadful torments,  
 arated for ever and ever  
 hand."  
 e followed by an awful  
 e that came over the  
 as terrible to see. Her  
 igation held her speech  
 she found her voice, and  
 ere poured forth such a  
 made the luckless guest  
 —for this, for this—that  
 presents, you heartless  
 the enraged sovereign,  
 e, you miserable being,  
 row with your idiotic  
 aral death without the  
 or this you come to us  
 a heaven and a—the  
 the name? Have you  
 no honest shame? Is  
 eck of me—me, the  
 what you prize of such  
 your 'suzerain' or what  
 you expect me, or any  
 believe that you would  
 off for all eternity  
 and your heaven by a  
 if admit, would con-  
 a place for all eternity,  
 e meeting him again  
 e him! Is it for this  
 b, that you left your  
 his Christmas pudding  
 I are ready to bring his  
 the grave! (Laugh)  
 you! Land of un-  
 Why, you wretched,  
 would sooner live for a  
 meanest slave in such a  
 rotusing."

being palmed off  
 ed into our finest  
 are on the Labels  
 such as Sausages,  
 tips, Sauces, &c.  
 seeing the Brand  
 hey are cut  
 CUT.  
 SONS,



Vol. I, No. 4.

Féabra — FEBRUARY, 1909.

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## Editorial Notes.

ALAS, our statements on Women's Suffrage  
 have got us into serious trouble. We care-  
 lessly stated in our December issue that  
 there was nothing illegal in electing a  
 woman to the Civic Chair of Dublin. This,  
 it seems, is not so. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffing-  
 ton has kindly written to us pointing out  
 our mistake. Such an election would be  
 against the English Law, and so we cry  
 peccavi to those more learned in it than  
 ourselves. We ought to have remembered  
 that when England happens to pass a really  
 good law, it seldom applies to Ireland. We  
 still maintain that it would be an excellent  
 propagandist policy for a woman to stand  
 for election to the Municipal Council. If  
 the Town Clerk could be induced to accept  
 her nomination, and the Corporation and  
 the ratepayers were prepared to stand by  
 him, we fail to see how the illegality would  
 matter. When a law is obviously unjust  
 and injurious it should be broken. It is  
 certainly broken and ignored by all right-  
 thinking people. The task of winning over  
 the Irish public and the members of our  
 elected bodies to the cause of Women's  
 Suffrage does not appear to be a colossal one.  
 We feel sure that if the case were put logi-  
 cally and forcibly before our countrymen  
 their love of freedom and sense of justice  
 would compel them to give to women a voice  
 and a place in the government of their com-  
 mon country. A vote may be the hall-mark  
 of equality, but it is in our daily lives—in  
 matters of education, in commerce, on local  
 administrative boards, and in the labour  
 market, that we need real liberty and  
 equality. It is from Irishmen that this  
 must be won. The English Parliamentary  
 vote is but a shadow of power.

Let us consider carefully whether the  
 Parliamentary vote has been such an effec-  
 tive weapon in the hands of our countrymen,  
 and whether it is really worth while  
 agitating for. During the past century the  
 trade, agriculture, and population of Ireland  
 have gone steadily backwards, while the  
 Franchise became more and more extended.  
 Our representatives—Unionist or Nation-  
 alist—have not been able to save Ireland  
 from being systematically plundered, her  
 people from being wasted again and again  
 by famine, and her education from being  
 half a century behind that of the rest of  
 Europe. In consideration of these facts,  
 do we Irishwomen really want the Parlia-  
 mentary vote or would the Feminist  
 Cause be advanced by it?

In a letter to the *Irish Nation*, M. G.,  
 speaking for the Irish Women's Franchise  
 League, denies that the main plank in their  
 agitation is to obtain the vote for them-  
 selves, but states that their object is to  
 obtain the vote on the same terms as it is,  
 or may be granted to men. That is to say,

they are not agitating for the Parliamentary  
 vote because it is a desirable thing to have,  
 but simply because men have it. We  
 respectfully submit to the Irish Women's  
 Franchise League that this is an unworthy  
 and humiliating position for them to take  
 up. If the English Parliamentary vote  
 is not, in itself, a source of power, then we  
 should not stultify ourselves by wasting  
 time and energy agitating for it. It is dis-  
 appointing to find women simply wanting  
 to follow blindly in men's footsteps, instead  
 of profiting by their experience and avoid-  
 ing their mistakes. Ean na h-Ireann  
 is, and will always be, as keen and enthusi-  
 astic an advocate for the Cause of Women  
 as the most extreme "Suffragette" could  
 wish. It is not a question of putting  
 Nationality before sex, or sex before  
 Nationality. The two questions do not  
 clash at all, although at first sight they  
 appear to. The Feminist Cause in Ireland  
 is best served by ignoring England and  
 English politicians, just as it is best served  
 in England by keeping aloof from Party  
 politics. At all events, women should first  
 set their own house in order. Women are  
 denied a place in some of the most im-  
 portant political organisations in Ireland.  
 The United Irish League (with the excep-  
 tion of one branch, we believe), the Irish  
 Orange Association, the Liberal Home Rule  
 Association, are exclusively masculine  
 bodies. The Gaelic League and the Sinn  
 Féin Organisation are the only ones in  
 existence at present where women are on  
 an equal footing with men. For that  
 reason they are worthy of the support of  
 every Irish woman Suffragist.

In taking this stand against any suffrage  
 agitation in Ireland, let it not be thought  
 that we are antagonistic to English Suffra-  
 gists, or that we disapprove of their forcible  
 methods. On the contrary, we commend  
 them to Irishwomen and Irishmen, but let us  
 fight for something worth the trouble and the  
 risk. More than one hundred years ago, a  
 great Irishman said that "the only argument  
 that appeals to an Englishman's sense of  
 justice is the argument of the pike." Irish  
 Nationalists have always realized the truth  
 of that. Their own countrywomen, having  
 proved the worthlessness of their  
 pledged word, are now realizing the truth  
 of it, and are resorting to violent measures  
 to enforce their demands. They have all  
 our sympathy. They have spent time and  
 energy, and risked liberty, and suffered  
 hardships and indignities unspeakable.  
 They are in their own country fighting for  
 their rights, but their cause is not ours.  
 The rights of Irishwomen are in Ireland,  
 and must be won in Ireland, not in Eng-  
 land or any foreign country. If Irishwomen  
 have time and energy to use, and the  
 will to make sacrifices and risk liberty, let  
 it be for a nobler and greater end than the  
 right to send hostages to England.

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**The Woman of the House.**

It has been suggested that the "bachelor girl" is not so important as "the woman with a house;" but as the "bachelor girl" may become at any time the head of a household, it is difficult to see how she can be of less importance.

To a Nationalist of Sinn Féin politics every Irish man, woman and child is of the utmost importance: even our grandfathers and grandmothers, whose days may be numbered, but whose memories go back to the evil times which we pray may never come again to Ireland. These memories, when we can get our old people to tell us about them, indicate the horrible way in which alien rule, slowly but surely, crushed out the happy home-life in Ireland that existed before penal laws, dragooning, artfully-sewn race and religious dissensions, and the crowning infamies of a deliberately fostered famine, with wholesale state-aided emigration.

The Christmas festival just past carried back many of our older men and women's memories to the generous interchange of gifts between town and country, of the well-filled hampers of "good things"—home-cured hams, turkeys and geese, crocks of honey or butter, which the country cousins used to send to their relations and friends in the towns—not only in token of "goodwill," but in return for the hospitality shown during a visit of a week or two in town during the lull in the busy life of the field and the farm. How few in Ireland these many years past could afford such gifts or such interchanges of courtesy and friendship.

It has long been a strong belief of mine that at least two-thirds of the emigration and absenteeism has resulted from the decay of home-life in Ireland. During the drunken, cock-fighting period which immediately preceded and followed the enforced union with England, a fashion was set of spendthrift extravagance, out of which there came in turn a period of ugly parsimony, which showed itself either in scraping and hoarding or in an uncomfortable pretence of gentility, both being equally detrimental to home-life.

This was especially the case in the middle and upper classes of Ireland, their wealth decayed with their nationalism, and their ideas with both. Instead of a vivid interest in the life about them, their thoughts were hypnotised by the genteel doings of the moneyed classes in England, whose mincing way of speaking was introduced into our schools, with their vulgar ideal of being rich enough to do nothing useful in this life. Even their monstrous fashions, their aniline dyes, their "rep" curtains, their "pianos that looked as if their throats had been cut," were reproduced in all the large towns in Ireland.

I remember in my youth many dear Irish ladies deliberately "getting rid" of the beautiful old Chippendale or Sheraton furniture they had inherited from their grandmothers in order that they might have room for the new-fangled trash which the sellers assured them was modelled on the English Queen Victoria's drawingroom at Windsor. I have never seen that drawingroom, but those who have tell me it was a nightmare of hideousness.

About thirty years ago a handful of artistic men in London, whose names proclaim their Gaelic or Celtic origin, banded themselves together to restore beauty to domestic life, and by degrees it became the fashion to hunt in old furniture shops for the beautiful tables and chairs, and other articles, "got rid of" by our foolish parents. Dublin was not long behind in this fashion, which, we hope, has now roots deeper down and touching the stratum of nationalism, which alone can nourish and bring forth good art.

But with the beautiful old furniture and the equally beautiful new, which the enterprise of the Kilkenny Wood Workers is bringing within the reach of us all, let us try to regain something of the courtesy and delightful manners that characterised Ireland even when she was struggling against adversity not so very long ago. Do not let our homes remind us of the lady, who was overheard in an English church repeating during the recitation of the Athanasian Creed:—"And yet not three Uncomfortables but one Uncomfortable."

Let us make our homes places, not only for rest and refreshment, but centres of social life, where our boys and girls can freely bring their friends and express themselves, and the parents renew their own youth and hopes in listening to the plans and hopes of Young Ireland!

**USEFUL HINTS.**

As this is season of coughs and colds we give this month a few words of advice as to their treatment:

Do not neglect a cold—we don't believe in coddling oneself, but if you come home with wet boots and clothes, take them off at once and rub your feet well with a rough dry towel. The best footwear for the house are sandals, not the elaborate contraptions made by English bootmakers, but sandals like those still worn by the Indian Peasant, from which the toe-strap can be removed if it is to be worn with socks or stockings. Mr. Stone of Bishop street, Dublin, has a very good pattern of an Indian sandal which costs 5/6, and as a pair will last a lifetime, they are much cheaper than the slippers which get trodden down at heel or burst at toe.

If you are troubled with a cough try a mealy drink. This is made by simply boiling half a small cup-full of oatmeal, fine, coarse, ground or flaked, whichever you have at hand, in a pint or less of water, for ten minutes, strain the liquid part into a jug and add hot milk. A little piece of butter and a lump of sugar is considered by some to improve the drink, which if taken at night, the last thing, induces sleep and checks coughing.

A nice dish can be made for an invalid—by using half a packet of Jelly Crystals and adding when dissolved quarter of a pint of whipped fresh cream. When cold, turn out of mould for use. It is both refreshing and nourishing.

To the housekeeper tired of roast and boiled we recommend the French method of cooking small joints and fowls. They call it *à la casserole*, which simply means "in the saucepan." The saucepan must, however, be of the shape known as a "stewpan," which is rather wider and shallower than the ordinary saucepan and must have a close fitting lid. The meat or fowl should first be browned lightly all over in hot butter or good dripping, a small onion cut in slices should be fried at the same time and both removed to a plate while the gravy is being prepared. Dredge some flour into the hot fat and rub it in with the back of a wooden spoon; then add hot or warm water slowly, stirring the mixture of fat and flour all the time, sprinkle in a little pepper, but no salt until the meat is almost cooked. When the gravy, which should not exceed two inches in depth, has come to a boil and has thickened to a thin creaminess, place the meat and onion in the stew-pan, cover it at once and let it stew by the side of a good fire or on a gas ring turned low, for an hour and a quarter. If wished a little hot milk can be added to the gravy.

This is a very convenient method of cooking as it leaves the housewife free to do other things while the food is preparing. It is also much more economical of heat and temper than the roasting process.

## The Woman with a Garden.

It has been suggested that a few notes on gardening would not be out of place in "Bean na h-Éireann," so I am going to give a few simple hints to the women who wish to make the most of that little bit of their native land that falls to their share in this life.

Ireland with her fertile soil, and gentle, soft climate has, without any aid from us, produced such gorgeous nature gardens as few countries can show—gardens where arbutus trees, osmund fern, and bell heather are grouped with artistic carelessness by the gardener, "Chance," on the rugged cliff edge, awayed by the south wind, drenched by the spray, and kissed by the sun into an incoherent tangle of vegetation that "Solomon in all his glory," or even the most knowing of our gardeners, could not hope to surpass.

Beautiful beyond description are Dame Nature's gardens in our western hills and bogs. Ben Bulbin rises abruptly on the southern side from swampy fields, deep in brown rushes and innumerable marsh flowers, where nature's crown and glory is the rare "Blue-eyed grass," which peeps at you from between the verdure in every damp corner, with its wonderful translucent gem-like blue eyes.

A little higher up on grassy swards, strewn with rough boulders—you will find the pale gold of the mountain poppy, dancing like little fairy fires in the mountain breeze. Follow the rough sheep track onwards and upwards, pausing often to admire and to consider how, in Nature's

wonderful garden, no two colours ever jar, or make an inharmonious note together. Every plant is in its right place, every colour blends, every line is harmonious.

Do not be daunted if the path grows steep, but come on with me, on and out on the wild mountain top, where I will show you where the wonderful white bell-heather is distributed oh, so discretely, through many subtle shades of the mauve and pink of the common ling. Here and there rocks will be bodily flung in picturesque groups, or a small precipice will abruptly rise from the heathery carpet, with its shelving rocks and ledges, draped most beautifully with many and varying rock plants, a crimson "saxifrage," or a yellow "silene" ferns, grasses, an odd plant of ivy, all responding generously with profuse foliage and gorgeous blossom to the kind treatment that Nature bestows on them in this island of flowers.

But I am in danger of going on for much longer than you would care to listen to me, for, or "Bean na h-Éireann" to give me space, so I must hastily return to my point—the woman's garden—her own personal garden, and how I can help her from my own experience in turning the little bit of spare ground round her house to a thing of beauty and usefulness.

It is rather a bad time of year to begin, as the foundations of a garden or orchard are best laid in the autumn, but still, much can be done, beds can be dug and arranged; hardy shrubs, trees and plants may still be planted, and where a garden already exists, any work left over from the autumn should be finished at once.

I will conclude by offering my heartiest good wishes to any of my fellow countrywomen who on reading this may feel inspired to devote a few spare hours of their day to a garden, or even a window garden. And I shall always be glad to help any of my readers who may find themselves in difficulties with their garden, if they write to me at our offices.

If your fruit trees are not already pruned prune them at once, taking care to prune the weaker shoots more vigorously than the stronger ones. Wall fruit trees also must be unnailed and pruned, or they should all be well mulched with farmyard manure.

The same applies to red and white currants; but black currants must hardly be cut back at all. Gooseberries require very little pruning, but the shoots must be well thinned out. All the old raspberry canes must be cut away, and the young ones reduced to four or five. Never prune in a frost.

During this month early potatoes may be planted in a south border or in a well-sheltered sunny spot.

Beet root, carrots, onions, parsley, peas, broad beans, &c., may be sown; also Brussels sprouts for next autumn.

Peas, beans, lettuces, radishes, cauliflower, broccoli, onions, carrots, &c., may be sown in a cold frame.

Sow seeds of lobelia, pyrethrum, golden feather, &c., in cold frames for bedding out. Dahlia roots may be placed in heat, to encourage them to sprout. If the weather is fine and open, you may transplant the autumn sown annuals during this month, planting them from two to four inches apart, according to the habits of the plant. Herbaceous plants may still be divided, moved and re-arranged without any risk of damaging them.—ARMIO.

## Hints on Furnishing.

It would be interesting to discover what per centage of the newly married couples who leave Ireland for their honeymoon refrain from purchasing their furniture in London on the return journey. If I

enquire after the welfare of the Happy Pair I invariably hear the same tale, they intend delaying some time in London on their way home in order to buy furniture.

If I pursue the subject further, I am invariably told that it would be madness to furnish in Dublin, that over here you will pay double the price even for the foreign manufactured article and so on, *ad infinitum*. If it were impossible for them to furnish at all unless they bought in the cheapest market, there might be the vestige of an excuse for those who advance this theory.

If they had honestly endeavoured to supply their needs in Dublin, their remarks might have some weight. Those of whom I speak have no desire to spend this money in Ireland, neither is a £1 more or less of vital importance to them. I have known a young couple spend from £16 to £18 for a bedroom suite, when its equal in every particular might be bought in Dublin of Irish manufacture, for £13. Where there's a will there's a way, and the Irish manufactured article of reasonable price is ready waiting for anyone who honestly desires to find it.

Lately I was visiting some friends, ardent Industrial Revivalists, whose house had been furnished throughout of Irish manufacture. The sum available for furnishing was £120, but they had not expended the full amount. I give a rough estimate in case it may be helpful to readers of this paper who contemplate setting up house in the near future.

It was a bright little eight-roomed house on the outskirts of Dublin. Wallpaper not being among the manufactures of Ireland, it had been distempered throughout and there were beautifully executed friezes of Celtic pattern. Morrow and Son of Belfast and D'Olier Street, Dublin, make a speciality of this kind of work.

As Linoleum is not procurable of Irish manufacture, the floor of the Hall was stained and varnished. Varnishes are made by several firms here in Ireland, nevertheless we send some £50,000 out of the country annually for the purchase of foreign varnishes.

With the exception of the kitchen, the furniture and fittings were supplied by the Kilkenny Woodworkers, and my friends told me that they had found the firm eminently satisfactory.

**THE HALL**—In the Hall, was a handsome carved oak chest, a wedding present, which served as a seat. There was a hanging hat stand of the same wood.

My friend drew my attention to a carved oak receptacle for umbrellas, she told me that the gift of the chest had really led them into extravagance, they felt they could not insult the chest by placing in its vicinity a decorated drainpipe or other conventional atrocity, so they sketched a design of their own, which the Kilkenny Woodworkers had reproduced for them. There was a small occasional table on which stood a palm. The flower-pot was encased in one of those handsome cash pots of Youghal copper work, another wedding present.

There was a shaped cocoanut mat at the hall door, three smaller mats at the sitting-room doors and foot of the stairs, and a corridor rug down the centre.

Cost of furnishing Hall—

Hat stand, 30/-.

Umbrella stand, 17/-.

Table, 14/0.

Cocoanut mat, 7/-, at 1/6 per sq. foot.

3 small mats 5/3, at 1/9 each.

Larger mat or rug, 15/-.

Staining of floor, 8/-.

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Workrooms may be seen.

Letters to—EVELYN GLEESON, Secretary.

**THE DININGROOM**—The Diningroom  
and Drawingroom were connected by  
folding doors and were distempered alike,  
an art blue. There was an elaborate  
frieze of Celtic Tracery in a darker shade.

There was a Prussian blue carpet on the  
Diningroom floor, it had been made by  
joining 4 or 5 lengths of a plain stair  
carpeting, and a border of about 18 inches  
of a conventional design, of a darker shade.  
It was put together under my friends  
direction at a Dublin carpet factory and  
cost them under £3. She had been pre-  
sented with a very beautiful Dun Emer  
rug in greens and blues, so they stained the  
whole of the Drawingroom floor and bought  
a couple of fairly large rugs to put with it.

In the Drawingroom, was a handsome  
old brass fender and fireirons, which they  
had picked up at an auction for £2. In  
the Diningroom, was a polished wood curb  
with copper knobs supplied by the Kil-  
kenny Woodworkers.

The lace curtains were handmade at  
Connemara, Celtic dragons chased one  
another down the borders. They were  
purchased at the Art Companions, Clare  
Street, at which place the tapestry curtains  
were also procured. The curtain poles were  
supplied by the Kilkenny Woodworkers.

The blinds of the whole house were  
supplied by Walpole Brothers, Suffolk  
Street, Dublin. They were of Irish Linen  
42 inches wide, 1/7 per yard.

In the Diningroom was a light oak suite,  
consisting of table, 6 chairs (two armchairs)  
and a sideboard.

In the Drawingroom, was a settee and  
two chairs covered in Irish Damask, also  
a couple of occasional chairs and a couple  
of small tables which had been presents.

The settee and chairs were protected by  
loose covers. My friend told me she had  
bought it at Pim Brothers, Exchequer St.,  
Dublin. It is an Irish-linen printed for  
them in England. It can be had in a large  
variety of beautiful colours and designs,  
and is also suitable for bedroom curtains,  
etc., at 2/6 per yard, 30 inches.

**DININGROOM.**

Carpet and hearthrug, £3 5s.  
Fender and Fireirons, 15s.  
Curtains and lace, £1 2s.  
Tapestry, 35s. Pole, 1s.  
Suite of Furniture, £30.  
Total, £37 18s.

**DRAWINGROOM.**

Rugs, 27s.  
Fender and irons, £2.  
Curtains, Lace, 2 pair, £2 4s.  
Tapestry, £3. Poles, 2s.  
Settee, etc., £10 10s.  
Occasional chairs, 50s.  
Total, £23 3s.

## Cookery Notes.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING**—2 tablespoonfuls  
tapioca, 1 pint milk, 1oz. sugar, 1oz. butter,  
small pinch of nutmeg. Steep tapioca for  
at least one hour in water just sufficient to  
cover it; then boil with milk and butter  
until white centre disappears from tapioca;  
remove from fire, add sugar, nutmeg (or  
other flavouring), and lastly beaten egg.  
Pour into pie-dish, and place in oven to  
brown.

**OATCAKE**—2 breakfast cups of fine oat-  
meal, 1 teaspoonful salt, quarter teaspoonful  
fine sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful bread  
soda, 1oz. butter. Rub butter into dry  
ingredients, make into stiff dough with  
tepid water, roll out thinly, and bake on  
griddle or slow oven until both sides are  
perfectly dry. Take care not to have heat  
strong enough to colour oatcake.

**GINGER SPONGE BREAD**—Half pound  
flour, 1 egg, 1 pinch salt, 2oz. castor sugar,  
1 teaspoonful ginger, quarter pound treacle  
(or syrup), 2oz. butter, half teaspoonful  
bread soda, half gill milk. Put all dry  
ingredients in basin; warm butter, sugar  
and syrup together sufficiently to melt  
butter, add milk and beaten egg, pour into  
basin, and add soda; beat to stiff batter,  
pour into well greased tin and bake in  
moderate oven for about half an hour (if  
batter is about 1 inch when poured in).

**RISE PUDDING**—2oz. rice, half ounce  
sugar, half ounce butter, 1 pint milk, and  
pinch of salt. Wash rice well, put in  
greased pie dish, add sugar, milk and salt;  
put butter in small bits on top. Cook  
slowly for two hours, stir after half an hour.

**NOTE**—When making apple or other  
dumpling, if pastry is made with equal parts  
of flour, suet and very fine breadcrumbs, it  
will be found very light.

**CELERY SOUP**—1½ pints well flavoured  
white stock, 1lb. good white celery,  
weighed after clearing; half pint milk,  
1oz. flour, 1oz. butter, salt, pepper. Bring  
the stock to the boil, cut up the celery,  
put it in the stock, and let it simmer for an  
hour; pass it through a hair sieve, add the  
milk to help it through, season, blend 1oz.  
of flour with the ounce of butter in the pan  
that the soup has been in, pour the sieved  
soup gradually to this, boil four minutes,  
season to taste, serve with fried bread cut  
in tiny dice.

**NECK OF MUTTON** is a very useful  
joint, the scrag end making a very good  
Irish stew or mutton broth, and the best  
end for cutlets of all kinds; the neck, or  
part of it, may be boiled and served with  
parsley sauce.

**WEXFORD PAT**—Put half a pint of good  
brown gravy into a stewpan, fry a good  
handful of parsley crisp, then add four

shallots sliced, a little pounded mace, salt, cayenne pepper, and a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, cut some thin slices of fresh mutton from the leg or loin, put it, with the above ingredients, into a stewpan with the gravy; stew till done; serve with fried toast.

**MUNSTER FRITTERS**—Boil 3oz. of rice slowly in milk until tender and dry, add 2oz. of sugar, 1 of butter, a pinch of salt, and the grated rind of a lemon; when cool, mix with it 3oz. of currants, 4 of apples, finely chopped, a teaspoonful of flour, and three well-beaten eggs; stir all together. Drop the mixture in small fritters on buttered pan, fry eight minutes, doing well, and serve with sifted sugar.

### An Old Actress to an (apparently) Young Author.

["Crede," in an article on Dress in the January number of the "Woman of Ireland," is unnecessarily sarcastic to the "actress community."]

Ah Crede, my girl, sarcastic queen,  
(I half suspect "sweet seventeen.")  
Plus four about, the first for foes,  
The second total just for those  
Who come as friends to share the feast  
Of mighty commonsense, not least  
Of which the great instinctive spell  
That can the actress so soon tell!  
And guess the word to rhyme, ah well,  
Let us not think  
Upon the sliding brink  
Of scorn you ever stoop and sink  
But, why the "actress," Crede, dear?  
Why scornful? Critic sharp, I fear.  
You never strode the buskin'd stage  
Or shrilled the dissonant rage,  
Or soft, in soothing that assuage,  
Bent over some bewildered form  
And "lost" yourself in wishes warm  
To bring him back to life while low  
The footlights twinkle, murmurs go  
Across the house: "She loves him! oh!  
She'll save him—now he rises, look!  
He's living!" How the rasters shook  
With uproar like a typhoon brought  
From China's sounding ocean; wrought  
With rapture stalls and circles rang,  
And half a thousand full throats sang  
In unison; through all the rows  
The audience shook to tuned throes  
Of purity and joy and love  
And ecstasy of gods above.

'Twas I who played the saviour then!  
Why snatch my laurel back again?  
A melodrama—Yorkshire ball—  
In Saxon-land? Ah well! It's all  
The same old flesh and blood. They cheered  
Because the crystal light appeared  
That's struck from silver anvils sweet,  
Which Venus in her calm retreat  
Keeps brilliant with the kisses caught  
From human lips that long, but taught  
To tame desire to conscience call,  
With sternest will, themselves appal  
At sight of earth-loved maid,  
My little protear's said!  
That was Queen of Tragedy must wait  
A vassal in that little kingdom now  
Till kinder fate  
A sad and simple exit will allow  
Some other day will call me heavenward,  
All earthly sceptres driven to discard  
Long, long, before! Some faint regard  
While yet I live from thee,  
I ask, young critic putting out to sea  
That holds a harbour sweet in some snug  
shore.  
But ah, between the sudden tempests roar!  
You mocked the trade, the worker too  
was fair  
To feel the jarring agony of pain.

MADLINE MARY DREW.  
Liverpool.

### The Art of Brush Making.

Ever since woman has had a home she must have had something to clean it with. Perhaps the first broom was made from the branch of a tree; a bird's wing is still used to sweep the hearth in some places, and I have seen a tooth-brush used by the American Indian, made by fraying the end of a piece of stick. Many people still use half a cocoa-nut shell for scrubbing their floors; but at our stage of evolution we have many kinds of brushes:—a brush for the hair, a brush for the clothes, a brush for the boots, one to scrub with, and one to blacklead the grates with, to mention only the commoner sorts.

These brushes, and many others, are made by girls in Dublin. The frame or "stock" of the brush comes from two factories—one in the south and one in the north of Ireland—ready for the worker to put the hair in. The girl brushmaker sits before her portion of a long bench, which she shares with three or four girls, and each has a wooden clamp before her, in which she places the "stock" of her brush at the most convenient angle. The clamp holds it very firmly before her and she works all day stitching through the holes in the "stock" with a wire thread. There are a great many shapes and sizes of brushes; and when you are using any wire drawn ones next, remember that each single tuft or "knot" has been placed there by the skilful hands of some one of your fellow countrywomen.

With the wire in her left hand the worker passes a loop of it through a hole in the "stock" before her; into this loop she puts a double length bunch of bristles from a small bundle she holds between the second and third fingers of the right hand, which she replenishes every moment from a large supply that lies on the bench. She has all the hair at one side of the brush and the wire at the other, and works with both hands. She must not waste time measuring the quantity that will fill a hole; yet if she fills it too full it bursts the stock, and if it is not full enough the hair is loose and comes out; the good workwoman can gauge to a hair the size of her knot.

When a row of these knots are filled down one side of her "stock," she places a wooden gauge of the depth that is needed beside the hair and takes a large hand-shears and trims the row to the height of her measure. Thus she continues to do row after row until the brush is complete. When the knots are too large to cut with the hand, the girl has to use a "bench-shears," which is a very large, strong shears fastened firmly to the bench by a leg of iron; she uses the gauge in the same way as before, but has to rise and leave her seat every time she wants to "cut-off."

In hair brushes, and those with an uneven surface, the hair is cut unevenly—penetratingly—so that it may pass more easily through the thick human hair it is made to brush; there are four different lengths of bristle in every hair brush, and all that should be needed in the way of "trimming" is easily done with a light scissors; some of the best workers do not leave a single hair to be cut away.

Everything connected with a good hair brush is most expensive; in the first place the best bristle is only to be had from the wild boar that lives only in the Siberian forests. It requires hardships to make these strong bristles grow, our well-cared piggies don't even think of such a thing as a bristle; they are very nearly bald, poor things, and their fierce wild beauty is all gone with the stiff mane that stands upright half-way down the spine of the wild boar.

When received from abroad the bristle is scrubbed upon a grindstone with soft

soap and soda until every speck of dirt is gone; then it is bleached and afterwards is "dragged," which means sorting the lengths; then it is "engined," which means that the thick and the thin hairs are sorted from each other; but this is done by men, and I am writing of women's work.

The wood of the hair brush generally comes from Ceylon and Southern India—satinwood, ebony, rosewood, all come from hot climates, and these are very suitable timbers, for they take a beautifully bright polish. Of course they are very expensive, being imported from such a distance. Box, walnut and oak are also used, but they are rather dull timbers, with very little variety "feather" in them. Irish yew is a beautifully hard wood, and holds its gloss nearly as well as satinwood, but nothing is really as nice as satinwood in a hair brush.

In connection with this part of the brush we have the trade of French polishing. The wood is often very open in the grain, and to make it take a nice surface, hard and shining, they use a filler coloured to match the wood—this is one of the arts of French polishing. A good worker can make any brush look smooth and fine if she is careful to leave her work long enough in "soak" before she finishes it out. She can help Nature to be more beautiful.

But we have wandered quite a long way from Nature; when we come to a hair brush with Siberian bristle, Ceylon wood, and Irish manufacture.

In the Dublin factory there is a dining hall, where men and girls can have a mug of tea for one halfpenny, and bread and butter if needed; but they generally bring their luncheons with them and only buy the warm drink. Their earnings are arranged by "piece-work," so much money for every 100 holes they fill, or so many holes a penny. Some girls earn 16s. and 17s., while some of the apprentices cannot earn 2s.—the average is about 8s. to 9s. a-week, and the hours they are expected to work are from nine in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, with the compulsory hour for dinner.

Again I say we have wandered a good step from Nature, when we are glad to congregate in hundreds in a stuffy factory instead of working tilling the fields and helping Nature to make ourselves more beautiful; but such is our craze. One good thing about Dublin is that half-an-hour brings one into the country for a few pence, and our girls are sensible enough to seek the beautiful in the mountains and the sea on Sundays and holidays.

SUSAN VARTAN.

### Blackrock Literary & Debating Society.

The above Society have just concluded a most successful session of Lectures, Discussions, Free-and-Easies, &c., which were very well attended, and most popular with the public in general. The Society has always an excellent attendance of ladies, and its programme has always had the warm approval of the sex.

The lectures and discussions are open to the public free of charge, and take place on Tuesdays, at 8-30 p.m., in the Society's Hall, Temperance Club, Blackrock.

An increase of attendances is expected during the new session which commenced on Tuesday, 5th January.

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SPECIAL ARTICLES

On all Phases of the  
Women's Question.



## Woman's Movement in France.

On January 15th M. Ferdinand Buisson, député, lectured on the rights of women in the hall of the Society des Nantes Etudes Sociales, Rue de la Sorbonne.

I found the street filled with police; this surprised me, for the woman's movement in France has given rise to no violence or even friction, and is favoured, some people think, with even too much patience and gentleness. Was it possible that M. Buisson had found it necessary to have his meeting guarded? Why? From whom?

I met some friends also going to the meeting and was soon enlightened. It was not to protect, or to interfere with, this meeting for woman's suffrage that several hundred police had been mobilised, and yet, in a way, the rise of the woman's movement may not have been wholly foreign to it.

In a hall opposite to the one where M. Buisson was speaking was another hall of the Sorbonne where M. Thalamas, a rather obscure Professor of History, was lecturing, and it appears that when M. Thalamas does not lecture to empty benches he lectures to angry students who will not listen to him, and who empty the contents of pockets filled for the purpose, with much exactitude of aim at the professor. Every time M. Thalamas lectures the street has to be guarded, and many arrests are made, because M. Thalamas, with that rage against beauty and greatness which seems to obsess a certain category of modern minds, endeavoured to talk away the wonderful story of Jeanne d'Arc. He spoke of the French heroine, whom the Pope will beatify in April, in such a way that the Paris students have said they will listen to M. Thalamas no more; and I think, in guarding jealousy and reverently the name of their great countrywoman and the glory of their history, these French students show more real sense and patriotism than the authorities who continue every week to accord hundreds of police that M. Thalamas may deliver to empty benches what most people consider very mediocre lectures.

My curiosity as to the presence of the police made me a little late for M. Buisson's lecture, and I regret having missed a word of it, for his arguments were so logical and convincing that, though he was lecturing to the already convinced, and all those present were in favour of woman's suffrage, yet I felt that the lecture was most useful, for it supplied us all with arguments and facts which we could use in our turn when discussing the question with those opposed to us.

When I came in, the lecturer was saying that he found it difficult to understand why people seemed to think it would be such a tremendous experiment to give votes to women, for in France, up to the time of the Revolution, in 1798, women not only voted for but sat on the different provincial councils who elected the legislative assembly. Madame de Sevigny sat on the Council of Brittany, and in 1576 we read of thirty-two women sitting on the Council of Franche Comté, &c., while certain women, like the Abbesses of Remiremont, performed the duties of judges in their districts. True, before the Revolution, there were property qualifications, and only the rich, either men or women, could vote; but M. Buisson said he did not see why they should distrust the women of France who in all classes gave constant proof of ability.

Then the lecturer went on to speak of America, and read statistics showing the great improvement in social conditions, in economy of administration, in the morality of public life in Wyoming, and the three or four other states where women had votes and were eligible for election.

He said that in Finland, where for two years women have had the suffrage, they have made good and intelligent use of the power. At the last elections a very large proportion of women voted and eighteen now sit in the Finnish Parliament.

M. Buisson concluded that, both on the grounds of justice and expediency, women should have votes and be eligible for election; but as public opinion had got to be educated on the subject, he thought it well that French women should begin by obtaining the right to vote and sit in municipal councils, and he said that a bill to that effect was ready and would shortly be presented to parliament.

I went home from the lecture with Madame Avril de Ste. Croix, who has done such great work for the feminist movement in France. She is the secretary of the National Council of French Women, founded in 1901, and it was chiefly owing to her initiative and power of organisation that this grouping of the various societies and syndicates, some charitable, some economic, some political, but all concerned with questions affecting the position of women or children was brought about. At the joint assembly of the National Council of French Women, presided over by Mademoiselle Sarah Monod, who is still its president, thirty-five societies affiliated, and the seventy women delegates at that meeting, represented some 28,000 members. To-day there are 67 societies affiliated to the National Council of Frenchwomen.

Madame Avril de Ste. Croix's house—the hall, the drawingroom, the diningroom—was filled with great bales of clothing and linen, which the National Council of Frenchwomen was sending to the National

Council of Italian women for distribution among the sufferers of Messina and Calabria. "Women must help each other's work everywhere," said Madame Avril de Ste. Croix.

Madame Avril de Ste. Croix told me so much that was interesting about the woman's movement in France that I must ask Bean na h-Éireann to allow me space in the next number to finish this article.

maeob.

## A January Evening.

In a sky that is heavy and grey,  
With promise of snow,  
The sunset bars of light  
With golden glow,  
Light up the west, and show  
Through the dark trees.

They, graceful, sombre, tall,  
Against the grey and gold,  
Stand, in their silent dignity,  
Great and strong and old;  
Like unto vigil-keeping knights,  
In some old tale re-told—  
And the sharp, fierce wind from the North,  
Breathes icy cold,  
And the mists creep up to enfold,  
The earth—and the night is here.

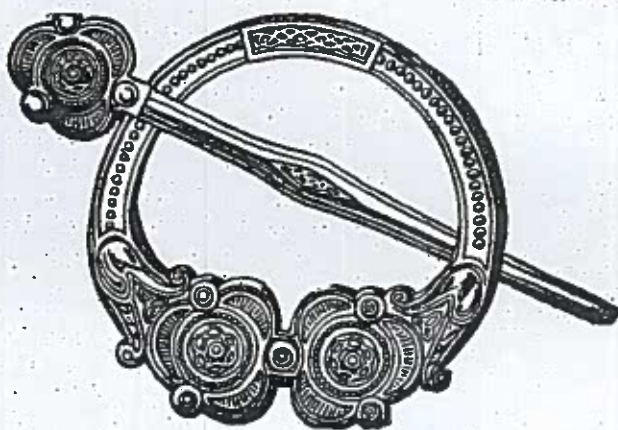
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## The Death Mark.

By M. BARRY O'DELANY.

She could not see the person's face as he snarled out, "coward!" close to her ear; but she caught a glimpse of it as his turbaned head disappeared in the melancholy crowd. It was the leader of the phantom caravan.

This unexpected encounter made Nora feel as if she were herself again; for the taunt of cowardice stung her to the core.

"Where am I?" she asked of one of the younger members of the crowd, down whose beardless cheeks slow tears were trickling. Sad indeed he looked, but not repulsive, as the greater number of his elders did.

"You are in Lotusine," he answered indifferently, and without pausing in his walk.

But Nora laid a detaining hand upon his arm, and begged him to tell her what the black flag meant.

"It means death," he said, in the same listless way. "If you were nearer you could see that the silver sign of the Death Mark is embroidered on it."

"But what does the Death Mark mean?"

The melancholy youth drew his arm away, and muttering, "Excuse me! Excuse me!" hid his grief-contorted face in the crowd.

After this rebuff, poor Nora wandered aimlessly about, till, encouraged by the bright face of one lady, who came smiling towards her, leading a merry plump-cheeked little girl by the hand, she lingered in her walk in order to accost her. Both mother and child—as they seemed to be—were clad in deep mourning, the mother's costume being a sort of oriental adaption of the European widow's dress. The child held a small basket of dates in her disengaged hand, and as the pair came close up to Nora, the little one offered the fruit to her with a pretty smile. Having eaten three or four of the dates, Mrs. Sheehan dropped a curtesy to the lady, and then said:—

"Please ma'am, could you tell me the name of that great white building over there with the black flag waving over it?"

"Why! yes, of course I can," the lady answered pleasantly. "That is the royal palace where our gracious queen is weeping all alone. Ah, but it was good to see her when the king lived, and they drove together in their golden carriage, drawn by eight milk white steeds, and surrounded by the Royal Guards in sky blue cloaks, and silver helmets, and armed to a man with glittering spears."

"He is dead, then—her husband?"

"Alas, yes; you did not know? but it is easy to see you are not a Lotusinian. His majesty died here three months ago, and now Prince Lotus is dead too. His Royal Highness died last night, and that is why yonder black flag floats above the palace, instead of the sky blue standard, studded with silver Lotus blossoms, which is the real banner of our nation," the lady added, with a touch of patriotic pride.

"But who was he at all, Prince Lotus?"

"The heir to the throne, of course. The heir apparent is always called Prince Lotus in this country, just as the reigning sovereign is simply known as the king, or the queen, as the case may be. The dear little baby had the Death Mark, like his royal father. It sometimes runs in families. Of course we knew that his Highness was doomed to die some day or other; but we all hoped it would not be so soon. Oh! I am a selfish woman, I know not to be in tears like my fellow citizens. But you will understand my seeming lack of feeling when I tell you that the husband I adored has only just died, and that I

have the Death Mark myself, and that my dear, dear little girl has got it too. No wonder she nor I can find tears to weep with, or have a heart for anything, save joy and thankfulness! "When we die we shall leave no ties behind us."

And with that the bereaved widow lifted her child into her arms, and half stifled it with kisses. Then she danced it up and down, singing merrily the while—

"Papa is dead and buried!—And mamma herself will die, and they will all be buried together!"

"This is the maddest country I ever was in," thought Mrs. Sheehan, as she moved away, "and these Lotusinians, or whatever they call themselves, are certainly the strangest people I ever met. Poor Lady! grief has probably turned her head. I suppose she caught the Death Mark while nursing her husband. And yet she doesn't look like dying, nor the little girl either. Maybe she means to kill herself upon her good man's grave, and make the child die with her—by cutting its throat, or something of that sort. But no, she could never dance and sing like that if she meant to hurt the poor little thing," she added, as, on looking over her shoulder, she saw that the widow had put her daughter on the ground again, and holding her by both her little hands, was skipping and dancing about, her long weeds streaming on the wind, while the child fairly shrieked with laughter, and, from time to time, kicked the date basket as if it was a football.

"No, no," muttered Nora, as she joined the melancholy crowd. "That mother cannot mean to cut her little darling's throat, I am sure she will only poison her."

Much comforted by this reflection she picked her way through the marble streets, avoiding the people as much as possible, partly from repulsion, and partly from the fear of making them cry still more if she addressed them.

"How good the queen must be," she mused as she went, "since her people love her so, and weep for her sorrows as if they were their own! I will seek an audience with her majesty. Sure she will feel for me when I tell her my sad story, and then she will order the Royal Guards to lead me to the blood-red field where I will end this miserable existence."

The traveller found her way to the royal palace without much difficulty. It stood in the midst of a very large, and very beautiful garden, where birds of gorgeous plumage flew from tree to tree, and the rarest and loveliest flowers perfumed the air, while silvery fountains shot forth graceful showers of sparkling, dancing spray. As she drew nearer she saw that the palace gates were wide open, and that two sentries stood on guard there. And, a few moments later, she was able to distinguish the dreaded sign that silvered the jet black flag.

Oh, horror of horrors! That fearful sign was nothing more nor less than an open grave! There could be no mistake about it. The only point on which she was at all in doubt, was, whether the cunningly devised embroidery represented falling tears, or the rising of a phosphorescent vapour from the yawning tomb. The Death Mark! Oh, well was the mysterious malady, that plunged the Lotusinians in woe, so called, since this—this ghastly emblem—was its signal and its sign!

Shudderingly she averted her gaze and hurried on. But in spite of all her haste, the sun vanished from the heavens, and the starlit night was on her almost without warning, and certainly before she had even begun to mount the marble steps, on which the moonbeams rested like a pearl strewn carpet. This sudden transition from day

to night, unknown in her land of lingering twilights, made the stranger feel as if she was walking in her sleep, and only dreaming all she saw. But the clang of the the sentries' burnished muskets, as they struck the ground, and their deep voices challenging her in the silence that followed, broke the spell.

"I mean no harm, gentlemen, indeed I don't!" Sure, I only want to see her majesty—the queen."

"Very sorry, Madam, but it is quite impossible," the sentries answered, speaking both together, and in the most lugubrious voices.

In her agony of disappointment at these words, poor Mrs. Sheehan made a rush for the doors. But the melancholy sentries shook their heads, and barred the entrance with their muskets.

"Tell her majesty this," gasped Nora, playing her last card, "tell her that a poor lone widow, whose husband has only just been killed in the war, humbly begs an audience, and she will see me—I'm sure she will!"

At this the sentries were unable to control their sobs; and their broad breasts heaved in an alarming manner. But they shook their heads even more resolutely than before, muttering over and over again:—

"Impossible, Madam—quite impossible!"

"Yet, even as they spoke, they lowered their muskets, and Mrs. Sheehan passed in, while they looked straight before them in an abstracted sort of way, as if utterly unconscious that she had outwitted them. But her troubles were not over. She had scarcely reached the middle of the dimly lighted hall, when she was stopped by a little maid in spotless cap and apron. The girl had a frank and open countenance, and would have been quite pretty, if she had not looked less woebegone.

"What are you doing here, poor woman?" the little maid asked, but not unkindly, and in such softly, modulated tones as became a house of mourning.

"Please, Miss, I'm waiting to see your mistress, her majesty the queen, I mean."

"Her most gracious majesty sees no one."

But Nora was not discouraged. Her victory over the sad-faced sentries had given her confidence in herself. She implored the girl to at least carry a message to the royal mourner.

"Tell her, Miss darlint, that a poor lone widow woman, whose good man was killed in the war, has come a long, long distance to see her, on a matter of life and death. Tell her that, alanna, and she will see me."

The little maid shook her head, just as the sentries had done, only even more determinedly, and then departed on her errand. She was back again almost immediately.

"The queen desires me to ask if you have got the Death Mark yourself, ma'am."

"No, no, Miss! I never even heard of it before to-day." The woman answered eagerly, supposing that her majesty dreaded infection. "I never had any contagious illness at all, at all, since I was a baby, and then only with a touch of the measles. Indeed one doctor said he was far from sure that it wasn't only a harmless rash—one of those eruptions that children often have in the spring."

The maid looked puzzled.

"I suppose," thought Nora, "they know as little about the measles in this country, as we know about the Death Mark in Ireland."

"You are sure you have not the Death Mark?"

"Oh, quite sure, Miss! I'd swear to it if I was to die this moment."

The maid looked bewildered. But all she said was—

"Then follow me."

With a sigh of mingled relief and thankfulness Mrs. Sheehan did as she was told and meekly followed her little guide down a long corridor, dimly-lighted, here and there, with tall wax candles, and into a kind of ante-chamber, crowded with turbaned guards. They stood motionless as statues, and in attitudes of deep dejection, their swartly faces showing weirdly in the uncertain light, and their clasped hands resting on the glittering hilts of their drawn swords.

"Beyond this is the queen's room," whispered the little maid. "You are to enter unannounced."

Awed by the near presence of majesty, and touched to the heart by the atmosphere of universal mourning that pervaded the place, Mrs. Sheehan laid a trembling hand upon the door. When she had closed it gently after her, she looked timidly around, the room in which she found herself was very large and almost in darkness. The only light came from the wavering candles that sent forth a feeble glimmer from an uncurtained alcove, within which the poor queen sat with bowed head, beside an open coffin. The whole room was filled with that unmistakable odour of freshly planed timber, fading flowers, and waning tapers, that death has made familiar to us all.

Not daring to advance, Mrs. Sheehan stood uncertain in the gloom. She must have made some movement however, for presently the queen looked up and saw her. Then, indeed, did the gracious sovereign of Lótusine show herself to be worthy of her widespread reputation for goodness and kindness of heart. Without the hesitation of an instant, she rose to her feet, her dark hair falling in ebony tresses that reached almost to the floor, and showing to magnificent advantage beneath her glittering crown of sparkling diamonds. And, clothed as she was in royal robes of the richest silks and velvets, that fairly blazed with priceless jewels, she literally ran towards the shabbily dressed stranger who stood there trembling in the darkness. Then, as her visitor would have knelt to do her homage, she caught her by both hands, and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

"No, no, dear friend! Kneel not to me, for we are equals—equals in love, and equals in misfortune!" the royal mourner exclaimed, as she drew the wondering woman from the corner. Then she led her to the alcove and made her sit beside her on the crimson divan that stood at the coffin's head.

"Oh, my baby! my baby!" she moaned. Then, checking her sobs, she added gently: "Tell me all your trouble madam. If I can help you I will. Tell me everything—everything."

Touched to the heart by the gracious kindness of the queen, and encouraged by her sympathy and evident interest, Nora Sheehan told the story of her husband's death in the ranks of a Foreign Legion, of her hurried flight from her old father's home, and of her unconquerable longing for death.

"Poor woman," sighed the queen, when Nora paused to wipe her eyes, "I am so sorry for you! Ah, why cannot you die too!"

"Dear queen, it is the cry of my own heart day and night—why cannot I die too! I want to do so—to die where my husband fell. But I have lost my way. I hoped your majesty would maybe allow the Royal Guards to show me the way to that blood-red battlefield."

"Alas! poor sister! what good would

that do you? Why—why have we not got the Death Mark!"

"Well, I suppose everyone can't catch it. But if your great majesty will permit a poor woman like me to express an opinion, sure there's a very easy way of getting out of life without it."

At this, the queen opened her dark eyes very wide indeed, even stopped crying in her astonishment.

"I do not understand," she said at length. "How is it possible to get out of life without the Death Mark?"

Nora smiled in a mysterious way.

"In my country," please your majesty, "everyone dies sooner or later, though no one has the Death Mark. But 'tis not of natural death I'm speaking now."

Then, after searching the corners of the room to make quite sure that they were alone, she bent her lips to the queen's ear, and whispered something.

(To be continued.)

## Irishwomen and the University.

In every part of Ireland the question of the status of Irish in the new university is being discussed, and is being recognised as the most important question that has been before the country for a generation. The women of Ireland have just as much interest in this question as the men, and have as great a duty to perform in insisting that the national claim shall not be shelved.

It is to be regretted that the Bishops have been found wanting at the time when Ireland had most need of their active help in forcing a vital national issue. But it will be far more fatal if the women of Ireland are found wanting. We must not be led astray by the introduction of extraneous arguments into the discussion. It is not a mere educational question, to be left in the hands of educational experts; it is a great national question that intimately concerns every son and every daughter of Ireland, and we cannot let the question of whether education is going to be English or Irish be settled by bishops or university graduates or educational experts for us. We have as great an interest in it as them; for if education in Ireland is not going to be national, the country will have another very long and perhaps fatal period of anglicisation to come through. Let the women of Ireland not leave this question to the bishops or educational experts; nor indeed should they leave it to the men to settle. They have an equal interest with the men, and they must insist on having an equal voice in the settlement of the question.

In Ireland women were admitted to the universities at a time when no woman was allowed within their sacred precincts in England, and among Irishwomen we have educational experts that can rank with the best. Their voice happily is with the nation now, and the whole women of Ireland should follow them in making the national demand to have Irish an essential subject in the National University more insistent and more determined.

This much is certain—that the National University will have to be really national, or else it will have to be fought. We cannot have another citadel of anglicisation dominating the education of the country.

If the women of Ireland will definitely take up this position—prepared to carry it out logically and without swerving—whether the national demand is granted or scorned, the outlook will be much brighter. They have never yet used their full influence in any national issue; they have never

realised the dignity of their position in the nation, and this is their opportunity. Let the women of Ireland speak out with no uncertain voice on the side of Ireland—insisting that they shall be heard, and insisting that their demand—the national demand for Irish studies to be essential in the National University—shall be heard and acceded to.

## The Red-haired Man's Wife.

I have taken that vow  
And you were my friend  
But yesterday, now  
All that's at an end  
And you are my husband and claim me  
and I must depend.

Yesterday I was free,  
Now you as I stand.  
Walk over to me  
And lay hold of my hand;  
You look at my lips, your eyes are too bold,  
your smile is too bland.

My old name is lost,  
My distinction of race,  
Now the line has been crossed  
Must I step to your pace—  
Must I walk as you list, and obey and smile  
up in your face.

All the white and the red  
Of my cheeks you have won,  
All the hair of my head  
And my feet tho' they run  
Are yours, and you own me and end me  
just where I begun.

Must I bow when you speak,  
Be silent and hear,  
Inclining my cheek  
And incredulous ear  
To your voice and command and behest,  
hold your lightest wish dear.

I am woman, but still  
Am alive and can feel  
Every intimate thrill  
That is woe or is weal  
I, aloof and divided, apart, standing far,  
can I kneel?

O, if kneeling were right  
I should kneel nor be sad  
And abase in your sight;  
All the pride that I had  
I should come to you, hold to you, cling  
to you, call to you, glad.

If not I shall know  
I shall surely find out,  
And you world will throw  
In disaster and rout.  
I am woman and glory and beauty, I  
mystery, terror and doubt.

I am separate still,  
I am I and not you,  
And my mind and my will  
As in secret they grew  
Still are secret, unreached and untouched,  
and not subject to you.

JAMES STEPHENS.

## The Mirror of Truth.

Long, long ago, in the days before history, when people lived simply and well, before the time of the big cheap shops, where everything shoddy is to be bought for "half nothing." In the days when people spun and wove all manner of fabrics, and died them beautiful, rich colours, each to suit his or her own fancy; when even the dull gleaming lustre that served for their daily use was never twice quite the same pattern; in fact, when everything they used was beautified by the fancy of the moment, and each little village was a hive of industry from summer to winter and from winter to summer.

It was to such a little village that a pedlar came one evening, journeying with goods from a foreign land that lies beyond the great sea that you can see from the tops of the mountains that overlook the village.

In the pack on his back he had all manner of new, cheap goods, for which he hoped to find a market in the villages, and among the people scattered about in the lonely houses in the valleys.

It was evening time when he passed down the mountainside, and halted at the first house that he came to in the village. The door was opened by the man of the house; his wife was at the milking. He looked at the stranger curiously and with great interest, for strangers were rare in the village. "You're heartily welcome to this house; won't you come in and rest yourself after your journey," was his courteous greeting, as his eyes rested curiously on the queer shaped pack that the stranger, with a weary sigh, removed from his back on entering. Though politeness forbade him to ask questions, still his face shone with expectation when the stranger began to unfasten the straps with which it was bound; and when all the glittering and brilliant coloured objects were displayed to him, his delight knew no bounds. He fingered the gaudy trifles with childlike exclamations of wonder and delight.

"Man, dear, and what is this at all?" said he at last, fixing on a mysterious-looking picture, framed in a bright gold frame. As he took the picture in his hands a thousand lights flashed from it, a thousand vague shadows seemed to lose themselves in its profound depth. "That," said the stranger, taking it from his eager hands, "is the last wonder of the world, and my most valued possession. Fashioned in the bowels of the earth by magical hands and breathed on by the spirits of the great depths. The power was given me to complete the spell, and I have only to whisper the magic word to it and it will show you a wonder that will fill you with a great and joyful surprise."

"The Lord preserve us," cried the old man, shrinking back in alarm. "You need have no fear," replied the stranger; "its power is all for good. See, I will show you its secret. Take it in your two hands and look at it." When the old man still hesitated, he said "Have no fear, it is but the picture of what you love best in the whole world."

The old man, conquering his distrust, did as he was bid, and when he had taken it in his two hands and looked into its depths, he knew that the stranger had but spoken the truth.

"Man," said he, "will you sell me the picture?" And as the stranger looked doubtfully, he burst out "What use can it be to you, at all? Isn't it surely the face of my own father that's in it?" "Don't I know the very look on him, and the very tie he wore? Sure I wear it myself now, and him dead these twenty years and more."

After some haggling the bargain was struck, and for one-half of his savings the old man had the satisfaction of hanging the magic picture beside the open fire, in the place of honour.

Hearing his wife coming in from the milking, he met her at the door with the joyful news. "Though," added he as an afterthought, "I was surprised, for it was your own face I was thinking to see, honey." She, smiling kindly at his words, and more than a little sceptical at the strange tale, hurried over to where the picture of the thing he loved best in the world hung in the place of honour; but hardly had she looked at it when she burst into a loud exclamation of horror and dismay, for it was the face of a red-haired woman, disfigured with passion and jealousy, that looked out at her from the gold frame in the place of honour.

Words followed, quick and violent, the old man could only protest humbly, and at last subsided into a state of helpless misery, while his wife felt humiliated, insulted and beyond herself with surprise that he, her good and faithful comrade of many a long year, should show her the picture of a strange woman as the thing he loved best in the world.

Finding no explanation or comfort in her husband's or in her own heart, and almost hopeless of ever seeing the world look bright around her again, she at last bethought her of the man of peace, and taking her shawl from the peg, she lifted the latch and passed out into the cool and peaceful evening to bring her poor jealous heart to the man who would understand, and give her help and consolation, and direct her what to do, and how to wean her husband from this fatal enchantment.

She found him in his garden reading a holy book, and without ceremony or greeting she plunged at once into a wild and tearful story. With patience and kindness he disentangled from her distraught ravings the amazing tale that her old husband—whose devotion to her was a byword even in this happy village—that he had bought the picture of a strange woman for the half his savings, that he had hung it in the place of honour, and that he had shown it to her, his wife, as the thing he loved best in the world. "There is surely a mistake," said the holy man, reminding her gently of the long happy days behind her. But she would take no comfort, and only cried and wept the more. "Come back with me, Father, and you'll see for yourself; it's black magic that's in it, and has him destroyed. Come with me, and work the devil out of him." There was nothing for it but to yield to her importunities; so he put down his book and, feeling really somewhat curious himself as to what truth there was in this wild story of magic and enchantment, and followed her to her home.

The old man was waiting within the house bewildered and miserable.

The priest went up to him where he sat. "What is this that your wife is telling me? Surely at your age you have not put the picture of a strange woman in the place of honour, and given her the affection that should be your wife's." "Your reverence," replied the old man, "I don't understand her at all! Didn't I buy the picture of my old father, at a big price, from the stranger?" With that his red-haired wife interrupted him: "Picture of your father! Don't be putting any more lies on your soul; let his reverence look for himself and he'll see that it's just the picture of a red-haired woman that's in it, and a cross, ugly looking thing at that."

The old man looked more and more bewildered. "Why did I ever buy it at all, at all. Wait till I lay my hand on the stranger, to be selling me such a cantankerous old piece of magic. It's destroyed I am with it."

To try and find a solution to this sad mystery, the priest stepped over to the fire, and looked at the picture. He turned to the two miserable faces that were watching him—"It was an evil magic that the stranger put on your eyes," says he, "for the picture is the picture of a holy man."

Surprise, relief and astonishment filled the two faces beyond words, "and," said he, "lest the magic work more harm on your two selves, or on others, I will take the picture and hang it beside the altar in the Chapel, that the blessing of God may expel the evil spirits."

MACA.

## To my Fellow-Women.

Oh last at the cross, and first at the grave  
And first at the Rising, too;  
Is there nothing left for your hearts to feel,  
Or left for your hands to do?  
Have you lost your crown of the days of old,

As the mates of noble men?  
Are you faint and fearful and witless now?  
Who were bold as the she-lions then.

Are you playthings now, who were heroes' guides?

Are you dolls, who were queens on earth?  
Have you stepped with a simper from your thrones,

And strangled your souls at birth?  
Priestess and prophetess shined of yore—

Have you naught of their breath divine?  
Vale of North and Sybil of South,  
Have they perished in all their line?

Have you heard of the warrior queens who shed

On your country's dawn a glow?  
Of Scotia, and Éire, and Macab who flash  
From the shadows of long ago?—

## NUMEROUS COMPLAINTS

Have reached us that others' Goods are being palmed off as ours. This Trade Mark is burned into our finest quality Bacon and Hams, and appears on the Labels attached to all our other Goods, such as Sausages, Puddings, Preserved Provisions, Soups, Sauces, &c. If you order Rashers **INSIST** on seeing the Brand on the piece of Bacon from which they are cut



BEFORE THEY ARE CUT.

**W. J. SHAW & SONS,**  
**LIMERICK.**

When the mothers of Erin fed their babes  
From the sword-point, bright and bare,  
And the Druids flew in the battle's van  
By the burning torch's glare.

Far down the echoing aisles of the past  
Come the tread of stately feet,  
Where Jewess, and Pagan, and Christian,  
Shrined in an equal glory meet;  
There Judith walks with the virgin Joan,  
And Miriam chants of Egypt's seas,  
And she that bore the Crucchi is there,  
And she that suckled the Maccabees.

Is there never a name in all our roll  
Of noble women and fair  
That is worthy the lustre of such as these  
To grandly win and fear?  
Shall a woman's hand be first to raise  
The banner that leads the free  
In every land that has rent its bonds,  
Save alone, O Erin, in thee?

Oh women of Ireland, make you a name  
That the world shall hear and thrill!  
Oh women of Ireland, this is no time  
For babbling or sitting still;  
No time is it now to doubt and quail—  
There is holiest work to do—  
The harvest of Fate is ripe this day,  
And God and your country have need  
of you.

FANNY PARNELL.

## Book Reviews.

THE LIVING CHALICE AND OTHER POEMS. By Susan Mitchell (Mansell & Co.). One Shilling.

A remarkable book of verse, doubly remarkable following as it does her "Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland," is the "Living Chalice" just given us by Miss Mitchell. One can hardly realize that two works so different in character, one being most elfish in its humour, the other full of deep thought and great poetical feeling, could issue from the same pen. But we may remark here that there was noticeable, even throughout her humorous verse, something which marked her for a poet. Miss Mitchell shows a rare quality in this book, the Living Chalice, a spiritual loftiness, which reminds us at times of Lionel Johnson. 'There is much of beauty in the "Roads of the Heart."

I walk within my heart and take  
The roads he led me dear and dim,  
To where a fragile house I make  
Of broken memories of him.

Without they build me marble halls,  
They call my comrades near and far,  
Oh heart, more dear the wavering walls,  
Where all thy shattered treasures are.

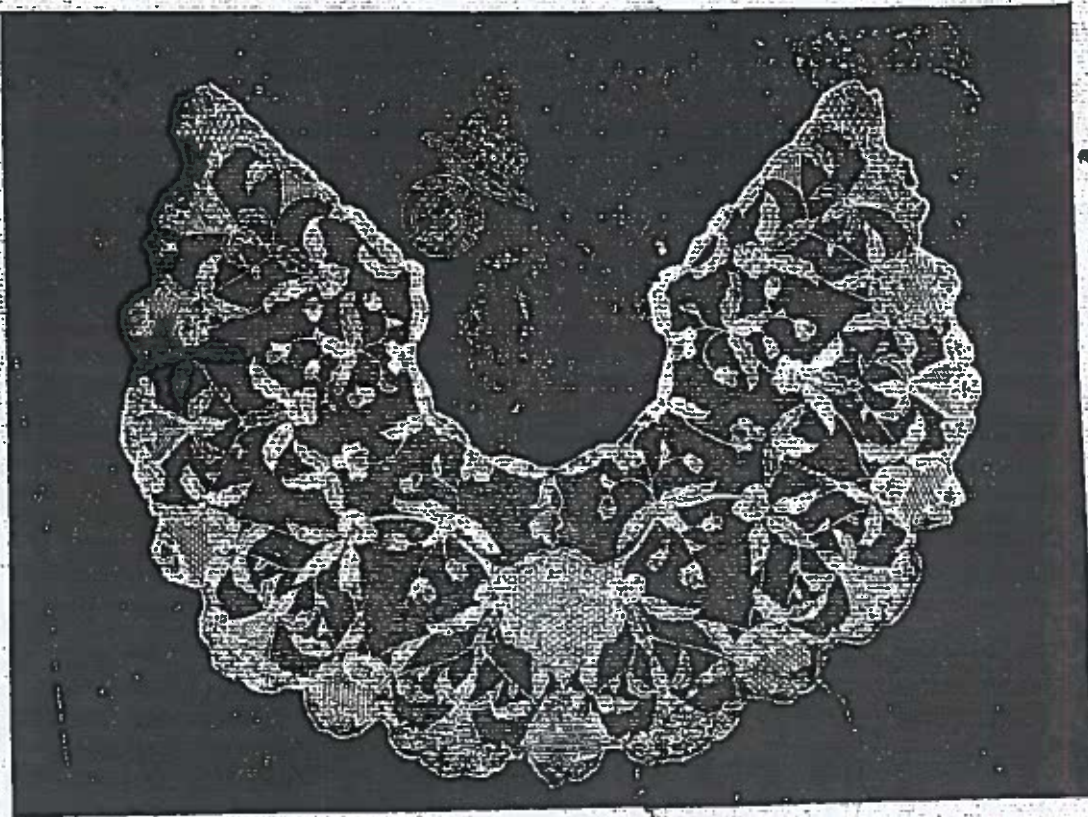
Miss Mitchell is imbued with deep religious feeling, like Lionel Johnson too, her religion is grand and joyous. She has prayed, "Give me great words my soul to wake." Those who read the Living Chalice will see that this prayer has been bountifully answered.

### [FROM THE FRENCH.]

When once I saw him pale, and heard his  
voice that shook,  
Upon a half-said word robbed suddenly  
of sound,  
And when his troubled eyes, that burning  
lids forsook,  
Dealt ill unto my heart I deemed to be  
his wound;  
And when his delicate features, rich in all  
expression,  
Love-bitten suddenly,  
Set deep upon my soul their living, clear  
expression,  
'Twas I who loved, not he!

SORCA.

## Yet, Another Resolution.



### EXTRACT FROM TESTIMONIAL.

"As your Limerick hand-made Lace stands unrivalled for beauty of design, for workmanship and durability, you may rely on all my Orders in future."

**J. KIRBY & CO.,**

Genuine Limerick Lace  
Manufacturers,

23 Glentworth Street, Limerick.

## Correspondence.

MADAM.—Your editorial in the current number of "Bean na h-Eireann" says—"Why should we not elect a woman to the post of Lady Mayoress in Dublin? There would be nothing illegal in doing so." Unfortunately for your argument, this is not the case. Dublin ranks as a county borough, and its Corporation as a county council; and the existing law debar women from becoming members of county councils in Ireland. In England, women are eligible as county councillors in virtue of the Act of 1907, which was a by-product of the Suffragette agitation—a sop thrown to the women with a view to stopping their demand for the Parliamentary vote. This Act was not extended to Ireland simply because there was no Suffragette agitation in that country.—Yours,

HANNA SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON.

Offices, Irish Women's Franchise League,  
21 Wicklow Street, Dublin.

### [TO THE EDITOR.]

MADAM.

I do not know how to express my delight on reading the authoritative statement of the Dean na h-Eireann, that men "talk very big and do very little"—very little, indeed, except listen to their own eloquence (?). I have been making a somewhat similar statement at every Irish meeting I have attended all this century, and even during a portion of the last century as well, whenever I had an opportunity, but they will not listen to me; being a "mere man" they evidently think I am no authority on speaking. But now that I have not only the majority of the people of Ireland, but all the expert opinion as well, on my side, I feel encouraged to continue my rather disheartening course.

For I maintain women's opinion on talking is expert opinion. For instance, a beginner learning to play the piano has to concentrate all his attention in finding out which key to pounce on, and if you talk to him you put him "out." But an expert never looks at keys or fingers, she can even engage in conversation without missing a note or losing an opportunity of getting in a word. She is an expert. In the same way women, knitting or sewing, will talk all the time without missing a stitch. They are experts. But talk to a man who is working and the first thing he will do is drop whatever he is doing and look out for a handy wall or post that wants propping up, and patiently supports it; but not a stroke of work will he do while he is talking. He is no expert; he cannot talk and work. And now that the Dean na h-Eireann has spoken out clearly and authoritatively I hope that the statement about big talk and little work will be repeated again and again, for just now men are so full of what they are going to do that it will require all a woman's patience, perseverance and reiteration to compel their attention. Men are quite wise to talk of what they are going to do, for they know very well they never will have a chance of talking of what they have done. Many are just now eloquent about a battle-field when they know very well there is not one to be had in all Ireland (hence, no doubt, the eloquence), as every acre is already claimed, and they are unwilling to go to the expense of hiring a suitable one to make an experiment on. To hear these heroes talk, one would think they had only to put on heavy boots to kick the English out of Ireland, while the whole strength of Irish-Ireland has to be put forth to kick Irish into the National University.

If women had their share in the guidance of the nation there would be more practical

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work and less of the glories of the battle field. The battle field is a one-sided arrangement in which the men have all the glory while the women have all the anxiety, privation and hard work. They know quite well that "glory" will not feed widows and orphans. But women are not tolerant of this kind of talk. A wife will listen attentively to her husband spouting eloquently about the glories of the battle field, while all the time she knows that if she raises her voice in anger at home, this eloquent hero will make a rush for the garret or hide in the cellar, if the back door is not open.

Unfortunately women have taken no public interest in the management of the nation until lately. And now they unreasonably complain that they have no votes. And why? Because they never really wanted them. If they did, they would have had votes long since. Look at the Suffragettes! There are only a few of them; but if these few can make the sleep of Cabinet Ministers a succession of nightmares, what would happen if all the women of England really wanted votes? There are about 30 millions of people in England. About 1 million of these are husbands and voters who, whatever their politics, have been more or less disgusted with Home Rule since a week of their marriage.

Will any one in cold blood care to assert that these four million husbands would prefer to be curtain-lectured night after night on their injustice in refusing the franchise to their wives rather than give women votes? Why they would not hold out for a week. They would give a dozen votes (especially as it cost them nothing) to be let go to sleep. No, the women of England do not want votes. As far as my experience goes, they think more of a new hat or a new baby than of a hundred votes. And what is true of the women of England is true of the women of Ireland; if they really want votes they will have them. But I do not think the attitude of the *Dean na h-Eireann* is the right one on this question, and if it is a subject for "fair argument," I shall be happy to give an opportunity for making a wreck of my opinions.

E. S.

P.S.—I cannot sufficiently admire the courage of the *Dean na h-Eireann* in admitting that men "are largely what their women-folk have made them." What an awful lot the women will have to answer for!

A *Dean na h-Eireann*, a Chapin,

Ceist again, or rather, a question for your readers. I am an advocate of Woman's Rights. I am a Sinn Féiner. Women in England want the vote. They are carrying on a spirited agitation for it. They have a perfect right to have it. So have women in Ireland. Sinn Féiners wish to elect as Members of Parliament persons who will refuse to go to Westminster. To do this we shall probably have to have recourse to the suffrage. We should like to have women Sinn Féin M.P.s. We should like women to have their share in the choosing of them. We believe that by organisation and agitation here in Ireland we can, without sending M.P.s to Westminster, force England to give us what we want. How shall we go about getting the vote for Irishwomen? Irishwomen need not start an agitation against Irishmen on this matter; we would give the vote if we could. It is one thing more to force from the enemy. How? I have been at one Woman's Suffrage meeting in Dublin. At it I heard a good deal about the suffragist agitation in England, about Mr. Lloyd George and the rest. I heard speeches in Irish and in English. I agreed perfectly

## DEAN NA H-EIREANN

Uimhir an *Dean na h-Eireann* 212.

Arul, *Dean na h-Eireann*, *Premier*, *Dublin*.

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