

# THE CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST

*Organ of the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society, 55, Berners Street, London.*

VOL. I., No. II.

November 15th, 1915.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Daughter of the ancient Eve,  
We know the gifts ye gave and give;  
Who knows the gifts which *you* shall give,  
Daughter of the newer Eve?

—Francis Thompson.

## THE DEATH OF APATHY.

BY EDITH PEARSON.

Besides the infinite use and intrinsic value of our women's work and achievements at the present great war crisis, there is another value attendant on it for the future—the awakening of man to the latent power in woman and the awakening of women themselves. When I say this, my meaning must be obvious to most, but it must be acknowledged that, in the years past and during the present days, there has been so much said about the Suffrage question, so many points have been discussed, opposed and upheld, that very often an important root of the question fails to get adequate attention. For years I have thought that, in the private lives of families and individuals, has lain a paramount obstacle to progress, and the evil has militated in a very great measure against the attainment of our desires as Catholic Suffragists.

Have you ever thought, as you walked down the streets of suburbs or past the mansions of the West End, and looked up at the curtained windows, of the waste of life and labour, the waste of brain and heart which was draining away the young girlhood, the grand womanhood of those homes—homes where tradition is unbrokenly handed down and followed, where daily and hourly is continued the fatuous life?

The knowledge of even isolated cases of such a leakage should cause a crusade of awakening; but when every day brings home the evil to our eyes—when we know how much *could* have been done by women which was *not* done, through the prejudice of ages

—and sometimes, through the content and apathy of women themselves.

Sometimes only for many a soul has been 'hungry' for the real breath of life, smothered under the artificial shelter of a dwarfed roof.

Surely, reader, that state of things can never come again. It never will if our women stand as they are, and indeed men, seeing what they can do—daily and hourly—will never wish for that return. Once the bonds are broken of that horrible dog-chain of the ordinary social life of the suburbs, once the *fête champêtre* of the round of country pleasures and pursuits is only the fringe of an inner life of work—once Watteau gives place to Watts in their ideals of life—once the London heats of empty fashion can never again satiate those souls who thirst for God—then the former state of things is over for ever—and my belief is that men will fully realise what they have lost in the past by the absence of woman as she really is, with the possibilities (formerly only lying latent) fully exercised.

It is not the great intellects, or the capable organisers, or the giants among our women who will win the Vote for us, but the presence everywhere of the *power* of womanhood, as God meant it to be—in the home above all, in every walk of life not only in the libraries of the Science Halls, not only on the public platform or in Trafalgar Square, but by the side of man in daily life, as a comrade and a friend, brain to brain, soul to soul.

Every day brings the conviction home, that only this continued development in those girls who have been aching to do more than live behind the ribboned barriers of silly emptiness or 'follow my leader' in the fusty routine of the suburb round, can win the vote.

Such apathy can never exist again. War has taught us the terrible reality of life, the meaning of death, the wealth of sacrifice and human power.

Ruskin calls war "Myriad-handed murder of multitudes done boastfully in the daylight by the frenzy of nations," and we know that in all emergencies and crises, women have ever done their strenuous best to stem the tide of trouble, and this time they have indeed gone forward and filled the gaps gloriously and ably in the posts which were formerly filled by men. The knowledge of this is a comfort and stimulus for all who *think*—many each day are sacrificing time and health and nerve to help the Right.

We all have one great fear, one paramount interest, to stay the hand that slays our dear ones, to put forth the means to continue our stand and to defend the ground we have gained. This is the burning, cosmic thought—to right the wrong, to lift our honour for all to see. It is an awakening of the Froufrous and the Doras of life, and it has made possible on a far greater scale the closer mingling of men and women, an augury of the cessation in the future of that weary, endless comparison and contrast, that bitter sex-feud, which is only a barren soil of wasted sowing, and only yields the weeds of poison. Men and women will move side by side in the walks of life, and this awakening will forbid such a mental tragedy as this story unfolds.

One of our able M.P.'s said, when deliberating marriage, "I only want someone to look pretty in my drawing-room." Unfortunately he found a wife only too willing and content to try and fill that position. A few years later, whilst enjoying his companion's keen interest at dinner on a burning question of the time, this quondam lover of lace and eyelashes was heard to say:—"Oh, if my

wife only took an intelligent interest in political affairs like you do—she knows nothing."

That is a fact. As I say, a mental tragedy, best left to the imagination, must have taken place.

I know many of my readers refuse to believe in the "Small House of Allington" existing now-a-days in any great measure, but the facts have to be faced. One has only to travel and see the literature chosen for long journeys by our girls, to realise the undeveloped love of intellect and of the real worth of life.

We hope the present crisis may so deeply leave its impress as once for all to make impossible the aimless drifting from day to day of so many households. Think of it, reader, does it not make your soul sad to know of its existence—to know that hundreds of them laugh at every great movement for women, or stand, like the foolish virgins, apathetic and listless, while their sisters are ready with their lamps ever bright, waiting for the Bridegroom?

To me, the comparing of the greatness of man with the gentleness of woman—the intellect of the woman with the strength of the man, is quite outside the question, waste of time and narrowness of view.

Let us do our part well and keep the old, rutted grooves from forming again in the private homes. Let the daughters, like the sons, go out into the world of thought and deeds, and break up for ever that horrible farce "gentility," which is at present so far removed from the public thought or surmise, but which has for so long killed the fresh souls and hearts of our girls. Then those noble women who are doing so much to help the Cause in a lawful way, will feel a real background of social development.

At this sad time the precept of Love must be obeyed most loyally and well, and in this way, when our great soldiers are fighting, dying, and giving all for their country, their home and their God, let this time of working hand in hand, though across a sea of blood and battle, be the promise of white peace in the future, when he and she can look each other in the face and say:

"Now are we not one?"

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We print in another column Canon Murphy's reply to W.H.K.'s criticism (in the "Tablet") of the letter which appeared in our last issue. The custom of giving the bride away, as many of us were aware, though doubtless many were not, is ancient, but to our thinking it is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and we rejoice that it was allowed to lapse, in practice, among us long ago, long enough indeed to have been forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

The gallant woman who, after a life spent in the alleviation of human suffering, was executed for saving the lives of others, has left a truly Christian message to the world: "Standing as I do in the view of God and Eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." Surely there was never a time when such a message was more necessary. Patriotism is a noble passion, but in moments of upheaval—prejudice, hatred and revenge are apt to masquerade as patriotism. This a danger which stalks at the elbow of each one of us, however much we may pride ourselves on our breadth of view, and Miss Cavell's noble words are a challenge to us all.

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Members will be interested to hear that Mr. V. C. Turnbull's fine poem "Stabat Mater," which appeared in our April number, has, with his permission, been reprinted on post cards by American Suffragists, and is being used by them to bring new recruits into the movement, and to advertise the CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST in America. Our friends also hope to set the verses to music, to make a "rallying hymn" for suffragists. We understand that the suggestion came in the first instance from a non-Catholic.

\* \* \* \*

We learn from the *Woman's Journal* that his Grace the Archbishop of Wellington interviewed by the *Brooklyn Tablet*, said: "Women's Suffrage has been in operation in

New Zealand for twenty-three years, and every one of those twenty-three years has been marked by progress towards better government and better living conditions. For instance, women were in the forefront in bringing about arbitration of strikes, child labour abolition, regulated hours for workers, and other reforms that have improved living conditions of the workers. The men of New Zealand simply decided that to their own experience they would add that of the women folk. The women were willing to undertake the duties as well as the rights, and they accepted the suffrage, with the result that our Government has grown better ever since. That's the whole story of Suffrage in New Zealand."

\* \* \* \*

The same paper quotes the suffragist, Miss Hinchey, of New York, who has been touring in the western part of the State, as saying that Catholic organisations and priests are coming out more and more for woman suffrage. And that "the Catholic Society for Woman Suffrage in Buffalo is doing fine work." The *New York Times* speaks of the Little Sisters of the Poor as having given friendly greetings to the suffragists. The Sisters wished them good luck, and one of them took badges to give to the men in their Homes for the Destitute, and said that she never had a chance of attending suffrage meetings in the evening, and was glad to have had an opportunity of being at an afternoon meeting. We understand that Catholics in the States were chary about taking up suffrage, but now that they have done so, they are forging gallantly ahead.

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We thank Miss Pearson for her article, and trust that her surmise is correct. If the war has given the *coup de grâce* to the "tea and tennis girl," there is at least one good thing to its credit.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Stephen Gwynn kindly promises us an article for December.

## THE CATHOLIC WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY,

Office: 55, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

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Monthly, post free, 1s. 6d. per annum.

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Signed articles do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Society.

### FOR WOMEN MUST WORK.

In New York the mere threat of a one-day strike of all women of the professional and working classes, killed the senseless cry "Woman's place is in the home;" and the anti-suffrage *New York Times*, we are told, declared that a promise by everybody never to say it again would be a small price to pay for escape from the effects of such a strike, and advocated that the promise should be given.

Surely with us the war has for ever killed this empty phrase, which has done duty so long as an anti-suffrage argument. Is it conceivable that anyone will be found, when peace returns, to resurrect it? Or will the very men who have appealed to women to fill the depleted ranks of workers, turn upon the women and cry "go home!" Whether you have a home to go to or not, stand aside, you are no longer needed?

The press has not been grudging in its praise of the sacrifices and service rendered by women since war came on us—for all classes have come forward, skilled and unskilled workers, women who have never had to work, and women who have done nothing else all their weary lives. Long before the Government gave its call to women, women were at work in countless ways.

On the work of the great army of nurses, their quiet heroism and untiring zeal in the alleviation of suffering, it is unnecessary to dwell, it is too well known. "Sowers of good will on fields where hate is sown" they have been called, and who could desire a better title?

The women medical units, too, have earned wide praise, the first to be formed was the Women's Hospital Corps, under Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson (whose names are honoured amongst suffragists) and set to work under the auspices of the French Government. The Scottish Women's Hospitals were organized by the Scottish Federation of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, and have done good work in France and Serbia. On all sides our women doctors have won unstinted praise and, as we all know, this has led to the establishment of a woman's military hospital in London. And now the good news comes of the appointment of a suffragist, Miss Pressley Smith, to a post at the British Legation at Christiania, the first opportunity offered to women in diplomacy.

But one of the most important innovations initiated in this crisis is the opening offered to women police, and women patrols. It is a scandal that this field of labour should have been closed to them so long, and their work must not end with the war, for if ever the problem of the streets is to be unravelled it is women who will unravel it.

Part 46 of the Times History of the War deals entirely with women's work, and the many schemes set on foot by them. "Of women's ingenuity in thinking of ways of helping," it says, "there was no end. The Government on several occasions appropriated some of their schemes and ideas, and the fact only flattered them. This was very noticeable in the dealings with the Belgians;

### CHRISTMAS SALE.

#### WILL YOU HELP?

men did not appreciate the right method of dealing with the family unit when it came clamouring in strange tongues in its thousands; it does not occur to the average Englishman that everyone does not know English. And so the interpreting for welcoming, feeding, clothing, and housing of thousands of Belgians owed its organization in the main to women."

The writer pays a handsome tribute to the work of the Suffrage Societies, in fact most people have realized, if they did not realize it before, the efficiency of the suffrage organizations, and so the writer of the history says: "When at last the Government gave the call to replace men, not a clear nor a repeated call, the women answered very quickly and very decisively. It was one of the unconscious ironies of the war, that the Government specially asked its ancient enemies, the suffrage societies, to make its scheme of war service known as widely as possible."

Well, the work of suffragists does not end—as it did not begin—there, for if the question of woman's labour was complicated and difficult before, it is trebly so now, for by her lack of political and economic power, woman is a danger in the labour market, and runs the risk not only of being herself exploited and sweated, but of lowering the standard of wages and conditions all round. And this is a danger which cannot be averted by raising jealous barriers, but by co-operation between men and women workers, for in this, as in all things, the interests of men and women are linked together, they cannot be pitted one against the other. It is to the advantage of men as well as women—how often have suffragists given that warning—that women should be politically and economically free, and only in the solidarity and good will of the workers themselves is there any hope for the future.

L. DE ALBERTI.

The American Press confirms the report spread by several London papers that a Woman Suffrage Bill is to be introduced in Alberta next session, and there is every reason to hope that it will pass. If so, we may confidently expect that other provinces of Canada will follow suit. Suffrage is infectious.

In less than three weeks we shall hold our Sale of Christmas presents. It is to take place at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Friday and Saturday, December 10th and 11th, from 3 till 10 p.m. The entire proceeds will be devoted to the general fund of the C.W.S.S. We appeal to our members and friends to ensure the success of our efforts by sending us *at least one article for the sale or a contribution in money.* We know that all will wish to give a Christmas present to the Society, and that the only danger to be guarded against is the danger of delay. Delay is fatal. Write *to-day* to the Sale Secretary, 55, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. enclosing your gift or telling her what you can do to help. We want to know what stock we shall have. Some of our members are asking their friends for just one gift so that they can make up a parcel. This is a most practical and easy way of helping, and nobody minds giving just one thing.

We appeal to our Branches who already do so much, and are entirely self-supporting, to help us here in London by sending us a parcel. We want articles suitable for Christmas presents, or money. Handkerchiefs, calendars, soldiers' and sailors' comforts, toys, sweets, etc., will find a ready sale. Will you help? Send in your name to-day.

55, Berners Street,  
Oxford Street, W.

B. GADSBY.

### NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN WORKERS' CONFERENCE.

Many able and experienced women leaders were present, and spoke at the Conference convened last month at Westminster by the N.U.W.W., and presided over by Mrs. Creighton. The subject of the Conference was "Women's Share in the work of Reconstruction After the War," and, as one speaker said, there can be no regeneration which does not include our working women.

Miss Catherine Marshall pointed out that war is pre-eminently the undoing of women's work, and that there was the danger, which we must guard against, of the war leaving us with perverted values.

Miss Anderson, Inspector of Factories, and Miss Margaret Ashton urged the need of women as industrial leaders as well as paid workers.

The Conference supported the principle of equal pay for equal work, and amongst other practical suggestions pleaded for the appointment of women police constables at the same salaries as men, which is indeed a crying need.

Discussions took place on education, legislation, industry, public health and morality.

## MRS. ATKINS ON THE ARMY IN THE ARMY IN THE FIELD.\*

By "STROLLING PLAYER."

September, 1914.

I have a lovely character of a landlady this week. She is as round as a tub, with cheeks which look as if someone had dabbed a patch of red paint on either side—absolutely the same size, bright red that can never fade.

"No one ever thinks I'm ill or tired," she says, "because of me 'igh colour." She is a gallant old soul and makes me feel ashamed. "They've got me 'usband and me son camped out ten miles from here in an open field," she told me on Sunday. The camp is three miles from the tram terminus, and she does the six miles three times a week laden like a pack horse with baskets of home-made bread and cakes and brawn and everything that her wifely and motherly heart can think of.

She came home yesterday after her journey dead beat but with the bright red patches still burning like beacons. "All the officers come and speak to me and I give them me mind freely. The chief officer come up to me to-day, 'Oh, Mrs. Atkins,' he says, 'so you've come again loaded with good things for your good man and boy,' he says. 'Yes Sir,' I says, 'you may save 'em up for killing but you shan't clem 'em first,' I says." Clem, by the way, is what they call the hours in which a beast is starved before it is slaughtered—rather a ghastly way to put it, eh? She is quite content for her man and her boy to be amongst those who are going to give "that Kaiser chap what for," but she can't see the sense of their being camped in a field in England, "where there ain't no war and at the foot of their own beds as you might say."

The thought of the food drives her frantic with no woman to cook it. She has no faith in man either as cook or caterer. "They clogs them up with bread and jam, and cheese by the ton. That's all very well as a standby, but ain't what mine have been used to. I was there to-day at their mess, as they calls it, and a fitting name too, it was their tea as you might say, and the officer said I could take tea with me 'usband and boy."

I could listen to her for hours; she is a character, and I could fancy her giving birth to a real hero. She said the officer told her

not to worry about her boy, as he was made of the "right stuff." "I up and told 'im," she said, "Well he's had the best I could get from the Stores all 'is life and turned into good 'ome-made stuff wherever possible, and he shan't be clemmed now." But I think the officer had in his mind that the son of this fat short-breathed little tub of a woman who would waddle eighteen miles a week laden like a pack-horse, to bring comfort to her men-folk, couldn't help but be made of the right stuff. The officers seem to like her muchly, I expect her coming with her baskets and her ready tongue is a source of never-neding joy to them.

"Me boy 'as a bit of a cough," she told me, "I took him some cough-candy, and I told the officer about 'im and the others. I says, 'Arf your men is barking like dogs.' 'Don't you fret, Mrs. Atkins,' he says, 'we're going to give them all an extra blanket, an' if the weather gets worse we'll hup an' 'ouse 'em in a fortnit.' 'Well,' I says, 'you'd better be quick about it, else,' I says, 'you needn't worrit about no extra blankets, for it's the earth as'll be covering them in the cemitary,' I says."

To-day she bounced into my room like a fury. "Well," she said, "If this don't beat the Kaiser! There's been a man at the door asking me if I have room and beds for the billiting of two or three soldiers, as they're going to come in from the camp in a week an' be billited in private 'ouses. I says, 'No,' I says, 'not likely—no soldier puts 'is foot in a bed here while me 'usband and boy are quartered in this town.' 'Oh!' he says, 'praps they didn't know.' 'Praps,' I says, 'they don't know a deal as they orter know,' and with that I shuts the door." Of course it must have been a mistake, as when possible the men are always billeted on their own people, but her last words were, "You wait, that there Kitchener 'ull 'ave something to say to a few of these chaps when 'e'll 'ave time to look round a bit."

You can't imagine what a joy she is to listen to!

\* This is a genuine character sketch written, as the date shows, shortly after the outbreak of war.—EDITOR.

## REVIEW.

THROUGH AN ANGLICAN SISTERHOOD TO ROME. A. H. Bennett (Longmans, 4/6 net). Miss Bennett tells the story of her experiences in an Anglican Sisterhood, and her ultimate conversion to Catholicism, with a straightforward simplicity which lends a singular charm to her book. She has a wide charity which does not desert her either when speaking of the Anglican novice rejoicing in the opportunities of self-sacrifice afforded by her sister novices, or in telling us the story of the Irishwoman demanding the return of her halfpenny given in alms before a suspicion of the legitimacy of Miss Bennett's order has dawned in her mind. Though she had no vocation for a religious life, Miss Bennett worked bravely on, gathering experience of many kinds. Her work among the poor in the north enables her to give us interesting details of factory and other workers. We follow her through the vicissitudes of her religious life with an interest which never falters, till the day when the inevitable wrench comes, and she leaves the sisterhood to return to the world. Although when struggling with theological difficulties Miss Bennett had frequently felt the need of a Court of Appeal, still no thought of turning to the Mother of the Christian Churches occurred to her, and the second part of the book deals with her friendship with the Anglican Benedictines, and in the annals of the Convent of St. Bride's, which Miss Bennett quotes, we have the beautiful story of the homecoming of St. Benedict's sons and daughters. But that was not till some time after Miss Bennett herself had found shelter in the Catholic Church. No book of adventures is so thrilling, no tale of human love so enthralling, as the spiritual experiences of a soul in search of truth. It is long since we read a book which gave us greater pleasure.

## THE IRISH CATHOLIC WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

This Society held its first public meeting at the Mansion House, Dublin, by kind permission of the Lord Mayor, on the 16th ult.

Professor Mary Hayden took the chair, and explained the aims of the Society. It stood, she said, for religious principles, and was intended to enlist Catholic women in the cause of justice.

Miss Catherine Mahon, ex-President of the National Teachers' Organisation, was the principal speaker, and spoke on "Women Teachers and the Vote." Her interesting paper was published in full in the *Irish Citizen*. Miss Mahon said she had spoken in twenty-five counties, and in almost every speech she had made, she had advanced the claim that women should occupy positions on every Board, Council and Committee of the nation, Parliament included, and in such numbers as to make their presence effective, and that this sentiment had always been supported vigorously and unanimously.

Mrs. Egan, who has had long experience as a Poor Law Guardian, dealt with the need of women in public life, and urged Catholic women to come forward and to give more personal service.

Professor Arthur Clery paid a tribute to the courage of women in denouncing the evils of the Dublin streets.

Mrs. Cantwell, in proposing the vote of thanks, quoted the words of our late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., urging Catholics to take the initiative in all true social progress.

## LIVERPOOL &amp; DISTRICT BRANCH.

Hon. Sec., Miss T. M. Browne, M.A., University Hall, Fairfield, Liverpool.

A Members' Meeting was held on October 30th, at 18, Colquitt Street. Mrs. Macdonald presided and Miss Cooper, M.A., gave an interesting address.

We are pleased to welcome Miss T. H. Browne, M.A., as our new Secretary, and are very grateful to Miss Cooper and Miss Murray, who acted as Hon. Secs. pro. tem. Miss Murray has kindly consented to help with the clerical work.

A "Liverpool Women's Suffrage Club" has been formed to enable members of every Suffrage Society to meet on common ground for discussion and social intercourse at various intervals. Representatives of the different societies will be invited to speak. The opening social evening will be on Thursday, Nov. 18th, at 7-30, when it is hoped that Miss Nina Boyle will be present. All members of the C.W.S.S. are invited to attend.

## LONDON AND BRANCHES.

Office: 55, Berners Street, London. Hours 3-30 to 5-30. Other times by appointment. Library volumes 2d. per week.

Mass will be offered for the intentions of the Society (that is for Peace and all those killed in the war) at St. Patrick's, Soho, at 10-30 on Sunday, December 5th.

We remind all those who have not yet paid their annual subscriptions that our financial year closes on November 30th, and we shall be glad if they will send in their subscriptions as soon as possible. We also call the attention of our members to the appeal from our Chairman, Miss Gadsby, for gifts, &c., for our stall at the Christmas Sale, organised by the united Suffragists, which will take place at the Central Hall, Westminster, on December 10th and 11th.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Hon. Sec., Miss Anderson, 202, Monument Road, Edgbaston. The CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST was very much in evidence during the Conference of the Catholic Social Guild, held in Birmingham on Saturday and Sunday, October 9th and 10th. Miss O'Sullivan kindly came up to organise a paper-selling campaign, and owing to her enthusiasm and energy, and that of the four members who volunteered to sell, over 200 papers were disposed of.

**BRIGHTON AND WEST SUSSEX.**—Hon. Sec., Miss Busse, 5, Belvedere Terrace, Brighton. A special meeting was held on October 15th to consider schemes for war work during the winter. Members and their friends had been invited to attend, and Councillor Ellen Chapman, of Worthing, presided.

Miss Merrifield pleaded for a Maternity Hospital in Belgium, where garments of all kinds were needed for the mothers and babies. Miss Busse begged for help for the British prisoners in Germany. After some discussion Mrs. Chapman suggested that a working party should be held every week at various members' houses to work for the Maternity Hospital, each member to pay 3d. every time towards the cost of material for the garments. She also proposed that Miss Busse should endeavour to collect from the members by means of collecting cards the sum of 5/6 every month, the cost of a parcel containing food,

clothing and games, to be sent through the medium of the Mayoress of Brighton to the prisoners in Germany. This was agreed to unanimously, and the first working party took place on October 26th.

## GIVING THE BRIDE AWAY.

W.H.K. takes credit to himself as the funny man, when for the delectation of the readers of *The Tablet* he holds us up to ridicule as "giving ourselves away." But people who laugh last laugh best.

W.H.K.'s authority for the existence in Ireland of the custom of giving the bride away at the marriage ceremony is a book on the Rubrics, written by Dean O'Kane, of Maynooth. O'Kane, when explaining the marriage ceremonies, states that the Rubric of giving the bride away is found in the Ritual used in Ireland from time immemorial. In point of fact, the Ritual was first introduced here during the turmoil of the Penal period. The Rubric of giving the bride away was never observed in Ireland. And this is also true of many other Rubrics appearing in this Sacro-Sarum Ritual. After a ministry of over 50 years, I never met an Irish priest who saw a bride given away at a wedding. And I had the same testimony from priests who had served 50 years on the mission when I was a young priest. The Irish are conservative of all old customs, even when they are contrary to the rubrics. Of this we have an example in the abuse of many of our rural young men kneeling on one knee inside and outside of the Church porch during Mass. The abuse comes down from the Penal times, when the faithful had to assist at Mass in the open air.

We have had no trace of giving a bride away certainly for over 100 years. We may presume, therefore, that the custom was never adopted in Ireland. We had no giving of the bride away or feudal promise to obey.

Dean O'Kane's Notes on the ceremonies of Matrimony are very incomplete. He does not attempt to grapple with the other feudal clause of the Ritual, viz., the bestowal of gold and silver and all worldly goods on the bride when all the goods were to be found only in a pair of strong arms. I met a number of such cases in my ministrations. I wonder how would W.H.K. escape giving himself away and manage the gold and silver and endowment business in similar circumstances?

How much more reasonable is the beautiful simplicity of the Roman Ritual! In the Bobbio Missal of our own St. Columbanus there was no distinction made in the blessings bestowed on the bridegroom and bride.

I need not repeat it again, according to the teaching of the Catholic Church, no person can give the bride away except herself. W.H.K.'s object in his wanton sniping from the shelter of *The Tablet* is evident. We could not put in a reply, except a belated one, and it might be excluded altogether. But he may rest assured that the reply will be forthcoming every time it may be called for in the CATHOLIC SUFFRAGIST. . . . For one time in his life he has made a big mistake in his offensive and unwarranted sniping from his barbed wire entrenchment. Who laughs last laughs best.

November, 1915.

CANON MURPHY, P.P.,  
Kilmanagh, Kilkenny.

## Imitation Foal Street Coats

We have now in stock a large variety of Imitation Fur Coats, similar in character to the garment sketched below. All these coats are made from selected English Cloths, which are such clever imitations as to be scarcely distinguishable from real fur. They are, moreover, light in weight and particularly warm and comfortable.



**FUR-TRIMMED IMITATION FUR COAT** (as sketch), in best quality silk-finished pony skin cloth, cut on very full lines, lined throughout soft silk, collar and flounce trimmed black fur, suitable for day or evening wear **98/6**

## Debenham &amp; Freebody

(Debenhams Ltd.)

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Chair—The Hon. Mrs. E. L. Franklin.  
Tue. 23rd Nov., 7.30 House Dinner. On "Romance."  
Mr. T. Huws Davies. Chair—Mrs. Gilbert Samuel.  
Wed. 24th Nov., 8 p.m. "Rumanian Politics." Mr. D. Mitrani.  
" 1st Dec., 4.30 "Women's Municipal Party in War-time."  
Chair—Mrs. Stanbury.  
" 8th Dec., 4.30 "Imperial, London."  
Sir Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A. (Ex-Clerk to the L.C.C.)  
Chair—Mr. Cecil Chapman, J.P.  
Tue. 14th Dec., 7.30 House Dinner. "The Art of Flattery."  
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