

FAIREST REBEL, INSPIRED BY ONE IRISH GIRL, WINS TWO OTHERS TO CAUSE AND LEAVES THEM WIDOWS



Ancestral Line of

Countess Markievicz.

BORN Constance Georgina, third child and eldest daughter of Sir Henry William Gore-Booth, fifth baronet, of Lissadell, County Sligo.

Married September 29, 1900, Count Casimir Dunin de Markievicz, of Zywtovka, Staro Zywtov, Russian Poland.

The Gore-Booth baronetcy was conferred August 30, 1760, on Sir Francis Gore, knight of Artaman, County Sligo, brother of Sir Arthur Gore, ancestor of the earls of Arran.

may have been, it is a chronicled fact that when young Captain Gore was ordered to Ireland with his regiment in 1821 he carried grants to lands in Counties Mayo and Galway, and a baronetcy that made him Sir Paul Gore, of Manor Gore.

The second son, Arthur, inherited the title and became ancestor of the Earls of Arran, of Arran Islands, County Galway, while his younger brother Francis was knighted and founded the line of Gore-Booths. The Gore-Booth barony was conferred August 30, 1760, upon the third in line.

Constance Georgina Gore-Booth, Countess Markievicz, was the third child and eldest daughter of Sir Henry William Gore-Booth, fifth baronet. She was born in the manor house at Lissadell, County Sligo. Erin is traditionally a land of folklore. The peasants see elves and other fairy people on the greens in the flickering beams of the moon, every peak and valley has its legends, and, interwoven with the fabric of the narratives, is the constantly recurring thread of persecution.

And so in her babyhood from the peasantry of manor she imbibed the spirit of Ireland—the spirit which courts sacrifice and gladly yields life if one little step forward can be accomplished. She grew up loving her country and hating its enemies. Rarely beautiful, of the pure Irish type, undefiled by crossing with alien blood, she also was endowed with a keen mind that was not content to walk in designated paths, but excursions in fields to which her fancy led her.

When the time came for her to be loosed from the governesses and to go abroad for acquisition of the education which hallmarks the gently born, she knew much of the heroes of her race and adored them for their heroism. In England and on the continent she expanded with what came to her from books, but infinitely more from what she gathered of life. Her vague resentments toward persecution flamed into anger at conditions which she came to realize as actualities.

In Paris she sought contact with revolutionaries of many countries. Not the razzamuffins who talk wildly of dynamite and death without coherent intent or collusive organization, but rather the intelligent exiles who foregathered in the French capital to plot consequential reforms and plan systematic campaigns.

Two people of her Parisian days influenced her, and one she wedded. Maude Gonne McBride, long known as the "Irish Joan of Arc," was living there at the time preparatory to seeking legal separation from the Captain John McBride who was shot in Dublin by English soldiery with other officers of the provisional government the day after their surrender. Despite the domestic troubles which followed the union of these patriots and which led to the courts, the romance of their courtship and marriage appealed to the impressionable daughter of the house of Gore-Booth.

And Maude Gonne McBride tutored Miss Gore-Booth in her lessons on Irish dreams and the possibilities of making those dreams come true. As the peasants on the ancestral estate had taught her resentment at persecution when she did not understand persecution, the Irish matron showed her wherein the injustice lay and what leaders of the freedom movement believed would correct the condition.

From her meeting with Mrs. McBride Constance Gore-Booth was an understanding patriot. Then when her mind and heart and life was saturated with rebellion, came Casimir Dunin de Markievicz, young, insurrectionary and an artist. All of these qualities appealed to the Irish girl.

Markievicz was a noble of that part of Poland then under Russian domination.

SOMEWHERE in the blood-bathed Tower of London, perhaps imprisoned in a dungeon where the warden's coming and going with her meager fare will be the only interruptions to a maddening solitude, possibly more pleasantly quartered where she may glimpse the blue of the sky and feel the warmth of the sun, a brave Irish girl is to live out the rest of her life, which is yet young.

She was one of "God's Fools," who believed the hour of Ireland's deliverance was at hand, and who is said to have shot a guard in the attack of the Sinn Fein rebels on Dublin castle.

The newspaper dispatches have carried her name as the Countess Markievicz. The designation is redolent of the unhappy Poland which gave birth to her artist husband, but the countess is Erin's own daughter, with an Irish ancestry which goes back to Paul Gore, son of an alderman of London, who captained a troop of horse in the reign of Elizabeth. It may have been that Captain Gore's military genius and courage evoked mention by his superiors, or more likely the virgin queen admired the stalwart soldier who added to the art of war the graciousness of a courtier. Whichever

The Tower's Most Notable Alien Prisoner of Today

"I will give you twenty English or allied officers for Franz von Rintelen," said the kaiser to King George, when the man who directed and financed tremendous coups in the United States and England was arrested in London in December, 1915.

The offer of exchange was refused.

"Then I will kill twenty of your highest officers if you harm him," was the kaiser's warning that his friend must be dealt with gently.

The price was too big, as the German emperor knew it would be.

So somewhere in one of the towers of the fortress, probably in the state apartment reserved in other days for high nobles or royalty, a German spy sits twiddling his thumbs until the war is over. In his brain are secrets for which the kaiser would pay any amount of money. But the prisoner is so closely hedged about with guards that he has had no opportunity to convey messages to his king.

It was Von Rintelen's arrest that bared the passport frauds and the disclosures which followed that agents of Von Papen and Boy-Ed, attaches of the German embassy at Washington, had sent scores of reservists and spies safely across the enemies' lines by having them identified as Swiss subjects and therefore neutral and immune from interruption on their travels. Von Rintelen was named as "Edward V. Gasche, Swiss," in the passport issued by the American state department.

It was Von Rintelen who laid the plans and arranged the funds for activities intended to tie up the munitions plants of the United States and Canada. It was Von Rintelen who recruited the army of spies

who were to place bombs in holds of outgoing vessels consigned to Germany's foes. It was Von Rintelen who engineered the plots and counterplots in the Mexican insurrections in hope that the United States would be forced to intervene and thereby require all arms and munitions for its own use.

The kaiser has said he is the most valuable one man in the German empire. He has ratified that estimate by his offer of exchange on a basis usually reserved only for princes of the blood. England wants the man's life, but doesn't dare take it.

Spies have been shot in the Tower and only a partial list made public. Carl Lody, sometime lieutenant in his German majesty's service, was shot on Tower Hill November 23, 1914. He posed in London as an American citizen and got away with the deception for several weeks.

Eugene Sandow, who not so long ago displayed for a vaudeville theater's admission price his strength and perfect physical manhood, is said to have been executed in the Tower late in the year 1915. The fact has never been announced by the British war department.

The kaiser's well known fondness for the mosaic idea of reprisals discourages publicity in little affairs of this kind.

It is a far cry from 1820 to 1913, the former representing the date when a state prisoner was last confined in the Tower before the round-up of German spies following the war declaration. Now the torture room is gone, for which prisoners may be grateful, and it is no longer a proper method for assassins to be admitted in the night to anticipate a death sentence desired by a partisan leader.



MAUDE GONNE MCBRIDE

His name is in the golden book of Russian nobility, and that fact indisputably fixes his status. He recited to her the disasters which had been piled one upon another on his unfortunate land and family. Her sympathy needed small urging to cross the line which made it love, and so they were married, and report has it that they lived happily until the tragedy of Dublin.

Her husband's residence abroad made it convenient for her to slip from Ireland to London or Paris or Berlin without being suspected of being messenger between the plotters at home and the conspirators in distant parts, who were financing the uprising and arranging to arm its soldiers.

When word was passed by underground channels that the hour to strike had come, Countess Markievicz demanded to be with the assaulters. At first the leaders demurred. They knew that in the event of failure they would face an English court-martial and firing squad. It was not the place for an Englishwoman.

But tribute to her for the work she had done did not satisfy this warrior daughter of a soldier line of forebears.

She demanded her right to be in the attack.

Though no definite statement has been issued as yet by participants in the uprising, it is believed that the countess was not expected to be with the men who raided the castle. It was thought persuasion had convinced her that she could be of greater service away from the fighting than in it.

So when the frenzied followers of the Sinn Fein leaders rushed to the first assault on British authority no notice was taken of one figure, dressed in men's clothing, as were all the attackers, who wore a brace of revolvers at the belt and who sought the hardest fighting.

It was the Countess Markievicz, according to Dr. Cecil D. McAdam, British military surgeon who witnessed the Dublin insurrection.

"She led a considerable band of the rebels," he declared. "She never faltered from the head of her men, and if her shouts were feminine in tone the fact was overlooked in the madness of the moment. I was told that she shot six adherents of the insurgent cause when they lagged and showed reluctance to fight."

The men who acknowledged leadership were shot. Constance Georgina Gore-Booth, Countess Markievicz, asked no leniency because of her sex. She paraded her rebelliousness to the officers composing the court. But the situation was tense. No one could foretell what act might inflame all Ireland and unite the factions in a big war. So the countess was sent to England and lodged in the tower, where only prisoners of state are confined awaiting trial.

The military court that tried her fixed the punishment as death. But the judgment was revised by higher authorities and changed to life imprisonment in the fortress reserved for offenders against the stability of the empire.

The name of Gifford and the lives of two women of a distinguished Irish family are entangled in the Sinn Fein uprising and will be chronicled in its history along with the men who died when it failed. Six hours before Joseph Plunkett was led from a cell to face a firing squad he was married in prison to Grace Gifford, a beautiful girl friend of the Countess Markievicz. They were permitted several hours together before Plunkett was taken out to die, a honeymoon in the shadow of death and guarded by those who were to be the bridegroom's executioners.

Mrs. Plunkett's sister Muriel is the widow of Thomas MacDonagh, the wedding having been celebrated several years ago. MacDonagh was a professor in the University college of Dublin and a writer of considerable note. He was shot the same day Plunkett was executed. The father of the two bereaved women is Frederick Gifford, Dublin solicitor of wealth and social eminence. Mrs. Gifford is bitter in her denunciation of Countess Markievicz and attributes the marriages of her girls to rebels to their friendship with the countess and her acquaintances.

There has been no information that either Mrs. MacDonagh or Mrs. Plunkett are accused of complicity in the revolt.