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## An Irishwoman and Her Ten Soldier Sons.

(From the Ulster Guardian.)

In the little town of Lougha, Co. Galway, there lives an Irish mother whose heart is peopled with many sorrows. Her name is Mrs. Fury. She is a mourning widow, who deserves to be chiselled in marble like the mourning widows of the great Serbian sculptor, Mestrovic. This is her incredible story, a story the like of which I have never heard or read in all the annals of war. Her husband, now dead, was a soldier in the Connaught Rangers, one John Fury. He served in that famous regiment for twenty-one years, and died, full of years and honor, in 1903. A year ago on the 2nd August, Mrs. Fury gave all her sons to the cause of the Allies—no fewer than ten strong men. The story of her ten heroic sons is without precedent or parallel in the records of war ancient or modern. Homer himself never had such a story to sing.

To begin with, there is Michael Fury, a reservist with nine years' service in the Royal Irish Rifles. When the war broke out he went back to the colours, and at this moment he is fighting in Flanders. Another son, Edward Fury, is also a soldier in the Royal Irish Rifles. He fought in the desperate fight at Mons. He was severely wounded in the breast and shoulder, and is now in a Dublin hospital. All her other eight sons followed in the footsteps of their gallant father, and enlisted in their father's regiment, the Connaught Rangers. I am told that one battalion of this renowned regiment has been completely wiped out in Flanders and has been merged in the other battalion.

Of Mrs. Fury's eight sons in the Connaught Rangers five have died on the field of battle in Flanders. Malachy Fury was killed on April 7 at Ypres. Martin Francis Fury was killed somewhere in France or Flanders, no one knows where or when. Willie Fury was killed somewhere in France or Flanders, no one knows where or when. Henry Fury was killed somewhere in France or Flanders, no one knows where or when. Willie John Fury was killed somewhere in France or Flanders, no one knows where or when. The bare news of the death of these four sons came to their mother of many sorrows, together with a letter of formal sympathy from the King and Lord Kitchener. Mrs. Fury does not know how they died or where or when. All she knows is that they gave their lives for their King and country, and the great good cause—somewhere in France or Flanders.

I have accounted for five of Mrs. Fury's sons, serving in the Connaught Rangers. What of the other three? Martin Fury served in the Connaught Rangers in India. He was called up from the Reserve and was invalided out of the service. Thomas Fury was a soldier in the 2nd battalion of the Connaught Rangers. He fought in the great retreat from Mons, was captured and is now a prisoner of war somewhere in Germany. John Fury, after serving for four years in the Connaught Rangers, was wounded at Givenchy. It was from the lips of John Fury that I heard the whole story of the Fury's.

John Fury is a handsome young Irishman, clear of eye and clean of limb. He is twenty-two years of age. I was a few days ago the guest of Colonel Lewin, D.S.O., commanding the 3rd reserve battalion of the Connaught Rangers at Kinsdale. There in the barracks he did me the honour of introducing me to John Fury, a straight, upstanding young warrior with a shattered arm. Very simply and very modestly John Fury told me the story of his wounds.

The Connaught Rangers were in the firing-line at Givenchy. John Fury was chosen to carry under fire a message from his company officer to his commanding officer. He delivered the message and was coming back. The Germans threw a grenade into the trench. John Fury is left-handed. He instantly picked up the grenade and was in the act of throwing it back at the Germans when it burst, wounding Captain O'Callaghan, killing two men and shattering John Fury's left arm. "Captain O'Callaghan," said a brother officer, "has died since then—we all knew him—we called him 'Daisy' O'Callaghan."

As he told his story, John Fury stood up straight as a dart, with his left arm in a sling. There he was, still in the old barracks with his comrades, still suffering, still in pain.

Greatly marvelling at his stoical fortitude, I said to him:

"Did you know that you were risking your life when you picked up the grenade?"

His answer was a simple and soldierly answer.

"If it had not been thrown back," said he, "there would have been twelve or thirteen of us killed in the trench. I knew it was my duty." Could words be nobler? "I knew it was my duty." In those simple words is crystallised the whole story of the gallant Furies. It is the story of the British Army. It is the story of the Irish regiments in the British Army. Private John Fury has received no reward for doing his duty. Nor does he ask for or expect any reward. But everybody who reads his story will say that if any soldier has earned the V. C., Private John Fury has earned it. For his own sake, for the sake of his famous regiment, for the sake of Ireland, for the sake of his brave dead father, for the sake of his heroic mother, and for the sake of his five dead brothers, I hope the King will pin it on his gallant breast.

There is more to tell. John Fury has a sister. She is the wife of Sergt. O'Neill, who is also in the Connaught Rangers. What of old Mrs. Fury? Her son told me that she refused to allow a word about her sufferings and sacrifices to be printed in the newspapers. I hope she will forgive me for telling her heroic story. Her son was asked if there was anything that could be done for him. His only wish was to be with his mother on the anniversary of the day in August upon which all the house went to war. She was dreading that day, and he was afraid she would not live through it and its tragic memories.

It is not for me to say what the nation ought to do in order to show Mrs. Fury and her sons its pride and its gratitude. It can hardly do too much. The telling of their noble story is enough. I know what the Germans would do if they had a story like it to cherish.

A delicious salad is made by filling tomatoes with minced pineapple, celery and chopped nuts. Mix with mayonnaise and garnish with green.

## T. J. EDENS.

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## Prince Louis and Mr. Churchill

The Order to the Fleet—Official History of a Fateful Day.

The Press Bureau has been requested to communicate to the Press for publication the following letter from H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenburg to Mr. Churchill:—

Kent House, East Cowes,  
Aug. 12, 1915.

Dear Mr. Churchill,—I notice from the newspapers that the unauthorised publication of a private note of mine concerning certain action which I took when in charge of the Admiralty on July 26, 1914, has been made the basis of various strictures on you. I greatly regret this, since you as First Lord and I as First Sea Lord acted during this critical time in perfect harmony and with absolute mutual trust, as is shown by the following statement of what occurred at the Admiralty on that day:—

"The news from abroad on the morning of July 26 was certainly, in my opinion, very disquieting; and when you called me up on the telephone from Cromer about lunch-time, I was not at all surprised to hear you express the same view.

"You then asked me to take any steps which in view of the foreign situation might appear desirable.

"You reminded me, however, that I was in charge of the Admiralty and should act without waiting to consult you. You also informed me you would return that night instead of next morning.

"After making myself acquainted with all the telegrams which had reached the Foreign Office and considering the different steps towards demobilisation which in the ordinary course of events would have commenced early next morning, I directed the Secretary as a first step to send an Admiralty Order by telegraph to the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleets at Portland to the effect that no ship was to leave that anchorage until further orders. For the time this was sufficient."

You fully approved of this when you returned, and we then in perfect accord decided upon the further orders as they became necessary day by day.

Pray make any use you like of this letter, and believe me to be, yours very sincerely,  
LOUIS BATTENBURG.

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## Household Notes.

If you are going away from home for a few days, leave your potted ferns, etc., with water in their saucers, so that they will not dry out.

"All odors end here," is the inflexible rule of charcoal. If the charcoal is made red-hot and then cooled. The odor of kerosene lamps can be stopped by putting one teaspoonful of fine table salt into each lamp. The salt should be changed once a month.

A leather bag can be made to look almost new again by first washing with a little warm soapy water, then drying and brushing with the white of an egg.

Potatoes are not so apt to rot if the cellar is not kept too warm. Sprinkle air-slaked lime among them and cover them lightly to keep the light away.

Difficulty is generally experienced in the cutting of new bread, but if the knife is first dipped into hot water you can cut the new bread as evenly as the state.

When churning it is sometimes difficult to make the butter gather. Try putting a little soda in the cream. It will cause the scattered bits of butter to collect.

To prevent salt from becoming damp and lumpy when filling the bottles add several grains of rice; these will absorb the moisture and the salt will keep dry and free.



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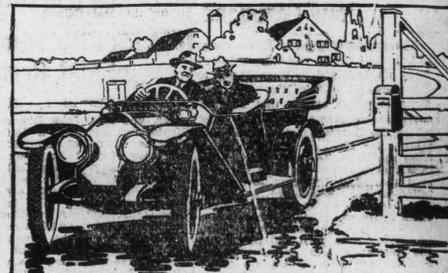
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