

central organisation ; it is to be hoped, therefore, that this woman's effort for the benefit of women will meet with the success and support which it deserves.

It has been a subject of wonder to many women how those ladies who, as representatives of the various societies, have worked for the enfranchisement of women, have, for a quarter of a century, kept within bounds their righteous indignation at the unseemly and insulting behaviour of members of Parliament whenever their just demands have been presented to that august assembly. The note of revolt sounded by women in the Petition presented to Parliament on Tuesday by Mr. Leonard Courtney at last gives hope that the women recognise the fact that nothing is to be gained from the House of Commons by begging for justice as a privilege, and that in the future, so long as they are compelled to pay taxes, they will demand the vote as a right.

In the last quarter of a century women have done all that courtesy and consideration can demand in dealing with this vital question in the House of Commons. They now seem determined to try what active revolt will accomplish. If they imagine that they will ever obtain justice without a bitter and determined struggle, they delude themselves by false hopes, and the sooner the gage of honour is thrown down, and picked up by the hand of tyranny the better for the cause of humanity at large.

The Petition presented by Mr. Courtney was in the following terms :—

"That your petitioners view with indignation and alarm the existing procedure of the House of Commons, which reduces legislation to a mere game of chance (laughter) and permits the repeated and insulting postponement of the consideration and satisfaction of the just claims of women to citizenship. Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that your Honourable House will so reform your procedure as to secure in the future fair consideration of public questions with some regard to their relative importance, and will on Wednesday, July 7th, affirm the right of women to citizenship by passing through the stages of Committee and of third reading the Parliamentary Franchise (Extension to Women) Bill."

Reference to the enfranchisement of half the nation was, as usual received by the members present with contemptuous laughter.

In consequence of the statement by Sir Matthew White Ridley, on the Home Office Vote, which showed there was considerable doubt as to the appointment of a new woman superintendent inspector, the Committee of the Women's Trade Union League have sent to the Home Secretary the following resolution :—

"In the opinion of the Women's Trade Union League any delay in the appointment of a superintending inspector to the Women's Department of the Home Office is undesirable as diminishing the usefulness of the department.

This society therefore urges on the Home Office the immediate appointment of one of those women, having the special knowledge connected with the work of inspection, which has been acquired by the members of the present staff, who have so admirably carried out the intentions of those most deeply concerned in the welfare of working women.

The confidence which has been inspired by the creation of the department and the effective manner

in which the women inspectors have discharged their duties, has led to the knowledge and redress of evils which would otherwise never have come to the ears of the Home Office.

To deprive this department of its special head would be, we fear, to suppress its independence, and thereby stultify a reform in the administration of the Factory and Workshop Acts, the necessity for which is made evident by our daily experience."

A Book of the Week.

"THE LARRAMYS."*

THIS is the story of a *mésalliance*: Curiously enough it is the third story I have recently reviewed, in which the heroine, a woman, proud, pure, well educated and refined, marries a man for absolutely no reason at all, but because, being a man, and being headlong in love with her, he appeals to her senses. If the author has resources enough to make one feel that this comes about naturally, then the rest of the story is undoubtedly good, and George Ford certainly makes William Larramy a lover, whose persistency it would have been hard for any girl, whose own heart was on his side, to resist. Yet it is very hard to believe that a girl brought up in good society, and liking luxury as well as refinement, could ever have put up with such a father-in-law as William's father. The character of this Devonshire yeoman is, to me, the best thing in the book. His ability, his limitations, his absolute selfishness, his ruthless taking advantage of his poorer neighbour to drive an unjust bargain, his disregard of the wife, who is so infinitely nobler than himself, his coarseness, his self-righteousness, his idea of what constitutes a joke, are all brought out with a subtlety and a lack of exaggeration, which seem to promise great things from a new writer.

It is easy to pick holes in the construction. The episode of Steve's marriage seems to be almost entirely irrelevant, and the Careys and the Larramys are not interwoven together into the action of the story. It almost seems sometimes as if one were turning from one story to another, so absolutely disconnected are they. But one forgives much for the sake of Ella and Jim. There are bits of real pathos in their story, and Ella's slanginess and general lack of guardedness are managed so as never to disgust the reader—no easy thing, by the way. Many a bit of slang, which *sounds* quite pardonable from a girl's gay mouth, *looks* revolting when written down.

But Ella is the one bright element in the course of the tragedy. Before the marriage of William and Esther one has some hope that the catastrophe may be averted through the immense strength of the man's love. But when the young couple settle down close to the Larramys, in a neighbourhood where everybody knows them, where nobody will call on the bride, and where William is constantly exposed to his father's evil influence, one feels calamity to be inevitable.

The exact form that it takes is unexpected. Gaston Carey, who seems cast for the villain of the piece, takes no part whatever in the climax ; he becomes merely a supernumerary.

The last few chapters of the book are distinctly powerful, but it would not be fair to divulge the course of the story. We shall look forward to more work

* "The Larramys," by George Ford. (Hutchinson.)

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